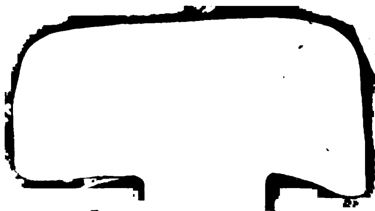

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# THE

# Overland Monthly

VOL. XVIII.—SECOND SERIES

JULY—DECEMBER, 1891

SAN FRANCISCO
THE OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
NO. 420 MONTGOMERY STREET
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# INDEX.

Abraham Lincoln, Personal Recollections of........... *James M. Scovel* ....................... 497
Administration of Law, The...... *E. A. Clark*....................... 510
Artemus Ward, The Real.......... *Enoch Knight*...................... 54
Australia, Western, A Sheep Station in........ *Francis P. Lefroy*.................... 61

Bazaine's Ghost.................... *Charles J. Mason*.................... 151
Bell of Lande-Fleurie, The.......... *Alma Blakeman Jones*............... 524
Bob Harrison's Nerve............... *S. S. Boynton*...................... 97
Book Reviews:—

Advanced Lessons in English Grammar, 666.—Adventures of Three Worthies, The, 441.—Appleton's School Physics, 666.—Art of Playwriting, The, 224.

Balzac's Ursula, 439.—Biography of Dr. Dio Lewis, The, 223.—Book o' Nine Tales, A, (Arlo Bates,) 442.—Brave Woman, A, (E. Marlitt,) 443.

Charles Darwin, (C. F. Holder,) 112.—Church and Creed, (Heber Newton,) 448.—Civil Government in the United States, (John Fiske,) 224.—Colonel Carter of Cartersville, (F. Hopkinson Smith,) 440.—Crystal Button, The, 439.

Daughter, The, 447.—Decay of Our Ocean Mercantile Marine, (David A. Wells,) 336.—Demagogue, The, (D. R. Locke,) 440.—Dethroned Heiress, The, 443.—Dio Lewis, Dr., The Biography of, 223.—Down the O-Hi-O, 440.

Educational Reformers, (Quick,) 666.—Education, Public, Thomas Jefferson's Views on, 560.—Eine Reise Nach Hawaii, 666.—English Constitution, Origin and Growth of the, (Hannis Taylor,) 223.—Epic of the Inner Life, The, (Genung,) 104.

Fiske's (John) Civil Government in the United States, 224.—Fourteen to One, (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward,) 442.—Fourth Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, 219.

Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity, 448.

Harper's Sixth Reader, 560.—Harte's (Bret) A Sappho of Green Springs, 441.—Haunted Homestead, The, 443.—Hereditary Health and Personal Beauty, 447.—Heroes of the Nations: Pericles, (Evelyn Abbott,) 447.—Her Playthings, Men, 443.—Hidden Sin, The, 443.—His Heart's Delight, 443.—Hornaday's Taxidermy, 665.

If She Will, She Will, 443.—*Il Mio Poema*, 560.—Information Reader, The, 560.—Interstate Commerce Commission, Fourth Annual Report of the, 219.—Irish Tales, 441.—I Swear, 442.

Jefferson's, Thomas, Views on Public Education, 560.—Julius Cæsar, (Willard,) 666.

Knickerbocker Nuggets: Irish Tales, 441.

*L'Homme a L'Oreille Cassle*, (About,) 560.—Life on the Kongo, 666.—Lindsay's Luck, 443.—Log of the Maryland, The, 440.

Making the Most of Life, 666.

Native Life in India, 666.

Origin and Growth of the English Constitution, The, (Hannis Taylor,) 223.—Otto the Knight, (Octave Thanet,) 441.

Passion, 443.—Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens, (Evelyn Abbot,) 447.—Plane and Solid Geometry, 560.—Prolegomena to In Memoriam, 560.

Question of Ships, The, 336.

Railway Problem, The, (A. B. Stickney,) 217.—Rector of St. Lukes, The, 443.

Sappho of Green Springs, A, (Bret Harte,) 441.—Sardia, 443.—Shipping Subsidies and Bounties, (John Codman,) 336.

Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting, 665.—Teaching Patriotism, 336.—Thine Not Mine, 441.—Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education, 560.—Two Cannibal Archipelagoes, 448.

Ursula, (Balzac,) 439.

Vacation Time, 448

Which Wins, 443.—Woman's Thoughts About Women, A, (Miss Muloch,) 448.—Woman's Work in America, 110.

Xenie's Inheritance, 443.

California Horse Farms............................................. 478
California Lakes, The.............. *Charles Howard Shinn*............... 1

*Illustrations.*—From Drawings by *C. D. Robinson* and from Photos: A Tahoe Sunset.—The Birthplace of a Water System.—Crater Lake, Oregon.—A King's River Cañon Lake.—Reservoir Lake near Summit.—Round Top from Lake Winnemucca, Nevada.—Lake at Sisson's.—Castle Lake.—Blue and Clear Lakes, Lake County.—Donner in Winter.—A Bit of Donner.—Lake Tenaya.—Lake Angeline.—Blue Lakes of the Sierras from Round Top.—Lake Independence from Sphinx Head, Mt. Lola.—Jim Warner's Cabin, Tahoe.—Emerald Bay and a Tributary (Eagle Fall).—Eckley's Camp on Emerald Bay.—Cascade Lake.—The Old Embarcadero, Tahoe.—Distant View of Mono, Looking Down Bloody Cañon.

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California, Trout Fishing in ... *Ramon E. Wilson* ... 225
*Illustrations.*—From Drawings by *Robinson, Reaser, Miss Williams, Harris* and *Peixotto;* and from Photographs by *Oliver, Donovan, Harris, Cormack, Hobbs, Gregory,* and *Waters.*
Calvin as Ruler ... *F. B. Perkins* ... 528
Camp and Travel in Texas. IV ... *Dagmar Mariager* ... 72
Chinese Army, The Origin and Progress of the ... *Andrew T. Sibbald* ... 428
Church and Modern Thonght ... *David Starr Jordan* ... 391
Comments on the Relief Map of the Pacific Region ... *John S. Hittell.* With Maps and Diagrams ... 144
Coyote-That-Bites ... *Frank B. Millard* ... 471
Christmas in the Maalee Scrub, A ... *T. J. B.* ... 604

Day in the Redwoods of Lagoon Creek, A ... *Laura Lyon White* ... 257
Dead Blue River, The ... *John S. Hittell* ... 594
Defenses of the Pacific Coast, The ... *Alvin H. Sydenham* ... 582
Doubts Concerning Evolution ... *Josiah Keep* ... 160
Dragging Her Anchor ... *Carrie Blake Morgan* ... 43, 161, 261

Early Days in Klamath ... *Walter Van Dyke* ... 174
Endowments, Some Points for Californians Contemplating ... *Milicent W. Shinn* and *Charlotte Anita Whitney* ... 543
Etc., Editorial:—
The Meaning of the Briggs Episode.—The Immediate Controversy.—Justice in Conservative Suspicions.—Increase of Reviews and Special Journals ... 107
Walker's Reflection on the Political Economists.—Differences of Political, as Compared with Natural, Science ... 220
Death of Lowell.—A Product of the Old Culture.—His Patriotism ... 333
The Growth of the University as a Power in America.—The University and High Schools in this State.—University Extension.—Graduate Courses on this Coast ... 444
The Librarian's Visit.—The Future of the Free Library.—Reduction of Price of the OVERLAND.—Another Magazine ... 559
The Fall Elections.—The San Francisco Grand Jury.—The Andover and Briggs Episodes.—College-Bred Mothers ... 662
Etc., Contributed:—
English and American Mispronunciation ... *John Murray* ... 334
Plea for the Conservation of our Wild Flowers, A ... *Hanna Otis Brun* ... 221
Poetry:—
Beautiful Santa Barbara ... *Agnes Manning* ... 110
Columbia River ... *Emma Shaw* ... 109
Fragments of Archilochus ... *Estella L. Guppy* ... 334
James Russell Lowell ... *William H. McDougal* ... 334
Mount Tahoma ... *Herbert Bashford* ... 108
My Opal Sea ... *Ella Higginson* ... 108
Napa Valley ... *Clarence Urmy* ... 110
Napoleon at St. Helena ... *Mrs. J. M. Sanders* ... 334
Passing Away ... *Mrs. J. M. Sanders* ... 334
San Buenaventura ... *Virna Woods* ... 110
Reminiscences of an Editor ... *John Smith Hay* ... 445
Recollections vs. Facts ... *A. D. Cutler* ... 663

Fiction, Some Recent ... 439
First Public School in California, The ... *J. C. Pelton* ... 399
Flower and Seed Growing ... *Ninetta Eames* ... 562
Foine Man, A ... *E. P. H.* ... 247
Fool's Errand, A ... 474
For Mary's Sake ... *Carrie Blake Morgan* ... 375
Fruit Canning Industry, The ... *Charles S. Greene* ... 356
*Illustrations.*—From Drawings by *Miss Williams* and *Peixotto;* and from Photos by *Sidney M. Smith, J. M. Hobbs,* and *W. N. Harris.*

Gold Mining of Today ... *Charles G. Yale* ... 113
*Illustrations.*—From Drawings by *Miss Williams, Reaser, Lyon,* and *Robinson;* and from Photos by *Oliver, Dornin, Partridge,* and *Perkins.*
Greek and the Russian Churches, The ... *Andrew T. Sibbald* ... 274
Gwin and Seward.—A Secret Chapter in Ante-Bellum History ... *Wm. M. Gwin* and *Evan J. Coleman* ... 465
Gwin's, Senator, Plan for the Colonization of Sonora ... *Evan J. Coleman.* Postscript ... 203

Hannibal Hamlin, An Old-Fashioned Statesman ... *Enoch Knight* ... 519
His Word for It ... *Katharine Read Lockwood* ... 515
Hoonah Indians Visit Sitka, The ... *Anna Maxwell* ... 243
How I Did n't Catch the Trout, and Then How I Did ... *Imo. E. Johnson* ... 382

In the Wounded Ward ... *Leonard Kip* ... 385
Incident of the Gold Bluff Excitement, An ... *Thomas Gihon* ... 646

Job, A Study of ... 104
Justicia's Notions ... *Ada E. Ferris* ... 323

Leland Stanford, Junior, University, The ... *Milicent W. Shinn* ... 337
*Illustrations.*—From Drawings by *Peixotto,* and from Photos by *Taber, Hill & Watkins, Morris & Mershon,* and others.

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| Title | Author | Page |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Letters from Pitcairn's Island | *Rosalind A. Young* | 294 |
| Libraries and Librarians of the Pacific Coast | *F. H. Clark* | 449 |
| Lincoln, Abraham, Personal Recollections of | *James M. Scovel* | 497 |
| Loss of the Harriet, The | | 213 |
| Mountain Fire, A | *Rodney Mayne* | 507 |
| My Cousin's Wedding Dress | *Frona Eunice Wait* | 535 |
| My Trip to the Mine | *H. M. J.* | 405 |
| Off Beaten Paths | *Martin A. Kenn* | 19 |
| Old-Fashioned Statesman, An,—Hannibal Hamlin | *Enoch Knight* | 519 |
| Olive in America, The | *S. S. Boynton* | 420 |
| Origin and Progress of the Chinese Army, The | *Andrew T. Sibbald* | 428 |
| Origin of Organic Forms | *Joseph Le Conte* | 198 |
| Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln | *James M. Scovel* | 497 |
| Phonograph Phantasy, A | *S. S.* | 182 |
| Pioneer's First Letter Home, A | *C. T. H.* | 315 |
| Pitcairn's Island, Letters from | *Rosalind A. Young* | 294 |
| Points for Californians Contemplating Endowments, Some | *Milicent W. Shinn* and *Charlotte Anita Whitney* | 543 |
| Practical Education, What is | *Edwin H. Woodruff* | 554 |
| Railway Problem, The | | 217 |
| Real Artemus Ward, The | *Enoch Knight* | 54 |
| Senator Gwin's Plan for the Colonization of Sonora | *Evan J. Coleman*. Postscript | 203 |
| Sheep Station in Western Australia, A | *Francis P. Lefroy* | 61 |
| Singular Lawsuit, A | *V. H. T.* From the French of Raphael Lightone | 395 |
| Soil Studies and Soil Maps | *Eugene W. Hilgard* | 607 |
| Some Points for Californians Contemplating Endowments | *Milicent W. Shinn* and *Charlotte Anita Whitney* | 543 |
| Some Recent Fiction | | 439 |
| Stand at Bagley's, The | *Marion Hill* | 27 |
| Stanford, Leland, Junior, University, The | *Milicent W. Shinn* | 337 |
| *Illustrations.*—From Drawings by *Peixotto*, and from Photos by *Taber*, *Hill & Watkins*, *Morris & Mershon*, and others. | | |
| Study of Job, A | | 104 |
| Sword of Luis Gonzales, The | *Charles E. Brimblecom* | 289 |
| Santa Barbara Islands, The | *Martinette Kinsell* | 517 |
| *Illustrations.*—From Drawings by *Peixotto* and Photos by *Cook*. | | |
| Self-Haunted | *Edith Blumer* | 37 |
| Texas, Camp and Travel in, IV | *Dagmar Mariager* | 72 |
| Thirty Thousand Dollar Dinner, A | *Fred M. Stocking* | 32 |
| Trout Fishing in California | *Ramon E. Wilson* | 225 |
| *Illustrations.*—From Drawings by *Robinson*, *Reaser*, *Miss Williams*, *Harris*, and *Peixotto*; and from Photographs by *Oliver*, *Donovan*, *Harris*, *Cormack*, *Hobbs*, *Gregory*, and *Waters*. | | |
| United States Military Academy at West Point, The | *Edward S. Holden* | 33 |
| Verisimilitude | *Sybil Russell Bogue* | 309, 412, 548, 588 |
| What is Practical Education? | *Edwin H. Woodruff* | 554 |
| Word to the Wise, A | *Alex. F. Oakey*. Illustrated | 132 |

## POETRY.

| Title | Author | Page |
| --- | --- | --- |
| After Death | *Ella Higginson* | 374 |
| Afternoon | *Irené Hardy* | 534 |
| Answered Prayer, An | *Jean Kenyon* | 322 |
| Contrast | *Sarah Dyer Hobart* | 531 |
| December Morning, A | *Charles S. Greene* | 561 |
| Illustration by *Helen J. Smith*. | | |
| Ecstasy in Yellow, An | *Florence E. Pratt* | 181 |
| Epitaph, An | *Wilbur Larremore* | 308 |
| Evening in Sunset Land | *Ella Higginson* | 527 |
| In the Tower of Dagon | *Katharine Read Lockwood* | 159 |
| Jasmine | *C. F. S.* | 216 |
| Longing | *C. F. S.* | 53 |
| One Life, One Law | *Charles Edwin Markham* | 173 |
| Our Poppy | *John Vance Cheney* | 404 |
| Our Poppy, a Reply | *H. T.* | [illegible] |
| Retrospect | *Maude Sutton* | 381 |
| Rondeau | *Martha T. Tyler* | 427 |
| That Charmed Life | *Lillian H. Shuey* | 95 |
| To My Mother | *I. H.* | 419 |
| To Philomel | *D. W. Ravenscroft* | 593 |
| Two Love Songs | *Agnes Crary* | 496 |
| Tomorrow | *Charlotte W. Thurston* | 645 |

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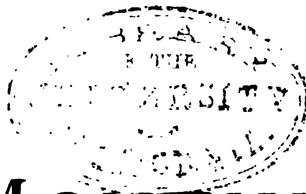

# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. (SECOND SERIES.)—JULY, 1891.—No. 103.

## THE CALIFORNIA LAKES.

Photo by Watkins.

A TAHOE SUNSET.

HERE is a very widespread opinion that there are few lakes in California, and little lakescenery of any importance, except, of course, that around Tahoe nd Clear Lake, "mere ponds for chillren to paddle in," said a prominent ioneer to me a short time ago; "we can ever lay claim to anything worth hile, in the line of lakes," he continied; "even Tahoe is part of it on Neada soil."

At first sight the maps of the State confirm this hasty generalization. The great, shallow, fluctuating expanses of Tulare and Mono; the group of lakes in Modoc and Lassen; a few Sierra lakes, of which one occasionally hears, such as Weber and Donner; the groups that give Lake County its name;—and this appears nearly all for the whole vast territory between Arizona and Oregon. But one who has camped in the Coast Range, or ridden along the Sierra bridle-paths, remembers many a beautiful sheet of water, in the heart of the mountains, rimmed around by pines, and dark with the shadows of the snow-peaks.

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF A WATER SYSTEM.

Here is the surprising fact that one learns by investigation; no map in existence is complete on this point,— the Sierras are not yet fully explored. The sheets of the admirable United States Geological Survey show many mountain lakes that are as yet unnamed, and fail to show some that are known to fishermen and hunters. Their lines were run so far apart, and in so rough a country, that there is space for many small "ponds" between. Still, this is the best map obtainable; the difficulty is that it is so rare, a complete set being almost impossible to find in San Francisco.

It is hardly fair to say that the lake districts of California compare in wealth of water surface with the best of the better known lake districts of other parts of the country. Portions of New York, Wisconsin, Maine, and Minnesota, have a wealth of water area that is not to be found in California. The conditions are widely different here; many of the alkaline deserts of the more arid parts of the State, as of Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico, were formerly lakes. The lake-system of the valleys and plains, and the immense plateaus of the central portions of the continent, have been nearly or quite destroyed; all that is left is the merest outline of the ancient sea-like lakes, surrounded by multitudes of lesser ones, fed by mountain streams, and drained by rivers that now are only buried gravel-channels.

If a digression is pardonable here, it is on the general subject of lake formation. They exist under a variety of circumstances; some are parts of former seas or oceans, others occupy depressions in plains or plateaus; some, like Crater Lake of Oregon, lie in deep volcanic pits or reservoirs, in which the fires have long ago died. In the limestone regions of the Southern States there are many woodland lakes that have been formed by the falling in of the roofs of caverns. Earthquakes have caused numerous lakes, and landslides after heavy rains make many others. Lastly, an enormous number of lake-basins are associated with glacial action. Sometimes a moraine blocks up a mountain valley, but far more often the heavy slide of the immense glacier has scooped out a hollow that is afterwards filled with water. Professor Pumpelly advances a theory to the effect that such hollows of locally disintegrated rock are often swept clean by wind-storms, thus forming a lake-basin. There are lakes, however, that offer hard problems to the supporters of any theory yet advanced. The astonishing chasm of Tahoe, which is 1,645 feet deep, has perplexed every physical geographer.

California is very rich in small mountain lakes, single or set in groups, or chains. Many of these will probably pass into private ownership, and become the pride and delight of persons of wealth and leisure. Some will be famous summer resorts; in fact, several of the larger and more accessible ones are that already. California also has a few exceedingly beautiful lagoons, near the coast, that will attract attention some of these days. Lastly, no State in the Union is in the way of creating so great and so attractive a system of mountain and valley reservoirs, or artificial lakes. In less than a century there will be thousands of these, some in high Sierras, where

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Photo by Taber.

CRATER LAKE, OREGON.

deep cañons have been built across, others in the foothills in natural depressions, and still others in the lowlands. The "tanks" of India constitute a marvelous system of thousands upon thousands of small but very attractive ponds planted about with trees and vines. Such great artificial lakes as the Bear Valley reservoir, in San Bernardino, Lake Yosemite, in Merced, and the superb structures of the Spring Valley Water Company in San Mateo, may serve for illustrations of the larger sort.

The late Professor John Le Conte, writing of the "Lakes of the Pacific Coast," said, in 1878: "Hundreds of little Alpine lakes, with their clear, deep, cold emerald waters, are embosomed among the crags of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Their origin may be traced to the more powerful action of glacial agencies in past times; in some cases gorges were dammed up by ancient moraines. The streams that now supply these gems of the Sierras are born in the cold, gloomy solitudes of the upper mountain region, amid perpetual snow-banks. Many of these charming lakes are nestled in the least explored portion of the high Sierra, and have not been mapped nor described." Professor Le Conte in the paper from which the above quotation is taken, gives the reader a vivid conception of these lakes, the reservoirs of melting snows, the sources of the summer supply of many miles of mining ditches. It is evident that he was strongly impressed by the number of these "Alpine lakes," by their wild beauty, and by the truly lake-like aspect they presented. They lie hidden in the midst of pine-crested crags, and ridges of granite that rise to such giants as Mount Shasta, Mount Lassen, and Mount Whitney. They are to be found all the way from the mountains of Inyo

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northward to the Siskiyous. Even now, fifteen years after Doctor Le Conte wrote this paper, the catalogue of lakes, as I have already said, is frightfully incomplete.

The experience of four young men from the University of California deserves a paragraph in the chronicle of mountain lakes. They spent ten weeks last summer in the King's River country. From the summit of Mount Lyell they counted thirty-nine lakes in sight. Among the more charming mountain lakes that they visited and photographed was Lake Charlotte, recently renamed by the settlers Lake Rhoda. This lake lies in Fresno County, very near the Inyo line. It is only a quarter of a mile long, but it is a typical glacial lake, with a broad moraine walling it in at the lower end of the ravine, and it fairly swarms with trout, as most of these lakes do. Three lakes that have no name lie in a granite basin between the south and middle forks of King's River, at an elevation of about ten thousand feet. The traveler in the Sierras is often amused at the paucity of names for some of the larger rivers. The Yuba, American, Stanislaus, and many other rivers, formed by the union of two or three rivers, simply lend their own names to these tributaries, in the style that is, I think, common in the southern Alleghanies. There are the "North Fork of the American," the South Fork, and the Middle Fork of the same. It is geographically safe, and instructive, but very monotonous.

A curious lake that the University party of campers found on the "divide" between Fresno and Inyo, was known locally as the "Devil's Pot-hole." It has no visible outlet nor inlet, but it is clear and cold. The name it bears is due to a strange atmospherical phenomenon. Its situation is at the head of a pass, and a cloud formation like a vast column of smoke hangs over it nearly every day, marking the place so plainly that it can be seen for miles. The Cathedral Lakes — a whole string of them — are scattered along the watershed between Merced and Tuolumne counties. Walker's Lake is a small mountain lake in Mono. A number of other lakes were visited by the party, but this brief memorandum will serve to show their general character. These four young men — Hubert Dyer, J. N. LeConte, C. B. Lakenan and F. S. Pheby — obtained the largest collection of amateur photographs during this trip that I have seen from any Sierra district, and most of them were very fair plates.

A KING'S RIVER CAÑON LAKE.

One of my own expeditions was made from Nevada City along the San Juan ridge, past the old mining camps. There are small reservoirs, gone to decay since the cesstion of hydraulic mining,— res-

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ervoirs that cover areas of from half an acre upwards. On the head waters of one of the streams is the great Bowman reservoir. It was August when I saw it; the new grass was growing in the edge of the snowdrifts, and the air was full of bees and butterflies. Bowman was formerly a lovely mountain valley, occupied by a stage station and a ranch. The land was bought when the famous North Bloomfield and other mines on the Ridge had to have water. A huge dam of pine logs, bolted together, was thrown across the gorge, and strengthened by masonry. The lake rose behind it, and pretty soon the deserted buildings were covered, the orchard, the garden where children played, the old stone chimneys, and the black sawmill on the stream. After a while the pine trees in the "bottoms," standing thirty or forty feet deep in the lake, were killed, and when I sailed across, the dead "riders" and snags reminded me of the stories about deserted channels of the Mississippi. At the lower end the lake was very deep; at the upper end many dead pines,—quite a forest, in fact,—still stood in mournful groups.

A chain of six or seven lakes in Nevada County, not far from Lake Bowman, is known locally as "The Shotgun Lakes." They do not appear on any map, and few persons have ever visited them. Several other small lakes are in the region, all well stocked with trout. Higher up, the glacial lakes cluster about the line of perpetual snow. I first visited this region at a time when the hydraulic mines were in operation, the towns full of busy life, and lumbermen were toiling in the upper camps. Nevertheless, the lake district was almost unpeopled. One rode all day long without seeing a human being. Bear and deer tracks were in the forest, and thousands of quail populated the gulches. Every tree held its chattering squirrels, biting off pine cones and making faces at strangers. I understand that nothing has occurred to change this air of almost absolute solitude. The camper in such districts is as much removed from every outside influence as Stevenson on his Isle of the South Seas.

From Photo by Thayer.

RESERVOIR LAKE NEAR SUMMIT.

Around the twin peaks of that noble mountain, Lassen, in the Northern Sierras, there is a magnificent series of wild and beautiful lakes, finer in appearance and more numerous than those about some larger mountains of the range. I suppose that the Lassen Peak district may be said to cover a territory that is sixty miles north and south by forty miles in width. It includes parts of Lassen, Shasta, Butte and Tehama, and is one of the most attractive summer camping grounds in California. Ten years ago it was almost unknown, for everyone went to Pitt River and Mount Shasta when they wanted a touch of the real wilderness; many of them go there still, but some have learned to love the land of springs and lakes south of Lassen, for it is farther from the beaten highways.

It is of course impossible to map or describe a tenth part of the lakes in a single one of the extensive districts that must be considered in this article. The guides and old settlers in the Lassen

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region think that there are more than eighty lakes there. I find thirty-five small and unnamed lakes upon the Geological Survey maps of this district. The lakes of greater size, that sportsmen find worth a visit, are twelve in number. Lake Eiter, a very handsome sheet of water about a mile long, has two small tributary lakes. The graceful Lake Bidwell is two miles long and one mile wide, and Snag Lake is about the same size.

The Twin Lakes are charming; they belong to a class represented in several other parts of the Sierras—two lakes of almost exactly the same size and shape, separated by only a narrow wooded ridge. Manzanita Lake is often visited by parties from Redding and Millville, in Shasta County. It has the appearance of occupying the crater of an extinct volcano. Several of the small ponds on the western slope of Lassen occupy such depressions, and there are "mud volcanoes" still active in the district. Feather Lake is one of the largest lakes hereabouts, five miles long and a third as far across. Among the other lakes of note in Lassen district are Polhemus, Juniper, Crumbo, Poison, and Carubin.

North and northeast of the Peaks of Lassen, the character of the country changes greatly, as one nears the Oregon and the Nevada lines. In this region there are groups of interesting lakes worth more space than the brief allusion to their existence that I have previously given them. Take the Alturas district of Modoc. Here is Goose Lake, twenty miles long, partly in Oregon, a fine body of water bounded by mountains west, but with low shores and a nearly level country east. Naturally, its tributaries are from the west,— Cottonwood, Myrtle, Fandango, Lassen, Davis, and some twenty other creeks.

About three miles east of Bidwell Peak, in the same district, is a pretty but unfortunately named mountain lake, well above the surrounding country, and about one mile across, and perhaps a third greater in length. It was formerly Crane Lake, but is now Cow Head, which last might do in the purely pastoral days of Modoc, when it was given over to cowboys and outlaws. In these more civilized times, when men are expecting a railroad there, some one will have to call a public meeting and give the lake a better name. There are many lakes in California that have been carelessly named, but none quite so carelessly as Cow Head.

Southeast of Mount Bidwell, on the old Fort Bidwell road, is a pretty pond in the mountains, Lake Annie. It belongs to the subordinate order, covering perhaps eighty or ninety acres, with some smaller ponds near, all deep, and well stocked with fish, as most of the Modoc Lakes are.

The lakes of the region that one hears most about, next to Goose Lake, are the three lakes mamed by the pioneers, with their usual ineptitude, Upper, Middle, and Lower. The lakes are broad, shallow, alkaline, with variable bounds, but they abound in wild fowl, and are fair to look upon. Middle Lake is about nine miles long and four wide. It opens into Lower Lake, which is about five miles long, and Eagleville, on Eagle Creek, looks down on the narrow strait between them. Upper Lake is more separated from the other two; in shape it is a miniature Lake Erie, nine miles long, and it receives the drainage from the eastern slope of a mountain range. All the tributaries of the three lakes empty into their western margins; the eastern shores are low and comparatively level, belonging to the soil and climate of Nevada, rather than to that of California. The same general conditions continue across the line into the southeastern counties of Oregon, where the lake country of this high plateau of eastern Modoc is almost duplicated in chains of lakes of good size, such as Warner and Albert.

West of Lower Lake, on the cliffs, a thousand feet higher than the plain, lies

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Photo by Watkins.

ROUND TOP FROM LAKE WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA.
By Permission of Prof. Mendenhall, Supt. U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Snake Lake, half a mile long. Several unnamed ponds lie about Hat Peak, Eagle Peak, and Mount Warren. Still farther west of these mountains, in the heart of Modoc, are Clear Lake, Blue Lake, and other pools as yet unsurveyed. Again the paucity of names is made manifest; Lake County has its Blue and Clear Lakes, and so have other localities in the State. Modoc itself has another Clear Lake,—a lake of the high sage brush plains east of Lake Rhett, not far south of the boundary line. Three and a half miles is perhaps its utmost length.

Rhett, partly in Oregon, partly in Siskiyou and Modoc, is twelve miles across and nearly fifteen in length. It is one of the most notable lakes of the Modoc–Siskiyou lava bed district. The conformation is curious; a promontory, in shape like a crescent stretching forth from the eastern shore, curves almost back to the shore again, forming a land-locked bay. An old crater occupies a part of this promontory. On the west of the lake the land rises far above, in dead craters and lava ridges. Dome Mountain, six thousand feet high, is only a few miles away, and Little Klamath, with its waist-like middle, is but half an hour's walk from Rhett. South, in the midst of cedar cones and obsidian cliffs, some 7,000 feet above the sea, lies the Wild Medicine Lake, perhaps a mile in length, fed by mountain springs.

Lassen County, meaning the sage-brush plains east of the Sierras, is often called a land of alkali lakes; but this is a mistake: the great ponds of the district are being used for irrigating the sandy levels of the valleys. Honey Lake lies in the midst of sage-brush plains, and is certainly an uninteresting sheet of water, though nine or ten miles long. Eagle, with its great bluffs on the south-east, is much finer in appearance.

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Both these lakes are famous for wild fowl that pause here on their way north or south. In March, and again in November, whole acres are covered with geese and ducks. The population of the region is too scanty to make much impression upon them, and the district will long remain a sportsman's paradise. Eagle and Honey are both well stocked with the large lake trout and other species of fish.

Lassen has its mountain lakes also, that perhaps belong by rights to the Mount Lassen district. Horse Lake, west of Fredonia Peak, 7,995 feet high, is one of the real Sierra lakes, and covers about six square miles. Another lake of interest is the Round Valley reservoir, near Indian Valley, between Keddie's Peak and Mount Hough. This is a large reservoir, made to impound water for irrigation.

The Lassen region, as already said, has many resemblances to Nevada, where lakes once much larger lie in the midst of a desolate land, only used for pastoral purposes. The two great lakes of Northeastern Nevada, Pyramid and Winnemucca, are much like Honey Lake, of Lassen, though the former is much larger, and the latter has a higher range of adjacent mountains in the rugged blue peaks of the Winnemuccas. North of them lie waste and desert expanses; south, the valleys that are irrigated from Pyramid. Winnemucca has no outlet, and only short and unimportant feeders from the east. It is an isolated lake, of the type of Great Salt Lake, in Utah and Mono in California, and its waters are gradually becoming stronger and more unfit to sustain any kind of life.

Mount Shasta is not as wonderful for the number of its lakes as the region south of Mount Lassen, but some of them are very striking. The first one that the tourist is apt to see is the little Sisson Lake, which is chiefly famous for its marvelous situation in the forest of sugar pines and cedars that shadow its surface, and yet give broad vistas through which one obtains glimpses of

Photo by Taber.

LAKE AT SISSON'S.

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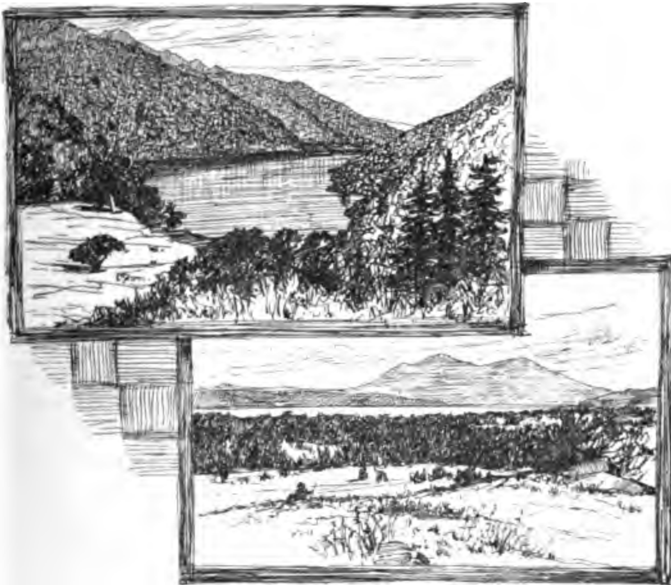
Muir Peak, of Shasta's broad dome fullfronting the mountain valley, and of the western heights. It is in many respects a typical lake of the coniferous forest belt of the Sierras, and is far more like some of the beautiful ponds of Maine, that land of magnificent lakes, than it is like the lakes of the higher mountain districts, where the forests become sparse and poor. If one could take a cove of a few acres across from that Lake Sebago, so loved by Whittier, and set it in the midst of much larger pines than New England ever grew, even in colonial days, the result would be a counterpart of Sisson Lake. Hardly a lake in California has been photographed and sketched more often. The surroundings are perfect, and a larger lake would seem out of place there.

Photo by Thayer.

CASTLE LAKE.

In the extreme northeast corner of Shasta County, Fall Lake, from which Fall River flows into Pitt, one of the principal tributaries of the Sacramento, will some day attract many visitors. This heavily-timbered district east of Mount Shasta is full of attractive scenery, fine waterfalls, and mountain trout streams. Lake Freanha, in this district, appears almost unknown, and I have never met anyone who has visited it. North of Mount Shasta, about the Sheep Rocks and beyond, are lakes on the extensive plains that in winter fairly swarm with wild fowl.

Castle Lake is one of the surprises of the Shasta region. As one goes north



BLUE AND CLEAR LAKES, LAKE COUNTY.

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from the Upper Sacramento Valley towards Oregon, the white expanse of Shasta first fills the horizon, then disappears as the windy cañons shut it from sight. On the left hand, an enormous rock wall finally looms up, above the mountains, with strange pinnacles and jagged chasms torn across; that is Castle Rock, and in a circular amphitheatre below its crest Castle Lake is situated. Many people visit it in the summer and autumn, riding or walking from Mott or Sisson. In winter and spring it is almost unapproachable, so wild are the snow, a cold wind swept down from the heights, and they were unable to find the cabin. They hastened back, in the dusk, endeavoring to get over the worst of the trail before it was dark. Snow arches enabled them to cross several wild-rushing, snow-fed creeks; they reached the ridge, and attempted to find the best line of return, missed the trail, descended cliffs, crossed another creek on a fallen log, and finally, about two o'clock in the morning gave up the effort, built fires, and endeavored to get some rest and sleep in the teeth of the tearing ice-wind.

Photo by W. S. Perkins.

DONNER IN WINTER.

torrents to be crossed, and so slippery the trail. Mr. Josiah E. Locke and Mr. Charles Parker of San Francisco, well known members of the Cross-Country Club, made a trip to Castle Lake on May 20th, last year, that may serve as an illustration of mountain pedestrianism under difficulties. They left Sisson in light marching order, no blankets nor overcoats; their plan was to reach the lake before dark and camp in a deserted cabin there. The route was much harder walking than they expected, and it was very late when they reached the lake. The surface was covered with ice and At daybreak they recovered their bearings, and proceeded across country to Mott, thence to Soda Springs, and south. That is the Castle Lake region in the last days of May.

West and southwest of Shasta, in Southern Siskiyou and Trinity, there are many mountain pools among the snow-heights; there are also old mining reservoirs, so old now that they seem to be as natural as any Sierra lake. It was on the Trinity, too, that a great land-slip in the winter of 1889–90 made a five-mile lake in the cañon. On the mountain side, north of the famous mining camp of

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Photo by Taber.

A BIT OF DONNER.

Weaverville, is a glacial lake of especial beauty, often visited by parties from the valleys below. Over the broken hill-country, partly in Trinity and partly in Humboldt, Tehama, and Mendocino counties,—a region forty miles square, and hardly touched anywhere by a wagon road,—there are said to be many ponds and small lakes, well stocked with fish, and surrounded with forests of oak, pine, and spruce. A few botanists have visited this district once or twice, and it is a good field for naturalists and geologists. The fastnesses of the Northern Coast Range need mapping quite as much as the Sierras do.

The most attractive lake district of the Coast Range is in Lake county, extending over into Mendocino. From the tops of Sanhedrin, Mt. Hull, and St. John, one can obtain a general view of the lake system of the district. There are many small ponds, of a few acres in extent, scattered about in the forest. Over in Mendocino a very beautiful lake, perhaps two and a half miles long,

LAKE TENAYA.

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Photo by Thayer.
LAKE ANGELINE.

known as Little Lake, is visited every year by the Baptist encampment. Clear Lake, and the Blue Lakes are the most important of the Lake county system. I am indebted to Mr. E. C. Parker, who has spent several years in the district under consideration, for some of his impressions of this mountain region, which a railroad will soon penetrate, and which has long been a favorite summer resort for thousands of Californians. There is a large class of tourists who dislike to go to a district until it is easily and rapidly reached; the coming railroad will attract more attention to Lake County, as it has already done to the Shasta region.

The Blue Lakes are two of the most charming lakes in the State. They lie at the bottom of a long, deep valley which rises with almost precipitous sides from the water; intense blue is surrounded by the perpetual green of the dark coniferous forest about them. No streams flow into these lakes, nor is there any outlet except in the rainy season, when the short mountain torrents cause them to overflow, across a low neck of land, into a small lake, Tulé, and so on into Clear Lake. Springs in the

Photo by Watkins.
BLUE LAKES OF THE SIERRAS FROM ROUND TOP.
By Permission of Prof. Mendenhall, Supt. U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

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Photo by Watkins.
LAKE INDEPENDENCE FROM SPHINX HEAD, MT. LOLA.
By Permission of Prof. Mendenhall, U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

bottom of the lakes doubtless supply them, and they are heavily stocked with speckled trout, perch, "silver-sides," and other species of fish. At the head of the upper lake, just on the western line of the county, is a break in the mountain line which encloses Lake County like the rim of a basin. On the west of this gap Cold Creek heads, and flows down to Russian River, which comes from Potter Valley, twenty miles farther north, and goes on south into Sonoma, turning west to the Pacific. The older Indians tell of a time in the days that were, when the waters of the Blue Lakes, and probably of Clear Lake also, pursued this path to the ocean. At present the drainage line is almost due east, by way of Cache Creek and the Sacramento River. The Indians say that the ridge

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was raised after three days of earthquake. The whole district shows evidences of volcanic action, and has many singular geological features and numerous mineral springs.

Tulé Lake, east of the Blue Lakes, is simply a shallow body of water, about two miles long, filled with tulés, and like many of the lakes of the upper Mississippi region, is fast becoming a thing of the past. It will probably be farming land in a few more years.

The shores of Clear Lake, which is next to Tahoe in size, beauty, and historical interest, are destined to become the summer residence of wealthy people, a land of cottages and villas. The mountains rise on all sides, sometimes abruptly, at other places behind long stretches of fertile fields, oak-studded pastures, and fairly-well improved farms. The lake is twenty-one and a half miles long, and varies in width from one to eight miles, giving a total of eighty square miles. The depth seems comparatively shallow, when one considers

Photo by Tashéira.

JIM WARNER'S CABIN, TAHOE.

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the mountainous country surrounding it. Many mineral springs flow from the bottom, one of them so strongly that its current shoves a boat aside when a person tries to row across. Borax Lake lies east of Clear, a small lake whose waters are so strongly impregnated with borax that extensive works there at various times have been occupied with its manufacture. South, nearer the Sonoma line, are many small and often nameless lakes, some of them very attractive to the tourist,— mere ponds of a few acres in extent in most cases, but usually surrounded with rich farm lands, groups of oaks, or masses of pine.

A notable group of picturesque lakes occupies a portion of the Sierras, that may be called the "Middle Forks of the Yuba" district. It extends east and southeast to Tahoe and the State line. More lakes lie in this district than the pioneers dreamed of; some of them are permanently linked with the history of the founding of California. Here are

Photo by Waters.
EMERALD BAY AND A TRIBUTARY (EAGLE FALL).

Donner, Independence, the lovely Fallen Leaf that is so often visited by parties from Virginia City, and Webber, in a region dear to the botanist's heart. Donner claims precedence among them, by reason of the terrible fate of the Donner immigrants. It was only the other day that quite a sum of silver, buried at that time, was discovered among the rocks by the roadside.

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In the same Donner Lake district, under much the same conditions, at an altitude that gives them extreme seasons, are half a dozen unnamed lakes, besides English Lake, north of Jackson Peak; Eureka Lake, a very pretty body of water; Lake Faycheric, and Lake Stirling. These, with Meadow, Independence, and a few others, make up the attractive group that occupy the ridges and cañons between the Middle and the South Yuba Forks.

ECKLEY'S CAMP ON EMERALD BAY.

The upper courses of the American are as prolific. Here is the "Five-Lake Valley," on Rubicon Creek. One lake lies very near to the top of Twin Peaks. South of Mt. McKinstry and Guide Peak are Pleasant, Loon, and several unnamed lakes.

Still farther south, towards the Mount Lyell region, though not yet within that district, are Blue Lake, Red Lake, Woods Lake, and Silver Lake, besides several that have no names. Echo Lake and others of local note are in El Dorado County. The Twin Lakes (of the South Sierras) are on Robinson Creek between the South Fork of the Stanislaus and the Grand Cañon of the Tuolumne; Dunderberg, Matterhorn, and Power, are the nearest peaks. Conness is about fifteen miles south. On the Davidson trail to Conness is Lake Tenaya, the source of the creek of the same name, a tributary of the Merced.

As a rule, there are few fish in the higher glacier-fed lakes. They are too cold, and once fished out they replenish very slowly. Restocked, as they have been by the Fish Commissioners, it has

Photo by Waters.

CASCADE LAKE.

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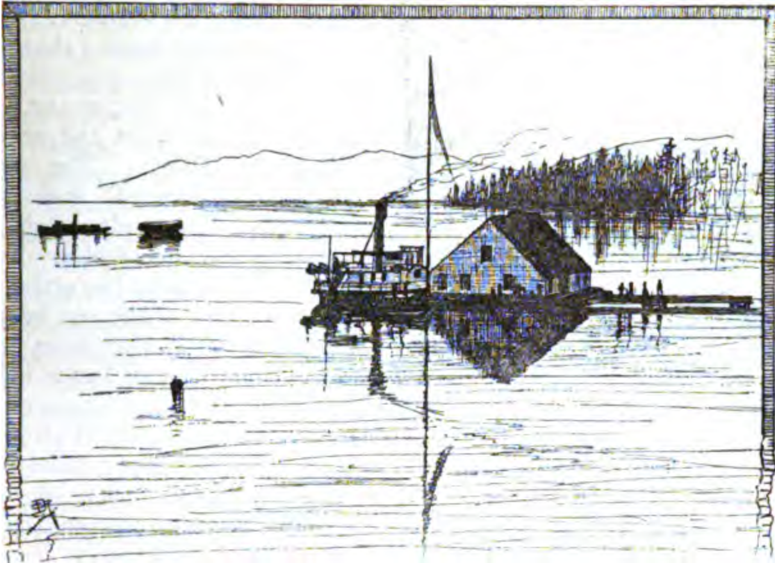

THE OLD EMBARCADERO, TAHOE.

been found that the fish do not seem to increase. The lakes that have constant feeders from the snows, and are open to the larger streams, generally contain large supplies of fine trout and other fish. Some of the smaller ones, of only a few acres in area, give more sport than the well known and larger ones.

The most famous lake of the State, the one that is fast becoming a great summer resort, is undoubtedly Tahoe. It covers a total area of 192 miles, and is 21½ miles long by 12 miles wide. It is a very deep mountain valley, filled to the brim with water; its tributary creeks drain an immense area, and it is the reservoir for immense irrigating operations in the State of Nevada.

The name Tahoe is usually said to be an Indian word, the name also of a tribe. An old Spaniard once told me that this was not true. He held a rather interesting theory about it. *Ta'ho*, or *Tayho*, he said, was an almost forgotten mediæval Spanish noun, that meant "a deep chasm filled with water." I could not find it in modern Spanish dictionaries, he informed me (and I did not), but Spanish philologists knew the word. His notion was that some Spanish captive from Mexico, or some shipwrecked person, a long time ago, perhaps in the seventeenth century, had passed from tribe to tribe, had seen this great lake over 1600 feet deep, lying in the vast cleft in the Sierras, and so had named it Ta'ho, and taught the name to the Indians. It is a very pretty legend.

Tahoe is the subject of many summer resort letters; a few people venture to winter there, and find the experience delightful. When the great valleys of the State are full of people by millions, living on small farms, and in towns and cities; when San Francisco is like New York, this magnificent Sierra lake will attract as many visitors in the dead of the Alpine winter as it does in the warm Sierra summer and lovely Indian summer days of autumn. People will discover that it is pleasant to leave the lands of the olive, the orange, the perpetual rosebloom, and be carried in a few hours to the crest of the great mountains, and the heart of the winter of the high Alps. Our Italy will be on the Sierra foot-



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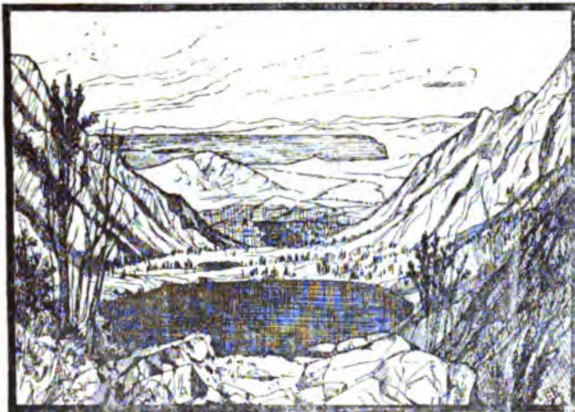

DISTANT VIEW OF MONO, LOOKING DOWN BLOODY CAÑON.

lake, is a wonderfully sheltered and fascinating sheet of water. Here the cottage-builders find one of the most attractive situations in the entire circle of Tahoe. The place was "discovered" many years ago by Commodore John Eckley, a glimpse of whose camp there is given by the artist, and also a view of the bay looking east, towards the main lake, past one of the lesser islands.

The atmospheric effects about Lake Tahoe are extremely fine; cloud and storm alternate with glorious sunrises and sunsets, and cloudless days. A gust sometimes descends like a whirlwind on Tahoe, sweeping down from the mountain passes with terrible fury, and raising ocean-like waves in the deep lake. Like Baikal, of Siberia, that similar cleft in high mountains, and like Lake Geneva, Tahoe has storms that drive every sailing boat and steamer to the nearest harbor.

hills, and in the warm Coast Range valleys from Sonoma south to Cajon; our St. Petersburg, of ice palaces and winter sports, will be on the shores of Tahoe.

The lake lies at an elevation of 6,202 feet, and about one fourth of its surface is in Nevada. The eastern shore is nearly straight; the western and northern shores present a more varied outline. There are many beautiful bays, and some islands; the promontories are exceedingly precipitous and pine-clad. Mount Tallac, 9,715 feet high, southeast of Tahoe, near Fallen Leaf Lake, is the most prominent mountain.

Old trappers, hunters, fishermen, miners, and loggers live in the Tahoe region,— not many of them, to be sure, but enough to give a distinct social atmosphere, if one knows enough to get away from the hotels. "Jim Warner's Cabin," under a pine tree, is perhaps as good an illustration as one can find of the dwellers of the Lake Tahoe settlers, who are at home every day in the year, and who think that the gay-plumaged summer birds of passage miss the best of the noble lake when they start for the valleys at the first chill blast from the Tallac snow-fields.

Emerald Bay, a land-locked harbor, almost a separate lake, lying behind Eagle Point, at the southwest angle of the

One other lake of the Tahoe district certainly ranks among the finest of the Sierras,— Cascade Lake, on the side of Tallac, and 6,530 feet above the sea. It is small, but it has the true Alpine charm, and forms, with Emerald Bay and Fallen Leaf, what may be termed the Tallac cluster. There are many waterfalls here, and about other Sierra lakes,— so many, in fact, owing to the steepness of the ravines that slope to them, that one cannot attempt a catalogue. The cascade form is more frequent than the direct plunge, but both are found in almost every day's journey in the high Sierras.

It is difficult to come to an end in the matter of the small hidden and almost unknown mountain lakes. Harkness, Medley, Eleanor, Angeline, Tissayac, and many others come to one's thoughts.

As the article began with a regret that so little is known about the lakes of the California mountain region, it must end

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with the suggestion that perhaps the time has come to develop a healthy public interest in the subject. Why not have a Sierra Club, to spend vacations in the mountains, and study them as Muir has done, and as the Le Contes did, in many a summer tour? There are walking and camping clubs in California, whose "outings" have gradually taken in nearly the whole State. Collectively, the members of such clubs can be said to know about all that is known concerning much of the wild country off from the highways. The trouble is, their knowledge is not systematic, and it does not crystalize into available shapes. Nevertheless, the working material for more thorough and permanent mountaineering is probably to be found in such clubs, and among the younger graduates of our colleges and University. California has a Historical Society; an Academy of Sciences, where botanists and other students report their discoveries; and a Geographical Society, in whose realm the subject of the lakes and lake systems more properly belongs. But there is need of an association so well organized and far-reaching that it may be joined by botanists, forest-lovers, geologists, Alp-climbers, educated sportsmen, and all the classes that wish to preserve the natural beauty of the mountain lands of the State. Such an association would create a public sentiment of protection, and we might possibly hope to have more reservations of wild lands, and the complete withdrawal from sale of the sources of water-supply. The incidental results, such as a broader and more exact knowledge of every portion of our mountain domain, are of themselves worthy of attention. We can hardly expect to have outsiders take much stock in general exclamations about the glories of the California wilderness; the men and women who go to the Maine coast, to the Adirondacks, to Canada, and to a thousand attractive places, are waiting for more definite information about such things as the trout streams, the forests, the camping grounds, the waterfalls, and the lakes of California.

*Charles Howard Shinn.*

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## OFF BEATEN PATHS.

"SIMON PETER said unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee."

So spake the apostles of old; so also said we, Peter, and Thomas, and James, three modern apostles, mastered by the desire to find "fresh woods and pastures new" in which to spend our summer vacation. A trip to the Old World, with "Cook's Tourists" everywhere, was not to be thought of for a moment; in the East nearly every nook and corner of mountain and valley was known to us; and for years past we had wandered at intervals through various parts of California. So this one summer found us fishing for something new. Appeared on the scene one day John, a brother apostle, for years past a denizen of Southern Oregon's wilds, and until now by us long time unseen.

"Is there," said we to him, "no strange place of which you know, that would be to us 'something new under the sun'?"

"Yes," said he, without a moment's hesitation; "there is Crater Lake, something probably without a parallel in the scenery of the world. Called at different times by such various names as 'Blue

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Lake,' 'Mystic Lake,' 'Lake Majesty,' and 'Deep Lake,' its last and most appropriate name of 'Crater Lake' is probably the one it will now bear forever. The deepest clear-water lake on the American continent, reliable soundings by a party of surveyors having been taken to a depth of 2012 feet, it is only to be seen after climbing nearly seven thousand feet above sea-level. Comparatively easy of access, and in the midst of scenery really sublime, you will have freedom from the perennial tourist who haunts more beaten paths, besides fishing and hunting for every day you are gone."

With the prospect of such things before us, who would not have done as we did? With John's consent, he was at once installed as guide and director of our party. Within a week we were in Medford, Oregon, a small railroad station in Rogue River Valley. Wagon, driver, food, blankets, and all that goes to form an outfit for mountain travel and camping, being procured at that place, the railroad was left behind and our pilgrimage begun. Good weather for weeks to come was assured us, storms never—at least, hardly ever—beginning until late in the autumn, and it was now midsummer.

After riding a dozen miles down the valley, Rogue River—corrupted from Roque, the Frenchman in whose honor the stream was named—was reached and crossed at the foot of "Table Rock." Here, in the days of Oregon's early settlement, were fought many bloody battles between the Indians and whites, and numerous are the tales told of battles fought, dangers incurred, and perils braved, by the hardy settlers of early days. What a contrast then to the peaceful scene we looked upon!

Our road now followed for miles along the margin, and no river scenery could be more enchantingly beautiful, with its verdure-clad, willow-lined banks, and the smooth, beautiful water, with trout leaping from still pools, or making their way with mighty splashings through its shoals. As we ascended the valley, the river grew gradually narrower; farms and dwellings were fewer and farther between; the forests grew more and more dense, while large bowlders betokening volcanic origin were occasionally seen, with now and then a waste of pulverized pumice stone over which to travel.

At the place known as "Hole in the Ground," a small stream pours into an opening, only totally to disappear, the sound of its waters growing gradually more and more indistinct as it passes out of sight. It is not a chasm, as might be supposed, but literally a "hole in the ground," whose depths no one has yet been able to sound. Flounce Rock lifted a flattened peak above us, its sides befrilled with stony ruffles representing a bygone style in more enduring material than the pages of a fashion journal.

One encounters queer types of the human family traveling through the woods. It would seem that the ability to conceal one's true character bears a direct ratio to the amount of knowledge. Among these illiterate and poor people generosity or greed, honesty or dishonesty, with many other characteristics, are all freely exhibited. The women of most families, strong and hearty, but rough and uncouth, as a rule do as much outdoor work as any man; plowing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, and mauling rails, with the best of them. The following, which John's wife related as one of her experiences among them on her first trip to the lake, seems worth repeating:

"We too were going to Crater Lake, traveling the same road over which you will pass. We did our own cooking over a camp-fire, but intended to stop for the night at houses we knew of along the road as having accommodations for travelers. One day, being delayed by a balky horse, and unable to make our full day's drive, we were forced to find what stopping place we could. The houses, as you

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will find, are few and far between, so when we came to a settlement about nine o'clock at night, we knew that here must be our stopping place, whether or no.

"Going to bed as they do at the same time with the chickens, everyone on the place was fast asleep. My husband got out of the wagon, went to the door, and returned after some time, accompanied by the man of the house, who looked our outfit over by the light of his uplifted lantern, then said: —

"'I guess you kin fetch up here.' To me—'You come in the haouse an' crawl right in whar I 've ben, 'longside my old 'oman, an' us men folks 'll sleep aout in the barn.'

"I did n't relish the prospect in the least, but followed him, a most unwilling victim, to the 'haouse,' which seemed to consist of but two rooms. The one into which he ushered and left me, with the assurance that 'the old 'oman 'ud be thar purty quick,' was not larger than ten feet by twelve, yet contained a dog, two cats, and a bed where four children lay asleep, two at each end. Their clothes were in little heaps about the floor, evidently left just as each little one had stepped out. With window and doors closed, the air inside is perhaps better imagined than described! A little while after I had seated myself, a rustling sound caused me to turn my head, and I saw the 'old 'oman' entering from the other room. A calico dress, evidently donned in a hurry, for the waist was not buttoned more than half way up, seemed to be almost the only garment she had on: being very short, it left exposed a rather shapely pair of ankles, and two bare feet, hard and brown. A crop of short curly hair stood out on all sides of her head, looking as if brush or comb were unknown articles. She came into the room on tiptoe, sat down on one side of the children's bed, (I had the only chair in the room,) began swinging her crossed feet, twirling her thumbs, and looking at me without a word. I had said 'good evening' as she entered, but received no reply. Pretty soon I ventured to say we were very sorry to intrude on them, and was proceeding to explain how we had been delayed, when she interrupted me, saying: —

"'Geth I hain't drethed up much fer comp'ny.'

"I suggested that full dress could hardly be expected on such short notice as she had received. I never did like to do *all* the talking, so silence ensued for a few moments, when she said: —

"'Mith Powers's baby jetht had the measles, an' naow Jane 's got 'em.'

"I expressed my sorrow, — and imagine my feelings, for my little girl had never yet been exposed to them.

"'I s'pose you heern what happened daown to Allen's t' other day?'

"No, I had not.

"'Wall, it war twins.'

"I gasped for breath, and turned the conversation into other channels. Her tongue once unloosened, there was silence no more. Further conversation revealed the fact that she had six children, 'half boys and half girls.' Considering what her life must have been, she was a very youthful looking woman, so for lack of anything else to say I remarked that she looked very young to be the mother of so large a family. The effect was as unexpected as instantaneous. She quit swinging her feet, folded her hands, sat up very straight, and said: 'O, you jetht ought ter thee me with my falth teeth in!'

"I had noticed that she lisped badly, but had not missed the teeth.

"Imagine my feelings when a little later I found that my little girl and I were expected, quite as a matter of course, to share the bed with herself, a child three years old, and a baby of three months. They meant kindly, but I arose with the courage of desperation, ostensibly for the purpose of calling my husband to get me something from the wagon, but in reality to tell him how

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strong was my determination to share the barn with him, and *not* 'crawl in with the old 'oman.' We excused ourselves to them on the score of not wishing to discommode them to such an extent, wanting to start very early in the morning, etc., etc. So we spread out some shawls and rugs on the hay, and spent the night in the barn loft, while in the yard below some pigs kept up an incessant grunting and squealing.

"In the morning, O so early, the commotion among the pigs increased, the roosters crowed, dogs barked, and what with horses, mules, sheep, and geese, all adding their own particular cry for breakfast, it seemed as if we could n't get away fast enough. Bad as it was, however, think what it would have been in the 'haouse.'"

Passing the scene of this incident on our way, we smiled, but did not stop to interview the family.

After we had traveled about fifty miles, Prospect — formerly called Deskins — was reached, where a postoffice, sawmill, and three or four cabins constitute the settlement. Our road for a few miles back had passed through the depths of a vast forest of firs and sugar pine trees, of so dense a growth that, though the mill has been in existence almost thirty years, no visible inroads have been made. But for stumps standing here and there one would imagine the forest untouched. So gigantic is the growth that trees two or three hundred feet in height, with a diameter of from six to ten feet, are no uncommon sight. The lumber is unsurpassed in quality, but the great difficulty in transportation over the rough mountain roads forbids the immense profits that might otherwise be derived from it. A flume company now organizing will do much to change all this.

Red Blanket Prairie lying near, (so called because a red blanket was the price for which it was purchased from the Indians,) must become a valuable piece of property, comprising as it does several hundred acres of extremely rich, level soil, naturally fenced by steep and rugged mountains rising on all sides, and plentifully watered by numerous streams of clear, cold water. Immense crops of wild hay and grasses are annually cut. When fully cleared and cultivated, it will be a most valuable stock ranch.

Near this point the rapids are found, where Rogue River tears madly through a deep gorge that it has cut through the lava, falling a distance of over three hundred feet in one and a half miles. It is a grand sight to see it plunging from rock to rock, whirling, eddying, boiling, or resting in some protected basin until renewed force is gathered again to go rushing on its way.

A short distance below the rapids is Rogue River Falls, one of the finest among several to be found in these wild regions. The stream that turns the mill wheel forms this fall, leaping from a perpendicular cliff one hundred and ninety feet high without a break into the river below. The vegetation being so dense on the brink from which it plunges, the source is invisible, so that it seems to spring directly out of the face of the cliff. Completely undisturbed until within the past few years, nature has worked unmolested, until now, trees, rocks, the ground,— everything is covered with a mantle of most beautiful moss. Soft and green, varying in depth from four to twelve inches, of many kinds and varied tints, when lit up by the sun shining through the trees, it is of indescribable beauty. The finishing touch is added by a fine rainbow formed on clear days in the cloud of spray at the foot of the falls.

Once more taking up the line of march, we found that our road still ran for miles through "forests primeval," so dense and with trees of such immense size it would almost seem that here was lumber enough for ages to come, were there no other source of supply on the Coast.

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Our way now ran along the edge of Pyramid Cañon, which time and water have washed out to a great depth. It must have been many years ago, for in it grow large forest trees. All through this cañon stand curious rocky columns, measuring at the bottom perhaps thirty or forty feet, with a height of from fifty to over one hundred. Evidently composed of harder material than that which surrounded them, they were preserved to form another of the curious sights to be found in this region.

Reaching higher altitudes, we left behind the immense growth of sugar pine. The road grew steeper and much more difficult of ascent as we neared the summit of the mountain. Evidences of volcanic action grew more and more apparent, while the road for miles was bordered only by scraggy pines or red hemlock trees, puny and stunted.

Three miles from the lake we left the main road for one little traveled, so rough and full of sharp angles that, though horses can be driven to the top, it is far better to tether the animals and travel the last few thousand feet on foot.

The scenery now changed rapidly as we advanced, but no indications of water were to be seen, and indeed, the elevation, nearly seven thousand feet above sea-level, seemed too great to expect it in any large body. The springs and small streams, so plentiful a short distance back, were all gone, the grass less abundant, the trees stunted, presenting a marked contrast to the luxurious growth of regions left behind but a short time since. Through the trees we had occasional glimpses of some towering peak; but for any opening, or for the lake, we looked in vain. To all appearance it was still in the "far dim distance."

It has been truly said that

> Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
> Where most it promises; and oft it hits
> Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

For when least expecting it, we suddenly emerged from the timber into a large circular opening. The object of our journey was accomplished: the lake lay at our feet.

We found ourselves almost on the edge of an immense precipice, looking across a wide stretch of water lying almost two thousand feet beneath us. As we stood in silence contemplating the grandeur of the scene, no evidence of life outside our party visible, the stillness and solitude became almost oppressive, and yet it was not at once we could realize just how wonderful it all was.

Long ago, before all the country round about was covered with ashes, lava, and volcanic scoriæ, here must have stood one of the grandest mountains in the world. Shorn of its crown, yet almost thirty miles in circumference where we stood, to what lofty heights must it first have reached? Imagine the interior a boiling, seething cauldron,—a gigantic witches' kettle eight by twelve miles in extent,—with an unknown depth. From its awful mouth shot forth lava in tongues of liquid fire; its bowels of ashes and rock belched for many square miles over the surrounding country. More than thirty miles away the soil for twenty feet in depth is plainly of volcanic origin, beneath which is a dark, rich alluvium. Those miles of desolation, these rocky walls, this vast crater, all bear witness to the terrible convulsions of nature that must have taken place.

In time its fury was spent, but not until several thousand feet of the top had collapsed, leaving the hollow basin that now forms the lake. A rocky wall from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet in height rises on all sides of the lake, only broken here and there by narrow rifts or passages, which sometimes extend almost from base to summit. The basin is more or less filled with *debris*, consisting of sand, dirt, or bowlders broken from the ridges on either side, the slope always at a sharp angle; and woe betide whoever may be between the

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water's edge and a loosened stone, for when it is once started, its speed accelerating as it moves, detaching others on its way, one might as well hope to stand before a battery of gatling guns. We spent some time in the fascinating, though rather frightful amusement of sending rocks and bowlders into the water. Down they would go, thundering along in a great cloud of dust, with dozens of companions they had started clattering after them. Striking an impeding object, they would bound into the air a hundred feet or more, repeating this again and again, until lost to sight, or till we would see them give a mighty plunge into the water almost three thousand feet below us.

There is no shore, the lake's walls seeming to rise directly out of the water, except in one place where a bit of sandy soil is dotted with bowlders is seen; and so far as known, there is but this one place where the descent to the water's edge can be made. Here there has evidently been a rock slide, which has worn a passage-way where powdered pumice stone and dust lie ankle deep, to be waded through as one goes to and fro. On account of the loose character of the soil, and danger from rolling rocks, great caution in descending must be exercised. The path varies thirty to forty-five degrees from the perpendicular, and as may be imagined, is easier to go down than up. One of our party insisted that he descended in ten minutes, but was two hours returning. This statement, however, should probably be taken *cum grano salis.*

In the midst of the lake lies Wizard Island, to which we made a trip in a leaky old boat, left, I believe, by a surveying party. Looking up, one realizes more fully than can be done in any other way, the immense height and steepness of the rocky walls surrounding the lake. Viewed from below, the slide down which we came looked almost perpendicular.

Reaching the island in safety, we landed upon the loose shingle that surrounded it, upon which volcanic rocks lie piled in wild confusion. The sides are covered with a growth of spruce and and black pine, growing more scattering as we ascended. At the top, nine hundred feet above the water's edge, is an opening nearly five hundred feet in diameter, with a depth of about one hundred and twenty-five. This, before the great collapse, must have been the chimney of the volcano, and judging from the growth of timber within it, has slept for ages. We also found inside it a snow bank, from which our thirst was quenched.

The water of the lake is extremely cold and very clear, objects far below the surface being readily discerned. Except the melting snow trickling down in quantities insufficient to make a stream of any size, neither inlet nor outlet has yet been discovered for this strange lake. Annie's Creek, with several other streams, which emerge in a body from the sides of this mountain, are supposed to come from the lake, and one branch of Rogue River, it is thought, also has its source therein, for it rushes with great force from the side of the mountain about two miles from the summit, and its waters are of the same peculiar shade of greenish blue as those of the lake.

Yet is it blue? One could stand for hours, never tiring of the varying lights and shades and play of color on its surface, changeful as a kaleidoscope. Now blue and sunny as Italy's own brightest beauty, or changing even as we look to a darker shade, yes, even to purple. Varying shades of green, brown, crimson, yellow, and orange,— we saw them all. So smooth and still generally that the rocky margins, trees, clouds, all are reflected with the same unerring precision seen in Yosemite's Mirror Lake,— anon comes a soft motion, breaking the surface into ripples: so gentle the breeze,

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one feels it might be the breath of some Spirit of the Waters.

The Indians in this section of country have several traditions concerning the lake. One that it is the abode of evil spirits; that whoever looks into its silent depths will soon die, and solemn warning has been given the whites to keep far away, lest harm befall them. Others say it is holy ground, made sacred by the immediate presence of the Great Spirit; that in the past none ever visited it save the medicine men or their pupils. When one of the young men of the tribe received a "call" to become a healer, before becoming a proficient he must first spend weeks upon its shore, fasting and praying to the *Shakullah Tyu.* Having communed with the dead, seen visions, and dreamed dreams, after his descent from the mountain, and initiation into the mysteries of the medicine dance, he was ever after looked upon with reverence, as having seen the denizens of the Unknown World, and held communion with the Great Spirit. Certain it is that whether from awe and reverence, or fear of harm, no inducement can be offered sufficiently strong to get an Indian within sight of its waters.

All is not yet seen, and still further reward awaits us as compensation for the fatigue of our journey.

At so great an elevation the surrounding country lies spread before us like a map, and in the clear mountain air objects at an almost incredible distance can be discerned without difficulty. With the aid of good glasses yet more can be seen.

To the south, but a short distance away, flows Annie's Creek, where there is excellent hunting and fine scenery, abounding in cascades, falls, or romantic cañons. At one side are the Cascade Mountains, parts of the range rising from six thousand to ten thousand feet in height. Near them some tiny spots of white are all that can be seen of Fort Klamath, a small post just vacated in obedience to orders from Uncle Sam.

Off in the southeast a bit of brightness catches the eye, which anyone acquainted with the country knows must be Tule Lake. Just beyond, a long dark line is all that can be seen of the lava beds, scene of the Modoc war. It was in the winter of 1872–73 that the Modoc chief, Captain Jack, and a few braves defied and for a while held at bay a portion of the United States army. It was here, also, that General Canby and Commissioner Thomas were so treacherously murdered by the Indians, for which crime Captain Jack, with others of his tribe, were afterward tried, found guilty, and hanged at Fort Klamath.

Yonder old Shasta, hoary monarch of all the surrounding country, pushes his snow-capped head into the clouds, up and up, till a height of almost fifteen thousand feet is reached. It is supposed to have been at one time an active volcano like the mountain on which we stand. Who knows the passion of love one for the other that may have burned within each fiery heart. In what mighty tones must they have given voice to their affection, trembling from the force of it, throwing their stony kisses or flashing their signals across the country in sheets of flame or lava streams, speaking a language awful if incomprehensible to the mortals agape with fear. But commanded by a force yet mightier than they, one must perish,—or was it a heart broken in despair? The other, sending no more messages for all the ages, since stands wrapped in his snowy garb, cold and desolate, a monument of grief and constancy.

To the southwest, about twenty-five miles away, Mount McLaughlin may be seen, and in spite of its ten thousand feet altitude forms a marked contrast in point of size to Mount Shasta. Off to the west, the course of the Rogue River may be followed for many miles on its journey to the ocean, while a little north, Diamond Peak and Mount Thielson can be seen above the horizon, and

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still farther on the Three Sisters, each ten thousand feet high, covered perpetually with snow.

The secluded situation, away from the usual routes traveled by tourists, keeps the lake still comparatively unknown, but as it is described from one to another the nnmber of its visitors is increasing yearly, and the time is not far distant when it will become one of the regular sights for the tourist in its vicinity. Sufficient interest has already been aroused to cause the President to withdraw all the land surrounding the lake from the public market, and bills have been introduced, if not passed, in Congress, asking for its maintenance and government as a national park. It is certainly a trip well worth taking, for no words can adequately describe this wonderful piece of nature's handiwork. It must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Aside from the minor points of interest on the road, good hunting is found almost every mile of the journey. Elk, deer, bear, wolves, and wildcat are most abundant, besides duck, quail, and other small game. Nearly all the streams, the water of which is cold as if direct from the Arctic regions and clear as crystal, abound in mountain trout, while in the larger ones another variety is found, weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds each, the name of which is still a subject of dispute.

One can retrace his way on leaving the lake, or as we did, resume the main road and continue on over the mountains to the railroad at Ashland, where the train may again be taken for home. We learned much hitherto undreamed-of as to the resources of Southern Oregon and the country through which we passed. Gold, silver, quicksilver, chrome iron, gypsum, carbonate of lime, and kindred minerals, are discovered in many places. The miner drawn thither by the gold fever years since still finds ample occupation, for new and rich discoveries are constantly being made. The immigrant is charmed as he hears of the delightful climate, rich soil, and large crops, both of grain and many varieties of fruits, successfully raised in the valleys or on the hillsides.

But to the tourist especially its attractions are great; places visited by few and described by none; hunting and fishing unsurpassed; lofty mountains, weird and majestic, mysterious lakes, splendid waterfalls, all that goes to form grand and beautiful scenery.

*Martin A. Kenn.*

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# THE STAND AT BAGLEY'S.

JULIUS BAGLEY was an Australian by birth, and was too aggressively British for any spot on this continent west of Canada. It will be readily seen, therefore, what a mistake Providence made in assigning him to San Francisco.

Why he was not a popular man is an enigma never yet solved by friend of his, or enemy; for he was wonderfully well read, clever, and hospitable to excess.

He was a clean man, too, — wonderfully particular about his appearance,— clean morally, we were grudgingly obliged to admit, as well as clean physically. When it is announced that he was a trifle *below* five feet five in height, it is quite unnecessary to add that in order to make the most of his inches he ever stood up on end like a Bantam cock, and habitually wore a pot hat in preference to anything lower.

In happy moments he cited history, to prove that intellect lodged from choice in undersized men. Napoleon was a favorite with him.

He belonged to the proper club down town and played cards admirably, but possessed such a vicious knowledge of what was correct play, that never an acquaintance of his breathed who would be Bagley's partner of his own volition.

He was unpleasant when he lost, to be sure; but he was so particularly disagreeable when he won that those whom fate provided to be his partners invariably succumbed to a reprehensible desire of losing the game for him.

Another vice of his was that he never became genially intoxicated. Drink he did, and sometimes hard, but its effect was to render him more Britons-never-will-be-slaves-y, and more anxious to improve upon his height than ever. Moreover, an extra glass was apt to bring to his abominally good memory some dead and buried rules of whist, over which our games mostly broke up in heated and unfriendly discussions.

Nor did he get on well with women. He was so prone to construe every remark of theirs into something personal and derogatory to his dignity, and to answer it sneeringly as such, that he and they had ill times of it together. Poor devil! he *tried* to be amiable and fascinating, *that* I know. I sometimes felt sorry for him. When he had had some particularly hard dig, he would ease his tension by blowing off to us the bad training of American women. They did n't know their place. They had too much to say in outside affairs, — stupid say, too. They were allowed to be impudent from their youth up. Their parents were to blame, and their husbands, too.

"For heaven's sake, Bag, why don't *you* marry, and show us what ought to be done?" growled young Grosvenor one night.

"I intend to," answered Bagley. "I intend to marry a woman with no dashed notions of independence, if I can find such a one in this free (dashed free) soil of yours. If she can't read nor write, so much the better, so many less the chances of her wasting her time and getting into trouble. All a woman wants to know is how to cook well, and how to mind her own business, and keep things tidy."

"Fine qualifications for a housekeeper; but say, Bag, would you find such a woman the brightest of companions?"

"Companions,— stuff! A *man's* companions should be men," he announced blatantly, rearing his pompadour. He wore it extra long, so as not to depend entirely upon his boot-heels for additional inches.

"'Who drives fat oxen should himself

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be fat,'" spouted Grosvenor, puffing himself out.

We were uneasy lest this might provoke a squall, but Julius Bagley had grasp on a subject that interested him, and he was loath to let it go for the common occupation of taking offense.

"When a man provides a woman with a home, and food, and clothes, he has a right to expect perfect obedience from her," he resumed stridently. "But if she is allowed several years' fling as your girls are, he won't get it from her. Worse than all, a man really never can be sure of what he *has* married, so schooled are women from infancy in keeping their bad traits from cropping out. The safest thing to do, is to pick out some neglected, modest girl, and *train* her. Teach her your ways, so that there will be no clashing of wills, no family jars. *My* wife shall have had no 'experiences' before I married her."

"But you 'll keep her bountifully supplied afterwards, eh?" drawled Grosvenor impudently.

"What do you mean?" demanded Bagley ferociously of us all, whom he surprised grinning covertly at each other.

We hastened to explain that nobody meant anything in the least, and stuck to the lie till it saved us, but nevertheless we held privately to the opinion that Bagley was just the man to vent upon a wife and family all those petty brutalities of temper and speech that good manners obliged him to veneer in society.

That summer he spent a month in the mountains at a third rate hotel kept by a miserly little Frenchman. *We* could n't discover any attractions about the place, but Bagley assured us that the fishing was good. In the fall he went up there again, and on his return to the city he announced that he was married. He married the innkeeper's daughter, brought her to the city, and went promptly into housekeeping.

If I confess that we were simply wild to see what sort of a woman he had married, I only state the case mildly. Our fever of expectation was aggravated by a fear that she might be such a dowdy ignorant that very pride would keep him from inviting us to his house. But we did n't know him. Matrimony, the first month of it, brought all his good points to the surface, and he one day invited Grosvenor and me up to dinner with such honest hospitality and enjoyment that very shame prompted us to refuse. But we went.

The house was a cosy little box, prettily furnished, (Bagley was thrifty,) and Mrs. Bagley fairly captivated us. Not that she was ravingly beautiful, for she was not; but she was very sweet looking, and slim, and shy, and appallingly young; she could n't have been over seventeen. She hardly spoke a word of English either, but she did the honors of her house so charmingly, and showed herself so infatuated with everything Julius said, or did, or thought, that we went away that night actually pleased with Julius ourselves.

Of course we called again and again; but bit by bit, as always happens, we began to see behind the scenes a great deal. As the newness of his situation wore off, traces of Julius's real self showed through, and began to make affairs lively.

For one thing, he shamefully took advantage of her ignorance of English to badger her into making excited mistakes, at which he would roar loudly, and the poor little thing would langh too, and pretend to be as pleased as pigs herself, in spite of the telltale flood of color that would rise up to her hair roots.

Her name was Désirèe, but he said it was too big a mouthful, and called her Sarah "for short." She smilingly begged him to call her Daisy, if he objected to Désirèe, but Sarah he stuck to, and Sarah it was, except when an extra stress of bad temper provoked him to "Sal."

Now this matter of the name may seem

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a slight thing, but after a woman gives up her surname, if she can't keep her Christian name, what rights has she?

Désirèe (for so we got to calling her in defiance of Bagley) was indeed ignorant, — she scarcely could do more than sign her own name,— but her ignorance had been forced upon her, for she was the most intelligent little lady I ever met. The way she began to pick up information from the papers, and the quickness with which she mastered the language were simply marvelous.

We used to play cards up at Bagley's until twelve and one o'clock, and little Désirèe would get so sleepy that she would almost tumble out of her chair, but Bagley would n't let her go to bed. He must have represented to her that it would be an insult to her guests, or so we judged from a chance remark of the little woman's, and we made up our minds to clear out at ten. We did it once; but on the occasion of our following visit, she begged us to stay so pathetically and cast such imploring glances towards her husband, that we felt sure he had blown her up for driving us away. So of course we stayed.

After a few months, Bagley got tired of showing off his wife, and began to train her. The first public exhibition of his method occurred on Independence Day. Grosvenor and I had gone up to Bagley's to take him and Mrs. B. to an officers' dinner at the Presidio.

Désirèe came into the room all smiles and blushes. She wore a brand new dress, and her hair, which was ordinarily combed straight back from her forehead, was banged, and banged profusely. She looked radiantly pretty, and knew it, and turned her glowing face to Bagley for approbation. He scowled, and replied:

"The next time you saw off your hair consult *me*. When you have gone into your room and brushed that fuzz off your face, I'll take you out with me, not before."

It was her first act of independence, in honor of the day, perchance, and he resolved to nip it at once.

The color that deserted Désirèe's face must have crept into mine, for I felt it sting me.

"Don't you like it, Julius?" asked she, with a catch in her voice, but smiling bravely at us, as if she enjoyed her lord's little eccentricities.

"No! I don't like it. Let me know if you are going to do as I ask or not, because time presses."

"I am afraid eet will look vairy funny combed back, it ees so short. Just today, Julius, please." She looked at him anxiously, with a nervous dread of his refusal, which made Grosvenor and me want to kick ourselves for seeing.

Bagley hung up his hat, sat down ostentatiously, and opened a paper. The courageous little woman stood nervously in the middle of the floor and tried it again.

"Will you not let me go out wiz you onless I comb it my hair back, Julius dear?"

"Either do as I tell you, or don't do it!" answered he angrily, turning upon her fiercely, "but not a toe do you go, looking as you do! Understand *that*."

A look of outraged dignity displaced the entreaty on her face, and I was filled for a moment with unholy joy, expecting she would rebel, but she did the wisest thing perhaps, in turning to Grosvenor and me and saying sweetly: —

"Wait for me for the moment, please; eet will not take but a lit' while to make a scairrcrrow of myself!"

She left the room swiftly to hide the tears that filled her eyes.

Bagley wisely wrapped himself in his paper, and never showed his nose above it until Désirèe came back looking sweet and demure enough without her pretty curls, but lacking every trace of her former radiance and coquetry.

This scene was the first of many others, and in all of them Désirèe showed the same sweetness and extraordinary

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submission. Bagley was wise in marrying a Catholic; no Protestant would have put up with his airs and graces so uncomplainingly; but it was easy to see that as time passed she bore with him more and more from principle and less and less from love.

For a while our visits ceased, and when we resumed them Mrs. Bagley had a wee bundle in her arms, which she crooned and cooed over with ever increasing delight. Bagley grew more bearable too, and showed off his son and heir with a pride that almost resembled love.

Then a new set of persecutions began. The little bundle would be put to bed, and its mother would be forced to leave it and sit by her husband's side to listen to how he was going to bring up *His* son.

"My boy shall run in the streets as soon as he can stand. I won't have any woman molly coddling Him." Or "My son is going to be a Man. I won't have him fall into the clutches of the Catholic church, or of the Episcopal church either. One psalm-mumbler about the house is enough." And the poor woman would murmur "Yes, Julius," or "No, Julius," and grow pale and nervous, and smile all the time feebly, to show what a perfect and loving understanding existed between her husband and herself.

Once her baby cried, and she started up to go to it, but Bagley made her sit still, and held forth on a new subject.

"Worst management in the world to take a child up the minute it cries! It puts a premium on fuss and disturbance. Let it cry."

"But, Julius, Babie is vairy yoong yet. O, leesten to the poor sweetheart! Julius, it hurts me to hear that Babie cry!"

"Just stay where you are. No baby is too young to learn obedience. If you begin to pamper it you 'll never leave off. I know what I am about, Sarah. Let it çry, I tell you."

So Désirèe sat and listened to the wails, and dug her hands into each other, and kept her strained face turned towards the door, until the feeble little voice trailed off into a melancholy silence.

If ever a woman was tortured in this nineteenth century of progress and enlightenment, that woman was little Sarah Bagley; and we friends of hers respected her as we did a martyr. Her courage was superb. Hers was no fool's submission. She had temper enough flashing in her dark eyes to give way to if she felt it right to do so; but, you see, she was very young, and conscious of a certain inferiority to her husband, and I suppose Bagley was the first man that had ever paid her any attentions; so many causes combined prompted her to a plan of subjection and obedience as heroic as anything I have ever seen.

If he had only treated her with actual violence, we could have knocked him down and had it out with him; but as matters went we were powerless to interfere.

Bagley was fond of his wife and proud of her, especially of her cleverness, a quality that he had formerly underrated in women, — but he was treating her like a dog, actually breaking her in, as one would an animal. The Lord knows how she stood it. He went his strongest when any of us were around, just to demonstrate that he lived up to his precepts. Perhaps he felt safer when were by, for a wife will put up with loads for appearances' sake.

We would have cut the man at the very start had we not felt that we showed ourselves truer friends of Désirèe's by sticking to him.

He was proud of his methods, and he never tired of holding forth on what *He* would have done in such and such circumstances.

"Hubbard 's a fool!" he said one evening at the club, when we finished telling him the last retort of Hubbard's high-stepping better half. "A fool! I would n't put up with a thing like that for a moment."

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"No?" I asked sneeringly. "Tell me what *you* would do."

"Do? I 'd smash something. There's nothing like hurling a cologne bottle through a looking-glass for stopping any woman's tongue. I 've done it, and I know."

Poor little Désirèe! We did n't doubt it, not one of us.

"Come home to dinner with me," he continued affably. "Sarah has been wondering where you have been hiding lately. Come."

I *had* been keeping away for a fact. The truth is, I was fairly sick of the scenes up at Bagley's, and half angry with Désirèe for putting up with them. But hers was not the nature that rebels, and I had kept away for nearly three months.

"Come along," urged Bagley.

"But, man," I expostulated, "it's eight o'clock. They 'll never keep dinner for you all this time!"

"Won't they? Come and see!" and Bagley laughed an ill-natured laugh, which told me that his wife had been trained in many unsuspected directions.

It was after eight o'clock when we arrived at his house, and Désirèe looked as nearly angry as I ever saw her.

She looked very pretty, too, and was carefully dressed.

"Most singulaire time to come home for dinner," she remarked promptly. "We were going to the t'eater, too; did you forgotten it, tell me?"

"Well, you see, we are not going after all," he answered sourly, for he was particularly taken back at her reception of him, since he had invited me up especially to show me that "dinner time" was simply whenever he chose to dine, not before nor after.

She honored me with a laughing welcome when she saw me, and then gave an order to the Chinese servant to bring in the dinner.

Bagley was in a rotten temper, and carped at the position of every spoon on the table. Failing to draw tears or apologies from his wife, he began in an overbearing way to make fun of her appearance, sneered at her theater finery, donned for nothing, and objected to some roses in her dress. She ignored him with her usual gentle tact, and tried to keep up a spirited banter with me, although her breast heaved and her color deepened at his downright insults.

Her calmness merely irritated Julius to a frenzy. When the soup came on, it was naturally only lukewarm, and little circles of grease floated on the surface of each plate. The plates were of fine china, and hand-painted by Désirèe She had evidently had them brought on for my benefit.

"Bah!" ejaculated Bagley in a brutal fury. "I have told you again and again that I won't drink swill; and I won't! *Now*, will you remember it?"

Crash! At the question he had swept the plate off the table to the floor, where it lay in twenty pieces, in a pool of greasy soup that soaked rapidly into the rich carpet.

I held my breath. Désirèe held hers also, and looked for one wild, dismayed moment into her husband's fiery eyes. Then she recovered herself.

"You are rrright," she said, with at least three r's. "*Perfectly* rrright. It ees swill. Bah!" and without the quiver of an eyelash she swept *her* plate superbly into the middle of the room, and the two greasy pools crept amicably toward each other. Then she rang the bell, and calmly ordered the joint to be brought on.

I must say for Bagley that he knows when he has gone far enough; he took his cue from his wife, ignored the chaotic messes on the carpet, and allowed the meal to proceed to a really pleasant conclusion. But he was simply dumbstruck with surprise. The conversation, as might be expected, was formal; and I did most of it,—which also was to be expected. Bagley was aware that by

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going into the crockery business herself his wife had spiked his biggest gun. The man was dazed.

Désirèe had a blazing color in her face, and looked dangerous, but she invited us into the parlor after dessert with the suavity of a duchess, and never weakened once, not even when the distant tinkling of bits of soup-plate demonstrated that the work of reconstruction was going on in the dining-room. I was really afraid to leave the house; so I swallowed my objections to him as a man and a brother, and played chess with Bagley.

At ten o'clock, as was his wont, young Julius woke up and howled. After a period of irresolution his mother rose.

"Sarah," began Bagley with an ominous polish of tone, "sit down. Let him yell himself to sleep. It 's good for him."

This last argument destroyed the balance.

"Stuff!" said Désirèe, with a fine appropriation of her husband's favorite ejaculation. If it ees *good* for him to yale, it ees *bettair* for him to be attended on." And she very decidedly left the room.

It was but five minutes' work for *me* to checkmate after this, and after the achievement I made a frantic and successful attempt to get out of the house. I was no longer afraid for the madame. In her young eyes was the strong dawn of a resolve to defy church and state, and get a finger in her own pie at last. And she did.

I told the tale all over San Francisco. You can't imagine how pleased Bagley's friends were. We rallied around little Sarah to a man, and taking advantage of a month's absence of Bagley's, (he was sent on business by his firm,) we took her and an aunt of Julius's to many amusements, and cheered her up, and did some training on our own accounts. In two days' time the bang reappeared. Double the quantity of it, too.

That was several months ago. She snubs Bagley now as often as he needs it, and never turns a hair. She is n't half as sweet as she used to be, but Lord! who could expect it? We often wonder where her shy submission has all gone to, and have come to the sound conclusion that in her year and a half of quiescence she was merely getting her bearings, and allowing the land to lie fallow for a fine harvest later on.

She has found her tongue at last, has got a grip on the language, and rattles away with twice the volubility of an Englishwoman, and with a finer stock of idioms.

Bagley is just nowhere when he begins to argue with her, for she has a nimble wit, which invariably turns the laugh on him, even when she is in the wrong and knows it.

When she gets tired now, she goes to bed. On cold nights, she thinks nothing of enjoying the warmth of the parlor as long as possible by putting up her bang in curl papers under the very eye of the Queen's subject. Once or twice she has overturned our hands at whist and yawningly sent us home. She is really a little spitfire; but who can blame her? If she had n't been curbed to the kicking point, she 'd be trotting along as good as gold to this very moment.

We uphold her hands, as it were, and egg her on, and the fun is immense. But the trouble is, this sort of thing is so apt to end in divorce.

*Marion Hill.*

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# THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.

It is not long since we were reading in the newspapers daily telegrams from the seat of the Indian war in the Northwest. The war was brought on by ill-treatment of the Indians, by withholding the rations rightly due them, and by various pieces of injustice on the part of the civil authorities,— some systematic, and some merely the results of carelessness, inefficiency, and ignorance.

In the midst of peaceful settlements a rebellion sprang up suddenly. Several thousand Indians left their reservations, bent on war. Our small and scattered Army was called upon to suppress the rising, and in a few weeks this was accomplished. The country is now at peace. The Indians are ruled justly, firmly, and honestly, by a couple of Army officers; in a few months we shall have forgotten the whole matter. As I read the telegrams day by day, it seemed to me that several important points were missed by the gentlemen who were sending them. Here was a rising which if anyway successful would cost hundreds of lives and millions of dollars. All the expense of life and money was saved by our little Army directed by a few competent officers. I have not seen it clearly brought out that the whole cost of our military establishment for a long term of years would be a cheap price to pay for so prompt and peaceful a solution. The confidence felt in our officers was an unconscious compliment to their efficiency, but it seemed that it would have been worth while to inquire a little more closely just why the confidence was felt, and just how they came to be efficient. Efficiency is not a natural gift but is an acquired talent. In thinking of this petty war (which came very close to being serious), and in asking myself these very questions, I reviewed in my own mind the course of training at our National Military School and saw clearly how it is that our young men are taught to be prompt, efficient, faithful, and thorough. And I have thought that others might be interested in a sketch of the training of the cadet at our War-School, especially as it is not always understood.

I shall speak of the effect of the methods adopted at West Point in developing moral character chiefly, and I shall be obliged to leave unexplained (for the sake of brevity) many points which might cause those unfamiliar with its work to think that the intellectual development of the student may suffer. That it does not so suffer it is perfectly easy to show, either by results (see the table of Civil Occupations of Graduates, following) or by argument. But it is clear that this latter question cannot be thoroughly discussed here. I therefore beg my readers to take it for granted that along with the moral results which I shall examine in detail, capital intellectual results are attained. These points should be constantly kept in mind in reading the present paper.

The candidates to the Academy are appointed one from each Congressional district in the United States and ten "at large" by the President of the United States. Thus a full corps would now consist of about 350 members. This method of appointment secures an entirely representative body. The American people are exactly typified by the entering class of each year. The age of entrance must be between seventeen and twenty-two years.

There is absolutely no selection on the part of the Government, except that the candidates should be physically sound and that they should be able to



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pass a simple examination in English, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, and American history only. Imagine, if you will, an entering class of say one hundred members, who come from every State in the Union, from Maine to Oregon and Louisiana; who have been educated at all kinds of schools, public and private; who represent all classes of society from the cultured to the ignorant, from the very rich to the extremely poor, and whose homes may have been the simplest cottages or one of the brown stone palaces of New York or Boston.

It is impossible to conceive a more motley assemblage as to their external looks and fashions. Interiorly there is equal variety. Lads stand side by side who have had the most delicate moral nurture, or none at all; who are pure and simple, or already far on the road to dissipation; who are models of truthfulness and modesty, or already shifty contrivers of escapes from duty and obligations. There is a representation of every possible class of American youth and all the inequalities of our society are repeated here. I wish to insist upon this now, in order that the nature of the material may be thoroughly comprehended; and in order that the result at the end of the four years may be appreciated.

In a few days, the entrance examinations are over, and the class is reduced to fifty or sixty who are to begin their four years of probation. The external inequalities have all vanished as if by magic. Each cadet is dressed precisely like every other cadet; each has precisely the same duties as every other; each lives in a room precisely like every other room; no one is allowed to furnish his quarters in any but the prescribed way, with very plain materials made and issued at the Academy. No express parcels from wealthy homes may be received. No one is allowed to have money. At the best he can only have *credit*, on a pass book, and this credit cannot be utilized without special permission. In a week every sign of external inequality has absolutely vanished. It never returns, so long as the cadet remains a cadet. After his graduation, wealth or social position may count. Until that time, no external circumstances disturb the absolute personal equality of every member of each class. There are personal inequalities formed by the cadets themselves between class and class.

Each higher class maintains (and in general deserves to maintain) a superior standing to every lower one. Official inequalities are created by the appointment of the best men of the second year to be Corporals, of the third year to be Sergeants, of the fourth year to be Company officers—but these positions can be attained by good scholarship and by soldierly bearing, and in no other way. These rewards are open to all on absolutely equal terms. In the class-rooms the same equality exists. The cadets are divided into small sections of eight or ten members for the purpose of instruction. Each section is presided over by some young officer of the Army, chosen for his ability. The Professor in charge of a department visits all the section-rooms frequently. Every two days or oftener each student recites in the presence of his Professor. The most accurate record of the scholarly performance in the section-room is kept by the Instructor, and checked and verified by the Professor, so that it is certain that the scale of marking is the same throughout the class. The lowest man in the first section is always a little better than the highest one in the second. Absolute and complete justice is attained in this way more nearly than in any other organization it has ever been my fortune to see and study. I have never heard it seriously questioned by student, officer, or Professor. Once each week the marks of each cadet for every

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recitation are publicly posted. Thus every student can compare his work with that of every other member of his class. He knows from week to week exactly what he has been doing, and thus exactly what he must accomplish in the future to attain any given excellence. The sections consist of eight to ten members. The recitations are from 60 to 90 minutes long, depending upon the topic in hand. Therefore each cadet is called upon every day, and the quality of his work is thoroughly tested.

The certainty that he must recite each day, and that no failure can possibly be hidden, obliges each student to prepare his lessons with a thoroughness and faithfulness which is not attained at any other institution of learning with which I am acquainted. The effect on the moral character is immediate and admirable. The cadet learns in the recitation room, as everywhere else, not to shirk his duty, and he learns what few in civil life learn so early,— namely, that every shortcoming in the course of duty is sure to bring with it its corresponding penalty.

A thoroughly unsatisfactory recitation not only receives a low "mark," but it is treated as a dereliction of duty also, and confinement to quarters during Saturday and Sunday afternoons is given as a punishment for such failures. Twice during each academic year there are public written and oral examinations in the presence of the whole faculty.

A mark is assigned for the performance of the student at the examination also. If the sum of all his marks in any study is above a certain quantity the cadet is proficient, and he receives a class rank in that study depending upon his performance during the year, or it may be on his performance during a period of two years — for important subjects like mathematics are studied for the whole of two years. If on the other hand he is deficient, another careful examination under the eye of the whole faculty is given to him and the result of this decides whether he shall be dropped altogether (and thus lose all hope of rank in the Army), or turned back to the class below his own (thus losing one year's promotion).

None who are deficient are permitted to go on with their classes. These severe penalties are constantly before the eyes of every student. They are administered with perfect justice, and with inexorable certainty and with promptness. A few weeks of inattention to duty will subject the careless student to them, and he knows precisely what the result of carelessness will be. Hence the idle, the careless, and the vicious, are soon eliminated from the school; the others are brought forward to a high point of diligent and persevering attention to duty. Good intellectual performance is a *duty*. The Government is at considerable expense in maintaining a cadet at the Academy. The plain question is — is it worth while to be at this outlay for the promise and the performance of this particular student?[1] The daily tests in the class-rooms and the periodical examinations answer this question definitively.

To complete the consideration of this part of my subject it is necessary to say how the graduating class-rank is obtained. The four or five highest of each graduating class are assigned to the Engineer Corps, the next to the Artillery, the next to the Cavalry and Infantry. The desirability and precedence of the different arms of the service (with respect to their consideration, privileges, pay, etc.) is in this order. Moreover, the cadets are allowed to se-

[1] It appears to me that this aspect of school life should be placed frequently before students in our State colleges. It costs the State $400 to $500 per year for each student. The plain question to be answered for each individual student is, is he worth $400 to the State, or is he likely to be? If he is not, then his place should be filled by one who is.

The usual lax system encourages the student to consider the State as bound to take care of him and tends to extinguish his manly independence.

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lect the desirable regiments in each branch of service according to their class rank. Promotion in one regiment may come several years before promotion in another, etc., etc. Hence the graduating class rank is of immediate importance to the cadet. It is fixed as follows: From his record in each subject, as Mathematics, Physics, etc., a rank in that subject is assigned to each student. From the aggregate of all these special proficiencies a general proficiency is deduced. This latter mark fixes the graduating class rank. Thus, the difference between No. 5 and No. 6 in a class may have been decided by a week or even by a single day of careless work, two, three, or four years before the time of graduation; and this difference may make a marked change in the future of the young officer. Instead of important and responsible service in the Engineers, he may have slower promotion, less pay, and less desirable service in another arm of the service. This is perfectly recognized by all the students. They therefore recognize the perfect justice of the final award. Little is said to them of the importance of their work in this respect. The natural effect of certain conduct is completely understood by all, and it follows with a certainty and a justice which is practically perfect. It trains each student in the heathen virtues of fortitude and justice as no other system can. It is the *natural* system — the system of nature — ultimated.

I may now turn to the more strictly military education of the cadet and here again we shall see the natural system of training in full operation. Here, as in the account of the mental work required of the students, I shall specially consider the effect of the system on the building up of a character and on the development of the simpler and sturdier moral virtues.

A method which is so successful in training some of these, is applicable to education in all the others. The conduct, the whole official conduct, of each cadet is the subject of record, just as his proficiency in a study like Chemistry or Tactics.

It is recognized that the official conduct required is necessarily difficult for the new-comer to follow, and hence this record has no effect on his graduating rank until after the student has been six months in the Academy. Moreover his conduct—discipline—in the last year of his course is counted twice as important as his conduct in any other year.

This is as it should be. To obtain a numerical standard of conduct, recourse is had to a system of demerit marks. Good, that is perfect conduct, is expected of all, and no credit is given for it. Any failure in conduct has a certain number of demerits attached to it. "Late at roll-call" would carry one or two demerits; "absent," ten; slight untidiness in dress, one; inattention in ranks or in recitation, five, and so on.

A cadet may obtain 125 demerit marks between June 1 and December 31 (a period which includes service in camp) and 90 between January 1 and May 31 (in barracks) without incurring any serious consequences. His class rank will be lowered just as if he had partially failed in a study like Chemistry or Physics, and he must suffer the confinements to quarters on Saturdays etc. which are attached as punishments to certain offences in addition to demerit; but his standing as a member of the school is only lowered, not endangered. If however he has more "demerit" than these maxima, he is reported as deficient in conduct; his case is specially considered and he is either suspended or dismissed.

Let us see the process by which these marks are assigned. Any "offence"— as for example, "late at parade roll-call" —is noted by the proper officer (nearly always a cadet-officer, not an officer of the Army) and is reported in writing to one of the Army officers. The "of-

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fences" for each day are posted on a certain bulletin-board. An "explanation" in writing is required for each offence. Not to render such an explanation is itself an offence. If there is no excuse the return to be made is:

"Offence: Late at parade roll-call.
"Explanation: No sufficient excuse.
"(Signed) A. B. { Cadet 4th Class, D Company."

Each cadet must therefore examine his official conscience, so to say, regularly, and record the results of his examination. Ill feeling is avoided, as the whole transaction is carried on in writing, and there are no (or few) personal reprimands.

Let us now see how rigid a system this is. Take the one matter of tardiness. A cadet will attend the following roll-calls daily: Reveillé roll-call, breakfast,(and formation after breakfast); class formation at 9 a.m., (and formation after this recitation); class formation at 11 a.m., (and formation after this recitation); dinner roll-call, (and formation after dinner); class formation at 2 p.m., (and formation after this recitation); drill roll-call about 4 p.m.; parade roll-call about 6 p.m.; supper roll-call, (and formation after supper.) These are the regular roll-calls of every day during the month devoted to study. In camp life there are even more. There are fifteen opportunities daily to be "late." By improving all these opportunities for six days (6 x 15=90) between January 1 and May 31 the cadet would become deficient in conduct on account of tardiness alone. There are hundreds of other slight infractions of discipline, such as "one button of uniform coat unbuttoned at drill," each of which carries with it at least one demerit. Ninety in all are allowed, and no more. This limit passed, the cadet is deficient in conduct, and he knows it from the first. This limit approached, and his promotion in the Army two, three, or four years from now will be to a lower corps instead of to a higher; to a less desirable station or regiment, instead of to a more desirable. This also is known from the first. There is no talking; simple laws are prescribed; it is not difficult to conform to most of them; every reasonable excuse is admitted; the result is like the result of gravitation,—inevitable, inexorable, just, immediate.

Observe what effect this constant responsibility must have. Take the case of punctuality alone. There are fifteen chances daily to be "late." The cadet is at the Academy about 46 months (two months on leave of absence). Averaging the various duties, we may say that he is called upon to be prompt at roll-call fifteen times a day for something like 1,200 days; that is, the virtue of punctuality is *insisted* on in this particular way on 18,000 different occasions. In the same way each cadet is personally called upon to be neat, orderly, attentive, obedient, twenty, thirty, fifty thousand times during his student life. And each failure is noted. I have forgotten how many "demerits" I personally received during my course (many more than I ought, no doubt,) but I chance to recollect that I was not "late" for a single one of the 18,000 opportunities. It was a tradition in my time that Professor A. D. Bache (a graduate of the Academy at the head of his class, and the talented chief of the United States Coast Survey) had no demerits at all for his whole course.

Punctuality and promptness are insisted on in many other ways beside the one just cited. Order is enforced in the care of the arms, the clothes, the books, the quarters of the students. Obedience is the center of the whole system. Respect for superiors is natural to lads who are really in the daily presence of their superiors — both their fellow-cadets and the Army officers. Real respect is the basis of modesty. With regard to their

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own powers and in relation to their fellow-members of the Army, the graduated cadets are modest and respectful not only in manner, but in reality. It is one of the minor deficiencies of their very special training, that they are allowed to remain too ignorant of the great world outside of their little one; so that we frequently see a spirit of arrogance toward this outside world growing up alongside of a spirit of real modesty to everything within their own smaller circle. I need not say that this is by no means necessarily so. It is the fault of the application of the system, not the fault of the system itself, and it can be easily corrected. Outward respect is taught in countless ways,—by the required salutes of sentinels, etc. Perfect, simple, absolute truthfulness is taught also in countless ways. Every written "explanation" must be perfectly true. Each cadet must always stand ready to explain his explanation in writing or otherwise. If he should descend to prevarication, he would be at once court-martialed for "conduct unbecoming a cadet and a gentleman." If he were found guilty he would be promptly dismissed the service.

Moreover, the cadets have their own private *Vehm-Gericht*. If a comrade is known to be guilty of lies or theft, he is privately notified to tender his resignation. Only the guilty will make such a sacrifice of their prospects and career; and this action on the part of the students has so far, I believe, produced only good results. In my opinion, however, it is dangerous and unnecessary, and should be prohibited.

Minor offences against the unwritten law of the cadets are punished by refusing to have any but official relations with the offender. Occasionally this punishment has been unjustly administered, but in general I have no doubt that good and not harm has resulted from this custom. It cannot be and should not be touched by law.

I have one more regulation and practice of the Academy to consider. I refer to the custom of requiring written reports from certain of the cadets after the completion of certain duties (as those of officer of the day, etc., etc.) The cadet whose tour of duty has expired transfers his functions to his successor, and at once submits a written report regarding the matter in hand. This report concludes as follows:—"I certify that the above report is correct and just." The words, "on my honor as a cadet and a gentleman," are always supposed to precede the signature. I have never known such a report to be falsely signed. It is universally agreed among the cadets that they cannot permit a comrade to violate his honor even to shield others from the severest punishments, still less to shield himself. A code of honor, highly artificial, if you choose, but highly efficient both in its outer effects and in its inner compulsions, is thus created, maintained, and transmitted, among the students of this school. When they become officers, this code of honor becomes a code of honesty.

I shall give some of the statistics of the Army considered in its relation to the disbursement of public money, further on. It will be found that there is no organization on earth, and that there never has been one, in which money has been handled so honestly as by the officers of the American Army.

Any system can be judged by its average, or by its highest product. The highest intellectual product of the Military Academy is the Corps of Engineers. Very few persons not graduates of the Academy have been members of this Corps. In general, it is recruited from the first five members of each successive class.

To the Engineer Corps is entrusted the expenditure of our large appropriations "for the improvement of rivers and harbors," which often amount to fifteen to twenty millions of dollars annu-

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ally. During the war of 1861–65 they handled millions upon millions of public money. I believe that I am correct in saying that no single officer of this corps has ever been found guilty of embezzling the public money for his own use.

The table which follows will give some idea of the intellectual results attained by the methods of the school.[1]

Civil Occupation of Graduates who have Resigned from the Army.

| Occupation | Number |
|---|---|
| President of the United States | 1 |
| Members of the Cabinet of the United States | 4 |
| Ministers from the United States to Foreign Courts | 7 |
| Chargé d'Affaires from the United States to Foreign Courts | 2 |
| United States Consuls-General and Consuls | 7 |
| Members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives | 16 |
| United States Civil Officers of various kinds | 99 |
| Presidential Electors | 6 |
| Governors of States and Territories | 8 |
| Lieutenant Governors of States | 2 |
| Members of State Legislatures | 72 |
| Presiding Officers of the State Senates and House of Representatives | 8 |
| Members of Conventions to form State Constitutions | 13 |
| State Officers of various grades | 51 |
| Adjutants-General and Quartermasters-General of States and Territories | 14 |
| Officers of State Militia | 129 |
| Mayors of Cities | 10 |
| City Officers | 34 |
| Presidents of Universities, Colleges, etc. | 35 |
| Principals of Academies and Schools | 27 |
| Regents and Chancellors of Educational Institutions | 11 |
| Professors and Teachers | 119 |
| Superintendent of Coast Survey | 1 |
| Surveyors-General of States and Territories | 6 |
| Chief Engineers of States | 14 |
| Presidents of Railroads and other Corporations | 58 |
| Chief Engineers of Railroads and other Public Works | 56 |
| Superintendents of Railroads and other Public Works | 59 |
| Treasurers of Railroad and other Companies | 12 |
| Civil Engineers | 187 |
| Judges | 12 |
| Attorneys and Counsellors at Law | 142 |
| Bishops | 1 |
| Clergymen | 18 |
| Physicians | 12 |
| Merchants | 101 |
| Manufacturers | 46 |
| Artists | 3 |
| Architects | 7 |
| Planters and Farmers | 202 |
| Bankers | 16 |
| Bank Presidents | 7 |
| Bank Officers | 21 |
| Editors | 25 |
| Authors | 91 |

[1] These statistics are complete from 1802 to 1879, and are taken, with other similar data, from General Cullom's *Biographical Register of Cadets of the United States Military Academy.*

I have seen a curious comparison by the late General Alvord between the losses to the Government through the defalcations of Army officers (both graduates of the Academy and appointees from civil life) and losses to the Bank of England through the defalcations of its employés. In both cases the loss was a very small fraction of one per cent of the money handled, but the percentage lost through the unfaithfulness of our Army officers was only a small fraction of the loss through the employés of the Bank. I regret that I have not been able to find General Alvord's pamphlet so as to quote his exact figures, but I am sure of the general conclusions.

In comparing such statistics it must be remembered that the officials of the Bank of England are a picked class, as well as the officers of the Army. The former are selected from the younger sons of wealthy families, and a clerkship is an honorable and well paid life career. Moreover it must be remembered that during our Civil War many appointments to places in the Pay, Quartermaster, and Commissary Departments were hurriedly and ill-advisedly made from civil life and that the effect of the Military Academy training was chiefly felt by the checks placed by its methods over *all* officials whether graduates or not. Even under the tremendous strain of the late War the code of military honor and honesty showed itself to be highly effective. The total disbursements by Army officers during the War were over

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$1,100,000,000. The defalcations and money losses of all kinds (*including* captures of funds by the enemy) were less than $1,000,000, or less than 1-10th of one per cent on the money handled. No organization for the disbursement of public money, from the time the pyramids were built until now, has a record approaching that of the disbursing officers of the United States Army. And this bright record is a direct result of the training of the Military Academy at West Point.

We have just seen what the effect of the Academy training has been in matters relating to faithfulness and honesty in the care of public funds. It is more difficult to give statistical accounts of faithfulness in the performance of other duties. Perhaps I may be allowed an illustration which seems to me to express, in brief, the whole spirit of the Academy.

One of my close friends, a young Engineer officer, was charged with the longitude determinations along the northern boundary of the United States, between Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods. His work consisted in transporting a set of chronometers running on Greenwich time from station to station, and in determining at each place the local time by observation. A comparison of the local times with the chronometer times gave the longitudes from Greenwich. As the country near the Lake of the Woods is but a succession of morasses, this work had to be done in the depth of winter when the marshes were frozen solidly. My friend, a lad of 22 or so, had nearly completed all the links in his chain of stations, when he was caught with his entire party in a terrific storm of wind and snow. For hours and hours the band, with the dog sledges, plodded on and on towards the station where their companions were feverishly awaiting them. To stop was death. One by one the men became exhausted and fell in the snow, begging to be allowed to sleep and to perish by freezing, rather than to go on in the hopeless search for camp. The few stronger ones (my friend among them) spent their forces in compelling the others to rise and struggle forward for their lives. The storm grew wilder and wilder, the night fell, and finally it seemed certain that the party was hopelessly lost and must perish.

Even the dogs refused to go farther. There was nothing left but to lie down and die. My friend opened his notebook and with his freezing fingers wrote a farewell message to his old father (himself a graduate of the Academy and a distinguished General officer), to his mother, to his sister. Then folding his cloak about him and commending his soul to God, this young hero laid down to sleep — the last of all his command — with the knowledge that sleep was certain death. He had done his Duty. He could do no more. But yes — Duty had another call. In the deadly stupor and chill of death it spoke to him; and the call was heard. As he told me, simply, not thinking it of great moment, "I remembered that the chronometers were not wound," and that the longitude would thus be lost,— for the party was sure to be sought for and found within a day. Once more he obeyed the call of Duty. Once more he rose, struggled to the sledge, opened, wound, and carefully covered, the chronometers, and once more laid down to die—this time in peace. *All* his duty was done. It was a deed of which humanity may be proud; done simply, in solitude, manfully, faithfully, to the utmost. After many hours the party was indeed found —and saved; "the longitude was not lost"; and the training of the school on the Hudson was displayed here, as it had been so often before, as it will be so many times again.

The Academy was founded in 1802; in the war of 1812–15 the young graduates took part. One sixth of all who

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served in the field laid down their lives for their country; one fourth of the total number were either killed or wounded; one fifth of the survivors were specially rewarded for conspicuous gallantry. In the Mexican war our armies were officered by graduates and were opposed by a hostile force quadruple their own. In a little over a year they had fought and won thirty battles, taken a thousand cannon, carried ten fortified places, and completed the conquest of Mexico and California. General Scott has said (in a letter of June 21, 1860): "I give it as my fixed opinion that, but for our graduated cadets, the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns, we conquered a great country and a peace, without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

It is something to be able to do well what one sets out to do. Efficiency is a kind of virtue, and the record of these two wars sets a seal on the practical efficiency of the graduated cadets.

The record of the Academy during the civil war was the same. Four fifths of all the graduates of West Point remained faithful to the General Government during the civil war; one half of those graduates who were from the South fought in the Federal ranks; one fifth of those engaged were killed, and more than one third were wounded. The record of military efficiency is satisfying.[1] Is it the same with the record of faithfulness to the Union cause? Ought we to expect that more than four fifths, eight out of every ten graduates, should have remained faithful to the Union, in spite of State allegiance, the calls of ambition, and the promise of high reward? Alas, yes. The record is too small, and it is the one stain on the shield.

[1] The record of mere efficiency is no less striking if we take into account the services of officers of the Confederate army also.

In spite of the novel questions to be solved, the calls of family, friends, States, the country had a right to expect that more than eight out of every ten of all the graduates, that more than five out of ten graduates from the seceding States, should have remained faithful to their flag. In such tests, however, everything is comparative. In the Navy but seven out of ten remained loyal. Among the Regular Army officers who had been appointed from civil life five out of every ten went over to the Southern States, while of the graduates of the Academy but two out of ten were disloyal. The United States District Judges who were resident in the South sided with their States, almost without exception. Of the senators from the seceding States but one, and of the representatives but three, remained loyal. Nearly every agent of the State, Treasury, Interior, and Post Office Departments residing in the South, cast in his lot with the Southern cause. All these, like the officers of the Army and Navy, were sworn officials of the Government. If we should examine the records of the various colleges,— Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton,— we should find that their Southern graduates joined in the Southern cause almost to a man.

The novelty of the questions at issue and the distressing moral conflicts involved, seduced and deceived the sworn servants of the public in every department of the Government. That department in which the greatest percentage remained faithful to their trust is the Army — that portion of the Army formed from the graduated cadets.

I have thus traced rapidly a sketch of the National War School at West Point. I have shown how her sons are recruited from every rank of life, and how various are their conditions. I have exhibited the training which they undergo and have shown how it perfectly conforms to the method of Nature itself. I have set forth, from statistics, the results of such

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training; and the record is one in which we as Americans may well be proud. No human organization has ever fulfilled its special functions more perfectly than our National Military Academy. It will be immediately obvious why this is so — and I feel confident that no educator can read this sketch without finding in it lessons for himself to carry out in his own field of work. The results attained in our National School under highly specialized conditions cannot be reached in degree, under the circumstances of the common school.

But the principles which stand out are eternally applicable. Once comprehended they can be applied anywhere — under any circumstances. It would be unjust and ungracious in a son of the Academy to fail to name the man to whom above all others West Point owes its present system.

General Sylvanus Thayer was its Superintendent for seventeen years, from 1817 to 1833 and gave to it in his long administration essentially the form it now has. The principles of his government have been most faithfully and intelligently carried out by his successors in office and by the corps of professors and instructors. Public opinion among all the graduates is an immense force which tends to preserve and consolidate the main principles of the present system. There is no graduate of the Academy who would not make any sacrifice to preserve a system whose excellence has been proved to him in thousands of varying circumstances. The principles which govern the administration of the Military Academy are of the highest interest to those in charge of our common schools; but they are still more important, in my view, to the governors of our State Universities, especially when those Universities have benefited by a grant of the public land and have engaged themselves to maintain a college where military subjects must be taught. Such Universities are endowed by the United States for a special purpose, and they are in every way sacredly bound to carry out their trust.

It is impossible and undesirable to organize such military departments on the exact model of West Point. Their main object is not to make professional soldiers, but rather to train civil citizens who shall not be totally ignorant of arms, and who shall have the patriotic spirit as well as the technical ability to be useful to the Nation in a time of trial. Such times of trial we have experienced already and we shall experience them again. It appears to me on every account important that this subject shall receive attention. And I know of no better way in which to inculcate the simple virtues which are the basis of character than to encourage and foster these training schools specially endowed by Congress. The General Government, the State, the University, and the individual student will all be gainers — and that, in many different ways. If I have been able to show that there is a duty here, and that the means of performing it are simple and near at hand I shall have done a public service.

If I have further exhibited some of the excellences of a Spartan system of training, which has triumphantly withstood the tests of three great wars, as well as the trials which come with peace, I shall be most glad to have returned thus much to my Alma Mater.

It seems to me that I understand, and that I must have made it clear, why it is that our little Army has never failed in any trial and why it never can fail so long as the same wise counsels govern the War-School at which our officers are trained; and it appears to me that the methods which have been successful there are, with suitable modifications, universally applicable and deserving of adoption throughout our whole public educational system — from the common school to the State-supported University.

*Edward S. Holden.*

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# DRAGGING HER ANCHOR.

## I.

How curiously the small happenings of everyday life some times co-operate in leading up to the most tragic phases of human experience! If the night watchman of the Multnomah Iron Works had not deserted his post one wintry night to visit a saloon across the street, beautiful Gladys Deane would probably never have married Joe Dilway, and her young soul might never have scaled the heights nor sounded the depths through which it is the purpose of this little history to follow her.

From a radical standpoint, the analysis might be carried yet further back, and it could be argued that if the saloon had not been there—. But I desist, because this is to be neither a political nor yet a deeply analytical story, and it will suffice that the saloon was there, and that the glow of its lights and the clink of its glasses tempted the lonely night watchman to forsake his duty, thereby leaving the way clear for a shivering tramp to creep into the pattern shop and lie down among the dry shavings with a lighted pipe between his teeth. As a natural sequence, the sonorous clang of the big alarm bell rolled out upon the sleeping city some time in the wee sma' hours, and when a new day dawned the huge, familiar pile of smoke-blackened buildings was gone, and in its stead lay a smoldering heap of ruins.

Four hundred workmen were thus thrown suddenly out of employment, and the firm of Deane & Deverill, known as "The Multnomah Iron Works Company," was toppling on the verge of a ruin that meant something more than the mere effacement of buildings and machinery. For, in point of fact, that midnight fire embodied the climax of a long series of financial disasters to which the firm had of late been subjected, and as a man grown dizzy from a succession of rapid blows will finally totter and go down before a comparatively light stroke, so now must The Multnomah Iron Works Company succumb to a casualty that in prosperous days of the past would scarcely have created more than a passing ripple in the current of their affairs.

In the gray, chill dawn, while piles of black smoke still towered skyward above the scene, and patches of redhot metal glowed here and there in the smoldering mass, knots of workmen stood around the ruin, and in low voices discussed the situation, some of the older and more observant among them shaking their heads dubiously at any mention of a probable rebuilding of the works.

"Boys," exclaimed a brawny moulder, looking unconsciously picturesque in his red woolen shirt and wide slouch hat, as he mounted a pile of broken flasks, and stood slightly elevated above his companions, "Boys, we 're out of a job, an' that 's all there is about it; an' we 've got to rustle for another. No use waitin' for the works to be rebuilt, for Deane & Deverill can't do it. The old man 's sunk too much money in the Sunflower Mine lately, an' the young one 's played too much poker. Even if this fire had n't come, I 'm thinkin' there 'd been a crash here sooner or later; I 've seen it comin' for a long time; an' the old man has seen it himself. Have n't you noticed how gray, an' bent, an' old, he 's been lookin' of late, and what a worried look —"

"Sh—! here he comes," said a warning voice, as the little crowd parted, and Cyril Deane, white-haired and bent with the weight of seventy years, passed among them toward his waiting carriage.

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When he had reached the center of the group he paused for an instant, and turned his dim eyes from one swarthy face to another, while the gray pallor of his own features seemed to deepen visibly, and his lips twitched spasmodically, as he made an effort to speak.

"My men," he said tremulously, "I cannot tell you how — how — sorry I am; I — I —" He faltered and broke off, and turning, went on slowly to the carriage.

The men felt instinctively that he had intended to say that he was sorry they were thrown out of employment, and his agitation touched them as no eloquence of expression could have done.

"Boys," said he of the red shirt in a subdued way, as he descended from the flasks, "I 'll be dashed if I ain't sorry for the old man; he 's always done the square thing by us, you know."

A chorus of assent arose from a dozen muscular throats.

"An' it must be deuced hard," went on the speaker, "after bein' a rich man for seventy years, to get bu'sted at last. I tell you, boys, poverty has its blessin's; one of 'em is that us poor cusses hain't far to fall to get to the bottom, an' it don't cut us up like that,"— nodding his head in the direction of the receding carriage. "So long 's we can find the chink for an all-around drink we 're all right. Come on, every mother's son of you, an' let 's drink to the old man's health."

And the speaker, followed by a goodly portion of his audience, went across the street, and laid a few fresh stones in the foundation of his "blessed poverty."

Meantime, Cyril Deane's carriage rolled on through the wintry streets, and drew up at last before a handsome house on a spacious avenue. But when the coachman descended and opened the door of the vehicle, he started back with a sudden cry of alarm, for the kindly old man he had served for years had slipped from the cushioned seat and lay among the rugs on the floor of the carriage, in an attitude so rigid that, taken in connection with the livid pallor of his drawn and motionless features, it was scarcely strange that to the man it suggested the ghastliness of death.

In wild excitement he ran up the steps and alarmed the household.

"Mr. Deane is dead,— in the carriage, — *dead,* I tell you!" he gasped to the astounded footman who opened the door, and who only stared at him, and echoed that dread monosyllable, "*Dead!*"

And then, before either of the men could move, there was the quick rustle of a woman's garments in the hall, and Cyril Deane's daughter Gladys, white, stricken, and silent, with that silence that is more awful than the most heart-rending cry, ran past them, down the steps, and sprang into the open door of the carriage.

"O Lord, what made me blab it out that way? I never thought of her!" muttered the conscience-stricken coachman, as he hastily followed the girl.

"Robert! Ben! Come here!" she called in the low, quick tone of controlled excitement. "He is not dead,— his heart pulsates! O, heaven above, I am thankful! Here, quick; lift him in the rug, so, and carry him gently."

The morning papers that day contained brief accounts of the burning of The Multnomah Iron Works, but it remained for one of their evening contemporaries to add: —

"Mr. Cyril Deane, senior member of the firm, was stricken with paralysis while riding home in his carriage from the scene of the conflagration, and the physicians in charge of his case feel but little hope of his recovery. Mr. Deane is seventy years of age, and the fire, coming, as we learn, in the wake of financial embarrassments, proved too great a shock for him. It is scarcely probable that he can ever recover either his health or his former financial standing, the firm being, according to prevalent rumor, on

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the verge of bankruptcy. If the works are ever rebuilt, it will be when the property has passed into other hands. The loss by the fire in the way of expensive machinery is very heavy, and the insurance, for some unexplained reason, is so light as to be scarcely worth considering."

The scribe who wrote the foregoing paragraph had not the slightest suspicion that he was helping Fate to weave the first meshes of a web about two unconscious victims. But he was. In a few hours after the publication of his paper, an Associated Press dispatch was carrying the paragraph, almost verbatim, over mountain and plain to far-off Oregon, where it was republished, and came in due time beneath the eye of one who could read volumes between the lines, and whose great warm heart ached over the sad tidings.

"Poor old man! Poor motherless girl!" was all he said; but an hour later a dispatch was flashing along the wires, worded thus:—

To Mr. Cyril Deane, 640 V— Avenue,
Denver, Col.

Would ten thousand dollars be of any use to you? Say the word, and the money is yours.

Joseph Dilway.

That message, coming as it did to Gladys Deane in the darkest hour of her young life, broke down the restraint she had imposed upon herself, and brought to her eyes the first tears to which she had yielded since those awful words of the coachman had fallen upon her ear.

For one moment, after reading the message, she had been compelled to pause in order to recall the identity of the sender, for it was four years since she had heard his name, and in that time she had probably not thought of him a dozen times, and then only in the vaguest way, and without the least notion of ever seeing him or hearing of him again. In fact, but for one bygone incident, she might have failed utterly to recall who Joseph Dilway was. To her he had been only one of half a dozen engineers employed in her father's foundry, and it was only Mr. Deane's strong preference for him that had ever brought him to her notice. She had never been quite able to understand why her father should have singled out this one workman from his fellows to bestow upon him his confidence and friendship to a degree that is unusual between two men bearing the relationship of employer and employee, and separated by the generally stern barriers that stand between wealth and poverty, education and illiteracy. Of the innate nobility of the man himself she had never had a glimpse until, in that supreme hour of trial, when she found herself standing on the threshold of orphanage and destitution, his dispatch was put into her hands, and something of the simple, uncalculating generosity of his offer dawned upon her.

The one incident of the past that flashed upon her then and helped her to recollect Joe Dilway was of that nature that no girl ever forgets,—the sentimental. Did any woman ever yet catch a gleam of tenderness for herself in a man's eyes, and not remember him ever after, through all the vicissitudes of wifehood, motherhood, and old age? A faint, half-smiling memory it may be, but it lingers.

Gladys Deane remembered Joe Dilway as he had looked and acted the last time she had ever seen him. Her father had sent him up from the foundry one day for a certain scientific work from the library, and Gladys, rather priding herself upon her familiarity with her father's favorite books, had sprung lightly upon a step-ladder to reach the desired volume, the weight of which had caused her to lose her balance, and she was falling, when the young engineer's strong arms had saved her. It was all over in a moment, and she would straightway have forgotten so trivial an episode, but for the fact that upon regaining her equilibrium she found one of her hands

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retained in that of her companion, and ere she could release it, he had bent his head and pressed his lips upon it, as if yielding in an unguarded moment to an ungovernable impulse.

Just how abruptly she had snatched her hand from him, and how much of offended pride and scorn had flashed from her eyes, she had never even tried to realize; but she had never forgotten the way in which the flush, called up by a sense of his own presumption, had faded suddenly from his bronzed face, to be succeeded by a pallor that was little short of deathly, as he hastily murmured: —

"Forgive me, Miss Gladys; I will never do that again," and went out of her presence with a humility that softened her resentment.

Two days later her father said to her, in a troubled way: —

"I cannot think what has come over Dilway. He notified me today to look out for another man to take his place, as he is going to start for the Pacific Coast next week. He has worked so steadily and has seemed so well content with me, that this sudden move is something of a surprise and disappointment to me. I shall never get another man like him; he is one in a thousand. I have offered to raise his wages, and have all but begged him not to leave me, but in vain; he is determined to go, and will only say that he has a good reason for going, but it is of a nature that he cannot explain to me."

Gladys made no reply to this piece of news, and her father, thinking of Joe Dilway and not of her, failed to notice the slight flush of consciousness that for a moment dyed her face. He had never connected the two in his thoughts, but so thoroughly democratic and just was his character, that had poor Joe been less reticent he might have found, if not an ally, at least a sympathizer, in the father of the girl he loved. But with an innate strength of reserve that did no discredit to his manhood, Joe held his peace, and in less than a week from the day on which he had inadvertently shown Gladys that glimpse of his heart, he was on his long journey westward.

During the next four years Gladys never heard his name spoken; and if his former employer and friend ever received any word from Joe, he forgot to mention it to his daughter.

And now here was this dispatch, dated at Portland, Oregon, and bearing upon its face evidence from a pecuniary standpoint at least that the world had not dealt hardly with the wanderer.

Gladys read the message more than once, and remembering all was touched by it deeply. The very smallness of the proffered sum, as measured by the vacuum that awaited it, and the hard way in which she knew each dollar had been earned and saved, only added to the pathos of it all, and she bathed the senseless paper in tears, any one of which poor foolish Joe would have given his life to kiss away.

But the tears were not for Joe. Let there be no misconception as to that. When the heart is full and the soul is groping in gloom, an act of kindness from an unexpected source will often tap the fountains of feeling to their depths. So it was with Gladys, and her murmured words, as she sank down and wept, were: "To think that the first offer of *real* help should come to us from poor Joe Dilway! Our fine friends — many of them able to lay down a million for every one of his thousands — have been lavish with messages of sympathy and condolence, but they have left it for this poor, hard working man to show the face of real friendship."

"Father too ill to be consulted, and Mr. Deverill absent. Further answer to your generous offer by mail," was the reply she sent, in her own name, without an hour's unnecessary delay.

To say that Joe Dilway gave an unwonted degree of attention to the move-

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ments of the postman, during the days immediately succeeding the receipt of that dispatch, conveys but a faint idea of the new-born interest he evinced in that busy functionary's comings and goings. The mere sight of the blue-gray uniform with its black stripes was sufficient to inaugurate a trip-hammer movement in his breast; and when at last the allotted number of days were past, and the cream-tinted envelope was actually in his hands, those toil-hardened members trembled visibly, and made very clumsy work of opening the missive.

"My more than kind friend," was the way in which Gladys addressed him; and then, in the fullness of her heart, continued: "The sacred duty devolves upon me of speaking for one who is speechless, and of trying to say to you something of what he would say, in response to your generous offer, were he able to comprehend its import and dictate a reply.

"It is now more than forty-eight hours since he was stricken, and while we are beginning to venture a hope that he may live, it is sadly evident that he can never be the same, either physically or mentally, that he has been; and the physicians say that for months to come he must be carefully guarded from care or vexation of any sort. Especially are we charged to avoid all mention of business affairs in his presence; so even were he fully able to comprehend me, I should not dare inform him of your kindness, nor consult him as to my reply.

"As stated in my dispatch, Mr. Deverill is absent, in the East, and though he may have started home immediately upon receiving news of the fire, we cannot expect him for at least three days yet. In the meantime, no one here knows aught of the state of the firm's affairs, beyond the patent fact that they are in a very bad way; and I, with no one to inform or advise me, find it difficult to reply satisfactorily to your offer. I have, however, just returned from an interview with the company's bookkeeper and lawyers, and while they are reticent with me, I have learned enough to feel certain of the utter insolvency of the firm. Therefore, though pitifully ignorant of such matters, I conclude that five times the amount you name would prove inadequate to save us. Certain it is that unless I could be made to see very clearly that there would be no risk, I would never, as my father's representative, consent to the acceptance of your more than generous offer.

"All I can do is to thank you, from my inmost heart, in the name of him so near and dear to me, beside whose prostrate form I am writing these lines. Should the happy day ever come when he shall again be able to write, he will thank you in words more fitting and eloquent than any at my command. Yet not even he could feel more deeply sensible than I of your unselfish generosity. I think it may surprise you to learn that among all the beautifully-worded messages of sympathy I have received from affluent and hitherto demonstrative friends, not one has taken the direct and substantial form of yours. It seems to have been left for you to prove to me, in this dark hour, that there is something more in friendship than the name.

"Should I, hereafter, learn anything from Mr. Deverill that would make your offer available, I will at once let you know. I believe, however, that the firm is doomed, and that everything — home and all — must go. I see before me a life of trouble and toil; but if father is spared to me I will try to be brave in facing the world. Surely I can never weary of working for him.

"Most gratefully your friend,

"GLADYS DEANE."

If Gladys had found pathos in the simplicity of Joe's offer of assistance, he found more in those closing lines of her letter, and his frank blue eyes were dim when he had finished its perusal.

"Trouble and toil for *her*," he muttered. "O, it *must not be!*"

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And through the days and nights that followed, his dreams, waking or sleeping, were haunted with visions of those untried little hands doing battle with the world for bread.

He hesitated long about answering her letter, not from any dearth of sympathy nor lack of words to express himself, but simply because the science of the pen was one with which he was not as familiar as that of mechanics, and he knew that the scrawl he would produce would mercilessly reveal his lack of education to one in whose esteem he would not needlessly fall one jot lower. But the letter must be answered, and as he could scarcely avail himself of the telegraph for the transmission of an entire letter, and would not resort to what he, with old-fashioned notions of honor, mentally termed the subterfuge of "getting someone else to write his letter, and palming it off for his own," he had no recourse but to write it himself. It proved to be a veritable labor of love. Not that a syllable of love was allowed to creep in anywhere; but the spirit of love breathed between the straggling lines; and the labor of the effort was apparent in every uncertain curve and startling angle of the uncouth chirography.

Three evenings were consumed in the composition of the letter, many a paragraph being destroyed and rewritten before a result was finally attained that he thought would "do." Even then, the poor fellow scanned the pages disapprovingly, and muttered, with a sigh: —

"If only she could know that at the age when most boys are in school I was hard at work trying to keep my old parents out o' the poor house, maybe she would n't so much mind. But she don't know."

No, Gladys did not know; and when for the first time in her life she saw her own name defrauded of its legitimate capital G, and written thus — "gladdis," while huge capitals were thickly sown, hit or miss, all through the unique production, was it strange that the corners of her pretty mouth twitched with an involuntary smile, even while tears trembled on her lashes, called forth by the noble spirit of sympathy and helpfulness that throbbed through it all.

Poor Joe: if he could have seen that smile, shadowy and fleeting though it was, his heart would have well nigh broken. But he was spared the sight; and he never knew that in after days, when Gladys was striving to resign herself to a fate that she deemed hard, the memory of that illiterate scrawl would rise mockingly before her, in contrast with certain beautiful, flowing epistles that came to her from another source.

At the time of its receipt, however, Gladys, suffering under the pressure of her first great trial, gave it comparatively little thought; and Joe, in the far-away metropolis of the Northwest, watched in vain for the letter that he half hoped and wholly wished for. But weeks and months came and went, and his patient vigil was unrewarded. His anxiety and perplexity grew constantly, for he had earnestly asked to be kept informed of Mr. Deane's progress towards recovery, and of the final outcome of the settlement of the estate.

On the latter score he was especially anxious, and watched the newspapers unceasingly for anything that might serve to enlighten him; for in the depths of his heart there had sprung up a hope that could neither grow nor wither until Gladys Deane's future should be clearly defined. In his secret thoughts he put it in this wise: "If there 's anything left for her an' the old father to live on, I 'll keep far enough away and never trouble her. But if the worst comes, an' no other man wins her, I 'll go to her an' let her decide which would be the hardest lot,—to let old Joe care for her, or to wear her sweet life out with toil an' trouble an' stint. Most likely she 'll choose the last. When I think of the look in her

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eyes that day in the library, I 'm 'most sure she will; but I 'll never rest till I know for certain. Anyway, it can't cut any deeper than that did."

So he planned and waited, and hoped and feared, alternately, until eleven months had rolled away, and still no word had reached him from Gladys, and he knew naught of her fate; though twice in that tedious time he had written and humbly asked to be informed.

Meanwhile, he had been systematically arranging his affairs in preparation for an absence of indefinite duration, and one day, after both his letters had returned to him bearing the depressing stamp of the Dead Letter office, he could endure the suspense no longer, and, hastily packing a valise he boarded an eastward-bound train.

In a few days he was in Denver once more, standing at the door of Gladys's old home, ringing for admittance. The face of the footman who opened the door was unknown to him, and his heart throbbed a little faster, even while he reminded himself that a change of servants was no rare or portentous occurrence.

"Is Miss Deane at home?" he inquired.

The man stared.

"Miss Deane?" he echoed interrogatively. "There is no such person here, sir."

"Then Mr. Cyril Deane does n't live here now?" queried Joe.

"No, sir. Never heard the name before. This is the residence of Mr. Isaac Rosenblatt, sir."

The man was obviously impatient to be rid of him.

"Thank you," said Joe. "Is Mr. Rosenblatt at home?"

"No, sir; never at this hour."

"Is Mrs. Rosenblatt at home?"

"Engaged, sir, always at this hour."

"Seems I 've struck an unfortunate hour," was Joe's mental comment; but he persevered.

"I do not wish to trouble Mrs. Rosenblatt," he said; "but will you be kind enough to ask her if she can tell a stranger, from the West, where to find Mr. Cyril Deane, who owned this house a year ago?"

The man complied, though not very graciously.

"No, sir," he announced, returning a moment later. "Mrs. Rosenblatt knows nothing about the former owner of this place."

Joe's frame of mind, as he went down the broad sweep of steps, was an almost indescribable mingling of conflicting emotions.

"If the old home had to go, it ain't likely they 've got much left," he was saying to himself, with the honest conviction that he felt naught but sorrow and pity for his old employer. Yet deep, deep down, beneath the sorrow and the pity, the germ of a dear hope was quickening. An indefinable thrill ran along his veins, giving a firmer impulse to his very footsteps, and kindling the light of a new and sacred purpose in his eyes. He must find Gladys Deane.

Ere he had walked the length of a square, his practical mind had decided upon the first step to be taken in the search. He would go directly to Russell & Rawlinson, the attorneys at-law who in the old days had been her father's legal advisers. They had doubtless conducted the settlement of his affairs, and who so likely as they to be able to furnish reliable information, not only regarding the final outcome of that settlement, but also as to their old client's present whereabouts.

Acting upon this idea he was walking briskly along the well-known thoroughfares, when he suddenly found his progress barred by a girlish form, and a voice, half childish, half womanly, and not altogether unfamiliar, cried:—

"Why, Uncle Joe, is it you? Don't you know Hetty Martin?"

Joe had looked blank for an instant



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but as he heard the name his face lighted up, and he held out both hands, for he recognized in the speaker the daughter of a fellow-workman of the old time.

"Why, if it ain't little Hetty," he exclaimed; "little Hetty, that used to sit on my knee an' kiss me, an' pull my mustache! An' no doubt, if I 'd ask her to do the same now, she 'd decline, eh? Yet it 's only five years since I left."

"O, but five years makes lots of difference sometimes, you know, Uncle Joe," retorted the girl.

"So it seems; it 's made such a lot of difference in you that I 'd never have known you, my dear, if you hadn't spoken. How 's father an' mother, an' the twin babies?"

"Come along home with me, and see for yourself," said Hetty. "They 'll be gladder to see you than me, though I have n't been home for two months."

"Not home for two months!" echoed Joe. "How is that, Hetty?"

"Why, I 'm livin' out now, Uncle Joe, tryin' to help father along, you see, because he had a spell of fever about a year ago, an' is n't as able to work as he used to be. I 've got a good place, too, the only drawback bein' that it 's ten miles out in the country, an' the pay is small. But I don't care so much for that, because I know it 's all that Miss Gladys can afford to pay; an' she 's so good to me that—"

"Miss— who did you say?" interrupted Joe with a very perceptible start.

"Miss Gladys Deane. Don't you recollect her? You must have seen her sometimes, when you worked in the old Multnomah. The Deanes are down in the world now, you know,— as poor as we are, an' poorer; and Miss Gladys hires me to take care of her father, while she teaches school."

"Hetty," said Joe, with sudden decision, "it 's pleasant talkin' over old friends an' old times with you, an' I guess, as you 're kind enough to ask me, I 'll just walk home with you."

When Joe's head pressed the pillow that night, he knew as much of the daily trials and burdens of Gladys Deane's new life as it was possible for anyone but herself to tell him. Hetty Martin, while suspecting nothing of his feeling for Gladys, was pleased at the kindly interest he evinced in the unfortunate old man who had once been his employer; and when, at length, he proposed to accompany her on her return the following day, she acquiesced, though somewhat hesitatingly.

"Miss Gladys has charged me, over an' over, never to let any of her fine friends know where she is," said the girl thoughtfully; "but it is n't likely she meant such as you, is it, Uncle Joe?"

"No," said Joe, "not such as me there 's nothing fine about me, you know Hetty."

Thus it came about that on the afternoon of the second day after his arrival in Denver, Joe found himself standing beneath the humble country roof that sheltered the girl of his love. As he clasped her father's trembling hands in his, and noted the attenuated features, the thinned and whitened hair, and the almost infantile blankness of expression in the gray eyes that once had been so clear and keen, his honest heart swelled with a boundless compassion, and his eyes were blurred with tears as he permitted them to take in the little, lowceiled apartment, with its humble, almost comfortless furnishings.

And thus, too, it came about that when Gladys Deane that evening closed the door of the weather-beaten schoolhouse in the hollow, and came wearily home across the meadows, she found a scene awaiting her in the little sitting-room that was destined to exert a powerful influencc upon her in the crisis of her life that, all unknown to her, was close at hand. She found Joe Dilway sitting beside her father, talking in a cheerful, soothing way of his home in the far West, of the boundless resources and

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matchless climate of that region; talking, in short, of anything and everything that could serve to lead the old man's feeble mind from his own troubles and ailments into the contemplation of new and pleasing scenes.

The one being on earth that Gladys Deane, at that time, loved better than herself,—better, perhaps, than life itself,—was her old father; and had Joe Dilway spent months in planning his siege, he could not more surely have touched the keynote of her favor than he had thus unwittingly done by simply following the dictates of his kind, uncalculating nature. With one glance at the unwonted smile on the peevish and withered old face, Gladys went up to poor Joe and gave him a greeting that flooded his soul with hope and his bronzed face with a crimson glow.

"Gladdy, Joe has come all the way from Oregon just to see us, and to learn how the world is using us. That is friendship, is n't it, my little girl?"

"It is, indeed," said she, smiling gratefully upon Joe. "I know of no one else in the world who would travel a hundredth part of that distance to see us."

Altogether Joe was in a tumultuously happy frame of mind that night, when he took leave of the Deanes at a rather late hour, and made his way to the village, two miles distant, where at the one small hotel he engaged board for a fortnight, and then crept into a bed not exactly sumptuous in its appointments, and dreamed away the hours that lay between him and the new day that held for him another glimpse of the beautiful face he loved.

He told himself many times that time and trial had only added to her beauty and charm of manner. True, she had grown thin and pale, and her face had a careworn expression that it never knew in the days of ease and affluence; but how sweet, and grave, and womanly she was. And O, how it thrilled him to think that — God and Gladys willing — it should be his privilege to lift the burden of care away from her, and set her heart once more in tune with all the melodies of youth, and hope, and gladness.

Yet after all, when morning came, and in the cold, practical light of the new day he went over again every word and glance she had given him, his sound sense and reason told him that it all might mean nothing, or at least only a degree of friendship that from Gladys Deane would be worse than nothing to him.

So when he met her again, his pulses were somewhat calmer, and his hopes once more at ebb.

What was he, he asked himself, rough, unlettered, and toil-stunted, as he was, that he should dare to dream of gathering so fair and sweet a being to his breast? She was as far above him, he thought, as the stars of heaven are above the flowers of earth.

The torture of uncertainty grew with each hour of his stay in the vicinity of his idol, until, as that fortnight drew to a close, he resolved that there was no need to bear it longer.

"Just as well speak out an' have it over, whichever way it is to be," he said to himself. Poor fellow, he was painfully conscious of his inability to woo as women of refinement like to be wooed; and he guessed that his chances of success would not be augmented by a longer intrusion of his presence without giving some expression to the hope and purpose that had brought him half-way across the continent.

Once resolved that the time had come, he put on his hat and started for the cottage by a circuitous path that would lead him past the schoolhouse near the hour when Gladys was wont to dismiss her flock. A quiet walk across the meadows with her would, he thought, afford him a better opportunity to speak than he could hope for at the cottage. But the rude little temple of Minerva was closed

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and silent when he reached it, though upon consulting his watch he found it yet lacked a full half-hour of the usual closing time.

Wondering what could have caused even so slight a variation from the everyday routine of the young teacher s life, he kept on in the grass-bound path until he stood again at the cottage gate, where Hetty awaited him, and the village doctor was just driving away, down the dusty lane that led to the highway.

"What is it, Hetty?" he asked apprehensively.

"I just thought I 'd tell yon, before you go in, Uncle Joe, that Mr. Deane was took with one of his spells this afternoon, an' I went after Miss Gladys an' the doctor. But don't look so scared; he has them spells often, an' he always pulls through, somehow. This is an uncommon hard one, though, an' I heard the doctor tell Miss Gladys that he could n't stand many more like it; an' that nothin' but an ocean voyage an' change of climate could save him. Think of talkin' to *her* about ocean voyages, an' she a wearin' her life out just to keep this old leaky roof over their heads! Doctors hain't much sense, seems to me."

Joe stood silent a moment, then went softly in through the low, vine-draped door, intending to go at once to Mr. Deane's bedside. But as he was about to pass through the little sitting-room, a long-drawn, sobbing breath fell on his ear and arrested his careful steps. Pausing just within the threshold, and glancing around, his eyes fell on Gladys, as she lay with her face buried in the pillow of the straight-backed, old-fashioned settee.

For the second time in his methodical and well governed life, Joe Dilway yielded to an overwhelming impulse, and quickly crossing the room knelt, and took one of Gladys Deane's hands in his own. But scarcely an instant it nestled there, for at the first touch she sprang erect and drew it from him, with an abrupt movement that reminded him painfully of that other time in her father s library, five years before.

"I am sorry, Mr. Dillway, that I—that you should have found me so low-spirited, but —" she began falteringly. And then, feeling that the supreme moment of his life had come, Joe told, as best he could, his love and his hope, and all his great longing to take her to himself, and shelter her forever from the storms of life.

"All this has been in my heart for seven long years, Gladys," he said, "but I 'd never have uttered a word of it — I 'd never have come near you, if the world had gone all right with you; for no livin' soul knows better than I do how far below you I am, an' how impossible it is for you ever to care for me as I do for you. But when everything went wrong with you, it almost broke my heart to think of you workin' an' strivin' for life, in a world that 's cold an' hard even to us strong men. If you can bear with me, Gladys,—if you think you can ever learn to bear with my commonness an' ignorance an' all," he went on pleadingly, while his eyes searched her changing face, "I 'll be good to you, dear, all the days of your sweet life, if I live so long. Your wishes shall be my wishes; an' your dear old father shall be my father. I ain't a rich man, but I 've made some money out West, an' I can take you both to a good home, an' keep you in comfort."

While he spoke there was little in the pallid, beautiful face before him to encourage him to go on; and when he ceased and waited for her to reply, it seemed to him almost that he saw the desperate look of a hunted dumb creature in her averted eyes. He silently took her hand again, and as it was not withdrawn, he bowed his forehead upon it, and thus waited.

I can pay no higher tribute to the innate breadth and nobility of my humble hero's nature than to say that in that

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hour, he pitied Gladys Deane almost as deeply and tenderly as he loved her.

"*And your dear old father shall be my father.*"

Those were the words which won the battle for Joe; for they rung and re-rung through the troubled recesses of the girl's soul, and with their influence strong upon her, she said, at last:

"Joe, it shall be as you wish."

And if Joe knew that she silently added, "*For father's sake,*" he closed his ears to the unheard sound, and allowed the chords of his soul to be swept by the first great joy his meagre life had ever known.

A week later, when the invalid was able to sit up in the sunshine by the little parlor window, Joe and Gladys went quietly to the parsonage in the village, and returning, Gladys Dilway went in at the door through which Gladys Deane had passed out. She was almost deathly white, and there was a quivering sob in her voice as she crossed the little room in the softened evening light, saying: "Father dear, kiss your girl, and tell her you are glad; tell her you are happy; tell her—"

She broke off suddenly, for she had reached and bent above the beloved form in the high-backed chair by the window, and found herself face to face with the awful mystery of death.

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## LONGING.

AH! over on yonder foothill
    The poppy burns for thee,
And up from the mesa's level
    The lark's sweet ecstasy
Comes over the fields of clover
    Like summer rains in June,
And the longing heart of the lover
    Re-echoes the lingering tune,
"I love thee,—I love—I love thee,
    My little love,—alone,"
And the lover; "I love thee, dearie,—
    Love ever thee,—my own."
And the bird on the mesa singing
    Redoubles his golden trill,
But the lover—is ever sighing,
    Sighing and waiting still.

*C. F. S.*

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# THE REAL ARTEMUS WARD.

"*Rest, loved one, rest.*"

---

"CHARLES F. BROWNE,
Known to the world as
'ARTEMUS WARD,'

Died in Southampton, Eng.,
March 6, 1867,
Aged, 33 years.

His name will live as
A sweet and unfading recollection."

THE above epitaph, written by the genial humorist's mother, one may read on a marble slab in the little cemetery at Waterford, Oxford County, Maine,—"Water-ford near Rum-ford," as he used to say, "the little village that nestled amongst the hills and never did anything but nestle." It is a charming spot where rest the remains of Charles Farrar Browne, looking out upon the little lake, and hard by the edge of a beech and maple wood,

> Where ruddy children tumbled in their play,
> And lovers came to woo,

in the days when I first knew the place. Born in the same year and in the same neighborhood as himself, and all the scenes of his early life being as dear and familiar to me as the songs of the birds or the crests of the bordering hills, it has seemed partly a duty, as well as a privilege and pleasure, to add my little contribution to the literature his career has called forth.

Even to those who knew him intimately throughout, his real life seems to have begun just where the great world first heard of him, upon his early pilgrimage westward. Major Armstrong tells how the green youth of twenty-three, in long linen duster, came to him in 1857 in the little city of Tiffin, Ohio, and wanted to set type on the only newspaper in town; how he took him into the hotel and gave him his first leisurely meal for many a day; how he "set locals out of his head" for four dollars a week till Riley put him on the local staff of the *Toledo Commercial*, and paid him the munificent stipend of a dollar a day. Here his witticisms attracted the attention of Mr. Gray, the veteran editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, and to that city the young journalist went, and soon found fame and the beginning of good fortune. In fact Cleveland was always more a home to him than any other place, and he who goes thither to this day can learn from the lips of many warm and willing witnesses with what peculiar pride and affection his memory is cherished. The rickety chair and the old pine table he used in the *Plain Dealer* office are preserved with great care in the Western Reserve Historical Society.

The "show" had taken possession of him from his very boyhood, and showmen were always his admiration. "Artemus Ward," the showman he clothed with flesh and blood early in his *Plain Dealer* work, was a faithful development and no accident. The "3 moral bares" were born of the same idea that evolved the caravan of the boy of ten, in his little Oxford County home, in which his mother's cow, decked with fancy bed quilt, was the elephant.

Nearly three years were spent in Cleveland, when he went to New York to assist in the making of *Vanity Fair*. But in all this time his fragmentary newspaper work was only preparatory to entering upon a career that had been the dream of his life. It is curious to note that nearly all his newspaper friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose to attempt lecturing. Major Bone, the present managing editor of the *Plain Dealer*, having once gotten hold of a string of matter that appeared to have

been put together for use on the platform, made a personal appeal to Browne to give up the venture, as it would be sure to be a sorry failure. But he was persistent, even stubborn, (though always amiably so,) in his purpose, though in other things he had been vacillating and inconstant. He had heard his sayings retailed in minstrel halls and elsewhere, and if they were good, if they were merchandise, why should he not come to his own, since he was poor?

The public is tolerably familiar with his first ventures, "Ghosts," "Sixty Minutes in Africa," and the "Babes in the Wood." He was determined to lecture, and on a plan of his own, a plan it took some time and money to effect. It was the golden age of the platform, but there had never been a humorous lecture, in any broad sense. To entertain, with pure frolic, audiences thus educated, was indeed an audacious undertaking. But Artemus never seemed to have the slightest doubt of his success, which shows how completely he had mastered the subject. It was not, however, till his California trip and what came out of it that his full ideal was to be realized,— a lecture that should have a thread of narrative, or a series of pictures, or both, which he could use as the framework of his incomparable fun.

In more ways than one the California journey in the season of 1863–64 proved of great consequence. His reception all along the route was wonderfully cordial. In Virginia City the miners took charge of his lecture, refusing to have tickets sold, but invited in the crowd, and then a committee passed among the audience and collected sixteen hundred dollars! One hat broke through with its load of gold. Everybody wanted to see the tenderfoot who, on being requested to reply by wire what he would take for forty nights in California, instantly answered "Brandy and water." His wit was quicker than the lightning, and his kindliness and humor simply measureless.

But this terribly trying trip in "the little den on wheels," as he called the stage, brought on a serious illness upon his return by way of Utah; and yet, as has been hinted, it all turned out to be one of the greatest bits of good fortune. His enforced stay among the Mormons gave him an opportunity to study the inside history and working of their institution, and thus furnish him what he had so long desired,— the subject of an illustrated lecture, which in those days meant a panorama or other series of actual pictures, instead of the modern stereopticon. On his reaching New York, in the spring of '64, he at once set about his ideal plan, and was soon "on the road" with the most unique entertainment ever offered to the public.

I shall never forget my meeting him in Baltimore the following winter, the last year of the war, when he was giving his new Mormon lecture in the quaint old "Maryland Institute." I had not seen him for three years, and his first greeting was to thrust into my hand the program of his lecture, and a ticket inscribed, "Admit the bearer and one wife." This ticket, the program, and autograph on an invitation to admit all my acquaintances, together with woodcuts of the lecturer, and other curious mementoes of my old friend, gathered later, I keep among my treasures.

From this time until the date of his leaving for England in the summer of 1866, I had great opportunities to observe and study him. There was something very fascinating in his presence. Never was a man more misunderstood. He had not one trace of coarseness or real awkwardness. Though far from handsome, he had a fine, lithe figure, with smooth, light hair, teeth white and delicate, and the most beautiful hands. His voice was peculiarly soft, and his whole demeanor was that of a finely bred, sensitive, and modest gentleman. Even his most intimate friends could hardly understand why nothing of the

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clown ever cropped out in facial or bodily contortion, when he was saying his odd things; but surely it never did, and this self poise and grave mien on all these occasions no one who knew him can ever for a moment forget. It is not strange that the great public always thought of him beforehand as a bumptious and rather uncouth specimen of the traveling showman, and it was their disappointment on seeing him that added greatly to the amusement of his entertainment. A London reporter relates that when he made his appearance in the evening on the stage, a large part of the audience that had never seen him supposed that he was the genteel manager who had come out to make some preliminary announcement. But the real fact is that Artemus Ward was not even affected by local coloring or prejudice, nor was his speech marked by a single provincialism. He was a cosmopolitan gentleman in every relation of life. And this is what was the beginning of the power he had over his audiences, that they at once saw he was not to attempt to amuse them by antics, but by quietly saying things worth saying. And half the fun of the entertainment lay in the successive, or rather cumulative bursts of laughter that followed his best points. The bright few were ready to laugh on the instant; then a slower section of the audience would "catch on," and finally all would be tumult for minutes together.

The program of this Mormon lecture, precisely the same in England as here, was a wonderful creation; and the very music in it showed the genius of the artist. It was at a time when the community was gorged with sentimental songs, and these were imitated and paraphrased by him, one of the pieces being entitled, "Dearest, When Thou Sleepest, Dostest Dreamest of Me?" And yet Artemus was not a frivolous person. He had a deep and appreciative sentiment. More than this, he had reverence, and it was because of these that he detested shallow and unworthy persons and cheats. It was because he had real sentiment that he ridiculed gush. He was up to the intellectual standard of his audiences. It is a mistake to suppose he was in any way an inferior man. He knew men and he knew public affairs most correctly and thoroughly. One of his English critics has said of him that he knew as much about England as most Englishmen knew; and "To him the Tower of London was the history of England in stone and mortar."

I saw him the last time on the eve of his departure for London, where he was to face a critical and expectant public in the metropolis of England. He never seemed to doubt the entire safety of this venture, and was gleeful as a child over the prospect. Exactly as he had planned it, he delivered his opening lecture November 13th, 1866, in Egyptian Hall, which had been made famous by many literary talkers. The notables among artists actors, the club men, in fact, the representatives of all social and literary London, were there,—all by invitation, the paying public not being admitted. On this first night, as I have said, it was the lecture on the Mormons. There was "the little picture shop, with its central curtain of green baize, the piano hidden from view, some pictures to be unrolled, a few good, but mostly very bad; while the music was what the lecturer's whim might suggest.

When at the last moment, a spare figure in full evening dress, holding in his delicate, handsome hand the dainty little riding whip to point out the details of his pictures, appeared upon the stage in front of the curtain, there was a depressed and disappointed feeling all through the audience that somehow there was a mistake,—nearly everybody having the impression that, though well meant, it must be a dismal failure. But Artemus soon ended all that. In that quiet, quaint way that no man has

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ever equaled, and no man can half represent, hesitating, and even apparently stammering and blushing just a little, in his effort to say the exact and conscientious thing, seemingly so diffident that he would apparently get wholly confused and incapable of getting back to what he had marked out to say, he began: "I hope my little picture shop will please you. The pictures are by some of the oldest masters I could find. I am not an artist myself, but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. Once a sculpist wanted to make a burst of me, but I was too modest to let him do it. I knew everybody would want one, and it would get very trying to be constantly meeting everywhere the educated classes taking bursts of me to their families." And then he told them a roundabout story of something that happened to him once when he had undertaken to be a manager; how he had engaged a celebrated living skeleton in New York to exhibit in Australia. "He was a splendid skeleton, one of the most reliable skeletons I had ever met. But do you know that very soon after getting to sea that unprincipled creature began to eat dreadfully? Between meals he would wander around amongst the freight, and eat everything he could get his hands on. He said he thought the salt air agreed with him! When we arrived at Melbourne that dreadful, that perfidious skeleton weighed seventy-three pounds more than I did!" And then he would apologize for introducing the incident, and thus keep the audience waiting by something like this, though never twice the same. "I know that this story has nothing to do with my entertainment, but one of the principal features of my entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it." By this time the audience would be all alive to try and catch what he meant by it all. The very next thing would be apparently the most childlike statement about his show. "I always try to get the best without much regard to expense. I pay my orchestra five pounds a week, and do his washing!" Think of the audacity of a man who could look into the face of John Bright and the Honorable Robert Lowe, who, as a London paper of the next day said, sat in one of the front rows of seats, and say such things!

A considerable portion of this lecture was a really creditable and worthy piece of description, and some of the illustraions from the panorama were excellent. But it was all only a background for the fun of the showman, and he was supreme master of it. However much the audience might laugh, even to a tumult of merriment that would often last a minute or two, or perhaps longer, Artemus stood with the gravest mien and unmoved face. He could not help laughing while writing or planning a good thing, but no necromancer was ever more self-poised when he stood before his audience.

The lecture showed much shrewd observation of the Mormons, who were then at the height of their power. He knew Brigham Young personally, as well as Heber C. Kimball, and always spoke of the latter's wives as the queens of Heber. But the greatest fun of the whole was the manipulation of the panorama itself. Things would go wrong every now and then, and the audience would fairly scream with laughter, supposing it was a mistake; while as a matter of fact Artemus was always at the bottom of it all. For instance, the prairie fire would go down at the wrong time, and then break out again when the scene it was to illustrate had wholly passed, the lecturer meantime apparently nearly overcome with vexation and despair, that made the whole effect irresistibly ludicrous. Then the wrong music would be played, and the house would break out into roars of laughter, as when he touched upon one really pathetic recital the piano ground out "Poor Mary Ann."

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In the midst of a most instructive talk on the complications of the Mormon question, or an impressive description of the mountain scenery in Salt Lake City, he would call attention to an animal in the foreground of one of the pictures, and remark that it was a horse, as he had that very morning learned from his artist; and he thought no man had a right to keep such a fact from the public. In another moment he would become seemingly lost to everything about him as he related some startling and absorbing incident, turning it to ridicule in the next breath by incidentally remarking, "I did not see this myself, but I had it from a man-that-is-just-as-*relible*-as-I-am!"

Of a piece with this was his reference to a very touching speech he once made, ending by exclaiming, "If Cicero were alive—" and then, as if suddenly stricken with a sharp sense of a recent personal bereavement, he would add, "but he is not; he is dead,—he is gone from us." It usually took two or three minutes for the audience to straighten itself out after this scene, but all the while the lecturer stood as if deprecating the whole thing as an unexpected interruption.

Humor must have fact, and very familiar fact, as a basis of interpretation by grotesque and incongruous comparisons. The fact and the whimsical statement about it must have a very close relation. The whole fun of the pun or the answer to the conundrum lies in its being so very easy; so that he who keeps nearest to the truth, even in fun, is most effective. Nobody understood this better than Artemus, who rarely made a mistake. It is true, he led up to the joke by the most elaborate art,—but it was always a surprise when it came, and never an unwholesome one. Sometimes there would be a most effective and needed hit at the foibles of the times in his little byplays. As for instance, when he pointed out how people who had settled a certain Western town had prospered; "I know," said he, "a young man who was the son of poor parents, who had hardly any education, who went there and started in business without a cent of capital, and at the end of two years he left the place, owing over two hundred thousand dollars!" In cold type there is nothing very funny about this, which must be said of many things that have amused us; but this man had the power, at any moment, to take hold of the average audience at any given point, and play with them till they shrieked with laughter,—a thing I never saw done before, and never expect to see again.

I have spoken of this particular entertainment thus somewhat at length, and both as I have seen it many times, and as it has been described in its London presentation by some personal friends and in the public press. The marvel of it seems to be that it was such a success with the audiences at Egyptian Hall, before a matter-of-fact people, who have never been supposed capable of great interest in our most pronounced types of American humor. But the praise of it was very great, even from the most cautious authorities. I subjoin the notice of it in the London *Times*, on the morning after the first presentation:—

> Before a large audience, comprising an extraordinary number of literary celebrities, Mr. Artemus Ward, the noted American humorist, made his first appearance here as a public lecturer Tuesday evening. His very first sentences and the way they were received amply sufficed to prove that his success was certain. His dialect bears a less evident mark of the Western world than that of many American actors; but his jokes are of that true transatlantic type to which no nation beyond the limits of the States can offer any parallel. These jokes he lets fall with an air of profound unconsciousness,—we may almost say melancholy,—which is irresistibly droll And he has found an audience by whom his caustic humor is thoroughly appreciated. Not one of the odd pleasantries, slipped out with such imperturbable gravity, misses its mark, and scarcely a minute elapses at the end of which the sedate Artemus is not forced to pause till the roar of mirth has subsided; which shows that the Englishman, puzzled by Yankee politics, is capable of relishing Yankee jokes, though they are not in the least like his own.

After making several excellent points

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of criticism, all in words of genuine appreciation, the article ends thus: —

> We can therefore state that the lecture is entertaining to such a degree that, to those who seek amusement, its brevity is its only fault; that it is wholly free from offence, though the opportunities for offence given by the subject of Mormonism are obviously many; and that it is interspersed not only with irresistible jokes, but with shrewd remarks, proving that Artemus Ward is a man of reflection as well as a consummate humorist.

But the curtain fell for the last time before his little "picture shop," on the night of January 23d, 1867, the lecture of that evening being abruptly broken off by the sudden illness of the lecturer, the fitful flame of whose life had long been flickering. Exactly one month later he made his will, a copy of which lies before me as I write, and in another week came the end. Never a man had such friends. They took him to the Isle of Jersey, with the hope that the sea breezes might strengthen him, but it was too late. They started to take him back to London, but he could not bear the journey farther than Southampton, where he died on Wednesday, March 6th, at the age of thirty-three, with the regret upon his lips that he could not look into his mother's eyes once more. To the very last his new friends were around him, one London club by agreement detailing two of its members at a time to keep him company and minister to him, although he never knew the arrangement, so delicately was it managed; and when it was all over they buried him in Kensal Green. Afterwards his remains were brought back to his Oxford County home, and laid to rest beside his father and brother; and only a little while ago, his mother, too, joined them in the village cemetery, and over her grave, when I saw it, the blades of new grass were quivering in the June sun.

And thus I have tried to sketch, with the help of notes by Mr. Hingston and others, in a way that befits truthfulness, and a sincere friendship as well, the career of a young man who was known to the world less than ten years, and to the platform only six, and yet who made for himself a world-wide fame, by very force of his genius; for while other men have been wits and humorists in a provincial and restricted sense, and in special and peculiar modes and directions, and have had skill and art, this man had nothing less than genius; and best of all, it was able to interpret and illumine the tenderest and most lovable side of human life.

I have purposely avoided any attempt herein to write a mere biographical sketch. I have not even desired to tell a new anecdote of the man, though there are many which I could relate, that, so far as I know, have never been recorded. But I have felt that not everything which has been said and thought of him has been appreciative or just; and so I have written this, my contribution to the history of the humorous literature of the country, of which he was unquestionably the best exponent. He was greater than all the rest in most ways, and especially in this: He was a natural interpreter and exponent of the truest type of distinctively American humor, and yet it never even tended to coarseness, indirectly or remotely. He led a merry, and somewhat whimsical life, but his humor had such a phase and such a setting that it at once enlarged and illuminated the tender human side. He himself was broader and manlier for it all. It did not mar or narrow him. It was not strained or unduly cultivated; and so it ministered naturally and inevitably to his own happiness. He made a business of humorous lecturing for these few years, and yet he was always something more — at least to his friends — than a professional funny man. So far from there being any abnormal or even undue development of this phase of fun, his whole make-up was sound and symmetrical. He was not one man on the stage and another off. He was the same everywhere and always, for his fun was healthy and legitimate. He

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laughed over his first squibs in the *Plain Dealer* office in Cleveland; he laughed over the good things he had read or "thought up" in his boyhood; and he laughed with his friends and the world from first to last, because the world was all beautiful and healthful to him. He never did a cheap thing. He never made a contortion or a grimace in his life. His fun was never intermittent. It was a fountain that never had to be forced but always bubbled. "You should go to the pantomime. You should be made to laugh. You should see Harlequin," cheerily said old Doctor Abernethy, who had just come from the play, to the dejected looking patient who stood before him.—"See Harlequin! My God, Doctor, I *am* Harlequin, and I am dying from melancholy!"—Not so with Artemus Ward. The more he could make others laugh the blither was he, the very gravity of his face at times being the curtain for his incomparable fun.

How many times, since I determined to write this little sketch, has the picture of the old town where Artemus was born come up before me. My own early home was close by, and I knew it as a schoolboy knows the picture in the book he daily studies. I knew all its people, young and old, for I dwelt among them, and taught the children in the schools. There was the overhanging mountain in the west, that was at once a bulwark and a shade for the one little street of the village, whose row of square white houses looked out upon the lake that washed the very edges of their gardens. There was the quaint little church with the fan windows, where Parson Douglass preached for more than fifty years, and is buried in its shadow. There was the great white house of the 'Squire, with the long L, and stable with green doors, the heavy gate-posts in front, and arched portal through which many a lover has walked with the 'Squire's daughters as they came in from their long strolls beneath the winter stars. There was the little white office of the village Lawyer on the edge of the green, with only a single room, whose floor was of soft, pale brick, and with the great flaring fireplace, where more than one statesman had begun his professional and political career and laid the foundation of his future fortune. There was the old Doctor's office, precisely like the other only that it was painted yellow and had a rough flagstone step, with the skull upon the mantel over the fireplace, and the skeleton in the closet by the woodbox, where as a student one of the most celebrated surgeons of his time came daily from his old home three miles away, and burned the old-fashioned whale-oil lamp till into the morning hours. All these and many more familiar pictures come up to me like the faces of old friends.

But in the midst of it all, most potent and pathetic is the memory of Charles F. Browne, the gentlest and most loyal of friends, with a tenderness surpassing the love of woman, whose gifts were the very essence and form of genius, who has touched every note of pathos and humor in the gamut of the human passions, and who never by deed or word knowingly brought a feather's weight of sorrow to any human heart.

*Enoch Knight.*

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# A SHEEP STATION IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

VISITORS to Australia very generally limit their travels to the comparatively populous and wealthy colonies that occupy the eastern part of the island. Thus while Melbourne and Sydney not only have a large resident society, but are continually enlivened by the presence of travelers from England or other countries, the inhabitants of the small city of Perth, on the west coast, have to depend almost entirely on their own resources for entertainment. It will not then be surprising, nor, I hope, will it be regarded as any reflection on the success that attends the efforts of Perth society to entertain itself, if I say that after eighteen months' residence in that city, an invitation to spend six weeks on a sheep station far away in the bush came as the promise of a most welcome change.

The first question to come before our committee of two was as to the best way to reach our friend's house, which lies about one hundred miles nearly due north of Perth. The three-horse conveyance entrusted with the responsible duty of carrying her Britannic Majesty's mails does the journey in good time, but it involved such a very early start on the morning of the second day that it was ruled out of court as unnecessarily rapid and tiring. To hire a carriage and pair of horses for so long a distance was practical but expensive, involving as it would have done the company of a driver to take the carriage back. Railways are not yet so numerous in western Australia as they are in some parts of the island, but even here the iron horse is not unknown, and it was finally decided that by taking the train at the little town of Newcastle, which lies northeast of Perth we could reduce the one hundred miles' drive to one of seventy miles, while our host had expressed his willingness to meet us at a station twenty miles short of his own, and to drive us that part of our journey in his carriage.

Newcastle, which was thus our first stopping place, is a prettily situated little town, and its long, straggling street of small red brick houses resembled an English village more than do most Australian country towns. Of the two spring days that we spent there at the end of September, one was wet, and the other was nearly perfect as regards weather; but in the summer it is a very hot little place. It lies in a valley, and is surrounded on all sides by hills; while the red soil all around it, and the red dust of its streets, which are nearly the same color as the houses, would make it impossible ever to forget for a moment how hot it really was.

At Newcastle we had our first experience of a dish of kangaroo. And a very good dinner we made off it. The meat requires to be young, or not too old at any rate; and it should be cooked with a bit of pork, to supply the fatness which it lacks, but when well served it is a very welcome variety to the tough steaks and scraggy mutton chops that form the usual bill of fare in Australian hotels. The tail of the kangaroo is the part of the animal that is most highly esteemed, the soup made from it being said to be not at all inferior to that made from the tail of the domestic ox.

Our next stopping place after Newcastle was at a station about ten miles distant, where some friends of our host live who had kindly invited us to break our journey at their house. And it would be impossible to find a better connection than this in which to say a word about Australian hospitality. Of course hotels in the country districts are very scarce, and it is more or less a matter of necessity that settlers should entertain travelers; but the extent to which this is

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done, and the matter-of-course way in which passers-by avail themselves of the privilege, is rather surprising to those accustomed to the carefully issued invitations that are generally regarded as constituting hospitality in other countries. Often, it is true, visitors are looked upon as quite a godsend on a sheep station, where life is so monotonous that any change is welcome; and of course, when the settlers themselves are traveling, they in their turn benefit by the system. But to those whose stations lie near a highway of traffic, between two settled parts of a colony, the promiscuous entertaining of strangers is a considerable bore. There is a regular class of men commonly known as "sundowners," who make a practice of dropping in at supper time and moving on after breakfast next morning, and they would feel themselves terribly aggrieved if they were not made welcome to whatever is provided for the regular station hands. These sundowners are either men looking for work or, quite as often, men that are by way of looking for work, but are contented to regard the tramp between one station and the next as enough work to entitle them to a night's free entertainment.

Rather delicate questions sometimes arise, as to whether the casual visitor ought to be sent into the house to join the family circle, or to the kitchen to sup with the men. Few settlers, however, are inclined to be very exclusive, and in doubtful cases the course that true hospitality suggests is generally followed. The result is sometimes an amount of pleasure and interest derived from the society of some one that was near being banished to the kitchen, which makes the entertainer resolve that for the future he will in all cases give the visitor the benefit of the doubt. In other cases, unfortunately, his resolution is the very reverse of this.

The universal hospitality that prevails throughout Australia has one unfortunate result, and that is that the hotels are very bad. In the country districts of course nothing else is to be expected, but in cities such as Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, at least, there ought to be good hotels. In the towns the hospitable spirit of the people is shown in the readiness of men to invite any presentable sort of a man to be an honorary member of their club. The clubs are well supplied with bed rooms, and the consequence is that the class of men that would be most particular about the accommodation received at the hotels seldom patronizes them. Ladies do not travel a great deal, and when they do, they are very often invited to put up at the houses of friends. The inevitable result is that those who do have occasion to go to hotels find them both bad and dear.

But this is a digression. It was on a Friday morning, a beautiful bright day, that we started for our only at all long day's drive. Our carriage, or wagon, came out from Newcastle the night before, and we hoped to get away in good time. In this, however, we were disappointed, as a portmanteau which we had left behind in Newcastle, and which we had intended should have come out in the wagon overnight, did not put in an appearance till ten o'clock in the day. Then some further delay was caused by one of our horses, a nervous little fellow, who resolutely declined to go alongside the pole. This difficulty was surmounted by our host's wrapping the creature's head up in a rug, and leading it about till it had lost its bearings, when it was put into its place, and quickly and quietly hitched up. The blanket was then removed and away we went.

For the first twenty-two miles, which was the distance we drove before we stopped for lunch, the road was principally remarkable for the utter absence in its neighborhood of any sign of higher animal life. It was not only that there were no traces of human habitation; that

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one expects when driving through the bush; but we did not, all along that way, see or hear sight or sound of bird or quadruped. In many parts of Australia, and especially in Queensland, and probably the same is true of the northern part of the island generally, the bush is anything but silent. Locusts or cicalas, parrots, laughing jackasses (a species of large, dull-colored, rather clumsy kingfisher, with a human or almost demoniacal laugh), magpies, which in Australia boast a singularly sweet and musical note, and many other creatures, keep up a constant rattle and clatter. But not so here: a silence prevailed that could almost be felt; and it would not have required a very morbid imagination to have thought, as we threaded our way through the great, gaunt, ghost-like stems of the white gum trees, that the experience was more like a visit to the Inferno than a drive over part of the surface of this smiling world. There was indeed one kind of living thing, and only one, of which we saw two or three specimens, but these hardly tended to decrease the generally weird impression made upon us. They were what are generally called iguanas in Australia, great, horrid, lizard-like creatures, measuring from two to five feet in length, which shuffled off the track where they had been lying till our approach disturbed them.

It is difficult to see why this particular piece of country should have been so much more deserted by living creatures than any other which we passed through, but it certainly was so; and it perhaps had some connection with the barren nature of the soil, which was throughout unfitted to raise anything more profitable than eucalyptus trees.

We rested for luncheon near a well, which was only a short distance from the first human habitation we saw. A visit to the little cottage after lunch revealed the fact that it belonged to an ex-member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who expressed himself as completely happy in his present life, far removed as it was from the haunts of his fellow men. It is impossible, indeed, that his experiences when in closer contact with his kind had not conduced to his belief in the felicity of the policeman's lot, especially in the Isle of Saints; at any rate the lot of a small farmer, making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and always having, as he himself expressed it, "as much as he wanted," seemed to constitute his idea of a satisfactory life. And who shall say his view was not a truer one than that of many who imagine themselves his superiors? And here I may perhaps be excused, if I briefly state what appears to me to be the one practicable solution of the Irish difficulty,— and that is the gift of one hundred acres of land and £100 worth of stock and food, more or less, in Western Australia, to every Irish tenant who does not pay the rent declared to be fair by the tribunal entrusted with the fixing of rents. Western Australia is about the only healthy colony where England still has power to try the experiment. It would be cheap in the long run. It would secure, if anything can, the good will of the people so handsomely treated; while if it failed in this, the Saxon element in Australia is sufficiently powerful to make the unfriendly Celtic element far less dangerous to England's welfare than it is either at home or in the United States.

After we had finished our lunch, and had our chat with the philosopher from Ireland, who lent us a bucket to water the horses with, we again took to the road. This time we had no trouble with our horses, and the afternoon's drive was for the most part scarcely more eventful than the morning had been. We passed sundry small homesteads, the residences of a class of men known among the wealthy sheepowners of Australia as "cockatoo farmers," because they settle on and purchase the best patches of the land which the squatter, or large lease-

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holder, rents from the crown, and thus injure the sheep run, "pick the eyes out of it," as the saying goes, as the cockatoos injure a field of wheat when they settle on the best patches in it. Then as evening was closing in we passed through a most curious and interesting settlement, to which I shall refer more at length later, for we made a short stay there on our way back to Perth. It is a mission of Spanish Benedictine monks, who are trying to convert the natives and ameliorate their lot in this world as well as in the next. Tonight, however, we hurried on, for it was already beginning to grow dark and cold, and the horses were looking as though they had had pretty nearly enough of it.

We knew we still had about four miles to go before reaching the station where we had been invited to pass the night. This was all we did know, unfortunately, and we passed a somewhat uncomfortable quarter of an hour a little later, through our friend's not having told us that the house lay back from the road, behind a little hill, which completely hid it from sight. The consequence was that when we had gone, as we supposed, about four miles, it being by that time quite dark, we looked about in vain for lights, or any signs of habitation. We thought we surely should have been told if it were necessary for us to turn off the main road, for before starting in the morning most elaborate directions had been given us to prevent any possibility of our losing our way while we were traveling over a bush track, as we had been doing most of the day. Now that we were out on one of the main roads of the colony, it seemed absurd that we should be in difficulties. We certainly were, however; we could see no sign of life, and hear no sound; and so we decided to go on for ten minutes more, to make sure that the house was not still in front of us, and if we did not come to it in that time, to turn and drive back to the mission, and ask the hospitality of the good fathers for benighted travelers. We did not feel at all inclined to do this, as we were cold and hungry, and the horses were very tired, but there seemed nothing else for it. By a strange piece of good fortune, however, just as we came to the end of our ten minutes we heard the crack of a stock whip resounding through the bush ahead of us; and in a few minutes we came up with a team of bullocks driven by a man, who was good enough to come back and show us the gate, which we had not seen in the darkness, and which gave admittance to the station we were in search of. In our whole day's drive this teamster was the first fellow traveler we had lighted upon, so we were really very fortunate in coming up with him just at the time we did.

Most welcome was the warm greeting and warm fire that we found awaiting us, and the good supper that appeared a little later could hardly have been set before more appreciative guests. The following morning, as we had only eighteen miles farther to go to reach our destination, we spent with our hosts of the night. It was mainly occupied by a visit to the washpool to look at the sheep-washing, which was being vigorously carried on. In the afternoon we took to the road again, but this time in our friend's carriage, for we had sent our wagon back to Newcastle. About sunset we reached our destination, and that evening found us comfortably quartered in a large stone house surrounded by a pretty garden, and commanding a fine view of the country round.

Walebing was the name which the natives had given to the district, and this had been adopted for his station by the father of our friend and host. Here we found that shearing, the principal event of the year on all sheep stations, had just begun. This with the preliminary washing, and the subsequent branding and drafting into flocks, keeps all hands about the station very busy. For the actual operation of shearing, extra men

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who make a specialty of it are always hired; but getting in the different flocks from distant parts of the run, sometimes many miles away, yarding them, washing them, counting them, putting them in pens, so that they may be ready to the shearer's hands,—all this and much more that shearing involves makes it no easy time, even for those that are not themselves shearers.

Walebing is not a large station, for there are not more than 11,000 or 12,000 sheep on it, while the runs embrace perhaps about 170,000 acres. Of this, between 2,000 and 3,000 acres are freehold, while the remainder is leased from the crown at a very moderate rental. In the eastern colonies of Australia, especially in New South Wales and Queensland, stations are on so large a scale that this would appear quite a trifling affair. In the settled districts of Western Australia, however, it is accounted a fair-sized station; and it is well known for the excellence of the wool that comes from it, and for the high-class stock of all sorts that its owner takes a pride in breeding.

The fact that not many more sheep than are now on the runs can thrive there, shows how poor a great part of the land is; and no doubt it is to a large extent owing to the poverty of her soil that Western Australia owes her position as the Cinderella among the Australian colonies.

Shearing takes place in one of the largest of the outbuildings, which though a spacious and lofty granite building with a corrugated iron roof, is always known by the unpretentious name of "the shearing shed." Shearing sheds have on some of the show stations in Australia been elaborated till they have reached great perfection, but provided that the shed is so arranged that the required number of shearers can work comfortably, and find the sheep near their hands so that they are not obliged to waste their time over catching them, the rest is mainly a matter of appearance.

The shearers are paid by the number of sheep they shear, and a shearer who is up to the average in quickness can make from $3 to $4 a day.

The weather was hot enough during most of our visit to Walebing to prevent our feeling much inclined for severe exercise during the early part of the day. A stroll down to the shed to watch the shearing, and thence to the dairy and garden, was as much as we generally accomplished in the morning. In one respect this is far from being a typical Australian station, and that is in the presence about it of plenty of flowers, fruit, and vegetables. It is sad to relate it, but it is the fact, that on the greater number of Australian sheep stations such simple luxuries, or we might almost say necessaries, as these are looked upon as effeminate, and in every way superfluous. I heard not long ago of an immensely wealthy squatter,—so sheep farmers in Australia are called,—a man who is currently reported to be worth more than a million of pounds, who having purchased a station on which the late proprietor, a married man of taste, had spent much time and labor in making a good garden and orchard, inaugurated his reign by turning in the cattle among the flowers and vines. Of course there are a great many exceptions throughout Australia to the rule, and it is to be hoped that such acts of vandalism as that just described are rare. Indeed, it is mainly on stations belonging to self-made men, or to absentees who employ close-fisted managers and want to make the greatest possible profit on their investment, that things are as I say. But such are still, there can be but little doubt, the rule, and the civilized stations, of which Walebing is a good example, the exception.

In the afternoons we almost always had a good ride on horseback. Three or four horses, or more, if more were wished for, were always saddled about four o'clock, and then a merry party, gener-



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ally including at least two ladies, would start off for a ride in the cool of the afternoon. Sometimes our rides would fall in with the business of the station; as when a week's provisions, always known as "rations," had to be carried to a shepherd in charge of some outlying flock of sheep. In this case one of the cadets, or young Englishmen who were learning the business of sheep farming on the station, would accompany us, and carry the little sack containing the rations strapped to his saddle. At other times the proprietor wanted to visit and count some far-away flock. Then an earlier start had to be made, as some little time would be required for yarding the sheep and counting them before darkness came on. On such occasions we would settle down to a good long, steady canter, in and out between the trees, often not drawing rein for many miles.

The art of riding through the bush, where there are no trails,— or tracks, as they are called in Australia,—is one that settlers and their horses have brought to great perfection, but that requires a good deal of practice before it is acquired by the newcomer. An inexperienced rider, when furnished with a trained horse, is wise to let the horse have complete control, as he may be trusted to take care both of himself and his rider. But under such circumstances blind faith is required, and there must be no sudden resumption of the delegated authority. A difference of opinion as to the best side of a tree on which to pass, arising at a critical moment, generally ends disastrously both for biped and quadruped.

The life of a shepherd is about as lonely as that of any class of men in the world. With a flock of perhaps one thousand or more sheep in charge, many miles from the head station, he often for several months together sees nobody except a messenger who brings him his rations once a week. These consist of flour and tea and sugar, but the shepherd is generally provided with a gun to enable him to add a little fresh food to this very monotonous diet. Tea is the great drink of all classes in the Australian bush, and in many places the water is so bad that it is not at all desirable to drink it unless it be made into tea, or at any rate, boiled. A tin pannikin for this purpose, commonly known as a "billy," is about the most essential article in the equipment of every bushman.

Several of the shepherds employed on Walebing are natives. There is an old fellow, known as "Tommy Zigalong," who was a chief or great man in his tribe, and indeed still is so among the remnant of the tribe that is left. He is one of the few fat natives that are to be found outside of the Mission. He is particularly skillful with the gun, and often brings or sends in a wild turkey or a kangaroo, when he has been told that the larder needs replenishing.

The native shepherds generally have a wife or two to keep them company, and between them they take as good care of the flock as a white man would do. In the early days of the colony, and still in the less settled districts, a good deal of trouble is sometimes caused by native shepherds not having moral courage to prevent strange natives occasionally killing a sheep when they are hungry. But such a breach of trust is very rare indeed on Walebing. The natives know which side their bread is buttered too well to fall out with the settlers who employ them, and even when not employing them are very generous about feeding them.

Shepherding, as a system of sheep farming, is considered rather behind the times now in Australia; and "paddocking," or the use of large enclosures, is more approved. The owner of Walebing not very long ago ran a sheep-proof wire fence round a block of land seven miles square, subdividing this subsequently into four paddocks; and he finds the sheep thrive a good deal better in the paddocks, while of course the wages of a

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shepherd are saved. In this way the expense of the fencing is soon recouped, and when the lease of the land is up, or it is required by the government for any purpose, of course the leaseholder gets compensation for his improvements. This comparatively small experiment in the use of paddocks was so successful that gradually they will be much extended on this station. The drawback to the system is that the dingoes, or native dogs, which are some of the greatest foes that squatters have to contend against, can do more havoc among the sheep in paddocks than when a shepherd is taking care of them, and more than once our ride was devoted to the scattering of poisoned pieces of meat about the paddocks, with a view to the destruction of these mischievous creatures.

Our favorite ride when the work of the station did not lead us in any particular direction, was a gallop over the sand plains. These are a characteristic feature of Western Australia,— enormous tracts of infertile land, stretching away on all sides as far as the eye can reach, in a monotony unbroken even by a tree. Useless for any pastoral or agricultural purpose yet discovered, they are heartbreaking to the farmer, while they afford a feast of delight to the botanist or the lover of flowers. For these thousands of acres of alternate sand and gravel, though they do not support a single tree, are, in the spring and early summer, one mass of the brightest, the most beautiful, and the most varied bush flowers. They are covered with a growth from two to three feet high, commonly known as scrub. Many of the flowers grow upon the scrub, many on smaller herbaceous plants dispersed between and beneath the plants of scrub. As we rode, the most perfect blues, and reds, and yellows, with every intermediate shade, and every possible combination of colors, now in masses and now in isolated blossoms of rare beauty, carpeted the ground beneath our horses' feet.

While, however, I liken the scrub to a carpet spread upon the sand plains, I admit that it is a pile carpet that it resembles, and one with a singularly long and aggressive nap. Accordingly, for a gallop here, as among the trees, it is highly desirable to be provided with a horse accustomed to the work. The more so, as many small animals, burrowers of the marsupial kind, known by the native names of boodies and dalgeits, make the footing on the sand plains somewhat treacherous with their holes. But once the rider becomes accustomed to the gait, which is like a continuous series of little jumps, and learns to trust his horse to steer clear of unsafe ground, no more delightful ride can be found than a gallop over these sand plains. They are a good deal frequented both by emus and kangaroos, and a chase after one of the latter often formed an exhilarating episode in an afternoon's ride.

We did not take part in any organized kangaroo hunts during our visit, but these often take place, and afford excellent and exciting sport. A native is taken out, who with a skill for hunting that suggests supernatural gifts discovers the tracks of a kangaroo in places where absolutely nothing of the kind can be seen by the ordinary observer, and soon leads the party to where the "old man" or "boomer" is feeding. Away the quarry goes, propelled by his great muscular tail, in a series of enormous leaps; and on his track two or three dogs of a breed known as kangaroo hounds, half greyhound and half wolfhound; and after them the riders.

If he can be run down on the sand plain his doom is certain, but if he can get into the bush, where the trees are thick, and many fallen trunks or an extent of rocky ground will delay his pursuers, he may escape. His bounds are wonderful; no impediment can stop him. But the dogs and horses that are after him are nearly as well accustomed

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to the bush as he is, and can last longer. They are gaining on him now. His game is up. As he feels the hopelessness of his escape he suddenly stops and stands at bay, with his back against a tree. Now he is a most formidable foe for the hounds, which try to seize him by the throat. With the great nail with which his middle toe is furnished, he rips their bellies down, and they fall helpless by his side. But just as he seems in a fair way to demolish the last of these enemies, up ride the huntsmen, and his fine run and noble fight are ignominiously rewarded by the dashing out of his brains with a stirrup iron.

Another favorite form of sport in the West Australian bush is shooting wild turkeys, and this is always encouraged by the housekeeper, as these so-called turkeys, which are in reality a kind of bustard, are excellent eating. They and wild duck and pigeons are the best food the bush affords; but at certain times of the year, when parrots abound in very great numbers, they also are sacrificed to the requirements of the kitchen; and made into pies, they are very good.

So with riding, and shooting, and watching the sheep-shearing, and other such rustic pursuits, our holiday drew to a close, and we had to bid farewell to our kind friends and set out on our homeward way.

For the return journey from Walebing to Perth we adopted the same route we had come by, only making two changes of detail for the sake of variety. Instead of using our host's private carriage for the first twenty-two miles of our drive, we availed ourselves of the mail wagon; and instead of accepting the kindly-proffered hospitality of the worthy Scotchman whose house we had been so glad to reach on our former journey, we arranged to pass our first night on the road at the Benedictine mission above alluded to.

It was on a Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, that we made a start, and an uncommonly hot day it was. Fortunately, however, what little wind there was came from the south, so we met it, and it combined with our own forward movement to create a little draught under the canvas awning that sheltered us from the direct rays of the sun. Thus we were not constantly being caught up by and buried beneath our own dust, which is the only thing — unless mosquitoes — that makes driving really intolerable. Our Jehu, too, was a very pleasant fellow, and he did not allow the grass to grow under the feet of his three horses; so in spite of the heat we found our drive sufficiently pleasant.

About six miles from the start we passed the germ of a future township, in the form of a racecourse and public house. This is how towns often spring up in Australia. The community is devoted to horse-racing, and every district has its racecourse long before (thanks to the custom of there being a private store on all large sheep stations) the necessity for a town makes itself felt. Of course, before long some enterprising man is found to take up a selection of land in the proximity of the racecourse, and supplement the small profits of farming with the more certain returns derived from the sale of bad whisky at race times. For some years advance stops here perhaps, and then, as settlement in the surrounding district thickens, a blacksmith, attracted partly by the gathering of horses that takes place once or twice a year, and partly by the visits that take place all the year round to the public house, sets up his forge next door. After a while, if the situation is central, a little school is established, and so almost imperceptibly the racecourse develops into a village, and the village into a town, and the publican who had taken up his forty acres becomes a wealthy man, and divides his property into town lots, which he sells for as much a foot as the land had originally cost him by the acre.

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Such is the bright prospect that seems to be opening out before the proprietor of the small hostelry we passed in rather less than an hour after we had set out from Walebing. Thence to Glentromie, the station at which we had been so kindly received on our way up, the drive was uneventful; and after a short pause there, we went on the remaining four miles to the mission.

New Norcia, as this institution is called, forms quite a little town by itself, and is one of the most interesting places in the whole of Western Australia. Founded some forty years ago by the energetic and cultivated man who still controls its destinies, it seems to introduce into the prosaic and commonplace life of a new country an element of poetry and picturesqueness which is specially attractive amid such surroundings. As we sat that evening on the balcony, looking out over a wealth of vines and orange trees in the mission garden, and led our worthy host on to talk to us of the different orders of monks, in a voice which still retained a strong ring of his native Spanish, and heard the steady tramp of the fifty brothers returning from worship to their dormitories overhead, a feeling of rest and peace stole over the senses, quite unlike anything else that we experienced during the whole period of our stay in Australia. Probably association was in great part responsible for this state of mind, and it was to some extent a reproduction of the effect that the religious houses of Europe, with their histories of piety and their artistic decorations and surroundings, never fail to have on Saxons who visit them in the susceptible days of youth. But whatever the cause, the effect was there, and a soothing, restful effect it was to eyes and ears weary of the hideous structures of this new country.

It was our misfortune to visit the mission at a time when its founder was absent in Perth. We have since been fortunate enough to make his acquaintance, and he is a man well worth knowing. A Spaniard of the highest cultivation, and with every opportunity for a brilliant career in his own country, where his brother was a chaplain at the court of the late King, Bishop Salvado in early life elected to follow in the steps of the men who have contributed so much to the fame of their church by the splendid self-sacrifice with which they have carried Christianity among savage races. With his own hands he built the adobe cottage in which visitors to the monastery are still received, and by the power of his faith and of his good judgment he has raised the undertaking from a forlorn hope to a great and to some extent effective institution.

The little four-roomed, thatched cottage that is still the center round which the mission buildings are grouped is now nearly eclipsed by the stately granite edifices that overtop it, and it has to depend upon its history and upon the bright flowers in which it is embowered to prevent its looking contemptible among them. In one of these is the refectory, in which the five and fifty lay brothers and the five fathers take their scanty meals, and over this are dormitories. In another is a spacious hall in which guests of distinction may be received, and bedrooms for their use, and over these more dormitories for the brothers. Another is the chapel. Another fine building, a couple of hundred yards away, is a three-storied flour mill, entirely built of granite, in which the best machinery, all lately imported from England, worked by a powerful steam engine, grinds the wheat grown on the mission farm. Other buildings are stables, and in one of these is Eblis, the magnificent black thoroughbred, whose presence is doing much to raise the breed of horses in all the surrounding district. Not very far away is the dispensary, to which the settlers come from many miles around to profit by the advice and drugs adminis-

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tered by one of the fathers, who combines special efforts for the welfare of the bodies of his neighbors with the common work of all for the good of their souls. A veritable benefactor to the neighborhood is Father Coll, coming as he does without fee or reward at the call of those who need his help, and treating them with a skill and judgment that many a physician with unimpeachable diploma would not be capable of.

A number of small cottages stretch away south in something like a street; these are the quarters of the natives that have elected to take advantage of the opportunities afforded them by the mission. Some two hundred of them there are, and they are the fattest, happiest-looking two hundred natives to be found in all the three million square miles of Australia. All that is required of them is that they shall content themselves with one spouse apiece, do a very moderate amount of work, and behave with decency and order, and they are taken care of by the fathers and provided with food and clothes, and their children are taught to read and write. Besides this, much is done to make life pleasant for them. By dint of great patience and labor and indomitable energy a large band has been organized by one of the fathers, all the performers being natives of various ages, and this discourses inspiriting music for a couple of hours most evenings in a large barn, which has been devoted to the purposes of a music hall. The task of teaching these wild savages to read music was, as will readily be believed, no easy one, and every plan for making its interpretation simpler to them has been called into requisition. By numbering all the notes for the fingers, and other such contrivances, the members of the band have been taught to play with very tolerable correctness, and in individual cases with real taste. The time is the chief difficulty, but even this is fairly well observed. Great numbers of natives always gather in to hear the music, which is generally dance music; and impromptu dances often form part of the entertainment. There are over thirty performers in this band, both wind and string instruments being employed.

A cricket club is another form of diversion that has been organized at New Norcia, its founder and captain being the settler at whose station we had been staying, an old member of Rugby school in England. All the members of the eleven except the captain are black, and it is surprising to see what good cricketers they make. Every summer, or nearly every summer, the team comes down to Perth and plays the principal clubs in the colony, and it is victorious in most of its matches, while it never fails to do itself credit. The trained eye and quickness of hand of the natives naturally make them particularly skillful in the field.

The garden at the mission is a very large one, and a great variety of fruits is successfully raised in it. These are reserved entirely for the use of the brotherhood, nothing except wool being produced for sale. A considerable quantity of wine, including some of really excellent quality, is made every year, and the cellars under one of the large granite buildings are well worth a visit. Indeed, on entering them their extent and the number of casks they contain is so great that one is reminded of the stories of the good cheer which monks in European monasteries have often had the reputation of appreciating somewhat too fully. In point of fact, however, the living at New Norcia is far from sumptuous, except for visitors, and these do fare most abundantly.

On the occasion of our visit the prior entertained us in the absence of the bishop, and a most kind and considerate host we found him. Hospitality to strangers is one of the rules of the Benedictine order, and it is one that is certainly scrupulously observed at New

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Norcia, in the spirit as well as in the letter. Three of us used to sit down to table together, our host and our two selves, and the board would literally groan under the weight of the dishes that were set upon it. Indeed, if it were possible to criticize the hospitality of the mission I should be inclined to say that it was lavish to a fault. After a liberal helping of soup of a most sustaining sort, a huge dish would be brought in containing, perhaps, a leg of mutton or a leg of pork, surrounded by a circle of hard-boiled eggs and baked potatoes. Several dishes of vegetables accompanied this. The second course was, apparently always, a large flat sponge cake, perhaps eighteen inches square and two or three inches thick, flavored in one of several ways. After this came sweet burnt almonds, and a variety of other kinds of candy made on the premises, and excellently made too. The olives, which were an invariable accompaniment of the dinner, were especially welcome, as in the great heat of the day it was difficult to get up such an appetite as would allow of any justice being done to the good things set before us. Our attendant was one of the brothers, who was always delightfully cheery, and most ingenious in finding little ways of pleasing his guests ; and the hospitality of the prior was by no means confined to seeing that we had everything we could want, for he was always ready to put himself at our disposal, and entertain us with his conversation, or walk with us over the garden and grounds of the mission.

It was astonishing how little the want of womankind about the place made itself felt. We had hesitated about stopping at a monastery when first we had planned our journey, because we thought it was not possible that in a place occupied exclusively by men a child would not be rather in the way. But it was not so, or if it was we certainly were not allowed to feel it. So well are the demands of true hospitality understood.

In a pond at the bottom of the garden were three or four fine specimens of the black swans that used to be so abundant in the colony, and indeed are answerable for its original name of "The Swan River Settlement." Their beaks are a bright red, and they are particularly handsome birds, with all the dignity and pride of their familiar blonde cousins. It is curious that swans and men should both be black in Australia and white in Europe. If I remember right Horace speaks of a black swan as an absurdity, or practical contradiction in terms.

The main product of the mission, and as I have said, the only one that is sold, is wool. A large number of bales of this useful commodity are sent to England every year, and in this way New Norcia does its best to render itself independent of outside help.

We had written to order the wagon that we had used when coming north, to meet us at the mission the evening of the day we arrived there, so that we might start away the following morning, and only trespass for one night on the hospitality of the excellent fathers.

Owing to some misunderstanding there was a delay about sending off the wagon, and it did not arrive till the following evening. Thus we had two nights and the best part of two days to spend at New Norcia, and we found the time none too long. All things, however, must come to an end, and on Thursday morning we bade farewell to our kind hosts.

The rest of our journey was uneventful, and we found ourselves back in Perth just seven weeks after the day on which we left it.

*Francis P. Lefroy.*

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## CAMP AND TRAVEL IN TEXAS. IV.

THE farther on I got, the farther I wanted to go, and every horseman I saw looked like the detested one I feared I should meet. Even a woman, who toward night rode up behind me on a horse just the color of his, I thought must be himself in disguise, until she came near enough for me to see better. I camped near Calvert at dusk, having made a good day's drive. My spirits were a trifle brighter at ten next morning, as I was putting a new harness upon my mules, preparatory to going on. My animals looked fine in their new gear, and so absorbed was I in admiring them, that I heard nothing approach until some one said:

"Good morning, Mrs. Phelps,— you are going to travel in style, are you?"

I looked around, and there was D——, and his hair and beard were dyed, and his horse's tail bobbed.

"You promised me, sir, that you would never trouble me again," I said angrily; and I felt uncommonly bitter, as I knew now that the laborer had really seen him, and I believed that he knew where the missing mules were, and was the one who had plotted their disappearance, to separate me from my one friend thereby.

"Now, Mrs. Phelps," said he with a smile, "I hope that I have not yet broken my promise. I am not troubling you; and you would n't have me go by without speaking, would you?"

"Leave my camp, and never speak to me again!" I returned.

"All right, if that will please you;" and he rode away into the town.

The next few days I drove through a lonely country, managing, however, to have a ranch to camp by at night; and finally I reached Burton, to which the track was laid on the then building Texas Central,— a branch from the road I had left. My object was to wait there until I could find Mrs. Baker by enquiring for her through the mails; but my meeting with D—— had made me uneasy, and as I could get no work for my team at the camps, which were being managed with remarkable economy, the laborers being mostly State convicts brought there for the purpose from Austin, I concluded to go on to San Antonio.

There was one thing, however, in the way of my immediate going. I had carried with me my order on the paymaster for work done by my team on Steel Creek, thinking I should get work for them and intercept him as he came up the branch road; and so, as I could not wait for his coming, I was compelled to go to the company's office at Houston. I left my team with a family at Burton, expecting to be back in two days, and I went to Brenham on a flat car, where I took first-class passage, that being the terminus of the road, excepting that flat cars were being run up to Burton for supplies; and when I presented my order at the company's office the next day the clerks refused to cash it until they could get advice from the paymaster in person. He had just gone up the road to pay off the camps on Steel Creek. I was thus delayed five days, and I was surely the most unhappy woman in Texas all that time. Not only was I grieving about my seemingly hopeless separation from my friend, and worried about the safety of my team, but I had lived so long outdoors that, though I had a fine room at my hotel, the solid walls and ceiling oppressed me terribly. I seemed entombed and suffocating. The ceiling seemed to press down on me like the lid of my coffin, and the two windows gave unsatisfactory light. The landlord

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had moved a lodger to another room, that I might have the best; but there were four walls in that, too, and a ceiling, instead of the naked heaven or a thin canvas; and as he had not also moved the man's dog from under my bed, the fellow got to snoring in the night, and so wretched and frightened was I that I ran into the hallway shrieking for help, and bringing the guests and all to my rescue in a ghostly troop.

It was over at last, and I was on my way home, pitying all who had to live in a hotel, or a house of any kind, eat food not cooked over a camp-fire, or sleep on a spring mattress in momentary fear that a hole was opening in the unstable earth to swallow them. My train ran into Brenham at 10 p.m., where I took the waiting coach, and was immediately on my way to Burton. It was after twelve when I arrived, and to my dismay my mules and wagon were not where I had left them. Arousing the man I had given them to for safe keeping, I was told that the team was all right, as he had given it to my uncle, who was camped for better grass a half-mile out, and to the left of the road, and had come to meet me every morning, as he expected me on the flat-car train, which came at ten.

"If some man had left a team in your charge," I said to the half-clad man who stood in the doorway, "and you had promised faithfully to take good care of it, would you have given it to me, a total stranger to you, on my bare claim to being the man's aunt?"

"Of course not," he replied, astonished that I should be displeased; "that would be different. You are a woman, — or a girl, as he told me himself, an' only sixteen; while he is a man, you see, an' in his forties; an' he 's told me all about you, ever since you was a baby, an' watched it, too, better 'n I could, since you 've been gone a hull week. He 's a mighty good feller, too, so he is."

Some one wanted me to go to the little apology for a hotel, but I could not. My mind was in a whirr, and my indignant spirit was almost desperate. It was not yet one, and I knew that I could not hope to find my camp in the dark wood, but I could spend the night trying, and I did. I was so anxious to see my pets and caress their necks, and to be in my camp, my home, and with my *all*, that I could not wait until daybreak. I entered the wood, and I was too angry and too much grieved to cry. I found readily the place but a little way out where I had my first camp. There were the cold ashes left from my camp-fire, and I could see, too, by the moonlight, the prints of my mules' shoes, where they had stood, stamping uneasily while tied over night to the wheels. With sight of these tracks, my anxiety grew more intense than ever, if possible, and I pressed on to continue my search, wading by the hour through the dewy grass, among the vines and bushes, and all around the silent trees that grew in groups.

Suddenly I saw something white, and I hurried on thinking that I saw the wagon canvas through a rift in the woods. Then I came to a sudden halt, and a chill ran over me, as the white object took on slenderness and height. I thought, too, that it was slowly gliding toward me. I had no desire to aggravate its attack upon me, nor would I retreat; so I stood still gazing on it, and sometimes it seemed nearer to me, and again in its original place. I then studied it from a few yards to the right, and a little way to the left, and concluding that it was a barked tree trunk, I approached it and made sure that it was nothing worse.

Going on, I soon came to the creek, and followed it, thinking the camp must be close beside it, above or below. I was thirsty and stopped for a drink. On the wall of the northern heaven hung a dipper, but as that was useless to me, I resorted to the common practice among travelers by team, knelt down, and made a drinking vessel of my two palms. I

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then followed the bank up the stream, and down again as far as the road, peering in between the trees on either side, but saw nothing I was looking for, and heard only an occasional cry from a nightbird. My skirts were wet from the dew, and being too tired to go farther, I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree to rest, and listen for the bray of a mule, or any sound that would indicate the location of my camp. I heard a watch-dog barking, but as the sound came from the opposite side of the road from that on which I had been told to look for my camp, I feared I should gain nothing by risking a battle with him in going there for advice.

It was a terrible night in the early spring when I sat on the bank of the Rio Grande, watching the wreck of Mrs. Baker's wagon as it stood in the quicksands of the river; but the present night, as I sat there thinking over all that had happened since, by far eclipsed it in the wretchedness of my mind, though, instead of the hurricane that blew in the past, I was out in an ideal summer's night. I had lost my one friend, and that was a constant sorrow to me, while it also left me more defenseless against a persistent enemy, whose increasing boldness dismayed me.

I sat thinking and thinking, and I hailed the first streak of dawn as I had never hailed it before. I then again went over the ground I had gone over in the darkness, away down the creek, where I crossed over, and searched the wood that skirted it on the other side. I got back to the road by sunrise, and by a touch of good fortune, I met a colored man.

"O lor', missus," said he, in reply to my inquiry, as he pointed in the direction from which came the sound of the watch-dog, "You jes' strike for dat ar big oak yonder, an' dar 't is, right close, you see. Dat gemman 's ben trottin' inter town every mornin', spectin' de missus on de freight keers, an' a wonderin' why she did n't neber come."

I thanked the man, and went on a couple of hundred yards to the right of the road, and rounding a thicket, I stood upon the edge of a little clearing, and I was home again. My wagon stood under the giant oak, and Jack and Johnny and three horses were grazing, while D—— was at my camp-fire frying a beefsteak for his breakfast.

He had close neighbors. Just back of my own stood another covered wagon, and there was a dapper little German holding fast to the handle of a frying pan, while he walked slowly around and around his camp fire, trying to get away from the smoke, which followed him,—his fat wife watching him intently, as she stood back with her arms akimbo and a broad smile on her face. A bow-legged little dog sitting on his haunches discovered me in silent contemplation of the picture, and advanced, barking furiously at me. The woman turned and called him off.

D—— looked at me, and uttered a surprised "Well, well!" smiling his best, and my pets came with low whinnies to meet me. At sight of them my feelings overcame me, and while caressing their necks I broke into a fit of crying. D—— wanted to know what was the matter, and so did the German couple and their dog, and all came to me in line, to know, and ask a dozen other questions I was unprepared to answer.

"What business have you in my camp?" I asked angrily, addressing myself to D——, when calm enough to speak coherently; and the strange couple looked at each other and at him in silent wonder.

"Now, Mrs. Phelps," he replied, "you are not angry, I hope. I was passing, and finding your team in the hands of a stranger, I thought I would take care of it for you. There is no grass in Burton, and you had directed the man not to let the mules go out of his sight. I brought them away, and I have moved camp once since for better grass, and just see for

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yourself how sleek their sides are. I 've curried them daily, thinking it would please you, and then this is how you treat me! Of course I have no further business here since you are back, and so I'll take my horse and go."

"Go!" I said vehemently, "go, and never speak to me again."

My German neighbors had come from somewhere near St. Louis, a little way at a time, doing odd jobs of work with the team wherever they could get them to do, looking meanwhile for a home and occupation favorable to their economic tastes and conditions. They were both blondes, and had been married but a year, and the wife was nine years older than the husband, who was twenty-five. They talked brokenly, so much so that I had trouble sometimes in understanding them; especially did the wife shuffle the two languages in a shocking manner. But luckily they were kind-natured, and so, though they no doubt thought it strange that I should come so suddenly, and drive out the one who alone had had possession of the camp the four days they were with him, and who had spoken so well of me to them, they yet had the purity of soul that forbids prying into such matters as principle does not demand should be investigated; so they said little about it, and I was much pleased that they took no less ready a liking to me than they had to him.

As the wife always called the husband Hans, I, with their permission, called them Mr. and Mrs. Hans, for their real name was too difficult either to remember or pronounce. Hans boasted a beard, and the lower half of his face did look a little downy. His face was flat and broad, having a sufficiency of surface for a capacious mouth full of sound teeth without seeming disproportion. His body was long, slab-formed, but yet sinewy, as were also his short and ill-shapen legs. His arms and hands had more proportionate length, and in them lay his strength. He could dash around, doing much, while he accomplished but little; unlike his wife, who was a business woman. She had no time to squander on trying to decipher the English language. She could make Hans understand in the German, or even without it, what she wanted done, and that was enough. Every movement of this stout woman was the accomplishment of some important act. If she passed her hand into the wagon for a hundred-pound sack of flour, it came out as nimbly as I would drag out a five-pound sack of salt; and if Kaiser was wiping out the skillet with his tongue, Mrs. Hans would reach out for that dog like a long-armed ape after a cocoanut, and she never missed her calculation on the distance.

I learned these peculiarities about my neighbors on short acquaintance, but the store of instances accumulated in my memory while the months passed, as I was so fortunate as to continue their daily association. My joy at finding them in camp with me, and free to drift wherever there was work, somewhat soothed me, and gave me a feeling of comparative safety; yet the tears started to my eyes daily when I thought of how I had become separated from Mrs. Baker, as I knew they would for a good while yet to come.

The Germans were on their way to San Antonio, and as we could do talking enough in the one whole day after my arrival from Houston to become agreed on joining company as friends, we drove out the next morning. Hans stormed D—— with business questions, and when D—— showed signs of fatigue, Hans came to make a raid on my store of western knowledge. I could scarcely afford to give him an unfavorable report, as I felt that where they went, there I, too, must go; and I wanted to go west,—far, far west; yet I replied to him without extravagant coloring. In the afternoon again, for two long hours, I could hear Hans, as he hung his upper half out to

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the right of his wagon, asking questions in a shrill key, while D——, as he rode beside the team, modulated his voice for a siege, until he finally rode on ahead to prevent his horse from stumbling through tangling brush. Then Hans gave the reins to his wife and leaped out to walk and have another talk with me. By my invitation he took a seat beside me, and for an hour I replied as best I could to his questions; and such was the daily program while on the move.

Under different circumstances Hans might have proved a tiresome associate, but as the case stood he could not be that. When I looked at and talked with the queer little man, my feelings ran more to humor than to irritability, and I had no desire to be rid of his incessant gabble. Seated beside me, he began thus on the second day:—

"Vas der many beebles and deams 'boud dis Sandonio ven you gum dat vay?"

"The city was well populated, and the teams were probably sufficient for the demands," I replied.

"Vell; den I vonder if von zoap factory voot not bay goot?"

"I don't remember what was the price of or demand for soap."

"Dot vas de ding,— I vill haf a zoap factory in Sandonio," and out of my wagon he leaped, to go and consult his wife; but in a half-hour he was back, and wanted to know if he could rent reasonably a suitable house for such a business, and if he could get grease,—what quality and price, etc.; and he wondered if they had iron kettles and plenty of wood there, and if it would be policy to peddle the soap among the families, or wholesale it to the merchants; and to every one of these questions I could only reply that I was ignorant, as I had merely gone to do some shopping in the town, and as for anything in the soap line, I knew nothing more than he did of its resources or its trade.

He at last dropped the subject, as I succeeded in getting him interested in the story of the Texans at the Alamo. As I was telling it, he found less difficult questions for me to answer, and he began to think that I was there and must have seen it all. I wound up the tale with the general slaughter within the fort, and he declared then that "Sandonio" was too near the Old Mexico line for comfort; perhaps he would go northwest to some of the forts. I could afford to smile on hearing that, as I wanted to get back into the wilderness. I proposed going to Fort Concho, and both were agreed.

We rested one day at San Antonio, and there laid in a good supply of provisions. Hans had been told that he could no doubt get work for his team at Concho, as a little settlement was building there, though more to trade with the garrison than to make use of the surrounding land, which was fairly good, and not far out from civilization.

D—— had not yet spoken to me since the morning of my arrival from Houston, and he left us when in sight of the city, saying that he was going no farther. But when on the second day we were five miles out on our two hundred mile trip he overtook us, saying to Hans that he might enlist as a common soldier at the Fort if he found nothing there more to his taste. He rode along beside my team near a half-hour, casting me an occasional glance, while I studied the country in the opposite direction. He then rode on ahead in silence, much to my relief.

The country we were passing through was neither hilly nor flat, neither woodsy nor wanting in wood, nor had it any of the attractions we had in the spring so enjoyed on the Fort Clark road, and along Devil's River. There were low unevennesses over the country, and some trees, but most of the wood was mesquite, and the lower growth was weeds, brambles, and foot-tangling vines and brush, with here and there patches of

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grass. We had had some heavy rains, and so the creeks we crossed were much swollen; and when we reached the Guadalupe River, our crossing it seemed a risky undertaking. I urged Hans to wait a few days for the water to lower, and he was willing, but before the first day had expired, D——, who urged Hans hourly to try, saying that he would precede the teams, and help as best he could, had persuaded him to make the trial. Hans seemed wholly ignorant of D——'s scheme, and that he cared little whether or not they lost their team and their lives. He knew that if they crossed the river away in that unsettled country, I too must cross it, and that would scarcely be possible without my speaking to him, and even yielding so far as to accept his assistance. The stream was not swift, but deep. The German's team was finally over, though the horses came near losing their footing. There was no choice for me then: D—— came over to help me across, and I entered upon what seemed to me almost certain death, as my mules were shorter limbed than were Hans's horses, who came so near being swamped. Reaching the greatest depth, the wagon box threatened to float off its fastenings, and the water went over my pets' backs, but they struggled bravely, and kept their footing. When I was safely over, I felt that I had never experienced a narrower escape from complete destruction.

We had found a few settlers along the road, and there were some people settled for agricultural purposes on the headwaters of Pedernales River, the soil being more sandy and quite unlike that of the country to the south. We caught sight of grain-stubble, and at Fredericksburgh I bought some fresh home-grown flour, by paying a high price for it. We jogged on, making short drives and having our rather monotonous daily chats, until we reached our destination, where the landscape took on again a change of feature, and though we camped under the majestic pecans, I yet felt and enjoyed the welcome breezes sweeping in from the deserts lying to the north.

We traveled in a leisurely fashion, and so, after crossing the Guadalupe River, we rested two days, that Hans might mend a serious break in his harness, and his wife and I might drag out from our wagons and dry our water-soaked goods. We were on the banks of a smaller stream, and surrounded by an immense herd of cattle, that being a favorite vicinity with cattle-drovers, and a starting point from which thousands upon thousands of head of full-bloods and half-breed stock had been sent to market.

Since 1866 the cattle trade between Texas and the North had been on a steady increase, and some heavy dealers had from this point, as often as practicable, started their herds away across the staked plains to Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos River, and on up that stream to different points, from which they branched out for the tributaries to, and the main bodies of, the Canadian and Arkansas Rivers, and on, on, into Colorado.

The great swarm of cattle presented a strange and painful sight to me, as perched on my driving-box I watched the herders in their work, preparatory to the beginning of another such trip. Not a single head of stock was there but a few days before our arrival. Then first came on a herd of 1500 half-breed four-year-old steers, shapely, sleek, and graceful young fellows, in semi-wild spirits. The herd was then swelled daily by additions from different quarters, and on our coming the number had risen to upward of five thousand head.

A gentlemanly little fellow, one of the cow-boys connected with the herding party, well-spurred, buck-skinned, and sombreroed, came to make us a call. Hans wanted to know of him how a soap factory would pay away up in Denver; but as the stranger knew and cared less

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about soap than he did about cattle, and found me willing to let him talk his own shop, he turned his attention wholly to me, and I listened to him for hours on the *modus operandi* of handling the animals, which he illustrated with interesting snatches from his past relations with them.

The herders' camp consisted of a covered wagon,—an unwieldy thing, but strong enough to uproot a good-sized tree, if brought rapidly against it. The men occupied a sixteen by eighteen wall tent as sleeping quarters when making a stoppage of more than one night in a place, and they might even hoist it for a single night if the horizon indicated a shower.

All the herders were mounted when on duty, as the Texas cattle would either fight a footman or run from him, and those of the twenty-six men at the "cow camp" who did day duty were seen about an hour before sunset, riding on a lively gallop on their tough little ponies, away off up the little valleys, and in all directions over the low hills; and soon came a shrill whoop, somewhat deadened by the distance. Then came a prolonged whoop from a hilltop still farther away, and whoop after whoop came in rapid succession from the country all around,—some of the shouters unheard by us and miles away, where they traced fresh tracks of the brutes, well filled yet uneasy on the strange ground. The cattle knew the sounds, and here and there threw up their heads, and looked about them to be sure that they meant "to bed." Here one, feeling playful, bantered a comrade for a rattling of the horns, while another soberly turned his face to the corral grounds, near the camp wagon; and all soon gathered to a common center, without the aid of the whips and curses that are sometimes so profusely used at the corralling hour. As darkness closed in, however, the herders were anxious to get the cattle into a body as compact as possible; and as the noisy crew came closer there was a wild running of horses and rattling of spurs, while "the rip-snorting use made of the king's English" by the excited cowboys would have convinced the most ignorant Comanche that there were Christians present.

Finally the cattle were in shape, rounded up for the night, and delivered over to the boss night herder and his helpers. Those that had slept there before searched around until they had scented out their spot, and there they lay down, and seldom rose, except to stretch their limbs and take a different posture in the same bed. The cattle that were most restless and anxious to get back to their old pasture grounds, or were tricky, were found on the outskirts of the night round-up, and it seemed that they had slept by daylight, for they kept night watch for a chance to slip away. The little cowboy, who called on me for another talk on the second day, was himself one of the night herders, and he said that in the herd was a steer who moved around without thought of lying down, trying every twenty minutes to go outside the prescribed limit, to reach a bunch of grass he would not have touched in daylight.

Among herds of these cattle, whether large or small, were always leaders. One or two of the animals were in advance of the band, and more or less forcibly controlled it even when widely scattered among the hills at their grazing, while their power was complete when the animals were rounded up or out on the march. At night time, if a storm drove them to a standing posture, the herders must guard well the leaders, for if one of them succeeded in edging himself across the limit, in two minutes' time fifty or a hundred heads would be up, and their owners, posted on the bearing, would slyly try to edge out after him, seemingly in search of grass only. Hence the night herding was not, he said, the easy task I had supposed it was. On

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dark nights the work of watching was especially difficult, and with the best of care some would slip away. Though they might stop and graze in the immediate vicinity, awaiting their fellows, the chances were against such luck, and once away they were apt to travel until daybreak.

The cattle were given their own way at dawn, and when the night herders had left their posts to awaken the cooks, the herd was soon upon its feet, and after a stretch, the cattle struck out for their breakfast in all directions. As a rule they walked fast, and with a far-away look perhaps two, or even three miles, before beginning to feed. By that time the sun was well up, the dew off, and their appetites sharpened.

By eight o'clock the day herders had breakfasted and were in the saddle, ready to scatter out no less promiscuously than did their cattle before them. They were ready then for a chat with D——, or any stranger that might come in their way, while yet they kept an eye on the movements of the portion of the herd under their personal charge. If some of the cattle looked southward, or showed more cautious signs of a desire to take the back track, they were headed off and hustled a mile or more toward camp, and there left to their own meditations on the meaning of the act.

Our first night by the herd we were awakened by an electric storm, and when the thunder had died away after an especially sharp flash of lightning, we heard the rumble of nearly twenty thousand hoofs flying into the hills to the north. Telling me about it on his first call, the little cowboy said that the thunderbolt struck close to the herd, and in a twinkling the cattle were dashing away with all possible speed. That stampede presented a picture I shall never forget, as I witnessed it in the succeeding flashes of lightning on that night of pitchy darkness.

"O, Mrs. Hans," I said excitedly, as the tears streamed from my eyes, "would that Mrs. Baker might see it, and be for ever cured of her cattle-drover scheme. I could hang the man that owns the poor terror-stricken creatures."

"Dot vas awful,— boor dings! boor dings!" replied Hans, while his wife cried, "Och! och! Gott in himmel!"

The cowboy said that such stampedes were not of rare occurrence even with such large herds, and usually they resulted disastrously, as the cattle pitched over rocks, trees, brinks, or anything else in their way, and trampled to death those that fell; then, too, they got scattered after a run of twenty to thirty miles, and were found only in small bands.

On this occasion the stampede was anticipated, and the day herders and all were ready to leap into their saddles and follow the flying cattle, to keep them as closely as possible together, and urge on with loud yells those in the rear, while the best mounted among the men were endeavoring to turn the course of the leaders, for the Texas cattle ran like sheep, and were not to be halted while they could see a steer in advance. The best riders did not head off the leading cattle on that terrible night until they were nearly twelve miles from camp, and then it took the most dare-devil riding through brushy ravines, stony creeks and timber, over hills, and generally dangerous ground, with a lively swinging of blankets in the gray dawn of day, to turn the course of the racers that were yet on a full gallop, with their tongues out and tails erect.

Just before sunrise on the third morning, the cow camp wagon pulled out on the road, and the herd, at the time when it is usually given its will, was checked in its attempt to go out grazing by the cowboys, who were riding around and around them, trying to get them started out on their long march. Finally one was made to start out after the wagon, and others followed, passing between two

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of the men, one on each side of the road, who counted them as they ran through the temporary gateway. When they ran past the tally men too fast, the men closed in to make the gateway narrower, while others drove the cattle in gently, four abreast. In this way the counting was not far from correct, as the cowboys on the sides allowed none to escape the tally point.

So far all went well, but there was another sensation on reaching the crossing of the stream. The steers would not take to the water, and after repeated attempts to stampede to the hills, they got to "ginning," as the cowboys called it,—running around in concentric circles; and at every revolution they became more crowded, until some of those in the center of the great mass were crushed and trampled to death. The thousands of massed horns seemed to rattle like dry tamaracks in a gale, and the bellowing of the poor bewildered brutes, mingled with the yells and curses of the cowboys, created a pandemonium such as I never care to witness again.

This was one of the many painful pictures resulting from the rapacious spirit that so-called civilization begets and pays homage to; but the herders were used to the kind, and when the circling swarm was by their maneuvers crowded close upon the brink, over went a dozen or more, and the spell was broken. The herd gradually followed, and like so many frightened geese they crossed to the west bank in a long train.

These introductions to cattle life and cattle management were no less painful to me than they were new and interesting, and the cruelty inseparable from the cattle trade left a permanent impression upon my mind.

The application of the red-hot iron to the poor animals' flesh I had neither the desire nor the opportunity to witness, but my cowboy visitor had told me about it. He said that they merely ran the cattle through a chute, and applied the iron as the steers passed through it, burning the hair only. This they called the road-brand, and this served as a mark only until a new coat was grown in the coming spring, and so was almost a painless affair, unlike the deep-set ownership brands.

The little cowboy had been gentle and polite in his talks with me, but when I saw him last, on that morning of his departure, he galloped in fantastic figures, rattling his spurs in accompaniment to his blood-curdling yells and whoops, and acting generally like a fiend incarnate. I was glad that they were gone. My two days' association with the cow camp had seriously taxed my nerves, and I welcomed the dropping of the curtain on the scene, though I could not for some days quit thinking and troubling over it.

We found Fort Concho located in the V-shaped point at the intersection of the North Concho and the Middle Concho rivers, and the site seemed a fortunate one for a military post. Almost upon the edge of the staked plains, and upon the very dividing line between the powerful and murderous Comanche tribes and the adventurous stock-raisers of Texas, the military force there was of importance to supply the whites with aid, and inspire the Indians with fear of retribution for depredations.

The troops at this post were white, and for several years it had been found necessary to keep there a large force, which was under good discipline, and ready accoutred for any emergency, as the hostile bands came into the Concho valley at unexpected times to pick up stock lost from the drovers' herds, hunt buffalo and other game, or steal the stock or goods of travelers, and add the owners' scalps to their former trophies. There I witnessed more display in the drilling of both the cavalry and infantry than at any of the posts we had camped beside in the winter and spring. The bugle calls and the martial music were of regular occurrence, and seemed to my

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ear more engaging than they were in the past, though it may be that they had more power to charm because of my loneliness; and as we were camped but a half mile below the fort, under the tall pecans on the bank of the main Concho River, we were within easy hearing distance of the daily parades, and in still weather we heard also the drills.

We were disappointed. A half dozen little huts on the bank of the North Concho, and a couple of huts on the Middle Concho, on the banks opposite the fort, constituted the "citizen settlement." However, Hans did pick up a few poorly paying jobs of work with his team, with now and then a day's work with his hands, while we lay in waiting for company with which to move on northwestward. Hans and his wife, unknown to themselves, had the "ramble fever," and that fact gave me much joy and comfort; for like almost all who have it, they knew not where they were going, and that gave me a chance to go with them. D—— called on us once a day, saying repeatedly that he would go no farther; and though I knew he was untruthful, I yet hoped enough that he might keep his word to be anxious to move on.

We had been in camp a whole month when this hope was suddenly shattered. A couple of men had come in from the west, and one of these, he found, was an old-time friend, so their meeting called for a rejoicing over a flask of brandy at the sutler's store, as I judged, when the three called on us in a visibly tipsy state. The call was but ten minutes long, yet long enough for D—— to expose to me, in slight arrogance of word and manner, that he intended to pursue me as faithfully as my shadow, and as they went away together, his friend picked up and carried with him one of my stake-ropes, saying that he needed it to tie around a canvas; and the trio replied to my protest with a sneering indifference. D—— returned alone toward evening, while the Germans were fishing, winding up his excuses for his morning's conduct by saying: "Now, if you were my wife, Mrs. Phelps, nothing would induce me to touch anything intoxicating."

"Never speak to me again, on that or any other subject," I replied.

"So, so," he said coolly, "then I'll take *my* mules and leave you," and as he spoke he mounted his horse and drove my mules away before him.

Had I been elsewhere at the time, I should have opened fire on him. As it was, I let him go without a protest, knowing that he could not escape with them, and that a war with guns could but involve me in perhaps needless difficulties. As I saw him disappear over the rise on the opposite side of the Concho, I ran down the bank a little way to tell Hans and his wife what had happened. They had caught a large catfish, and as I approached Mrs. Hans cast out a large eel at the end of her line.

"Dot vas strange," said Hans in reply to me, and his wife repeated the words, as they looked at me in surprise. "Dot man dell me all de dime dot he vas your ungle, and dot dose mooles vas his own, but he don't act lige dot ven he geep vay from you all de dime; und he dalk nice 'boud you, und he vas nice, I dot, until today ven he vas droonk."

"I am going to the fort," I cried, as I hastened away.

Luckily I met a soldier, who helped me across the North Concho on the large bowlders placed in line as a foot-crossing, and I soon had an audience with the commanding officer and the post adjutant. They listened to me kindly, and put faith in my explanation of how I came to be without a bill of sale to prove my ownership of my team,—by having bought it from Mrs. Baker, my bosom friend, from whom I could have gotten the needed paper, had I known we should be separated and my ownership disputed. I was told that the two men who were with him in the morning had been found



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in possession of a large tarpaulin, stolen the preceding night from the lime-kiln, and that soldiers would be sent immediately to bring me back my mules, and place D—— in the guardhouse to keep his two friends company, and await a hearing of his case on the morrow.

Two hours after my return home, three soldiers arrived with my animals, saying that they found them at the huts on the opposite side of the fort, and that D—— assured them on the way to the fort that he had no thought of leaving the country without taking his wagon and niece with him.

D—— took his confinement philosophically, and brought his wits to bear upon his judges at the examination of his case. He proved by the Germans that they found him in possession of the team at Burton, and that they had been camped with him four days before they even saw me; yet he could not deny that he had been generous enough, as I desired it, to allow me sole possession of it from that time up to date. My story that he had followed me the preceding spring from El Paso to Limestone County, over one thousand miles, he denied; yet said that if it were true, the story should be taken as a proof of his being my uncle and guardian, while anyone, he thought, could see for himself that I was yet under age.

The case was then taken under consideration; and on being ordered back to the guardhouse, D——, with visible anxiety, asked that his mules might be placed in the government herd, as his horse had been. He would thus hold me, too, under arrest until he could gain his own release, and be free to follow me. But the commander refused the request, as I desired their possession. Yet I understood that the officers were perplexed over our two conflicting stories, both equally unusual and apparently unreasonable.

"I am not a child!" I said to the adjutant, as he followed me to the door on my going. "If you have a soldier here from either of the forts, Quitman, Davis, or Stockton, I will prove by him that I crossed the country last spring in personal possession of the team; and if you have a soldier from my country, Denmark, I will prove by my familiarity with his language, his country, and its history, that I am not a Pennsylvanian, as my so-called uncle says he is."

"Very strange!" he returned, "very strange! Uncommon stories, and uncommon business for military engagement."

"But not inappropriate for military engagement; for if you would protect me, a lone traveler, from a red savage, why not also protect me from a white one?"

"Certainly, little golden bird, you shall suffer no offense from him while you are here; but — ahem — you will be twenty by-and-by,— *by-and-by.*"

D——'s lie, I understood at once, had won the case, and my truth had lost it. Small in feature and body, my appearance belied me to those who met me as a stranger. My mind was full of bitter thoughts, as I returned with Hans and his wife to our camp, and the bitterest of all was the thought that there, as at the railroad company's office at Houston, I was taken for an impostor simply because of my youth.

"I will prove to the adjutant within twenty-four hours, let it cost what it may, that if I am not twenty I yet dare do what no other woman of that age in his whole wide State dares do," I said within myself, as we neared the crossing of the river; and my feelings were at the height of desperation, under a calm appearance.

The German couple liked and were kind to me, yet I felt myself alone and friendless, in combat not only with one man, but also with the many who, no doubt, believed that they were defending me, though they were trying to take four years from my age, and thereby class me

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with irresponsibles, and crowd upon me my deadliest enemy in the disguise of an uncle.

I talked with two of the lieutenants at my camp later in the day, and one of them said to me, in reply to my questions, that as D—— had not, either, a bill of sale by which to prove his alleged ownership of the team, and as it was an uncommon thing for a lone young woman to be in a desert country, or anywhere else, in possession of such property, and as D—— professed to be my uncle, and had no intent of deserting with the mules, and as I was not yet of age, he would of course be released in a day or two.

These officers meant me no wrong, yet they tortured me almost beyond endurance, while I was compelled to reply to them in civil speech and manner. D—— was my uncle in spite of myself, and even the Germans half believed it; though I had come on with them from San Antonio, while we knew nothing of his coming until he overtook us on the second day out. I believed him guilty of spiriting away the giant mules, Belle and Lady, and separating me from the protection of Mrs. Baker, my friend; yet there he was, a self-constituted guardian and uncle, with the half-persuaded military officers threatening to back him in his villainy. Rather than suffer more of it, I would risk my chance alone over the Comanches' stamping ground, and make an effort, at least, to reach Fort Stockton, where I should be safe.

As a spur to my secret intention, the officers said that news had come in of the approach of two west-bound emigrant wagons at a two days' distance; and I concluded that if I could reach Stockton safely, I could await them there.

When my visitors were gone I told the Germans that I intended to face about and drive back into some of the settlements, to escape losing possession of my team. They wanted me to wait and go west with them and the coming teams, but I could not be persuaded. Luckily the night was dark, and the sky full of wind clouds migrating southward. The Germans supposed that I would leave them in the morning; but when they retired at ten I tore up blankets and grain bags, and muffled my wheels by winding strips around and around the tires. I then harnessed my mules, carefully muffled their feet, an ordeal they submitted to with their usual patience, and going to the Germans' bed to bid them adieu, I drove away into the darkness, crossed the North Concho, and noiselessly passed the sentinels at the fort. I had feared their challenge and consequent arrest, but the guards neither saw nor heard me.

As I drove on up the Middle Concho I realized that I was running a terrible risk; for alone as I was I could defend myself from neither tutored nor untutored savages. Yet I was not sorry that I had made the venture. I had a tolerably fair road before me for thirty miles to the station, which had six soldiers for its protection, and which marked the first stationary sign of human life. When I was a couple of miles out, I halted to unmuffle my team. It was then twelve o'clock, and as for lurking enemies I could neither see nor look for them. I drove on in a reckless fashion, as I was in a reckless mood, trusting to the mules' conduct to indicate to me danger of any nature. Once, as they hesitated slightly, I walked, to survey in the darkness a pitch-off into and out of a dry washout; then I rattled on, mile upon mile.

The mesquites beside the road frequently took on human form after the sky had cleared, giving me light enough to see them at all, and to see and follow the road without trusting to the mules alone. I had no thought of fatigue or sleep. I was never stronger, or more wide awake, and to keep my riotous

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thought in check I sang snatches from the popular songs of the time, until day dawned, when I gave my attention more to looking about for possibly lurking foes.

Before sunrise I drew outside the road into a thicket for a short camp; gave the mules a feed of corn, and watched them grinding it with their harness on, while I, with as little fire as possible, made a cup of coffee and baked a couple of pancakes. It was a "dry camp," as the Middle Concho ran away off to my left. Having breakfasted, I drove on again at good speed, and at ten I camped at the station, which had too wide a lookout for any attempt to pass it unseen.

The place looked quite warlike. The keeper and his six military guardians talked with me awhile, when I had turned my mules loose, then gazed on me in more or less silence, no doubt thinking my replies to their questions unsatisfactory. I slept a while in the afternoon, and at eleven p. m. I drove out again, under protest from the night sentinels, who refrained from forcibly detaining me, since the fort had let me pass. I could not wait, — I *must* put more distance between me and one of the occupants of Fort Concho's guardhouse.

The sky was a little clearer, and though the wind blew, as it had done all the preceding day and night, I could yet see better the road before my mules' heads, and avoid the worst chuck-holes, and I got over a good deal of ground before daybreak, though I had to survey the road ahead on foot a couple of times. Early in the day, at the crossing of a rocky-bedded creek, a tributary to the Concho, I came upon a mass of old ruins, and I drove some distance to the left of the road, so to camp well hidden among the copses. As I had lost one of my stake ropes, that D ——'s friend might have something to tie round his stolen tarpaulin, I staked Jack on a patch of grass and turned Johnny loose. After breakfasting I tried to sleep, but could not until in the afternoon. I remained there all night, and it was a terrible night, too, for I was anxious, lonely, and fearful. It seemed to me that the dawn would never come, and so forcibly did my danger present itself to me, since I had gotten a little over the spell of anger and excitement under which I left Fort Concho, that I had not the courage to harness up and move on over the ten miles more to the station on Correll's Creek, called the head of the Middle Concho. Once I heard the shriek of some wild animal, as I suppose it was, though it sounded much like that of a terror-stricken human being, and as it struck my ear it sent the blood curdling back to my heart. A half hour later, my mules, standing at the wheels, began to stamp uneasily, then they tugged at their ropes and uttered snorts in assurance that the thing they feared was approaching. I sat in my wagon with the canvas lifted on their side, so that my face was close between them, and I coaxed them in a voice so hoarse that I could not recognize it myself. When daylight came I looked in my looking-glass to know if I were not gray. No, my hair was yet yellow, but my face and eyes told me what I knew, that I had been through an awful strain; and the adjutant, I thought, would not deny that I was twenty, could he see me now.

I felt quite comfortable as the sun arose and the day advanced, and after breakfasting I spent the day alternately scanning through my field glass the higher-lying landscape to my right, talking to and petting my mules, napping, and cracking and eating pecans, of which I had a whole bagful that I had gathered under the trees in the month's time I was camped on the Main Concho, fifty odd miles back. So well did I regain my courage that I concluded to spend another night there, and it was long, though much less terrible than the first. I then slept from eight until noon, and at eight I drove out upon the road, hav-

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ing seen nothing but the passing mail-coach.

I had scarcely gone a mile when I heard the gallop of a horse, and as the traveler overtook me, I knew that he was no longer in Fort Concho's guardhouse, nor was he following my false direction, going east. While asleep I had had a frightful dream. I thought I lay under a lifted tomahawk in the hand of a fiendish Comanche, and a white horse in advance of a band of dark horses, with a broad leathern belt about his middle, in which were two pistols and a glinting bowie-knife, came on a gallop and struck down the assassin with its fore feet, so that the tomahawk flew high into the air and fell again at a distance. The dream, from which I awoke with a cry, troubled me so that I could eat nothing, but drank a cup of tea before starting, which, however, did not drive from me my fear that some danger awaited me. The dream was so vivid that it haunted me, yet as I had enough of daylight in which to reach the station, if nothing interfered, I steeled my courage, and when D—— approached me I was as cool as if I had expected him.

"I am glad to meet you again, Mrs. Phelps," said he, smiling, and he rode up close beside me, and the mules and his jaded horse exchanged friendly low whinnies as they had done on many former reunions.

"I don't care to know the state of your feelings," I replied icily.

"Well, well! Is this how you treat me? I've ridden from the fort since sunset last night, when I was released, and heard that you were up the Concho valley all alone. Don't you know that I am too gallant to let you go on to Stockton without an escort?"

I made no further reply to him, and in silence we rode on up an incline. When on the summit of the ridge he suddenly turned and checked his horse, and I saw his face blanch as he looked toward the river.

"Horsemen,—Comanches," he said, gazing steadily.

I halted my team, reached for my field-glass, and saw beyond the Concho two little parties of horsemen. I looked at D—— again; his face was livid, and he yet stared.

"There is no escape for us," he said, turning to me. "They are coming; my horse is worn out. Shall we try to reach the station on Jack and Johnny, or shall we fight them right here?"

"Let us fight," I answered; "the distance is too great to escape on the mules."

"Fight it is, then," he said, dismounting.

We tied the three animals to the far side of the wagon; then D—— cast his hat upon the ground, and knelt down in the gravelly road to pray like a sixty-year-old sinner about to be wrecked at sea. He prayed to be spared to reach the station, and never would he venture again alone into the haunts of the hostiles; and if the Lord would save him he would ever after live an exemplary life.

While he prayed, I was again looking through my field-glass. The horsemen I had seen nearing the river at two different points were no longer visible. Surely their conduct was much like the maneuvers of hostiles, as one band was coming direct toward us, as if to attract our attention and make us flee, while the other was galloping up the opposite bank more under cover, as if intent on reaching unseen some point for ambush in our advance.

After ten minutes of anxious waiting I saw one of the bands rise to view. The five horsemen had crossed the river, and were coming at full speed. Then I discovered the other band, which had crossed a half-mile above, and was coming to us direct. They were near enough then for me to see that, unlike Comanches, the horsemen were hatted, and that some of them were soldiers.

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"D——," I said seriously, "I am sorry to interrupt you in your devotions, but they are coming on this side of the river now, and we must prepare to fight as best we can. If we are to die right here, let us defend ourselves bravely to the last."

He arose from his knees, looked again, and seeing the two bands joining their forces as they came on full tilt, raising a dust, he cocked his rifle, saying that he would fight his best, and that he had always wished to die with me. I smiled on him then, though a little grimly, and he seemed shocked by my untimely levity.

"Whoa! whoa!" he said, after another look. "They are only whites,"— and a little later we learned that the band of savages were a force of wild turkey-hunters, and in their advance rode Colonel Boone, our story-telling visitor of six months before.

On recognizing him, D—— uttered a fearful oath, again his face was livid, and his eyes flashed, for he felt that the meeting boded no good to his plans. I, on the contrary, was overjoyed by the new turn of events, though I scarcely knew why.

"Well, if here is n't Mrs. Phelps from Devil's River! Very happy to meet you," said Boone, dismounting, and reaching me his hand.

D—— had by this time sufficiently recovered his self-possession to engage in conversation with the other horsemen, while I was so unnerved that I could not but mingle with tears my words of greeting.

Under the circumstances my meeting again with Colonel Boone was one of the most agreeable surprises that ever came in my way. I had met him but once, and for a few hours only, and nothing had then been said or done to make us friends, yet now he seemed to me a long-tried friend; and the severe strain my nerves had suffered the past few days, from which I had not had relief even in the few hours' time I had slept, yielded to a sense of promised security.

Though he betrayed no surprise, I yet knew that he, being ignorant of my escapade, must wonder why I mingled tears with my words of greeting. Though he said nothing of her, he naturally connected my agitation with Mrs. Baker's absence.

His sympathy and his pleasure in meeting me were so fervently expressed that I surmised he had been tippling at some vessel containing a similar potion to that of the canteen when he toasted us on Devil's River; but I knew instinctively he would not cease to be a gentleman under slight intoxication, and so, having much to say, we said it as fast as the occasion would permit.

He still wore his buckskin suit. A few more of the fringes down the legs and sleeves had been weeded out, and though it was in no manner dilapidated, it bore witness to hard service. It became him admirably, I thought again, as he addressed himself to me with a blended respect and heartiness,— such a manner as an accomplished army officer might use on an accidental meeting with his favorite girl schoolmate of long ago.

"You are looking pale, Mrs. Phelps," he said, when I had overcome my agitation. "Did we frighten you in our eagerness to find a fording place along the steep banks of the river to intercept you? We should have guarded against that, but had no thought of it."

"A little," I replied; "and I have had a misunderstanding with the woodsy and swampy parts of the State; and I am all alone, too, as you see."

"Ah, the ague, — that was bad," he said, ignoring my allusion to Mrs. Baker. "I was once while a boy myself the ideal lantern-jawed shaker, after a visit with my aunt, and though our home is more healthily located, I was a year or two getting rid of it after my return. You will soon be yourself again, now that your team is facing westward. Travel

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on the desert is the best of cures for almost any physical ailment."

Boone was much better mounted than he was when I met him in the spring. He was carried by a fine, long-limbed bay, instead of the flea-bitten little mustang of the past,—a horse built for speed. The saddle and trappings were comparatively new, and the animal moved with an air of pride more becoming to his rider.

"Mother gave him to me," said Boone, in reply to my praise of his steed, as he rode on beside me when I drove on again, the whole band of horsemen in the lead; "so you can guess that I went home in the wake of the letter you mailed for me. A letter of considerable importance it was, too, as besides news, doubts, questions, and so forth, it contained a deed."

I pressed him to tell me of his visit home, but he chose to postpone that until our evening camp should afford a better time. When I finally told him how I came to part with Mrs. Baker and Ida, he censured me sharply for my seeming desertion of them; and his surprise at finding me alone with D—— I allayed until time for better explanation, by telling him, as D—— had told me, that three families were coming, and would camp with us at the station, Hans and his wife being one of them.

As the cavalcade in our advance turned the point of a hill, it suddenly struck off in chase of a small band of buffalo, (excepting D——, whose horse was too much fatigued to follow,) all firing as they galloped after the brutes they had taken unawares. D—— turned out from the road, and there halted to watch the sport until we had passed him, so that he could watch us as well, and then he followed the road one hundred yards in the rear.

"There they go," said the Colonel with a smile: "when the hunter sees either a buffalo, a hare, or a mouse, he would chase it into the very camp of a thousand Comanche braves, without a thought for his own safety. Every one of them has now so completely lost his head that he does n't know where he came from, nor that anyone but himself and the buffalo has existence."

"Why don't you follow?" I asked.

"I must spare my horse, as he has a long journey before him, now that I have found the west-bound company I have waited for," and he explained that his soldier and citizen companions were from Fort Concho, in pursuit of game for the Christmas festivities, most especially turkeys. He had met and joined them at his camp, where Mayor's Creek put in to the Concho, and he had "still-hunted" with them all the preceding night among the tall pecan trees along the river.

In reply to my question he explained that they passed from one to another of the largest pecans until they saw something in the tree, at which they fired, and as the game fell from the high perches they secured such of it as did not flutter away over the high river bank, to be carried away by the current. Another way was to use a bone whistle, through which an expert turkey-hunter could closely imitate the call of his game. This was used for hunting them by daylight, and if used at the proper times it would bring all the turkeys within hearing distance into easy reach of the ambushed enemy. The party had been quite successful, and would return to the fort the following day, picking up the hidden game on the way.

The horsemen overtook us when we were in sight of the station, saying that they had killed one buffalo and let the wounded ones go, as they had no means of saving the meat, being without a wagon in which to carry it.

When my camp work was done, the Colonel came back from the station, where his comrades were finishing their supper in the company of the six soldiers kept there for its protection. It was growing dusk, but it was not too dark for me to notice D——'s uneasiness, as he

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poked at the embers of his camp-fire with a stick, while he sat tailor-fashion beside his saddle. He had shunned the station, to which all the other horsemen had flocked on our first arrival, and though he had given me several displeased looks from the distance, he had not ventured near me nor spoken to me since our discovery that we were not to be massacred by a band of Comanches. Neither had Boone noticed him, though an opportunity to do so had scarcely been given him, as D—— had excused himself to the soldiers by claiming a headache, and had become frigid in word and attitude to all he deemed it necessary to speak to.

Finding me at leisure, Boone sat down before me and told his story of his visit home. He had followed the letter I carried for him, and found a reply to it at San Antonio awaiting him under a fictitious name.

"Then one night," he continued, "I reached a certain unused log cabin in the woods about three miles from home. I need neither give you names, dates, nor exact locations. It is enough that I reached the appointed place about midnight and found my brother there. He said that he had been discovered on a former visit to it with some eatables by a suspicious party, and had tried, with doubtful success, to throw the man off the scent by saying he thought of getting a workman there for a time to fell trees and enlarge the clearing. Because of the accident, and in fear that a watch was being kept upon their movements, our parents had not dared venture out, but had sent me two fresh horses, with additions to my scanty equipage, advising me to visit my sister, one hundred miles south, and in ten days' time the suspicion in the neighborhood, if it existed, would be sufficiently allayed for my return in comparative safety.

"So, though the night was wild with wind and rain,—a real norther,—I was soon under way again, leaving the place where I expected to find all the family gathered to receive me. My brother followed me a little while, and then turned away on my own little animal, while I tried to stick to my horse's back, holding the lead rope of my pack animal, and the two had all they could do to keep on their feet.

"Ugh! how it *did* blow that night! And how terribly it rained between one and three, seemingly in mockery of me in my disappointment! I could n't see where I was going, nor make any headway in getting there, and between us two, Mrs. Phelps, a few stray tears mixed that night with the rain that dashed itself so furiously into my face. Not alone for my own discomfort, but because I knew the fears that had led my parents to send me away in such a storm, and that mother was almost distracted by knowing that I was out in it.

"Indeed, my brother had not left me ten minutes, after guiding me away to a road, when a tree fell, striking my pack animal across the back and killing him. I should have struggled on without a halt, but dared not leave evidence behind me; so I labored there with all my might for some time to get the trappings off the carcass and on my riding horse, who reared and snorted with terror, and threatened to break away from me; for, not being used to my voice and caresses, he would not be pacified by me. I then returned to the cabin, where I left the pack and rode away for the second time, though I should have waited there until near morning, had the door been high enough for me to get my horse in after me. I could n't safely leave him outside, and so I mounted him again and crept on at a snail's pace.

"How my spirits sank! How my heart ached! I passed by the dead horse, expecting every moment another tree would fall and end my own career; and the worst part of that thought was the certainty that my parents would learn of my fate. Gladly would I have dragged

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the pack-horse off the road and into the woods, where he might not be found until I should have a chance to explain my escape unharmed to them, but I could not, though I was desperate enough to try to throw the tree off him with a view to doing so. My riding horse was tugging for liberty the while, as if he knew that the storm and I were both gone mad.

"The darkness was almost pitchy, and I trusted more to his vision than my own in following the road. My hat had blown away long ago, and my long, wet hair switched into my face, adding to the already intolerable discomfort I suffered. I bethought me to tie my handkerchief over my head to hold it back, and moved on, and finally worried out that awful night. Daybreak, which brought with it a calm, found me bargaining for second-hand head gear at a farm fifteen miles from home. Of course, I not only had to give the family a more or less fictitious account of my night's experience, but to claim to come from almost the opposite direction from the real. I had a good warm breakfast, and I partly dried my clothes before moving on."

"I remember that night well," I said. "Mrs. Baker and I were the whole night trying to assure our animals, while it seemed to us that the whole world was about to be destroyed by the wind and water."

"You were lucky to survive it, and how you did it without anchoring yourself to a tree is a mystery to me. I thought of you at odd times as I rode on the next day, and wondered where you had gone, and what could have been your object in going into central Texas. You were not seeking homes, I had learned in my meeting with you, and so I found no rational motive for frontierswomen going your way; for all kinds of business in the cities are monopolized and stagnant, and in every way unsuited to your tastes, as I judged."

"Some evil spirit must have deluded us," I answered regretfully. "We were on a wild goose chase, and were it not that you know so well how helplessly hunters lose their heads when they see real or imaginary game, I should not be willing to own to you that we came to Texas expecting to become cattle-drovers."

"Cattle-drovers!" repeated Boone, arching his eyebrows and looking more sharply at me. "Mrs. Phelps, you astonish me! As well try to make a ferocious tiger out of a kitten, as a cowboy of you."

"You forget, sir," I returned hastily, "that the two are of the same family, and that the good-natured kitten has its budding claws and room for them to grow. Though not as old as you are, I have yet learned one bitter fact, which you, it seems, have not, that the kindest natures can become the most cruel, and *vice versa*. I have learned that the monster Custom is the breeder and ever able defender of all the needless evils of earth; and that the accepted and moral codes are but perversions of the real and unchangeable moral laws."

"You are putting it rather strong," said the Colonel with a smile. "However, you can't well hit humanity harder than it deserves. We are horrified at the fetish customs of Africa and the thuggery of India, while our civilization is but a more polished system of fetishism and thuggery. We bewail the despotisms of foreign countries, while we rob and persecute among ourselves. We boast of more respect for women and womanhood than any other people on earth; while in Europe women may safely compete with men in outdoor labors in the city or country, — avennes for self-support that are wholly denied them by the more sensitive but not more just men of our own country. We look with horror on child marriage among the Hindus, while our social and legal conditions compel nineteen out of twenty of our own brides to accept men they do not love, and often do not even respect,

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—and so cheaply, too, are our own brides sold into this slavery that, unlike the Chinese bride, they cannot even demand a price."

"I wanted to oppose you, but as there can be no argument without difference of opinion, please tell me the rest of the story of your visit home. Did you meet with further difficulty?"

"Not then. I spent three weeks very pleasantly with my sister, and then returned to the little cabin in the woods, where, on a given night, I had a grand reunion with my family, while sentinels were out to guard against surprise. I was there too long. A colored boy, a trusty little sharper living with my family, learned that Zip Coon, or Colonel Boone, as you call me, was believed to be somewhere in the county's limits, and that the suspicion bade fair to ripen into a search for him. I had business then away down near Galveston, where I have a brother in the stock business.

"In the meantime, as I discovered later, the search was instituted; and fortunately for me, and no less unfortunately for him, a man who had escaped from the sheriff, under arrest for wife murder, was trying to get out of the settled country on the road by which you had come in, and he answered to my description so well that the volunteer posse, with Jim Devlin at their head, gave him chase; and he, thinking that his own enemies were after him, armed with law, circled about, doubled on his tracks, and raked his imagination for yarns to scatter, by which to throw the supposed sheriff off his track, until he reached the Guadalupe River west of San Antonio. There they found him and his animal run down; but he fought them and fatally wounded one of the band before he surrendered. Then, in their wrath at having caught the wrong man, they were going to hang him anyhow; but gaining courage on learning that they knew nothing of him, he talked for his life, and succeeded in convincing them that he had believed them Mexican outlaws chasing him for plunder, as it was well known in Lampasas County that he was a moneyed man, and that he was going west to look up the best trail by which to drive out a herd of cattle in the fall.

"The mob let him go,—and on getting back home empty-handed, they found that a reward of one thousand dollars was offered for his recapture. The pursuit only intensified their hatred for me; and so much chaff was given them by disinterested parties, reflecting both on their money-making ability and their boasted keenness of scent, that three of the Devlin brothers, after a wrestle with a demijohn, rode up before our door one day, and swore to father, who sat before the open window, that they would shoot me on sight, accompanying their threat with vehement oaths.

"My family concluded not to let me know about that; but my brother told it in a letter to me six weeks ago. I was then in the eastern part of the State, and when I read it I just straightened myself up and said to myself: 'There, Zip, you 've had fights pressed on you till it may be that you 're getting used to them; and if that 's so, then there may be more work for you yet in Texas.'

"From the time I drank at your camp on Devil's River, I had tasted nothing strong, but on finding that the Devlins had been so bold, my good resolution was overthrown, and when I reached home four days later, I had a flask of brandy in my pocket; and when I looked at father, whom I had never known to wrong any one, my blood boiled, and I promised myself to either die for the trouble our neighbors had given us unsought, or let them have an additional grievance to the old.

"I bade my parents goodby early one evening, when there was to be a dance at the little neighboring town,— I 'll call it Brophie,— and unknown to them, as also to my brother, I meant to cut a figure there. I had a solid friend, who was

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no kin to me, and he was the only one in my secret. He was at the dance by appointment. He imported the horse I ride from Kentucky a year ago, to win certain talked-of races, but the bay's speed was so little doubted that the challenge was never accepted. Wanting to see me better mounted, father had bought the bay secretly in the afternoon, so mother might make it her parting gift to me; and when I rode up to the Brophie hotel at eleven that night, my folks all thought me on my way to safety, while my friend at the proper time was to make a great to-do about his horse being stolen.

"I sent a darkey inside to tell the Devlin Brothers that someone wanted a private talk with them outside. The three came to the door at once, perhaps expecting to meet some friend with a clew to my whereabouts, and as custom had it, their pistols were in their holsters. There they were — my three deadliest enemies — between me and the light, and I knew them, though I had n't seen them for a good many years. I had rubbed the phosphorus end of a match on the foresight of my pistols, so that I could take aim in the darkness. 'Shoot him on sight, gentlemen,' I said in a low but distinct voice, and then myself began to fire.

"When I had emptied both my revolvers, and about thirty shots had been fired, I — who had no wound but a grazed rib, as I stood in the darkness — mounted the bay who was in waiting. Nothing on foot could catch him, I knew, and out here there are no telegraphs."

"Did you kill one or more of them, do you think?" I asked with a shiver.

"Some of them were lying down when I fled, but I can get no news from home out here. I am going west now, perhaps never to return, and with your leave I will keep you company."

It was near ten o'clock when Boone finished telling me his story, and thinking of it for the first time during the evening, I began to wonder why the train had not arrived. The sky was full of wind clouds and the night was dark. We listened for a moment in some uneasiness, and hearing the distant rumbling of wheels, we knew that our escort was coming.

"Vell, vell, Mrs. Phelps," cried Hans to me, as he rounded his team up beside my own wagon. "I vas very glat to see you vonce more," and his wife greeted me with a broad but silent smile. "You make talk mit de Fort und eferyvere shoost like you vas one Gomanche, und do vat you blease."

While the men were unharnessing, Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Murtha came to introduce themselves to me, assuring me that though they had longed to see me as something of a curiosity, they had not, nor had anyone else, thought of me as being offensively so, and that it gave them pleasure to know that I was to go west with them. I was much pleased with their friendly greeting; but as I was worn out I went to bed while my neighbors were getting their supper, leaving the new acquaintance to be extended on the morrow.

But the changed condition, together with the thought of the adventure of the day, would not let me sleep. Though safe from immediate harm from him, I yet feared that D—— would go on with us, contrary to his assurance that if God would spare him to reach the station he would go no farther without ample escort. I was uncertain if the present number would be regarded as enough for his vow, but I feared that it would, and that I should not see him off with the mounted soldiers.

At daybreak I looked out under my wagon cover to count up the members of our camp, as they crept out from under their blankets and began to do up the morning's chores; and after being scarce of company so long I thought them quite a formidable lot, while four wagons, all told, made quite a sociable little wander-

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ing town,—one able to make a good attempt at defense, should we be attacked by the Comanches. How strangely and pleasurably the scene impressed me! It was such a comfort to have safety and friends, while yet I might possess my independence and go where I wanted to go! The last skeleton would be removed from my closet if D—— should conclude to leave us.

There he was, trying to wash his face by pouring water from a tin cup into his left palm, between splutters and splashing, while he, stooped over in the orthodox fashion, rubbed his hands up and down his face, now and then giving them a sweep to the back of his neck, over the hair, from which the dye had disappeared, leaving it as white as ever. Boone was coming from the station with his toilet already made. Hans and his wife were in consultation at their mess-box, and though I could not understand their language, I guessed they had retired without settling the question of what they should have for breakfast.

"Pancakes," I whispered to myself, as I saw the wife give him the pan-greasing bacon rind, with the pan and sour dough bucket, and she followed him with the syrup pot, broken-tined forks, saw-edged case-knives, plates, sugar dish, and other table furniture to the gunny bag already spread beside the blazing camp-fire. Unloading the goods, Hans, who was stepping around and around the fire, undecided where to begin, the grease-rind yet in his hand, got too close to her elbow, and received a dig in the shoulder for having made the fire hot enough to threaten melting off the spout of the coffee pot.

Mrs. Murtha was making bread, while the oldest boy was slicing the bacon, and I was much amused on hearing all the little Murthas about her imitating her own broad Irish brogue. Mrs. Carter was combing her hair, while at the fire was the king of her out-door kitchen, and the most interesting character of the lot. He was as black a negro as I had ever seen, while his kinky melon-shaped head was white as wool. He was put together after the Guinea model, and he handled the cooking utensils nimbly and methodically, with a hand nearly the size of a 14-pound ham. For capacity his mouth was not unlike that of a young alligator. His teeth were nearly all there and strikingly white.

Chip was six feet high, and his long fingers were, like his long arms and legs, conspicuously jointed, and his shoes were probably made to order for want of room for them in any ordinary shoe-shop. His skull looked as if it might be as thick as a plank, after sixty years of menial labor under a tropical sun, yet he was something of an expert about the camp, and even a wit, in a rude way, if not also a fighter; and best of all, his heart, like his hair and teeth, was white. One of the soldiers in passing by said to his mate:

"That there feller'll do fur their mourner ef some o' them gits scalped afore they come to Californy."

"Dat's what I's a goin' long fo'," replied Chip, turning from his breakfast-getting to the two men, who were staring at him impudently. "Ye see, ge'men, I knowed dat dis yer 'Nited States gov'ment did n't keer noffin 'bout whever de Injins killed nobody or whever dey did n't, an' dat its big flocks o' sassy bluebirds could n't fight much nohow, lessen dey found some turkeys fas' asleep on der roosts; so I jes' ses to myself: 'Chip Carter, you 's good fur somefin', mebbe,' an' so I 's out here on a mission ob sorrow."

"Hold yer big black gaff, ye 'scaped 'rang-'tang!" replied the soldier angrily, and his comrade tugged at his arm, knowing that he not only merited the rebuke, but that their tour of inspection was itself an intrusion.

"Did n't mean no 'fense, Mr. Soldier," replied Chip with a broad grin, "I 's full o' charity fur all as needs it, an' to show ye dat I 's got noffin' 'gin ye, ef de

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'Manches come dis morning an' take yo fust, I 's gwine ter wring de neck ob de red debil what does it, and den make him into big barbecue for dinner; an' fear'n no 'ne else 'll do it, I 's ready, too, to take off my old hat p'litely when yer 'mains is picked up an' chucked into a hole; an' den I 's stout an' willin' 'nough to scrabble roun' an' fin' stones 'nough to pile on top o' em to keep de buzzard f'om makin' a feast o' yo an' gittin' pisened."

By this time the soldier was eager for a fight, but his friend dragged him away by main force under this additional grievance from the darkey, who could attend to one shop with his hands and another with his tongue.

There was a smile on Mrs. Carter's face, and I judged that she was both used to and pleased with her cook's eccentricities. Mrs. Murtha was too busy to notice anything not connected with the doings of her own camp-fire, while some of the children stared in expectancy of a fight. And Mrs. Hans, as I turned to look at her, was, in the coolest unconcern, tossing a pancake into the air to catch it into the pan, bottom-side up, as it fell, while her husband was stepping around, and, in his eagerness to help, threatening to get his foot into the plateful of cakes beside her.

I crept out of my castle, and drew my cooking utensils from my messbox to begin my own morning work. But Chip cried out to me:—

"Good mornin', Missy Phelps; yo 's gwine ter hab some dis yer breakfast I 's cookin'; so yer need n't do noffin' 't all fo' we git little 'duction to de lady what trabbels on her own hook, an' don't see much difference 'tween white debils an' red debils, an' t'inks she 's better 'tected when she 's all 'lone. De boss said so las' night, an' Missy Carter secon' de motion." And as he spoke his mistress advanced, repeating the invitation.

Carter and Murtha were coming from the station, and we were soon at the "table" tailor fashion, and talking and eating with a relish. When a part of my own story had been told and commented on by my listeners, Carter sketched over his own, and I learned that he was raised on a plantation near the mouth of the Arkansas River, which he inherited when he was quite a young man. He had then married Miss Martha Murtha, and all went well until the war freed his slaves, and all left him excepting Chip, who remained with him from choice. Since the war closed he had been trying to work his desolated plantation, but though he could hire negroes to work for him, and cheaply too, the conditions were so changed that, in spite of all his efforts to succeed, all went wrong. The place yielded little, and took on a dilapidated look, while the expenses increased, and he could make no profitable headway. A few months ago, Tim Murtha, his wife's cousin, had come to Arkansas, fresh from the Emerald Isle, with his wife and family; and as they were poor he had urged them to join company with him to California, when finally he found a purchaser for his plantation. He had plenty of stock with which to outfit himself and the Murthas, and suitable wagons and necessary camp equipage were next in order, and the journey was begun. He had chosen the southern route as being most suitable at that time of year, though he had given some thought, too, to the danger of being slaughtered on the way,—a danger that might be more serious than that of the snows on the northern route, where the lately finished Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads had lessened the chance of attack by Indians.

They had thought themselves fortunate in adding the German family to their party, and in being overtaken the preceding day by D——, who had told them to count him as one more; and amid a babble of tongues at Fort Concho they had learned that there was a

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woman with a team somewhere along the trail in their advance, willing to join them if only they could succeed in overtaking her. And now that we were all together, Colonel's Boone's company to be added was an extra occasion for rejoicing. Our train, though it had but four wagons, numbered twelve adults,—four women and eight men,—as Carter was bringing with him eleven head of good horses, nine of which were led behind the wagons or ridden bare-backed by the young Murthas and Carters, who occasionally took turns with the draft animals, while the other two were mounted by two lone men who wanted to go west, and for this chance to do so had agreed to do most of the seeing after the stock about camp, take turns at standing guard at night, and do such scouting off the road as might be deemed prudent when under way and approaching dangerous-looking quarters. Then there were ten children, seven who talked "Airish" and three who tried sometimes to copy their doing so; and Rover, who was too good-natured to be a specialist either as a hunting or a watch dog, was also going west.

How cozily the camp work was done up that morning! When I was once more on my driving box, the reins in my hands and the blacksnake in its stand, where I kept it mostly for show, I thought of a man we had once met in Kansas, who had been in all out-of-the-world places with his team, and in his enthusiasm over that way of living said to us: "Like many another man's, my life has centered about a wagon. When I was a boy my greatest ambition was to have a wagon, and I was proud as a prince when I rode into town with my father. When it stood in the yard, the wagon was my playhouse, and when I got a little cart I hitched myself between its two shafts, and galloped away down the lane, in my imagination bound for Aunt Sally's, thirty miles away."

A woman's life could, too, I thought, center about a wagon, though in a different way, and I could well guess that for ages past, and for ages to come, the simple wheeled vehicle had been, and would be, whether drawn by mules, steam, or electricity, the home for months and years of people who were otherwise homeless, and restless from a pressure of circumstances, or a natural and insatiable longing for pastures new.

At that time, now twenty years ago, a great many of the men, saying nothing of the women, living west of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers—and among them were college graduates, thinkers, and philosophers—enjoyed roughing it over the wide, uninhabited plains and among the rugged mountains, if indeed they did not also, as did Sam Houston, spend weeks and even months in the camps, in the wigwams, and among the buffalo robe bedding of the Indians, just as they met with them upon their own stamping ground.

On first initiation into such a life, one finds little except a chain of constant dangers and a siege of exposure and hardship, yet the wide tracts of unsettled country tempted many a rambler, whose financial prospects, if he had any not wholly irrational, lay far, very far away; and when he got there, they lay farther away than when he started, and in another direction, but the same kind of country invariably intervened.

The city man is willing to see a landscape of untouched nature through a car window, and a couple of days of it will do for him, but the vicinity of a railroad is too tame for the rover of the frontiers. Two days within sight and hearing of the locomotive gives him the blues, and he strikes out again to where he may imperil his life, and suffer thirst for hours until his tongue swells, and his speech to his equally weary and thirsty animal becomes hoarse, while he presses on and on, until he scents the first indication of the change that slowly progresses on the approach of night, until the breeze drifts

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down upon him with refreshing effect from the hills above, as he finally stands upon the brink and drinks from the cool mountain stream.

The ever-changing formations of the panorama, with its wide heaven, which seems clearer, unlike that which arches over the city or the town; and the wandering whirlwinds that form columns of alkali dust reaching like pillars to the clouds, sometimes giving us a close enough shave to at least disarrange our hair, and falling flat in time, like so many mysterious ghosts, under a sharp shower; the constant watch for Indians, game, or curiosities belonging either to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms; the search for petrifactions and handsome pebbles, and the frequent surprises to the sight or hearing, interspersed with our camp scenes, are all steady feeders to the keenly-alert senses of the one whose lungs know nothing of foul air, excepting the smoke from the camp-fire.

To the one who appreciates the beautiful and the sublime in nature, the mountains contain an endless store; and even the dreariest desert of flying sand, without mountains in the background, in turn inspires the mind with awe, and a fascination mingled with fear, at odd moments bordering on terror. If he is afoot and alone, he feels as if he were the only living thing in the whole voiceless universe; and so, because of being alone in sensitiveness of mind and body, he yet seems, though king of it all, the most pitiably helpless atom in the vast expanse his vision sweeps.

As we moved out from the station at the head of the Middle Concho, it was proposed that my team should lead, but to this I objected, for at least two reasons. I could better estimate the extent of difficulty in going up or down, or passing over twisting, rocky and sideling places by watching the changes of poise in a team ahead; and my mules traveled more courageously when a team rolled on before them. And so, as my animals were the smallest of all, my consideration for them was excusable, and I was allowed to travel in the rear, next to Hans, who followed Murtha, while Carter led with the roomiest wagon and the stoutest team of the lot, and the only one that had two span,—four as fine mules as ever crossed the plains, excepting the stolen giants, Belle and Lady. Boone rode far ahead, and the other three horsemen and the mounted children followed him in Indian file, and a rather unsociable train.

A couple of miles out the four leaders sighted a solitary buffalo bull off to our left, and fired a few rifle shots at him, as he hustled away into the little near-lying hills at a rather leisurely pace.

When we had our noon camp, ten miles out, at Mustang Springs, the Colonel's rank was dropped to that of captain by his accepting the commandership of our train, though we addressed him yet as Colonel Boone.

Our night camp was at Flat Rock water holes, a place scarce of grass, while a goodly portion of its "soil" was a wind-swept flagstone, in which we found a brood nest of curious pockets, which looked as if they had been made by the man in the moon, who, when sailing in mid-heaven, had fired at the spot a shot-gun loaded with eggs varying in size from that of a goose to that of a roc. There before us was the plainest evidence that these missiles had been shot pell-mell into a wet sand, which had baked, while the foreign bodies fixed in it, the little end just above the surface, had in time become addled, and finally decayed and disappeared, leaving their beds to be filled by the occasional rains for the convenience of the occasional passer-by.

Our second day out we crossed the ravine in which, near a year before, a lieutenant's wife and child, a colored woman nurse and some of his soldier escort, were swept into eternity by a

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freshet, while the party was preparing to move on from the noon camp.

The weather was fine, and we were in good cheer as we moved on to Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos River, and followed the Comanche trail on to Camp Stockton, where I was on familiar ground, and met with familiar faces, both white and black, and was greeted by many expressions of surprise and pleasure, and queries concerning Mrs. Baker. The commander visited our camp, too, on hearing of my return, and among other kindnesses he proposed that I should go no further, and he would make me post sutler.

In a financial way the offer was good; yet I chose to go on,—in my imagination picturing myself the rediscoverer of the lost mines of Arizona.

*Dagmar Mariager.*

## THAT CHARMÈD LIFE.

I LOVE that life, that charmèd simple life
The poets lived beside the English lakes;
That if one page of Wordsworth speak to me
The singing spirit of my soul awakes.

My soul calls unto them. Though flatterers come,—
Though crowds pass by and mark my rich estate,—
New friends call often, heap regrets by mail,—
Yet on some grassy knoll old friends await.

Old friends await,—the great immortal ones,
Who sing the love of field and tangled wood,
Of beasts and singing birds, and murmuring bees,
And all God's works, that He himself called good.

There is a hope that somehow through the din
My heart will keep its love for mountain lakes,
For wild-wood walks, and those free gladdening thoughts
That Nature's beauty in the soul awakes.

*Lillian H. Shuey.*

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# BOB HARRISON'S NERVE.

"JED, will you take something?" asked a stout, red-haired miner, dressed in blue overalls white about the knees, a brown coat much faded, and a hat dingy and discolored by long use.

"Take something?" responded the tall, lank, and bony companion of the red-haired man, "Bill McShane, did yer ever ax me to take something and know me to refuse?"

"That 's a fact, Jed," replied the first, "yer one of the boys who never goes back on a friend as long as he has a quarter and is willing to treat. But come up," approaching the bar of the little saloon. "What will you have?"

"Same old thing," responded the bony man, shambling up alongside of his companion. "Whisky straight. I never touch anything stronger than whisky."

"Give me some brandy and a little peppermint, barkeep," said Bill. "Thar is nothing like a little peppermint to keep the wind off yer stomach."

"Wall, here 's to us," said Jed, lifting his glass. "May ye never lack a quarter nor a friend to help spend it."

"My regards," replied the stout man, emptying his glass of brandy, and wiping his bristling mustache on a long-used handkerchief.

The barkeeper deftly threw the piece of silver into a small drawer, and then wiped the top of the counter with a towel, saying, "Did you hear who was appointed deputy sheriff?"

"No," responded Bill, while both waited with interest for the information. "Dick Young has been talked of."

"Wal, he got left," answered the barkeeper, "and Bob Harrison is the man."

"Bob Harrison!" ejaculated Jed, "why he is a tough, a regular rowdy!"

"Yas," drawled the man of bottles, "but then he has lots of sand and grit."

"That 's so," cried Bill, pulling off his old hat and attempting to kill a yellow jacket that was growing too familiar, "and there ain't a galloot in Stringtown that can beat him playing poker, using a six shootér, or lick him in a rough and tumble fight."

"I agree with yer thar," put in Jed, "for I seen him whop that big Cornishman, Tom Jenkins, and he beat him up in good style."

"He 's game to the backbone," said Bill, "and the man will have to pull his gun mighty quick that gets the drop on Bob."

"Most mail time," said the barkeeper, glancing at the little clock that stood on a shelf where it was flanked by half a dozen bottles of liquor, "and Pap Peters is generally prompt to the minute."

"I 'low he 's favoring his team this morning," said Jed, filling his pipe with some tobacco that he had cut from a plug and ground up in the palm of his hand; "it 's a leetle warm, and Pap may have eased up his horses a bit."

"Pap ain't the kind of a driver to favor a hoss as long as it 's down hill," said Bill, "and it 's all down grade from the Shannon Mills."

Beyond the little mining town the wooded Sierras rose in successive ridges, and on the lowest of these the winding grade leading to the town could be seen. Jed suddenly pointed to the hills, crying, "Thar comes the stage."

"Something is wrong," exclaimed the barkeeper, "for the team is in a run."

Others beside the trio were watching for the stage, and soon the street was crowded with miners, wondering why Pap Peters was driving at such a pace. Soon a deep rumble was heard, and Bill said, "They are crossing the bridge on a jump. Something has happened."



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A moment later the team appeared at the end of the street, the animals in a sharp run, the driver urging them on.

"Look out!" shouted Jed. "Pap is playing the braid mighty lively."

The crowd gave way from the middle of the thoroughfare, and surged up to the little frame building used for a post office.

"No flies on them hosses," laughed Bill, as the smoking and foaming animals dashed up.

Peters was a small, oldish man, yet skillful with the reins, and he brought his team to a sudden stop.

"What 's up, Pap?" shouted Jed.

The former replied, "We were stopped at the top of Frenchman's Hill, and robbed of both mail and express."

"What did the robbers say?" asked Jed.

"Say?" ejaculated Peters. "Why, just as we got to the last raise on the hill two fellows with shotguns in their hands and white masks over their faces sprang into the road, and one of them yelled, "Pull up or we will riddle your old hide full of shot!"

"Did you stop?" asked Bill McShane, well knowing that Pap was an arrant coward.

"Stop?" cried the old man, glaring at him, "Well, I guess you would stop, with two shotguns pinting right at you."

"What did they do?" inquired Jed.

"Just the minute I held up," continued the driver, "two more robbers jumped out of the brush, and holding their guns on the passengers, said, 'Keep quiet in thar; this ain't none of your funeral.'

"The next minute one of them in front said to me, 'Now, old skinny, dump that express box out here quicker than you can say h— with your mouth open.' I got the box out of the boot and threw it down, when the same man called out again, 'Now out with the mail bags!'

"'The mail bags?' I asked; for you know, boys, I did not want to lose the mail, if I could help it.

"The feller yelled out, 'D— your ears, can't you hear? Throw out the mail bags, or the stage company will have to get another driver for the next trip.'

"With that he drew a bead on me," continued the old man, "and I dove down into the boot and hauled the mail bags out mighty lively, I tell you; I did n't want to go to the boneyard for the sake of arguing with them robbers."

"Did they let you drive on, then?" asked Jed, who acted as spokesman for the crowd.

"Not much!" The two that were guarding the passengers cried, 'Roll down here lively, boys, and shell out what dust you have!'"

Hitherto the stage had been so closely surrounded by the dense crowd, that the four passengers had had no opportunity of alighting. Now, when it was learned that the men had been robbed, the miners gave way at once, and permitted them to descend from the vehicle.

The first was a large and rather pompous man, who was in evident bad temper over the robbery, and when Jed asked him how much he had lost, the passenger gave him a look that seemed to say, "None of your business"; but seeing only an honest inquiry in the miner's eyes, he replied, "I lost something over two hundred dollars, and each of the others about one hundred."

"And it was the last cent I had, so help me Gott!" cried a fat Dutchman, climbing down with some difficulty.

The miners laughed at the expression upon the Dutchman's face, and one asked him something about the robbers. In reply he said, "They stood us all up in a row, and made us hold up our hands till my arms were most broke off. When we tried to put them down a little, one robber cocked his gun at us and cried, 'Up, there, or we will pepper you!' And we hold them up till I most die, I was so tired."

"Good for the Dutchman!" cried one, and the others shouted in approval.

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"They took our pistols as well as our coin," said the large man, "and then told us to get into the stage, and ordered our driver to leave the spot as fast as possible."

"And no man," interrupted Pap Peters, "though I say it myself, ever made better time from the top of Frenchman's Hill to Stringtown than I did today."

The crowd gave Pap a cheer, and the next moment a loud, strong voice cried, "Gentlemen, walk this way and take something to clear the dust out of your throats. Here, Pap, one of the boys will hold your team, while you go over to Simson's and take a little whisky to steady your nerves."

The crowd gave way for the man with the loud voice, and he led the way to the same saloon where Bill and Jed had been a few minutes earlier. The four passengers, the driver, and four or five invited miners, ranged themselves in front of the bar and made known what they would drink. He who had extended the invitation was a stout, active, well-made man, with black hair and full beard, and was dressed a trifle better than most of his companions. This, the boys declared, was on account of having just been appointed deputy sheriff, for the man was Bob Harrison, of whom we have already spoken. While standing at the bar, he obtained from the passengers and Pap Peters a pretty accurate description of the four robbers, though the old man's nerves were still badly shaken and his ideas a little confused.

"Now, gentlemen," said Harrison, after some ten minutes had been spent in conversation, "you won t object to our taking up a little collection to help you reach home." And without waiting for an answer, Bob was soon busy passing around his hat among the miners in the building and on the street, and in a few moments a liberal purse was made up and divided among the passengers who had been robbed. The grip of the men's hands were strong, and there was a suspicious moisture in more than one eye as they thanked the miners for their kindness, and mounted the coach, to which a fresh team had already been attached.

No sooner had they disappeared than Bob approached McShane and said, "Bill, I want you to go with me after those robbers. Jed will go, and Tom Dougherty,—how soon can you be ready?"

Bill pulled a heavy six-shooter from his belt, examined its chambers to see if all were loaded, and then replied emphatically, "Just as soon as I have another drink."

Bob smiled and said, "Come up with me and take something; but you must keep a clear head on you today."

Bill replied with some spirit, "This will be only my fifth drink today, and that is barely enough to settle me down to regular work."

At the bar he took a full glass, in anticipation of the fact that he was not likely to get any more liquor that day, and then declared himself ready to start. Half an hour later the four men were climbing the long grade leading to Frenchman's Hill. All were well armed, and no officer was ever backed by men of more determination and courage, though they were not prepossessing in appearance. Each carried a lunch that would last for a couple of meals, for Harrison expected to make a thorough search for the robbers. All were active walkers, and accustomed to climbing the mountains, and the three or four miles of winding grade were rapidly covered, till they found themselves at the scene of the robbery. Here at least half an hour was spent in searching the spot for evidence of the crime, and for the trail that the robbers had taken in their retreat.

At last they settled down to what they were convinced was the right track. This they followed down a ridge into a cañon, across a creek, and up a second ridge. This led over the crest of the

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hill, and into a second deep cañon, and over another creek. This stream had to be waded, and as the track led up a third ridge, Bill wiped his face and said, "Jed, this beats shoveling gravel."

"Yes," was the reply, "or striking a drill."

"They won't keep this up all day," said Harrison.

"Just about a mile from here," said Dougherty, "is an old cabin that used to belong to Mexican Joe, and I should not wonder if they made for it."

Bob gave a hearty laugh, and added: "You have just dropped upon it. That is the point I am aiming at. One of the passengers described a man that answers to a dot for Joe, and I made up my mind he is one of the robbers. Jed," he continued, "you remember what kind of a foot Mexican Joe had, do you not?"

Jed scratched his head a moment with his long bony finger, and replied: "Can't say as I do; but I remember what kind of a hand he had when we were playing poker."

The others laughed, and Harrison said, "Well, Joe had a remarkably small foot for so tall a man. Now, if you will get down and examine the next spot of soft ground you come to, you will find a small footprint that I feel certain has been made by the man that we are after."

"Joe is mighty handy with a knife," said Bill.

"And a quick shot," added Dougherty.

"And he will die game," said Harrison. "I can tell you now, boys," he added, "that we may have a tough gang to tackle, but I think we can make a haul if we find them."

"Yes," said Jed in his slow but emphatic manner, "I 'low they are a tough lot; but," he added, looking at his companions, "I reckon we 're a tougher lot."

"Now, boys," said Harrison, "this matter is going to end pretty soon. We will move up a little nearer the cabin, and then rest till dark."

This suited the others, for the tramp had been a fatiguing one. On reaching a good spring some distance farther on, Harrison threw himself on the ground, and the others followed his example. It lacked nearly two hours of sundown, and they rested and talked, told stories and anecdotes, yet were cautious, and kept a good watch.

When it was nearly dark, Bob said: "Now let us move on nearer the cabin, and then I will creep up and see if any one is there. If not, we will take possession of the cabin for the night."

Cautioning his friends to observe the most careful watch, and not to make any noise that would give the alarm in case the men were at the cabin, Bob, as soon as it was dark enough, crept forward on his hands and knees, until he was within fifty paces of the supposed rendezvous. He now listened anxiously, for he was in hopes that their long pursuit would bring them within reach of the stage robbers. For a time he heard nothing and was inclined to believe that no one was there; but soon he heard a noise within the old cabin. It was now so dark that objects a short distance away could not be distinctly seen; yet not dark enough to crawl nearer the structure; so the officer watched and waited till the deepening shadows made it safe for him to approach. Then, inch by inch, he crawled up to the old log cabin As he drew near he could hear the sound of voices, and knew that several persons were within. At last he reached the building, and through a crack between the logs obtained a look at the inmates. A brief scrutiny was sufficient, and then, with as much rapidity as was consistent with safety, he crawled from the spot and returned to his companions.

His report to them was as follows "There are four men in the cabin, and one is Mexican Joe. One of the other

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is a slim built little fellow that has been dealing monte up at Hangtown most of the winter. The other two are heavy-set, strong fellows, that look like Sydney coves. All are well armed, and we must take them by surprise, to make an easy capture."

"What were they doing?" asked Jed.

The officer answered: "They had a big pile of gold on the table in front of them, and were evidently dividing it equally into four shares."

"They are the robbers, sure as h—," remarked Jed, with some emphasis, forgetting for the second the need of caution.

Bob cautioned him to keep the utmost silence, and then in a low voice explained his plan. "Bill and I will creep round to the door, while, Jed, you and Dougherty crawl up to the only window. When we are at our posts I will give you this signal,"—imitating a small squirrel,—"and you answer with the same sound."

Jed tried the noise once or twice, to be sure that he had it correctly, and then said, "I am ready for my part."

"Do you all understand?" asked Bob. Each replied in the affirmative.

"Then follow me," said he. "When we are at our posts I mean to capture them, if possible, but if we must fight,—"

He was interrupted by Jed, who said, in a low but determined voice, "If we must fight, I 'low we don't want any of 'em to get away."

The firm grip of Bob's hand was his answer.

On their hands and knees, observing the utmost silence, avoiding dry twigs or pieces of bark that would give forth a sound, they crept stealthily forward to the cabin where the stage robbers were ensconced. Bob and McShane at length reached their post, and waited with anxiety for their companions to make a half circuit of the cabin, and guard the little window.

Bill applied his eye to a crack in the door, and saw the four men still carefully dividing their gold. As if to be on their constant guard from danger, or perhaps in anticipation of trouble or dispute between themselves, the four men had laid their revolvers on the table close at hand. He whispered this information in his companion's ear. The latter touched his lips to imply silence, and both waited for the signal from Jed. A second or two later this was given. Bob gave the reply agreed upon, and then springing to his feet threw open the door of the old cabin, and in a deep, firm voice said, "I am an officer, and command you to surrender."

The robbers had been so deeply engaged in gloating over their rich spoils that they had not the slightest intimation of danger till the door was suddenly burst open and they were confronted by the cocked pistols in the hands of the intrepid officer. As his stern summons rang out to surrender they remained for a single second as if paralyzed, but the next instant they bounded to their feet with one accord. With a savage curse upon the light that had betrayed them, Mexican Joe dashed out the candle, at the same time crying to his comrades, "Kill the officer!"

As the robbers sprang up and caught their weapons Harrison opened fire upon them, and he was promptly seconded by McShane, who bounded into the room at Joe's cry.

Their shots were instantly replied to, and for a moment the reports were so rapid and continuous that the cries and exclamations of the combatants could not be heard. Then there came a lull, and one of the Sydney outlaws cried in agony, "Shoot him down,—he has wounded me twice." The dim light from a bed of coals in the fireplace gave but poor opportunity for accurate shooting, but the distance was so short that not many bullets went astray, and Bob and McShane were getting the best of the fight when Mexican Joe suddenly cried, "Cut his heart out!" and swiftly

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drawing a long and heavy knife hurled it with great force at the officer. His motions were so sudden that Harrison had no time to dodge, and the knife struck his right arm, inflicting a long and ugly gash from the wrist half way to the elbow.

"Die, you thief!" cried the officer, changing his pistol from right hand to left and firing at the robber. The latter sprang backward, struck the little pine table, and stumbled to the floor, thus escaping the shot. The table with its heap of yellow gold was upset, and the precious metal scattered over the floor, where it was soon stained and darkened by the blood of those engaged in the combat.

The outlaws, now finding the cabin too hot for them, attempted to make their escape, and Mexican Joe threw open the board covering and jumped through the window. He was quickly seized by Dougherty, who was, however, shot in the shoulder by the infuriated Mexican. The next moment the latter was knocked down by a blow on the head from Jed's pistol, and after a brief but tremendous struggle he was disarmed and his hands securely tied.

The fight inside the cabin still continued, though one of the Sydney men fell, wounded in no less than four places. The small robber had escaped injury thus far by lying flat upon the floor, though he had not failed to fire whenever there was a chance at Harrison and McShane. McShane at this instant caught sight of him taking aim at them, and dashing forward caught him as a dog would a rat by the back, and lifting him from the floor dashed him down again with such violence as to kill him or render him unconscious for the moment, for he did not move during the remainder of the fight. Harrison was by this time wounded in three places, and the remaining robber who was fatally shot, cried, "I surrender,— don't fire again!"

Bob advanced toward him, and the robber gave up his pistol, saying, "You have done us up and got the money."

He was so weak from his wounds that he could hardly keep his feet, and was at once assisted to a seat by McShane and the officer. The latter now gave a shout to let those on the outside know that the fight had been won and the robbers captured. Bill ran to the door, and brought in an armful of dry pine brush, which he threw upon the bed of coals, thus quickly lighting the room. The scene that presented itself was vivid and startling, for one of the robbers lay groaning in his death agonies, a second was so desperately wounded that he could no longer maintain his position, and would have fallen to the floor had not Jed caught him, while the third lay prone, evidently injured beyond all help. Dougherty at this moment came in, leading the Mexican, who still scowled defiance at his enemies.

"Are ye badly hurt?" asked Jed of his leader, and the latter replied,

"Two shots and one cut, but nothing serious, I think." He was bleeding freely from the ugly gash in his arm, a pistol shot in his side, and another near the shoulder.

He seated himself upon a piece of a log, so that the tall miner could examine the wounds, when the little robber, whom all had supposed dead, suddenly sprang to his feet and dashed toward the door. He had nearly reached it when a flash from Jed's pistol was followed by a ringing shot, and the outlaw fell dead with a bullet through his heart. As he staggered forward and threw up his arms just before he fell, the Mexican turned his face away with a shudder.

McShane and Jed now set to work bandaging up the wounds of their comrades, and then turned to the Sydney man. He shook his head and said faintly, "It 's too late,— I have run my race, and this is the end." The next moment he started suddenly to his feet, uttered a cry, and then fell forward dead upon

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the floor. Harrison gave a shuddering glance at the dead man, but the others of his party evidently felt relieved that the desperately wounded man was out of his misery, and paid no further attention to his body other than to move it out of their way.

The officer was now helped into one of the two bunks in the cabin, and Dougherty into the other. Jed and McShane next proceeded to fasten the Mexican outlaw more securely. The latter objected and protested, but all in vain.

"We have no more bullets to spare," said Bill, giving an extra hitch around the outlaw's legs.

"It would disappint the boys," said Jed, "to find ye all dead, when they will expect a hanging."

The robber glared fiercely at the speaker, and muttered something that sounded like curses in his own language.

The two Americans now threw themselves upon the floor for a few hours' rest, without taking time to gather up the gold, or to move the bodies of the slain outlaws. The Mexican made every effort during the night to release himself, but without success, and at length gave up and resigned himself to his fate. In the morning Harrison was so stiff and sore that he could hardly move, though Dougherty felt better than he expected. The three dead men were laid out in a row beneath a huge sugar pine, while Jed and McShane proceeded to get breakfast with materials that the robbers had in the cabin.

This ended, Jed set off for the mining camp, and taking a short cut over the hills, reached Stringtown in a couple of hours. Fully thirty men accompanied him on his return, and the cabin was reached an hour or more before noon. The miners brought some shovels and picks, and lost no time in digging a grave large enough for all the bodies. When this was ready, one of them called the meeting to order and said, "Gentlemen, you all know the object of this meeting. Three of the stage robbers are dead, but there is yet one to dispose of. What is your desire in this matter?"

"I 'low," said Jed, "that the best thing we can do with the ornery cuss is to hang him to the limb of a tree."

"Gentlemen," continued the self-appointed judge, "you have heard the motion. What is your wish in the matter?"

"Hang him! hang him!" was the cry from the miners.

"It is a verdict," said the judge. "Bring on your rope, boys."

Mexican Joe was at once brought from the cabin and led to the nearest tree, where a rope was placed around his neck. The prisoner stood silent and defiant, without a word of defense or a sign of feeling. His enemies were stern and resolute, and the man who had acted as a leader was just on the point of calling "One! two! three!" as the signal to hoist the robber up by the neck, when a deep, stern voice from the cabin door cried, "Hold! The first man that pulls on that rope dies in his tracks!'

The miners looked up in astonishment at Harrison, whom they supposed unable to get out of his bed. Turning to them, he stepped out of the log building, and clinging fast to a corner to keep himself from falling, Harrison said, "Boys, you forget that I am a deputy sheriff, and that this man is my prisoner."

For an instant the crowd of miners hesitated, when some one shouted, "Up with him! We want no judge or jury for thieves!"

The men had already begun to tighten the rope, when Harrison stepped forward, cool and resolute, and said in a voice that carried conviction to the minds of his hearers, "Drop that rope, or I will kill the first man that makes another move!"

Pale, but earnest and determined, he faced the crowd of miners for a second, when one of them said, "Boys, that's what I call nerve, and I 'low he's right.

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He wants this greaser to take back, so as to show that we did capture the thieves, and I am for letting Bob have his way."

From this there was no dissent, and the rope was quickly removed from the Mexican's neck. The man evinced no surprise, and hardly glanced at the man who had saved him from swift and sudden death.

The moment the officer saw his prisoner safe from immediate harm, his strength failed, and he came near fainting from weakness. He was at once helped back to the bunk, and then a litter was prepared, for the miners saw he would have to be carried back to Stringtown. Dougherty was able to walk, and the miners took turns in carrying the officer, who was so seriously wounded that it was two weeks before he was able to hobble about. During the homeward trip he did not utter a groan; and this, taken in connection with his rescue of the Mexican and his daring in attacking the robbers, gave rise to the phrase of "Bob Harrison's nerve" among the miners, when they wished to express unusual courage.

The stage robber was eventually brought to trial, convicted, and sent to prison for a term of fifteen years, while Harrison and his three companions were liberally rewarded by the express company for regaining the treasure and capturing the robbers.

*S. S. Boynton.*

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## A STUDY OF JOB.

*The Epic of the Inner Life*[1] is, as the title page says, "The Book of Job, translated anew, and accompanied with Notes and an Introductory Study." The notes and introductory study, in fact, occupy a much more important place than the subordinate part assigned them on the title page would intimate, — fully half the volume. The book is a treatise, literary and exegetical, in a popular vein, very similar to Doctor Griffis's lectures on The Song of Songs, recently reviewed in these pages. It is, like that, suggestive, and we should say sound in its main thesis, and like that, spun out into an over subtlety, a forced interpretation of minutiæ, a superfluity of admiration marks in running comment, which make the reader desire to lay the book aside after getting its idea, and read the text of Job over in peace, to see if it carries spontaneously the same interpretation so profusely insisted upon here.

The thesis is that the main purport of the book of Job is dramatic,—viz., the testing, spiritual experience, and triumph of Job,— not controversial.

"According to Professor Conant's view, the subject of the book is, 'The Mystery of God's Providential Government of Men'; or . . . in Professor Delitsch's words, . . . 'Why does suffering on suffering befall the righteous?'"

But in the first place, this view of the book as a debate throws the Prologue out of organic relation with the rest; the point at issue is not distinctly brought out, for Job himself does not controvert his friends' general position, merely resenting the interpretation of his own calamities as punishment for sin; the divine umpire at the close offers no solution, but apparently repeats in a more

[1] The Epic of the Inner Life. By John F. Genung. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company: 1891.

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sublime strain the main argument of the friends, and yet concludes by pronouncing that Job — not they — has spoken what is right of him. On the other hand, "An artistic unity the poem certainly has, . . . it is Job himself, the man Job. . . We are to trace not the building of a system, but the progress of a character, tried, developed, victorious"; the discourses reveal dramatically "how the patriarch works out, or perhaps we may better say, embodies, the solution of a great problem." This problem is the one propounded by Satan, "Doth Job fear God for naught?"— that is, Is the whole early Hebrew morality, based on the fear of Jehovah, who will certainly reward and punish, a mere "refined selfishness"? Is there such a thing as really disinterested love of righteousness?

"To gather the history before us into a sentence: —

"There is a service of God which is not work for reward: it is a heart-loyalty, a hunger after God's presence, which survives loss and chastisement; which in spite of contradictory seeming cleaves to what is Godlike, as the needle seeks the pole; and which reaches up out of the darkness and hardness of this life to the light and love beyond."

There is much in this interpretation that commends it as the straightforward and natural one. It is certainly the clear statement of the prologue and epilogue. Let us run over the narrative of the poem, as it must be read according to any interpretation.

Job is, "by hypothesis," as the commentator does not fail to point out, "perfect and upright," — "none like him in the earth," by Jehovah's own statement. He is given over into the hands of Satan — a spirit of distrust and negation, not the Miltonic Satan — to be tested to the utmost whether his loyalty depends upon value received. Stripped by sudden calamity of his wealth, his children, his honored place among men, smitten with loathsome disease, and outcast, he steadfastly refuses to "curse God" ("renounce" is Mr. Genung's translation). But after a lapse of time, when his friends visit him, he breaks forth in bitter imprecations of his own lot, and questions why God lets any one live in such misery. His friends urge upon him submission and trust in God, pointing out that calamity is a sign of God's displeasure, and it behooves him to humble himself in propitiation of the offended deity. Though he be not conscious of wrong-doing, yet all humanity is so corrupt in the sight of infinite purity that no man may venture to call himself just in the face of God's judgment. They enlarge especially on God's overwhelming power to crush and sweep away those who do not fear him, a doom to be escaped by submission and humility. Job in answer cries out with great feeling that such counsel does not begin to reach his anguish and perplexity; that his friends are cold and unjust to him, and God has become his enemy for no cause; and righteousness appears to be of no avail with Him, for He prospers the righteous and the unrighteous, or crushes both alike at will. His friends are trying to curry favor with God at his cost; for his part, in the face of the infinite power, he will take his life in his hand and maintain to God he is righteous, and cry out to Him, not for pardon or mercy, but for explanation of the seeming cruelty and injustice. He has no sympathy with the evil,— even now his choice is righteousness, and he will be righteous to the time of his death; but God has turned against him. He believes that he will yet be vindicated, — if not in this life, then in another,— he trusts that God would prove his friend and just judge, if he could only find Him and lay hold upon Him,— but meanwhile he is wronged, and would that God would confront him with His charges and hear his defense!

The friends are outraged at this impious presumption: but God answers him

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out of the whirlwind that He has come to be questioned. First, however, let Job answer His challenge, and comprehend His work in the marvels of creation. Before the splendid statement of these marvels Job confesses, in awe and submission, that he has ventured on mysteries too high for him, and will say no more. The Almighty then turns upon the friends with wrathful condemnation: "Ye have not spoken of Me the thing that is right, as My servant Job hath"; they are pardoned, only on his mediation, and he is restored to prosperity and happiness.

Now this is surely not a simple drama to interpret. For the apparent outcome of the argument is that the orthodox friends are right: yet the verdict is for the heretic Job, and his behavior as confuting the sneer of Satan. Jehovah here seems to speak in the spirit of the modern poet,

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

The doubt was erroneous,—yet more truly honoring to God than the servile faith that could try to curry favor with Him. "I was never more true to God," says Robertson of Brighton (in effect), "than when I was doubting His existence." So Job will not call injustice justice to please God himself; if God is the enemy of right, or indifferent to right, then he will hold fast to his integrity, and part company with God; nay, he will not surrender his reason or deny to himself his honest thought, or cringe, in the face of a power that — he does not question — can grind him to powder. And in all this, the ancient poet would seem to say, he the more triumphantly proves the utter disinterestedness of a righteousness that God himself could not make him give up; in choosing his own reason, his own sense of justice, his own integrity, he has chosen God, where he would have missed him by clinging to his orthodox presentation.

This makes the drama of the Chaldean Prometheus a sufficiently heterodox production,— heterodox even in our day. But it is hard to read any other consistent meaning in it. If the prose prologue and epilogue are later additions, then this reading may be true only to the thought of the reviser, not of the original author; but the thought of some ancient liberal it seems clearly to be, in the final form in which it has reached us.

Moreover, it is hard to read the utterances of Job in the dramatic portions, and not find them in substance the expression of that anguish, known to some souls in every age, and no stranger to us in the world's literature,— when personal calamity brings with it a swift perception of the injustices of the whole world, and faith in the justice of God himself trembles. Is God just? Is the soul of things good? Is there any correspondence between ultimate forces and our moral sense? — in such and many such forms the question has become a familiar one in modern thought. One must, of course, to get clear impressions of anything in the poetic portions of this book, read them in some later translation than that of King James. The Oxford revision — with preference for the marginal readings — seems to us as clear in the main as the one that Mr. Genung offers, and it has far better guarantee of scholarliness.

In these few paragraphs we have given the substance of Mr. Genung's interpretation, which is certainly suggestive and plausible, and seems more natural and obvious than any other; it is also highly interesting, in that if true it reveals a bold heresy to what is even in these days the common orthodox attitude of timidity toward God and distrust of reason and human ethical sense. But the simple and interesting study which a few pages might have set clearly before the reader, is tediously involved in repetition, subtle elaborations, discursive expression, all with a view to making the

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treatise more readable and its subject clearer, until one is repelled from it and from the interpretation it over-advocates. Endless foot notes force this interpretation upon passage after passage, and carry it out far beyond the lines we have suggested here. Yet we believe it is in a manner an acceptable book to many, and we should not know of any other to recommend as covering the same ground better. It is really a great gain to the popular literature of Scripture interpretation, and worthy of a rapid perusal by everyone.

As for the scholarship — with regard to the authorship and date of the book, etc.— it is not very great, and the Hebrew origin is taken for granted, without a hint of the theory which makes this book of the Old Testament a treasure trove from some neighboring literature; but there is nothing seriously misleading, and the writer is evidently an earnest student of the "Higher Criticism."

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## ETC.

The most important and interesting social phenomenon in the country at present is the curiously sudden swell of consciousness within the orthodox Protestant churches that a theological crisis is upon them. Nothing very new had happened: an Episcopalian clergyman had written a book, no more daring than other Episcopalian clergymen have written within a few years; a Presbyterian theological professor had given an address, no more out of accord with Presbyterian creeds than the view he and others had been known to hold before. For several years past the discussion of revision of the Presbyterian creed, and the Andover controversy, had been before the public, and it must have been a matter of common observation that things were ripening toward a change of some sort; yet all in a moment Doctor Briggs's inaugural seemed to wake that public which usually cares little about churches to a living interest. There was never a better proof that people do care — everybody cares — very much for religious doctrine, whenever it comes fresh from the heart and conviction of the preacher, instead of being merely handed down from some predecessor, as taught in the theological seminaries. People flocked to hear Calvin preach his doctrines; but we do not know of any preacher who would hope to keep an audience now by repeating them. They were expositions of what people were then thinking and questioning about; and the moment that a preacher today speaks his honest thought on the things people are thinking and questioning about now, they hasten to listen. Groups of them will run after pitiful charlatans, who take advantage of their eagerness in a merely sensational spirit; or after honest weaklings, who throw themselves into discussions they have not knowledge or judgment enough for. Now that a "solid man" like Doctor Briggs has said the things they wished to hear, the unanimous interest of the people is shown plainly enough by the conduct of the newspapers. It is probable that the instinct which often is so singularly true in great masses of people, has shown them that the vital point of coming theological controversy has been touched at last, — the status of the Bible, so long the whole foundation of Protestant theology. They have felt that discussions of future punishment, of election, of the relation between Christian theology and evolutionary philosophy, all evaded the main point. In all such discussions the argument of orthodoxy really fell back upon the accepted Protestant view of the Bible as a major premise. The defenders of the orthodox position, no less than the liberals, felt instinctively that herein lay its key; and the inerrancy of Scripture has been held by them with a certain sense of sacredness and fundamental necessity that other parts of their creed do not call forth. Any one who has listened to a controversy between a clergyman and a scoffer must have perceived how genially reflections upon the doctrine of eternal punishment, of election, and many others, are received, but how quickly the clergyman shows that his sense of sanctity is outraged when the authority of Scripture is touched upon. Although, as a matter of fact, a number of the leaders of Protestantism did not take such a view of the Scriptures, yet the great popular movement was based upon the substitution of the Holy Book for Holy Church as an authority. If it should cease to be so held, the Protestantism of the past four centuries would pass away, and some new phase of church history would succeed it.

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If popular and newspaper interpretation has gone correctly to the heart of the Briggs episode, as the first word in a discussion that shall decide on this most vital Protestant position, it goes perversely astray as to the merits of the immediate controversy, it is not whether Doctor Briggs is right or wrong, but whether he is Presbyterian. There has been no "heresy hunting," no "persecution"; he has been treated with unvarying personal kindness, so far as we have seen. His denomination has simply acted as any constituency would in refusing to send back to Congress a representative who had come out with free trade views, say, when the majority were protectionists. It merely declines to pay him to teach views it does not believe, and forbids him to teach them *as Presbyterianism*. A good many critics have said that this is only fair; but it is to be said on the other hand that Doctor Briggs has a right to try to alter the views of his denomination, and bring it to where his will be sound Presbyterianism.

Again, it should never be forgotten, before conservatives are blamed for their suspicion of those who stir up new doctrines, how large a majority of novelties are folly and sensation. If these are to be resisted — and heaven only knows what would become of us if they were not — the rare new truths must needs run the same gauntlet. As a matter of fact, we believe that the majority of clergymen who get into trouble with their denomination by too liberal views, are silly or sensational. The judges that condemn in such cases, and are denounced by outsiders as fogies and persecutors, are usually patient and upright men, and have been constrained to break with the heretic as much by foolish and injurious conduct on his part as by his doctrines. Indeed, where an absolutely dishonest man creeps into the ministry, if he is at the same time of a sensational bent, he is very apt to select the line of attacking the orthodox doctrine of his church. All this very naturally gives to the leaders of church policy a not unreasonable bias against the value of heretics to the cause of their religion, and leaves very much to be said on their side when they seem illiberal.

A striking sign of intellectual development in this country is the sudden and rapid increase in number and variety of reviews and special journals of such standing that they must be reckoned with by any one who would keep track of his subject. Usually, but not always, they are connected with some university. Within a very few years, two or three popular reviews, for the serious discussion of current topics, have started up on the ground formerly occupied by the *North American*, and appear to find plenty of room. Within a few months three new special journals, each one constituting from the outset the authority and standard in its own field, — *The Pedagogical Seminary*, the only expression in this country of university teaching on its subject; *The International Journal of Ethics*, also the only journal of its kind; and now *The Outlook*, a journal of the higher education of women. The notable thing about these journals is that they come as natural outgrowths, not as anyone's experiment: as means of communicating ideas and information now too generally inquired for and too abundant to be longer conveyed without special channels. This is not saying, of course, that they meet the same sort of popular demand, and are going to "pay" in the same sense that would be expected of a literary magazine or newspaper; but they are none the less called for, and indicate a great and rapid widening in thought among us. With the renaissance of serious and important theological controversy in the Protestant churches of this country, a considerable development in religious journals has appeared. The denominational weeklies, which generally (not invariably) make both art and scholarship secondary to piety, and offer no forum, but rather a pulpit for the advocacy of a settled doctrine, are increasingly superseded by religious reviews, in which scholarly discussion may be found of questions requiring knowledge and criticism. All this, with the corresponding development of the index system, makes current knowledge and trained thought available to the public as it has never begun to be available before the present decade.

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## Here and There.

### Mount Tahoma.

With round, flushed face the rising sun at dawn
  Comes panting up Tahoma's rugged side,
  O'er walls of stone, through cañons deep and wide,
Until, at last, he halts to rest upon
The summit, — wearied from the fearful climb.
  O peak of peaks, the mantling snowstorms ride
  Across your furrowed brow, as if to hide
Each awful scar from your twin brother, — Time.
Enwrapped with God's white robe alone you stand
  A glorious king, around whose head the flowers
Of heaven, gathered by an angel's hand,
  Are nightly strewn in gleaming, golden showers,
And when the mighty avalanche is hurled
You speak in tones of thunder to the world!

*Herbert Bashford.*

### My Opal Sea.

(Puget Sound.)

O my Opal Sea's blue bosom,
  Washed with silver, zoned with gold!
Swelling with her heart emotions,
  Always pure, but never cold,
Flushing with the sunrise splendor,
  Glowing with the sunset's red;
Soft, wet lips that call and woo me, —
  Lo! I follow, passion-led.

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Bare, cool arms that clasp and hold me,—
Low I lean with swelling chest,
Breathe her breath and know her kisses,
Sleep and dream upon her breast;
Feel her pulses trembling, thrilling,
Feel her heart throb passionately,—
O, my wild, sweet, lawless mistress!
My one love — my Opal Sea!

*Ella Higginson.*

### Columbia River.

The sunset gun has boomed "Good-night!"
No longer floats the ensign bright;
Swift, swiftly now the twilight gray
Is falling o'er the land-locked bay.

From Disappointment's rock-bound height
We watch the paling sunset light,
And on the bluff Pacific shore
We hear sonorous waters roar,
As mountain waves, with anger white,
Break on the adamantine height.

Hush! Suddenly there comes a sound
As if each wave a voice had found
With which to tell where it had been,
And all the glories it had seen.

We listen, as with flowing tongue
We hear Columbia's praises sung.
Long ages has it seaward rolled,
Its scenic treasures all untold.
But now these strange word-pictures trace
For us its far-off, wild birthplace,
And all its winding, devious way,
From mountains where with foam and spray
Clear streams dash down each rugged side
To swell the onward-rushing tide;
Through lakes whose depths are seldom stirred,
Save by some wild aquatic bird
Or birchen craft of Indian maid.
In liquid tongue each sylvan glade
Is pictured, where with ceaseless flow
The tireless waters onward go.

First north, then south, they aimless stray
Until, when rocks obstruct the way
They wind about the famed "Big Bend,"
Where they the right of way contend
With lofty Selkirks, capped with snow,
And forest-belted heights below.

Fast gaining strength, with headlong force
They madly rush along their course,—
Through wild defile or narrow pass,—
A foaming, surging, silver mass.
Thus mile on mile the river flows,
Strong, stronger yet the current grows.

Rock pinnacles and islets green,
Rough, splintered crags, or slopes serene
In swift succession are portrayed,
Their varied phases all displayed.
Cyclopean walls look sternly down
In wondrous tints of reddish brown:
Upon each one great seams and scars
Show trace of elemental wars.
The wild vine trails adown the side
As if these scars to deftly hide;
The maple flames, a scarlet vine,*
Beside the "million-fingered pine,"
And often, in these hillside bowers,
The dogwood opens creamy flowers.

How ceaseless waters work their will
Stupendous "dalles" bear witness still,—
The deep-cut rocky troughs all show
Time's imprint, no less sure than slow.
Thus, pent between high rocky walls,
The river struggles ere it falls
In cascades, crested white with foam,
Still hasting toward its ocean home.

Herculean pillars guard the way —
Rock monoliths with lichens gray —
Where headlong from a giddy height
(Like silver veil with foam-bells bright)
Multnomah and One-ō-ta fling
Themselves into a glen, where swing
On graceful stems the harebells blue,
And dainty ferns with meadow-rue —
Then, with but just an instant's rest,
They reach Columbia's sheltering breast,
And onward, o'er its broad expanse,
The sunset-colored ripples dance.

In water-colors kingly Hood
Is limned for us, a portrait good!
Titanic sentinel he stands
Watch-keeping over forest lands.
St. Helen's, coy, oft hides her head
In banks of cloud, but now, instead,
Wave-voices say, with unveiled face
She's seen, in all her queenly grace,
While Jefferson looks out below
And hoary Adams — white with snow —
To see the wavelets hurry by
Beneath the gorgeous sunset sky.

The river, broadening near the sea,
Speeds swift along, with current free —
At quaint Astoria stops to rest,
Then hastens on, with ruffled breast,
Till, leaping o'er the harbor bar
With tumult that is heard afar,
Its flood — in raging billows tossed —
Ere in Pacific's bosom lost,
Sends back on waves all shoreward rolled
To us, the story we have told.

*Emma Shaw.*

*The *vine-maple* of Oregôn is always bright red through all the seasons.

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**Napa Valley.**

A land wherein a silver river flows
From upland meads where St. Helena towers;
A valley brimming o'er with vine and rose,
The garden of the gods, the fane of flowers.

*Clarence Urmy.*

**Beautiful Santa Barbara.**

Beautiful Santa Barbara lies
Under the slope of the western sun,
Where the purple haze of sea and skies
Meet in a dream, when the day is done.
The tide still sleeps on thy shining sands,
The winds still sleep on thy shining sea,
The shadowy islands beckon like hands,
From out of thy mystic past to me,
Beautiful Santa Barbara.

Beautiful Santa Barbara, when
I paced thy beaches long years ago,
Deep solitude reigned on hill and glen;
The Pueblo dozed on the vale below;
The red tiles gleamed through the pepper trees;
The Mission watched from its upland slope,
Its chiming bells on the sweet south breeze,
Breathing softly of prayer, and peace, and hope,
Beautiful Santa Barbara.

Beautiful Santa Barbara, still
Thy beauty lives in eternal flower,
The purple haze comes on vale and hill,
With the magic touch of the twilight hour.
But where are the maids with wondrous eyes,
And wondrous wealth of their long dark hair,
And faces filled with a glad surprise,—
Young and bright faces, divinely fair,
Beautiful Santa Barbara?

*Agnes M. Manning.*

**San Buenaventura.**

Between the hills and sea Ventura smiles
With fragrant trees and graceful drooping leaves
Of vines and roses from the walls and eaves,—
The warm sun sleeping here on yellow piles
Of old adobe and dark crimson tiles;
There, lighting up the busy modern street
Where falls and fades the rhythm of strange feet.
Beyond, the ocean stretches miles on miles,
And the curled breakers, rolling on the sand,
Scatter the petals of their foam-flowers white.
On the blue billows gleams a snowy sail.
Afar, a flock of pelicans take flight
About the ship, that leaves a shining trail
To mark her recent passage from the land.

*Virna Woods.*

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# BOOK REVIEWS.

**Woman's Work in America.**[1]

THIS is the title of a collection of chapters, by different writers and on different topics, all falling under the general head. It is therefore impossible to give much general criticism of the style or substance of the book. The several component chapters differ a good deal in their readable quality, but it is in general true that they owe their interest to their important subject-matter, rather than their treatment. They are written more as armories of facts than organized and clarifying treatises.

The writers seem to have been somewhat hampered by the need of making their papers exhaustive in historic details, important, and not elsewhere to be found for reference, yet tending to overload a brief chapter. Helen Gray Cone, in her paper on Woman in Literature, has avoided this danger altogether, and made an interesting magazine essay, of next to no reference value, and offering no information new to general readers.

We would not be understood as saying that the book is dull reading. On the contrary, it is most of it singularly interesting. The topics are Education, Literature, Journalism, Medicine, the Ministry, Law, the State, Industry, and Philanthropy. Education is treated under three heads, by three different writers, and Philanthropy under seven:— charity, care of the sick, care of the criminal, care of the Indian, anti-slavery, the W. C. T. U., and the Red Cross. The other topics receive one chapter apiece. This is a significant indication of what the predominant bent of women's aspiration has been.

Mary Wright Sewall, one of the earliest college bred women in the country, contributes the paper on Education of Women in the Western States,— a very clear and satisfactory one. She writes with great good sense and the trained manner of the best editorial writing; and we understand that she has been in journalism. Christine Ladd Franklin—who

[1] Woman's Work in America. By Annie Nathan Meyer. New York: Henry Holt & Company: 1891. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

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will be remembered by those that follow such things, for some achievements in college mathematics that published her name all over the country a decade or more ago, and who is now the wife of a professor in Johns Hopkins University — writes of the Education of Women in the Southern States. Helen Gray Cone we have already mentioned among the contributors. Mary A. Livermore writes on Woman in the State — in her relation to civic rights; Doctor Mary Putnam-Jacobi on Woman in Medicine. The chapters on Woman in Charity, the W. C. T. U., and the Red Cross, are written by the recognized leaders — Josephine Shaw Lowell, Frances E. Willard, and Clara Barton; those on the Ministry and Law by the Rev. Ada C. Bowles (Universalist), and Ada Bittenbender, one of the seven women who have been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court.

The eighteen chapters altogether present a curious record—curious, most of all, for the singular inconsistencies it reveals. Women have been admitted to an approximate equality with men in education, which they greatly desired, only after the utmost resistance,— a resistance that falls back from point to point, contesting each one, and is still active and important. In literature, which they have shown far less desire or capacity for, they have met no serious obstacles. Their entrance into medicine — a profession for which they have often showed a real passion, and in which they have showed great strength — has been fought, sometimes with literal violence. Law, however, which few have sought, and in which their success has been decidedly less marked, offered no great resistance to their entrance. They have been welcomed even cordially into journalism. In the various lines of philanthropy they have always been welcome to work, except where they came in conflict with money or political interests, as in the anti-slavery work, or were obliged to solicit political action; as, for instance, in the appointment of police matrons; and even in such antagonisms it can scarcely be said that since anti slavery times they have roused more opposition than men do in similar cases, though they are, of course, less equipped to meet it than men, on account of having less money and no votes with which to compel attention to their demands. In proportion to the resistance made to women's aspirations may be discerned a quiver of indignation through the resolutely fair and kindly narration of the facts. It is evident that some of the injustices received tingle in memory still, though hidden away and ignored. In education it is curious to see that Massachusetts, Boston, Harvard, have always been the center of opposition to the sharing of intellectual privilege with women. From the foundation of the colony especial solicitude was shown for the education of boys, but girls were not admitted to the public schools till near the beginning of the present century. "Within the memory of a recent resident of Hatfield," an influential taxpayer appealed to town-meeting for permission to send his girls to the public school. "An indignant fellow-townsman sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, 'Hatfield school *shes?* Never!'" (One of these girls became the founder of Smith College.) Girls were admitted to the public schools in Boston in 1789, but only to a limited summer course, while at the same time the Latin high school was established for boys. (Rhode Island, however, was in this instance behind Massachusetts, having excluded girls from the common schools till 1828.) In 1825 a high school for girls was opened, but closed at the end of a year, on the ground that *too many* girls flocked to it — four times as many as the boys that applied for the boys' high school — and that no city could stand the expense. Mayor Josiah Quincy was the most influential opponent of this high school, first and last, and to the day of his death congratulated himself on its abolition. Eight years later, however, as a partial compensation, girls were allowed to remain in the grammar schools the year through.

The city of Lowell had at this time just admitted girls to its High School. But as late as 1852, when the struggle was renewed in Boston, so intense was still the opposition that it was deemed best to try only for a Normal School; this gradually grew into a high school by 1872, but not a full Latin high school. "In the endeavor of girls toward the higher education, one is too sadly reminded of the struggles of the plebeians against the patricians in Rome, when positions were yielded only to be to the uttermost shorn of advantage. As girls have gained successive opportunities for advanced study, the aim of the opponents has always been to keep those only analagous to, not identical with, those of boys. They have, therefore, been steadily weighted with limiting conditions."

This is true of the Eastern States, but not of the Western.

Mayor Josiah Quincy was an ex-president of Harvard. In 1878, after full high school privileges were already given girls throughout many States, after the coeducational Boston University had been founded, a very urgent effort was made to open the Latin high school to girls. Pres. Eliot of Harvard led the opposition, saying, "I resist the proposition for the sake of the boys, the girls, and the schools, and in the general interest of American education." Professor William Everett said: "To introduce girls into the Latin School would be a legal and moral wrong to the graduates." Charles Francis Adams wrote that "shocking scandals" would result; President Porter of Yale thought "the natural feelings of rightly trained boys and girls" would be offended by intercourse "so frequent, so free, and so unceremonious." President Bartlett of Dartmouth said it would shatter the girls' health and shorten their lives. The High School was not opened to them, but a separate one was founded. It was the president of Harvard,

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again, who lately wrote an article calling attention to the inferior quality of the secondary schools, and proposed remedying it by displacing part of the female teachers,— instead of by increasing their opportunities to qualify themselves. On one occasion, as far back as 1850, a woman succeeded in persuading the Harvard authorities to admit her to the medical school; on which the students held an indignation meeting, and succeeded in preventing her admission. "The odd idea was advanced on this, as on so many other occasions," says Doctor Putnam-Jacobi, "that whenever a woman should prove herself capable of an intellectual achievement, this latter would cease to constitute an honor for the men who had previously prized it. When in 1872 the London University, after a two years' bitter controversy, declared woman eligible to its degrees, the journals were flooded with letters from indignant physicians, who declared that by this action their own diplomas, previously obtained, had been lowered in value, their contracts violated, and their most sacred property rights invaded." On the sole ground of this same feeling on the part of the men students, the trustees of Adelbert College, Ohio, some five years ago, excluded the women already in the college, and it is reported from various institutions as constituting the single objection to coeducation that is realized in practice. In 1879 Miss Hovey tried in vain to buy the admission of women into the Harvard medical school with a gift of $10,000; and the same year the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* "regretted to be obliged to announce" that the State Medical Society, after twenty-five years' refusal, had consented to admit duly qualified women physicians.

The Harvard influence is perhaps the center of the reluctance to admit women to educational equality, but the Boston record has many parallels elsewhere. Mary Lyon received great opposition from press and pulpit in founding the Mount Holyoke seminary for girls!

In the places where girls are given separate institutions, it is still the rule that these are provided with a curriculum and teachers of lower grade; but with this lingering disability the common school, high school, and college education, may now be regarded as conquered positions. The pressure for admission is now reaching to the post-collegiate education, and the faculties and governing boards of colleges.

The first great concession of graduate instruction has been won, in the admission of women to the Johns Hopkins Medical School, to obtain which $100,000 was raised by the women of the country.

We must close this review with a few statistics. Doctor Putnam-Jacobi's figures seem to indicate, at a guess, that one thousand women may be regular physicians, in full standing; the census, including many irregular practitioners, will register nearer three thousand. There are more than fifty women who are ordained ministers in the Universalist denomination, one in the Methodist, half a dozen in the Congregationalist, and perhaps a dozen or more in the Unitarian; many Quaker women are preachers. Fifty-six women were lawyers in 1882, and the number has doubtless increased much since. The compact little mine of statistics between the covers of this book would yield also some very interesting figures as to women in industrial pursuits, etc., were it possible for us to quote further.

### Briefer Notice.

It seems scarcely credible that people of intelligence and considerable reading exist in our midst who know absolutely nothing of Charles Darwin; and yet it has been only a few months since I heard one of our distinguished clergymen denounce him from the pulpit as a charlatan; while the sight of a recently published book[1] led a young woman, strongly suspected by others than herself of both intelligence and knowledge, to exclaim contemptuously: "Humph! A handsome book for such a subject." While these two incidents would indicate need for a popular biography of the great scientist, that need had already been well supplied by Mr. Grant Allen (English Worthies Series). The volume before us is immensely inferior, in all respects, to its predecessor in the field. However, poor as is the book, it will do something towards spreading a better knowledge of its subject.

[1] Charles Darwin: His Life and Work. By Charles Frederick Holder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891. For sale in San Francisco by William Doxey.

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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. (SECOND SERIES.)—AUGUST, 1891.— No. 104.

# GOLD MINING OF TODAY.

OF all the States of the Union, California still occupies the leading place in the production of gold,—a position it has steadily held since the first discoveries which brought the State to the attention of an astonished world.

Yet the conditions under which gold mining is carried on in California today are entirely different from those which existed when the first pioneers of the State came to gather the millions that lay ready to their hands. Then every man was a miner; now, few who come here to settle have any thought of the mines, and only a small proportion of the inhabitants of the State know or care anything about the mining industry.

It seems remarkable that an industry which could produce upwards of twelve hundred millions of dollars in one State within a period of about forty years, should be neglected by the people of that State. Yet this is the case with the gold mining industry of California. And not only that, but one branch of it remains under the ban of the courts,

Photo by Perkins.

WORKED OUT PLACERS AT BIG OAK FLAT.

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Drawn by Miss Williams, from Photo by Partridge.

A WAYSIDE CHAT.

taken out in this State in one year was in 1852, when the product reached $81,294,700, just double the product of 1850. In the year 1851 the gold yield was $75,938,232. It was not until 1862 that the annual yield dropped below $44,000,000, since which time there has been a gradual decline, until within the past few years, since the suppression of hydraulic mining, the average is about $13,000,000. This would be very materially increased could means be adopted to permit the working of the hydraulic mines without detriment to other interests. It is only a question of time when these great deposits of auriferous gravel will again be utilized, and made to yield up their golden contents; but at present the whole question of hydraulic mining and debris is one in which the prejudices of classes of the community are so strongly exhibited that mere mention of the subject provokes discussion. The more sober judgment of future generations will doubtless bring about a solution.

and may not be lawfully practiced.

Official figures show that the total yield of gold in California, from the time Marshall discovered the historic nugget in the tailrace of Sutter's mill at Coloma, to the end of the year 1890, is $1,247,298,715. And there must have been many other millions carried away by the early miners, that were never enumerated in the official figures. The rates charged for export of treasure in the early days were excessive (five per cent and primage) on the steamers, and for several years the deposits at the Eastern mints exceeded by ten or fifteen millions annually the entire exports from this city, as shown by the Custom House records. As every steamer carried from five hundred to one thousand passengers, no inconsiderable amount must have gone abroad in the same way.

But even the sum stated is an immense one to be added to the world's wealth in so short a period of time. No such record has ever been made by any other country, or any other region. These figures are for the gold alone, the silver, quicksilver, copper, lead, borax, and other mining products, not being considered. The largest amount of gold

When the pioneer miners began their search for gold they did not have far to look. It was procured from the placers or surface washings in the gulches, cañons, river bars and beds, and for many years an enormous yield was maintained from these sources. Nature had for thousands of years been pursuing a system of concentration, and gathering the gold in masses in surface deposits. Gradually, however, the area available for this kind of mining was narrowed, as ground was worked out, and attention had to be turned to other sources.

It was then that the hydraulic and

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quartz mines were opened. But the collection of the gold from these sources is a much slower process than where it is obtained from the surface washings. The method is practically the same as that pursued by nature — concentration; but man's efforts are slow, and it takes time and costs money to handle the material and segregate the golden grains from the gravel or rock.

The romance of gold mining disappeared with the exhaustion of the placer fields. Fortunes are seldom found in a day; the methods of work have altered, and the character of the miner has changed. The pick, pan, rocker, and long-tom, have given place to costly machinery. Individual labor has been superseded by organized companies, and capital must now be invested.

It is not within the province of this article to consider to any extent the early-day mining in California. The scenes of "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," have been described time and time again. It would be difficult, even if it were worth while, to dissipate the ideas people have formed of the mining community of those times, of their habits, customs, and peculiarities, so exaggerated in the literature of the day as to form rather a caricature than a picture of the miner of '49.

Amador and Nevada counties continue the most important in quartz mining. It is worthy of note that the oldest quartz district in the State is today the most prosperous one. It was in 1850, one year after the discoveries on Wolf Creek, that they began to work gold-bearing quartz in Grass Valley,— the first work of the kind not only in this State, but on the Coast. And today Grass Valley is the center of the quartz industry, having the best mills, best machinery, and largest number of producing mines. The ore is not taken from superficial workings, but from deep mines. The famous Idaho mine, in that district, has workings over 2,000 feet

Photo by W. Letts Oliver.

STARTING WORK ON A LEDGE

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Drawn by Reaser, from Photo by Dornin.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.

in vertical depth. This mine has yielded over $11,000,000, paying $5,000,000 of that amount in dividends, though it is reported as being now pretty well worked out. Another one of the big mines of the State that has been worked out is the Sierra Buttes, Sierra County, but before discharging all but a prospecting crew, the mine had yielded in gold $8,324,665. This mine was worked (by tunnel) at a vertical depth from the croppings of 3,000 feet.

Many discoveries of quartz are made in this State every year, notwithstanding that prospectors have been roaming the various districts so long. Well-opened and developed mines are scarce, and there is a market for all such. Un-

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Photo by Dornin.

THE FACE OF THE DRIFT.

developed properties, or "prospects," are abundant, and not so easy to sell. It may be confidently stated that the quartz industry of California is in a fairly prosperous condition, and will continue to be profitable for many years to come. At present the bulk of the annual gold yield of the State is from this class of mining.

Of the hydraulic mines little need be said, since so few of them are at work, and those few in the northern tier of counties, where there is no danger of litigation from the debris question. The very large mines formerly worked by the hydraulic process have all been closed down by injunction of the courts.

The men who now get the gold from

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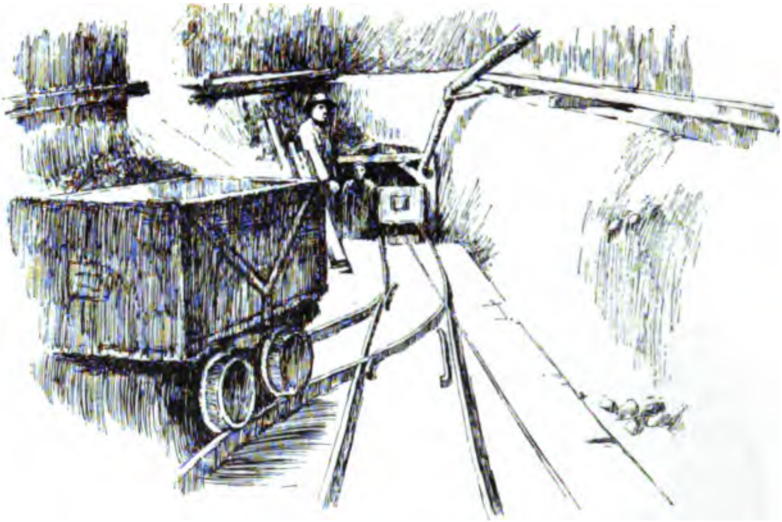

TAKING GRAVEL FROM A DRIFT MINE IN SKIPS.

the quartz and gravel of this State work, in the main, for daily wages, and are paid by the companies who own the properties. Mining operations are now conducted on a legitimate business basis, with little if any of the speculative fever of earlier periods. It is a common mistake to suppose because San Francisco is the center of operations of the mining stock exchanges, that California mines are dealt in. The fact is, however, that no attention is paid by the stock dealers to the mines of this State; and with the exception of the claims in Bodie, now seldom heard of, there are scarcely half a dozen California mines listed on the local stock boards. The silver mines of Nevada form the principal features of speculation.

The principal mines of the State are now owned by corporations. Of course small claims and "prospects" are owned by individuals, but it requires capital to open and develop quartz mines, build the mills, and conduct the business properly. As a consequence, instances are no longer common where two or three or half a dozen working miners carry on operations in quartz on their own account. If they do, it is with the expectation of selling out when the opportunity occurs. With the drift mines capital is even more necessary, since as a general thing many thousands of dollars must be expended before there is possibility of returns. The channels are hidden in the hills, and long tunnels must be driven before it is possible to take out the auriferous gravel. Of course in some portions of the State, notably on the Klamath River and thereabouts to the north, small companies of miners still work at river mining; but speaking generally, the gold mining of today is carried on to advantage only where capital is invested.

Within the past few years many old, abandoned mines have been reopened and started up. During the earlier period of quartz mining thousands of claims were taken up and worked after a fashion by men who had little experience, and who thought of a gold mine as a small mint. Extravagant ideas, based on assays of specimens, led to many foolish ventures which turned out disastrously.

Experience was gained from these severe lessons, and a gradual change came over the business. High-priced officials were done away with, and only efficient

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men employed in the various departments. Meantime the country was opened up by better wagon roads and railroads; provisions and supplies were cheapened, custom mills became more common, and a general lessening of cost that would run the company in debt twenty years ago now yield a handsome profit. The cost of milling is but a fraction of the former amount. A prominent cause of this is the use of water power instead of steam, many of the mills

Photo by Oliver.
WORKING AN AIR DRILL 3000 FEET FROM THE SURFACE.

was apparent. Then also came a more thorough knowledge of the methods of saving gold, and greater care in conducting operations. Improvements in milling appliances and systems have had a great deal to do with this, since they are now able to mine and mill ore at very much less cost than formerly, and mines in the central and northern part of the State being now run by water. In some cases water is only available a portion of the year, and steam power must be used during the season when water is scarce. It is very probable that within the next few years still further changes will be made by the introduction of electricity

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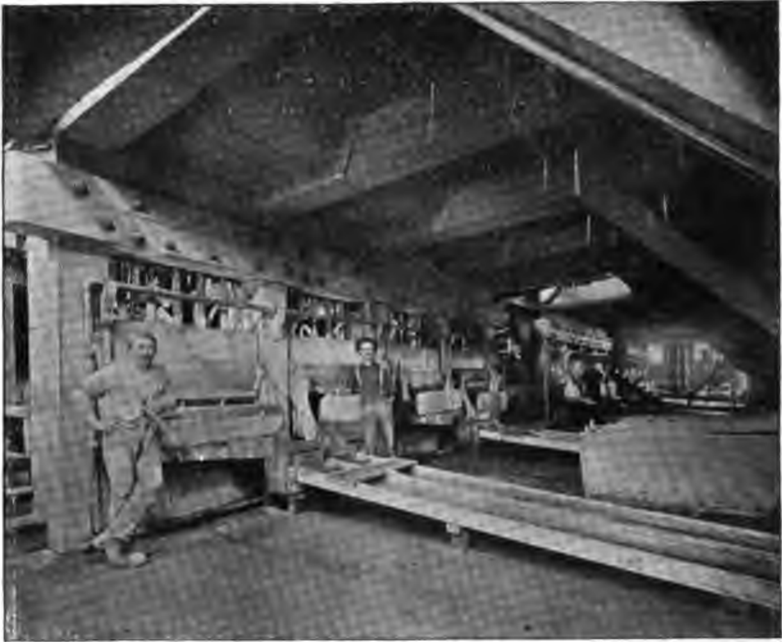

Photo by Oliver.

THE BATTERIES, YUBA MILL

for power, this having already been done in several instances. Where the conditions are favorable a stream some miles away may be utilized by means of Pelton water wheels, which run the dynamos, the current thus generated being carried to the motors at the mine and mill. All through the mountain region of the gold belt there are plenty of streams which can furnish power in this way.

The method of working quartz mines is the same here as elsewhere, a shaft being sunk, and levels run so as to get at the vein to best advantage. More or less waste material has to be taken out in getting at the ore. The openings are timbered strongly to prevent caving; and there must be pumps to remove the water, and hoisting works to take out the material. Where the topography admits, the mine is opened by tunnel instead of shaft, in which case it drains itself. The ledges or veins vary in size from one to three feet. Some are very much larger, but when they are, carry low grade ore. What are termed low grade ores in this State vary in value from $3.50 to $8 per ton in gold, and high grade ores are those yielding from $15 to $30 per ton. The average value of the ore being treated at present may be placed at $10 to $12 per ton. In the low grade ores the gold can seldom be seen with the naked eye, but the higher grade often shows particles of gold. Mineralogically the ores worked consist generally of a quartz gangue, carrying free gold and iron pyrites. Quartz is the characteristic matrix of the veins, though other matrices occur.

It is in the milling of gold ores that the California mining men excel. The mills and various appliances have been perfected as the result of experience, and the adoption of economical methods, combined with skill and knowledge, enables our millmen to work the ores cheaper than anywhere else in the world. The form of quartz mill in common use combines durability of construction with

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an automatic simplicity in the manipulation of the ores. Comparatively few men are employed about the mill, machinery taking their places as far as practicable. The mills are, when possible, built on a side hill, so that the ores and pulp will go by gravity from floor to floor in the successive stages of treatment. In brief, the process is as follows:

The ore from the mine is, at the highest point, discharged upon a "grizzly," which is an arrangement of inclined iron bars, so placed as to allow only the smaller sized pieces to fall into the ore-feeder bin below, while the larger lumps slide over the grizzly to the rock-breaker, which crushes them to suitable size, and discharges them to the ore-feeder bin and hopper. From here the ore is automatically fed as required to the battery stamps in the mortar, where it is pulverized. Quicksilver is placed in the mortar, and amalgamation of the freed particles of gold is accomplished, the amalgam being retained in the silver plates fixed in the mortar.

Water is led into the battery with the ore, and the ground pulp passes out through screens on to an inclined table or apron covered with silvered-copper plates, where the stray amalgam and particles of gold are caught. The remaining sands flow on to concentrators, which by their peculiar action retain the heavier metallic portion, and discharge the light and worthless gangue. Where there is cheap water power these tailings are sometimes worked again in arastras,

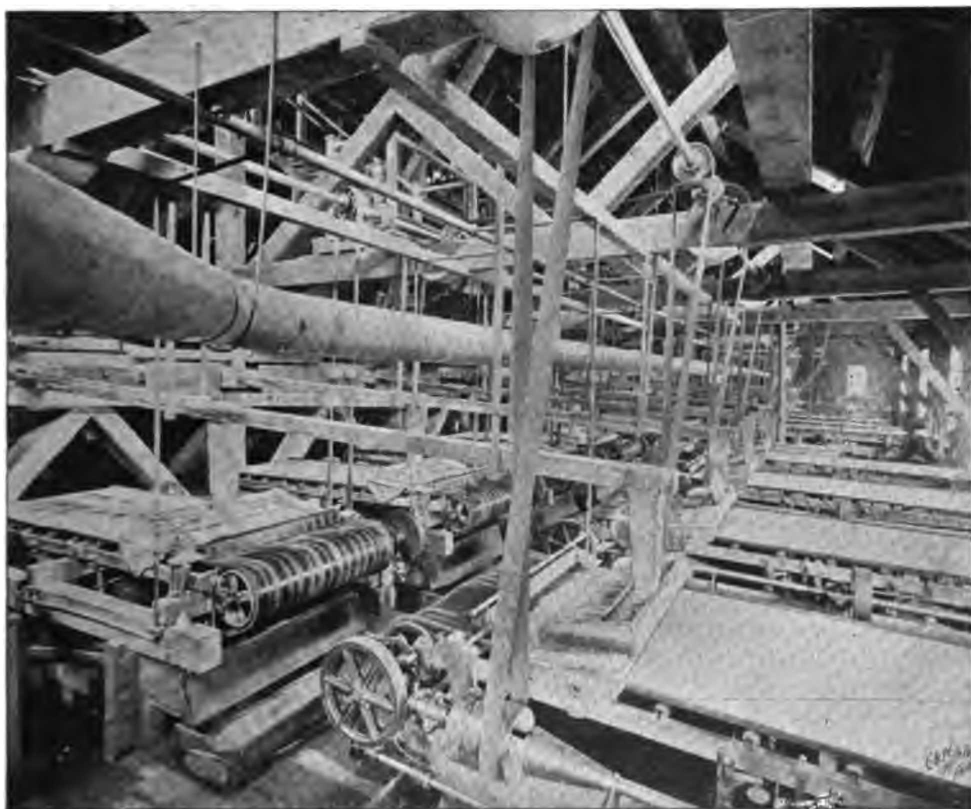

Photo by Oliver.

THE CONCENTRATING FLOOR.

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to catch anything which may have passed the other appliances. The material caught in the concentrators is accumulated in proper receptacles, and re-treated. The sulphurets are roasted and treated with chlorine gas. This chlorination process for treating the sulphurets consists in roasting the concentrates in reverberatory furnaces, to drive off the sulphur, arsenic, and other deleterious substances. Salt is added as the roast nears completion. The thoroughly roasted and moistened concentrates are charged into impregnation vats, through which chlorine gas is passed, and this, in its nascent state, attacks the gold, forming with it ter-chloride of gold, which is leached out by water. The lixivium is run into precipitating tanks, where by the addition of a solution of sulphate of iron the gold is precipitated. It is then collected upon filters, washed, dried, and melted.

Photo by Oliver.

THE BIG ARASTRA.

The most popular and generally used forms of concentrators are those which employ an endless rubber belt, near the head of which the pulp is fed. This belt is slightly inclined, and given a shaking motion, so as to keep the particles in agitation. The sulphurets settle on the belt, and adhering to it are carried on over the table and deposited in a tank beneath. The light and worthless particles are carried downward, and pass as tailings to the blanket sluices outside the mill. The sands collected on the fibers of the blankets in the sluices are usually ground in a pan used for that purpose, which is essentially like those used in the silver mills.

The average duty of each stamp in the mills of this State is approximately two and a quarter tons in twenty-four hours. This depends, however, on the character of the ore. The use of rock-breakers and automatic ore-feeders has greatly increased the effectiveness of quartz mills, adding largely to their capacity.

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Drawn by Lyon, from Photo by Watkins.

FLUME CROSSING A GULCH.

Silver-plated copper plates for amalgamating have almost entirely superseded the old fashioned bare copper. The amalgam coating is very effective, and the plate is easily kept clean. After use these plates are very valuable, owing to the constant absorption of amalgam. At the Empire mill at Grass Valley, notwithstanding the fact that the plates were well cleaned every day, the "sweating" of the outside battery-plates and the aprons from four batteries, yielded $19,000 worth of amalgam after one and a half years run.

While the stamp mill still continues to be the principal appliance for pulverizing ores in this State, various forms of roller mills have come into vogue in later years, especially on mines where the owners could not afford the expense of a battery. There are several types of these machines, and some of them have been very successful, especially on softer ores. Probably the cheapest milling of ore ever accomplished was by means of two of these roller mills at the Spanish Mine, Washington Township, Nevada County, where one month they crushed 3,443 tons of ore at a cost of 23.9 cents per ton. At this mine, where the ore only yielded a trifle over 91 cents per ton, they made a profit of 32 cents per ton. In another month, with ore valued at $1.16 per ton, the profit was 56 cents per ton. The cost of mining was 37½ cents per ton, and of milling 23 cents.

LAVA CAPPED DIVIDES, THE GREAT TUOLUMNE GORGE.

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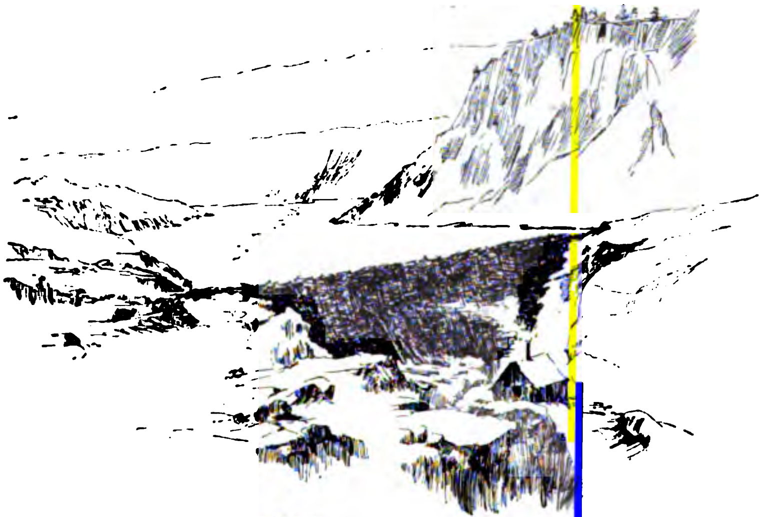
Photo by Partridge.
HYDRAULIC PIPING.

For working the hydraulic mines, large quantities of water under heavy pressure were needed. The miners built numbers of great dams to form reservoirs, in which to catch the water from the melting snows; and from these reservoirs they built extensive systems of ditches and flumes to the mining ground, in order to furnish water in the dry season. Great pipe lines were laid, and millions of dollars were invested in the water-supply systems of the hydraulic mines. Some of these ditches are now used for irrigating purposes, but many of the smaller ones have been abandoned.

The gold-bearing gravel of California extends over wide areas, and those with knowledge of the subject contend that it has, thus far, been scarcely touched. These deposits of gold-bearing gravel were laid down by a system of prehistoric or "dead" rivers, whose channels were wider and slopes steeper than the present rivers. The waters of these old Pliocene rivers, eroding the auriferous rocks, concentrated the gold in gravel deposits often three hundred and four hundred feet wide at the bottom, and several thousand feet at the top. Their depth now varies from a few inches to six or seven hundred feet. Volcanic eruptions covered these old rivers with lava and tufa hundreds of feet deep, flowing in great masses directly down their beds. There the rivers of the present day began their courses, and in cutting across the channels of the old ones, washed and concentrated the gold the early pioneers found so abundant along the streams. The old buried rivers are now high above the present ones. Great mountain ridges, or "divides," extend for miles and miles, and hundreds of feet under the summit, buried



Drawn by Reaser, from Photo by Heuer.
BRUSH DAM FOR IMPOUNDING DEBRIS.

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that deep under lava, is the graveled channel of a Pliocene river. On each side of this great ridge, and a thousand or more feet below the bed of the old buried river, flow the rivers of today. The miners run long tunnels into the sides of the ridges, so as to tap the buried river-channels, and work them by the drifting process, taking out only the richest and lowest stratum, the upper portion being left, though it also contains more or less gold. The bottom cement-gravel pays from $3 to $10 to each mine carload; and when they breast out 50 to 150 feet wide and two to six feet deep, the channel will often yield from $100 to $200 per running foot. These lava-capped divides, or ridges, are found in many of the central and northern counties of the State.

Some of the gravel deposits, when in proper situations, are worked by hydraulic process, while others have to be worked by drifting. Only the richest material is handled by the latter system, but everything is washed by the former, the ground being first loosened or shaken up by means of powder. It can be imagined how much material is mined in a large hydraulic mine, when it is stated that the bulk of the auriferous earth is only worth three or four cents a cubic yard,— that is, top and bottom earth averaged as worked; yet this class of mines, in the height of their prosperity, yielded an annual aggregate of fifteen or sixteen millicns of dollars.

Great bodies of water, under very heavy pressure, are thrown against the banks in hydraulic work. The nozzles of the "giants," from five to seven inches in diameter, let pass a stream representing from 500 to 1,000 miner's inches with tremendous force, which, striking the bank, disintegrates the gravel. The water and gravel then pass into sluice bcxes and through undercurrents, where the gold is caught by suitable appliances. The remainder of the material passes off, and this is the "debris," which has caused all the trouble between the mining and farming communities. Immense masses of this debris flowed on down the cañons to the rivers, covering up land and shoaling streams. In some places debris dams are built, in which the heavier portion of the material is deposited. The miners contend that they can catch all of this by means of dams, and do no damage; but the anti-debris men object to the muddy streams, so hydraulic mines are not operated even when long distances from the rivers, if any of the debris in time reaches them.

Photo by Partridge.

OPEN AIR QUARTZ MINING, THE TREADWELL MINE, ALASKA.

Since the cessation of hydraulic mining, the drift mining interests of California have become much more impor-

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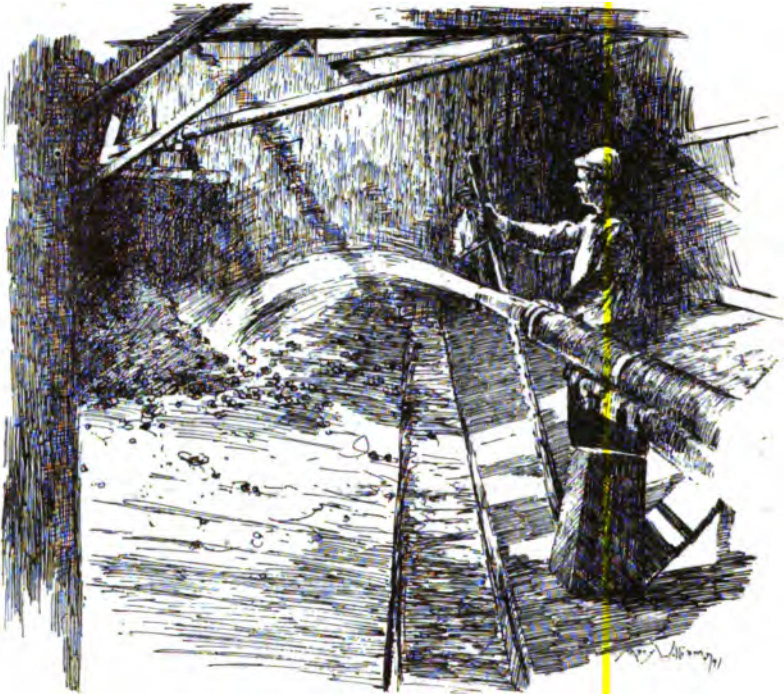

Drawn by Miss Williams, from Photo by W. C. Ralston.

WASHING FLOOR OF A DRIFT MINE.

tant than they were. Some of the gravel mines previously worked by hydraulic process stopped washing away the whole bank, and "drifted" out the lowest and richest stratum only, washing it after it was taken to the surface. Capital turned its attention to drift mining when it was no longer lawful to hydraulic.

The term drifting, as applied to this class of gravel mining, refers to the mode of extracting the auriferous gravel by means of tunnels and gangways or galleries, the volcanic capping of the channel preventing hydraulic operations. Tunnels, often 5,000 to 8,000 feet long, are necessary properly to reach the portion of the channel it will pay to mine by this system. The gravel is mined out and brought to the surface, where it is placed on a washing floor and a stream of water turned on. The gravel and waste then pass into sluices, where the gold is caught in riffles.

In cases where the gravel is cemented and too hard to crush easily, it is crushed in cement mills, which are operated just the same as those which crush auriferous quartz. The leading counties for drift mining are Placer, Nevada, and Sierra. Some of the ridges, such as the Forest Hill divide in Placer County, for instance, have been mined for over forty years. In that region there have been exposed for hydraulicking many sections of the rich deposit and extensive areas of the river beds; and by drift mining a number of channels have been worked continuously for a mile or more of their length. This divide or ridge extends at a regular grade and unbroken for 25 miles, reaching from an altitude of 5,800 to 2,300 feet above sea level. The river deposit consists of well-washed bowlders, pebbles, and sand, wet quartz, and siliceous rocks. Trunks of trees, similar to our forest cedars and oaks, are

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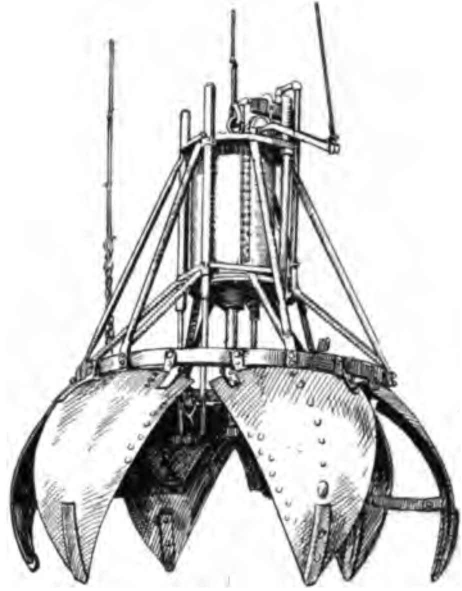
found imbedded in the upper layers, either petrified or lignitized. In one of the channels in this divide the cement filling the bed incloses a number of oak and cedar trees standing on the banks of the channel, with the roots intact in the gravelly soil and bedrock. One of these is a cedar nearly one hundred feet in height and four feet in diameter at the base, and stands perfectly upright, in a surprising state of preservation. These standing trees show that the first flow of the cement was not torrential, though moving with a certain velocity. The existence of a current and its direction are plainly indicated by the structure of the deposit immediately surrounding the trunks of the trees.[1]



There are many regions where there are extensive deposits of auriferous material in basins and flats, and lying along the creeks, far too low to be underrun by bedrock tunnels or cuts. One method of operating these is by means of a machine like a great dredger, worked by steam. From the end of the span or derrick a steam-operated scoop is lowered into the gravel, the jaws are closed, and a yard or two of the gravel elevated and carried to one side to be worked. The most common method, however, is to lift the gravel by what is known as a hydraulic gravel elevator. In this the gravel is forced up an inclined plane by pressure and volume of water. An inclined pipe, or closed box, open at its upper and lower ends, is placed in position, and the open end of the ground section is concave in shape, or a lower half section of pipe flaring outward,

WORKING LOW GROUND BY DREDGE.

[1] Any one interested in a detailed account of the occurrence of these channels under the lava-capped divides, will find an excellent description by Ross E. Browne, in the Report of the State Mineralogist of California for 1890.

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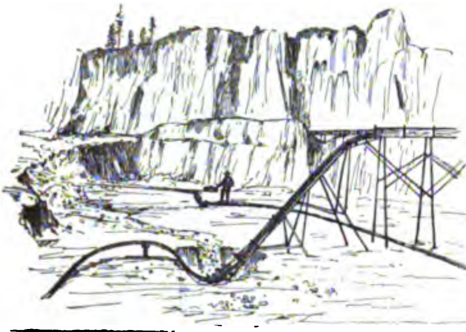

AN HYDRAULIC ELEVATOR.

into which earth, sand, and gravel are sluiced by hydraulic giants through bed-rock flumes leading thereto. The lower end is set into a hole cut below the surface of the bedrock. The material sluiced into this lower entrance is taken up by a stream issuing from a fixed hydraulic nozzle, which impels it upward through the pipe to the open flume above, whence it is carried away through a line of sluices to a final dump. Confined as the material is within the tight iron box or pipe, it goes as fast as the stream itself, and the gravel is disintegrated by the full force of the water from the fixed hydraulic nozzle.

These machines are used in several parts of the State, where the vast areas of ground, which have been piped out in the past, are utilized as reservoirs for impounding the debris. The gravel from the standing banks is washed down by giants, sluiced to the elevator, and forced up as desired to such points that it may be led to the old workings or pits, and there retained, so as not to flow into the streams, the gold being caught in the sluices. With this apparatus for elevating and throwing back the debris, some of the hydraulic mines are enabled to impound their debris, since the old workings are used as debris reservoirs. Gravel is sometimes elevated eighty feet by these means.

River and bar mining are not so common now as in the earlier days, most of the rich bars on the rivers having been worked out. In some cases, however,

Drawn by Reaser, from Photo by Partridge.

PLACER MINING WITH A ROCKER.

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Photo by Oliver.

OLD '49ER PROSPECTING.

the bars are being worked over and over, whenever the stage of the water permits. The miners generally use the old-fashioned "wing-dams" and wheels.

On the coast line of Humboldt and Del Norte counties, and at points south of San Francisco, beach mining is carried on. The sands of the ocean beaches contain very fine gold, which it is difficult to save, so this work is not, generally speaking, very profitable. Large quantities of gold were collected at Gold Bluffs in early days; and the beaches are still worked, the best results being obtained after heavy storms. In some places the black sand deposits extend back for miles from the beach.

A number of attempts have been made to turn aside an entire river from its bed, so as to lay the bed bare for a mile or more, but none of the very large enterprises in this direction have beel



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so far successful, though promising much. A dam is built so as to deflect the river into a large flume for a time, thus making the bed accessible. At the Big Bend of the Feather River they ran a tunnel 12,000 feet long, and 13 by 16 feet, built a dam, put in sluices, pumps, electric power plant, etc., with the object of laying bare 14 miles of the river bed, but the project was not successful. Another company built a dam 50 feet high, and a flume 50 feet wide and 3300 feet long, but a rise in the river destroyed the works. Operations are hopefully continued at both of these places, but thus far there have been no returns.

Although there are not many white men using the old rocker or cradle in California today, the Chinamen find gravel which they are willing to work with this appliance, generally used, however, only on rich ground. The Chinaman is satisfied with diggings white men will not touch; and there are many of them at work, usually on claims abandoned by the whites.

The mining towns and communities of this State are, in these times, just like towns and communities elsewhere. There are pleasant homes, stores, churches, schools, newspapers, hotels, and all that go to make up a town; while the people are hard working, steady in their habits, and respectable, as in places where other occupations prevail. Most of the miners have settled down with their families in the locality which suits them best. The old nomadic ways have disappeared, and they no longer roam from camp to camp in search of richer diggings. Many of them have worked for the same companies for years. Of course, there are some who prefer to "prospect" for themselves, working for wages only when necessity compels them to. In almost any of the mining towns the "old 49-'er" is found, who still lives in hopes of striking it rich and making a fortune. He will roam the hills, dig around the gulches, and pick up a living in some manner known only to himself; but this class gets fewer and fewer as the years roll on.

There are others, again, who form small private companies of three or four, and part will work for wages, to keep the others going while prospecting in the interests of all. There are hundreds of small claims all over the country, being worked by these men. The prospector's wants are few, and it does not take much money to keep him going. A lot of supplies will be packed over to the claim, and the men will work cheerfully for months, opening up the "prospect," the partner in town who works for wages furnishing the necessary funds. Around all the larger mines, settlements and towns have sprung up; but there are many isolated claims away off in the mountains, where supplies must be packed on mules, and where the men live by themselves for months at a time.

One often comes across deserted cabins on the hillsides and in the cañons of the mining region,— monuments of baffled hopes, fast going the way of all things. And some of the little towns where the mines have given out are practically abandoned and lifeless. But since the fruit-yielding capacity of California became better realized, many of the older mining regions have taken on new features, and orchards and vineyards are springing up in all directions. In many places both mining and agriculture are pursued on the same tract of land. At the Northern Citrus Fair at Marysville, last year, Smartsville, Yuba County, carried off several prizes. This old mining camp, which yielded its millions, and has yet a great store of gold to be taken from its gravel channels, is also capable of competing by its golden fruit, grown on the surface of the mines, with the famous orange-growing districts.

Our mining territory is rich in the various forms of deposits of gold, and to an almost illimitable extent. For some

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AN ANCIENT MINER'S CABIN.

700 miles in length is a mountainous belt, in most parts of which gold is found. There are gold mines in San Diego County close to the Mexican border, and gold mines in Siskiyou and Del Norte counties on the Oregon line, while between these extremes in the gold belt there is not a county where there are not more or less mines.

The mining industry of California, while based mainly on gold, is one with a variety of products. It is not gold alone which our soil yields, but silver, copper, lead, iron, quicksilver, borax, chrome, manganese, petroleum, asphalt, salt, platinum, mica, asbestos, ocher, mineral paint, pumice stone, slate, sandstone, granite, marble, rock-soap, bituminous rock, kaolin, cement, lithographic stone, tin, tellurium, soda, and a dozen other mineral substances, all of economic value, and all worked.

In marketing his product, the gold miner deals with first hands. He does not have to sell at discount or allow commissions. In coin, dust, or ingots, gold is always at par. There may occur a plethora of other products, but never of this; its consumer need never be consulted, since it is what everyone wants.

*Charles G. Yale.*

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# A WORD TO THE WISE.

## I.

To invoke the authority of type for one's sentences should be in reason an earnest, not only that they be "well pronounced," but good; and one cannot assume the attitude of expounder or critic without being conscious of a more or less impudent assumption of knowledge. But this modesty has accomplished her ultimate mission when she has persuaded her victim to avoid unqualified assertion or denial; to state opinions as opinions, with the faith that no special advocacy of truth, but the simplest possible statement of it, can alone hasten its general appreciation. The personal equation in any discussion, whether involving the affairs of nations or merely of two individuals, is so hampering and obscuring, with its varieties and interests, as to make a clear, unbiased statement of fact seem the one essential achievement toward any desirable end.

With our hosts of ready writers, representing innumerable and conflicting phases of what the Pilgrim Fathers called "retiredness of mind for proper advantage," almost every conceivable subject has become so befogged with words and so weighted with partisanship, as to make the first duty of the coming generation that of ignoring, if they cannot destroy all that; restating the previous question, and seeing if, in the light of all this combustion, the central truth, be it a matter of expediency, of taste, or of morals, really needs any special advocacy.

I could not undertake to say a few things I have had in mind about Architecture without trying to make a little clearing in the underbrush of the subject; and what I have said would have served the same end as fully and as inadequately, as preliminary to an unburdening on any other subject, and in this particular there is a certain felicity; because I wish to avoid preaching as an architect, quite as much as to avoid preaching as a professional critic. I do not propose to preach at all. I should like, if possible, to say what Architecture is; but I shall be glad enough if I succeed in saying distinctly what it is not.

If it were essential to make an African pigmy understand the European branch of the human family,— the origin, development and possible destiny of the white, Christianized man, and our available examples were, with few exceptions, the degenerate of the two extremes of society, we should be careful to explain that the dirt and the stimulants, as well as the cosmetics, the hair dyes, and the false jewelry,— in short, the vices and the fads,— must be omitted from the estimate.

I know very well that while most people would hesitate to assert an opinion upon a question of law, medicine, or any practical science, without special preparation, they have no fear of seeming impertinent in expressing the crudest likes or dislikes in any question of fine art, especially in that of architecture. On the other hand, unfortunately, the devotion of one's life to a profession or calling does not necessarily render one's opinions much less liable to error: for the usually non-absorbent, hard surface of the human mind has, nevertheless, soft spots and streaks, and these, when duly exposed, are as likely to become architectural ruts and quagmires, as to become saturated with political or religious fallacies.

In spite of these discouragements and all other well-nigh insurmountable ob-

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stacles, the modern world continues to pile up what are indiscriminately called if not examples in all cases, at least "modern instances" of architecture. What these things really are is perhaps much more important in many ways than is commonly supposed. If the protuberances of our skulls do in their dumb way indicate what manner of men we are, or shall become, we must bear the imputations with what patience we can command. But we should the more studiously avoid loading the patient earth with excrescences that are neither conceived nor executed by much higher faculties than such as are emulated by the more intelligent brutes.

This city of San Francisco may be said to have begun a course of permanent building, and rumor promises the realization of many important buildings of a public character. The success or failure of these undertakings must in a large degree determine the rank of San Francisco among enlightened communities. Now, if ever, is the time to ask seriously what has already been accomplished; and a right answer to this question must determine what it may be possible to achieve,—at least, what we may confidently expect to achieve.

The list of permanent important structures is not yet too long to enumerate and describe in a general way: The City Hall; the Palace Hotel; the *Chronicle* building; the California Academy of Sciences; the First National Bank building; the Roman Catholic Cathedral; the California Theatre and Hotel. These may not be all worth mention, but they are enough to show tendencies, if any exist, — more than enough to show what grasp of the situation the community has. In such an undertaking as that of analyzing and describing the representative architectural works of a community of half a million souls, more or less, the lines must be drawn somewhere, or there is no conceivable end to discussion; therefore I have first drawn a line to exclude all but permanent structures, and then to exclude all buildings not of a public character. And even with these limitations I shall overrun a contribution of reasonable length.

I cannot leave my "damnable faces and begin," without further premising that I shall try, as far as it is possible for a press writer, never to say anything at variance with the most scientific truth, however tempting an opportunity to be humorous or personal may offer. I shall endeavor to discover what the intention of the architects has been in each instance, to analyze that intention, and state the results, which must, without word of anyone's, stand or fall of their own nature.

Until recently, say within a hundred years, there were two established methods of projecting and erecting buildings according to circumstances and requirements. Private dwellings, hotels, places of amusement owned by private parties, and all commercial buildings, then as now, were designed and completed within as definite and short a time as possible, and for as definite and small a sum of money as possible; but churches, libraries, museums, and all government buildings that could properly be considered as monuments of civilization, intended to express and perpetuate fundamental ideas, were conceived in a spirit and begun on a scale that made completion a remote possibility. Each generation did what it could afford for the common interest and pride; and with few exceptions the important monuments of the world's history are still unfinished, though centuries of labor and vast sums of money have been honestly spent on them. In this way they have accumulated treasures of detail. A great building furnishes a university of the skill and talent of ages, a standard of excellence that no new comer can disregard with impunity.

With us, only the commercial method

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NEW CITY HALL AS DESIGNED.

survives; we will sell our church as readily as our shop, and build another. Our museum or library must include rentable shops, at the sacrifice of all dignity, and consequently of much of the influence such institutions are supposed or intended to have. The sneaking desire to have a thing without making the necessary sacrifices to attain it is no real desire for the thing itself; but the desire, we may as well frankly admit, to be ranked with those who have set us a high-minded example, and have by their sincerity established a standard we do not quite dare to depreciate, but we believe we can "get there" at a discount.

II.

If it is admitted that the sum of all possible human knowledge is an exhaustive understanding of what mankind has done and said, the admission is equivalent to an assertion, viz: that we are each one equipped for our special undertaking to the degree of our comprehension of the history of our calling, from its Genesis to its Revelations; enabling us to add our atom of individuality to realize the spherical perfection of a world of endeavor. That this simple truth is now rarely accepted as a guide in the preliminary steps toward such public improvements as monumental buildings, is a sufficient explanation of the many disappointments in such matters. When the public moneys are to be expended upon an aqueduct, no argument is necessary to persuade the duly appointed commission that the practical execution of the work must be entrusted to a thoroughly equipped civil engineer, the limitations of whose authority are only questions of money and law. It should be unnecessary to insist that an established reputation for business ability and integrity is only one qualification for membership of a committee to select a design for a public monument. Probably no one individual has ever possessed the natural and acquired qualifications for such a position; but this fact cannot excuse the folly of selecting men to perform duties for which they have at best but a single qualification.

In San Francisco, as in other young communities, questions of architectural design are seriously affected, when not wholly dominated, by persons whose sole qualifications for the censorship are alleged knowledge and experience in masonry and carpentry, together with a reputation for integrity. I say alleged, because in such instances the knowledge and experience is generally limited to the facts of the single community in which such persons live. Of such material an efficient foreman can be made, but even a superintendent representing the designers on the works from day to

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day will be called upon to employ the resources of a more liberal education; for how shall a man determine, for instance, whether a detail of traditional value has been properly executed, if its significance is beyond his ken,—not to speak of the innumerable questions constantly arising, to whose settlement must be applied more or less scientific expertness.

These things being, I believe, indisputable, San Francisco is to be congratulated upon her City Hall; for as a whole, *in conception*, few modern cities have anything better to show,— a large, dignified scheme, requiring no label to designate it as the seat of the municipality. The hypercritical mind would have been better satisfied with a more serious Roman treatment, as being a direct reference to and reminder of our theory of government. This Teutonized Renaissance is no more appropriate to such uses than the later Rococo phase would be, and it must be admitted that the dividing lines in this design are not clearly emphasized.

Under the conditions I have laid so much stress upon, it cannot be a matter for surprise that closer examination of this building is disappointing. Every woman knows that the nature and quality of a dress material determine the occasions when it may be properly worn, and consequently the effects it is capable of. In like manner, only mean results can be realized with substitutes for the best building materials and workmanship. The best stucco, or mastic, or whatever the plastering over of common brickwork may be called, can never have the dignity of stone. It must always remain a confession of parsimony, an apology for something better, and can never seem other than a temporary expedient. This character must permeate every detail, and at recurring intervals in the design the substitute must be abandoned as flatly impracticable, some other substitute being adopted, such as these cast-iron capitals, painted and sanded to imitate stone. This accumulation of misrepresentation is surmounted by a sheet-iron cornice, still, with the aid of paint and sand, masquerading in lithic forms.

I would not be understood as inveighing against the capacity of the architects of this building. They would undoubtedly have preferred to devote the necessary time and study to the best realization of their original conception. The authorities having determined upon a makeshift representation of the real thing, it is not to be expected that the detail throughout the structure could be other than hasty, ill-considered, often out of all proportion, and hideous.

I do not know how much the *bacilli* of politics have had to do with undermining the originally strong constitution of this building, but I do know that its completion, anyhow, within a certain time, could never have been as imperative as that, when completed, it should be an example and standard of excellence, by which every coming important structure could be judged.

I think the most far reaching, practical principles in architecture will be admitted to be: That every material and every process has its legitimate uses inherent. That these raw materials and processes, together with our growing requirements, are the parents of all possible design; which cannot and should not aim to conceal its hereditary traits.

There are many people who honestly believe that fine art is after all an amusement for those who have leisure and means; that nice distinction of taste, of sentiment, or of feeling, are somehow unmanly. Again, the philanthropists and the sectarian devotees scent some danger in too keen an appreciation of what Goethe calls "the garment we see God by." Can we have, in essential respects, a better test of a man's mental and moral caliber, than that of how he spends his surplus time and cash? Of

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course, it must be considered that the majority have little of either at their disposal, and cannot acquire much science in the matter; not being within reach of much other satisfaction than some sort of intoxication; and being as ignorant of the history of man's doings and sayings as if Adam were only their great-grandfather. There are many, however, who cannot, in spite of bravely won wealth and leisure, rid themselves of the habit of looking for a net return of at least five per cent. They want to see some practical result in all this theorizing with its mystic allusions and its ideal superiority, nothing of which will bake a single loaf of bread. In short, they want to know in their hearts what fine art is good for any way!

It may be objected that Rouget de L'Isle did not beat the Austrians with his Marseillaise hymn; but this is a mere question of words. His soul stirring composition, on more than one well authenticated occasion, fanned smoldering patriotism to a blaze that withered everything before it. It is precisely this fanning, or awakening, that all fine art aims to do. It is addressed to faculties common to the race, an attempt to symbolize life and aspiration. The resemblance of a child to its mother is an allegory of every art of expression.

When we offer excuses for an interest in anything beyond the practical and prosaic, we are only a little removed from an estimate of existence that makes Carlyle exclaim: "With Stupidity and

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, R. C.

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sound Digestion man may front much. But what, in these unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the liver! Not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build our stronghold; then brandishing our frying pan, as censer, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for his Elect!"

## III.

For ten centuries the Roman Catholic Church has been the most powerful patron of the arts. The graduates of her colleges and the recluses of her cloisters have furnished many illustrious names in architecture, sculpture, and painting. She has, with every good reason, prided herself upon her treasures, whether collected from pagan sources, or created especially for her glorification. In every other country she still owns the most beautiful things, but in America, conservative of all else, she is content, like the rest of us, to acquire property. It is a curious fact that our most successful churches as works of art, and our most beautiful church decorations, belong to Protestant societies, or to the Jews.

The distinctive characteristics by which we could at one time recognize the places of worship of different sects or denominations, are less and less peculiar. The recently completed Roman Catholic Cathedral is not even essentially ecclesiastic. There are several Protestant sects who should, if consistent, avoid even the cruciform plan for their churches; but that the Church of Rome should complacently erect a rather expensive brick meeting-house, with a tower and cupola that would serve for a fire engine house, and call it a cathedral,

GRACE CHURCH, P. E.

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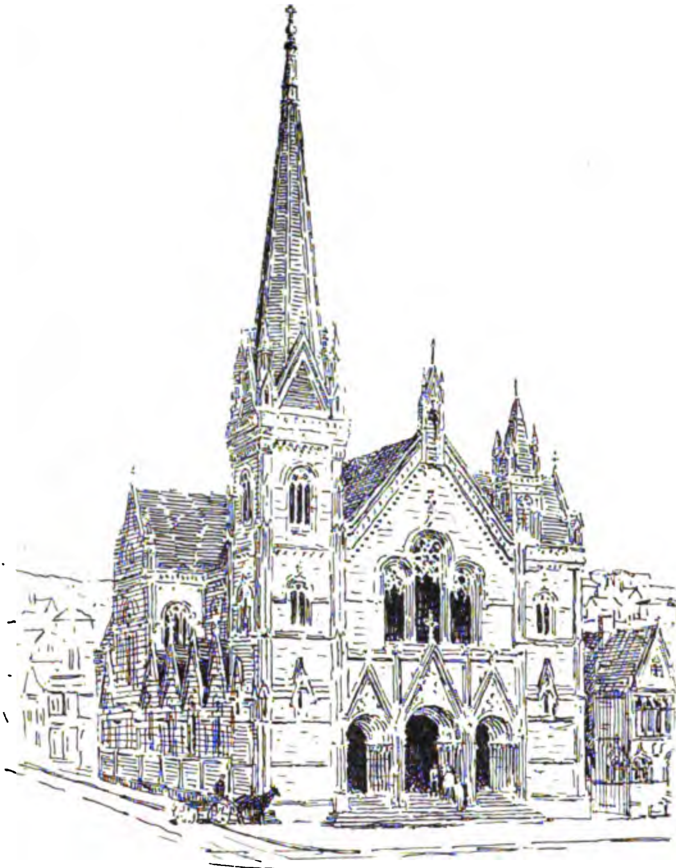

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, R C.

carving, to give the approach some dignity and repose; but to little purpose.

In this building, again, the materials are unfortunate. I will not assert that brick and beauty are incompatible,—for some of the most beautiful buildings in existence are built mainly of brick (but not bricks of this uncompromising red, nor combined with granite). I do assert, however, that brick and grandeur are hardly conceivable.

There are many churches in San Francisco that, enlarged and executed in stone, would have played the rôle of cathedral much more creditably than this. Such, for instance, as Grace Church, with its alterations; the new Saint James, Roman Catholic; and if it were only cruciform in plan, as of course it is not, the Jewish Emanuel Temple. This latter, though another instance of stucco and other shams, has as a matter of general design some real architectural merit, a certain balance and repose that the new cathedral is entirely without.

Perhaps, as a desperate resource, the joints of the brick could be raked, and a coat of cement applied, to end the internecine relations of that brick and granite; one more sham in the interest of harmony would not count heavily in our list of transgressions.

If brick and grandeur are incompatible, certainly iron and grandeur are hardly less so, where iron is cast in hollow

gives us pause. One wishes to know whether those who are responsible for the adoption of this design ever saw a real cathedral, or whether "the Church" thinks this sort of thing good enough for America and for Americans, who know very little, and care less, about such things.

The mechanical execution of the work is undoubtedly excellent; the contractors were not responsible for the curious omissions and commissions of the design, such as wooden mullions and doorambs, after so much has been spent on granite steps and railings, and a granite main entrance, which, in its northern Italian Romanesque way, does what it can, with its red shafts and its meager

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forms to represent stone. The trick is soon learned, and we must look for compensations for this dishonesty in other respects.

The Palace Hotel is certainly large enough to be imposing, but it is not so, because the design, such as it is, consists of the monotonous repetition of one bay window, that in itself has no beauty; and it has no beauty because it is evidently the first that could be cheaply devised. I suppose we cannot justly complain that a building, apparently standing on sheets of plate glass, can never pretend to any serious architectural effect, though I think this objection can and will be met, and satisfactorily disposed of. This leaving a building sailing in mid air, because daylight is commercially valuable, is a very impotent way of meeting a difficulty. If no more ingenuity had been shown by the architects of the past two thousand years than we can boast in this particular, we should have fewer styles and few examples of them.

PALACE HOTEL.

If the solution is to be found in the employment of metal, let us accept the situation, and frankly design in metals, as such. We are gradually, but surely, driven in that direction: our large fireproof structures are already essentially metal. The outer walls that still assume a Romanesque or an Italian renaissance garb are only self-supporting screens, hardly self-supporting, except as to dead weight; for they are anchored at every stage to the system of columns and girders within, which constitute the real strength and stability of the whole.

The one completed building of this description in San Francisco is the office of *The Chronicle*, which, as a ma ter of architectural effect, calls for little comment. There is an air of "take it or leave it" about the whole thing,—admirable execution of a design that is so spare, not to say bald, as to be almost

CHRONICLE BUILDING.

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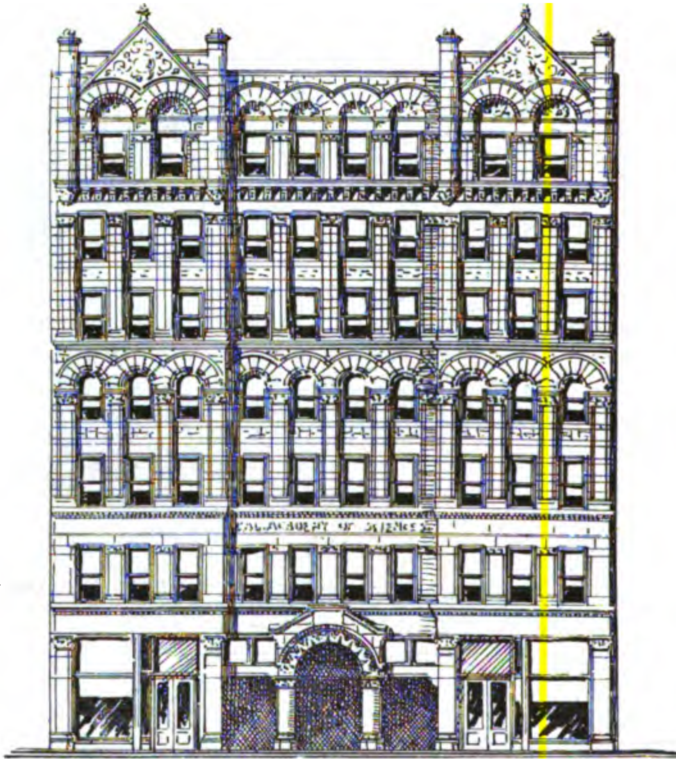

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

factory-like in its row after row of square brick openings.

The architects themselves evidently think the rock-face basement inadequate, with its many sacrifices for light, as in all the published illustrations of the building that I have seen, this rock-work is increased in relative quantity to the whole building; the springing line of the entrance arches is raised, and the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

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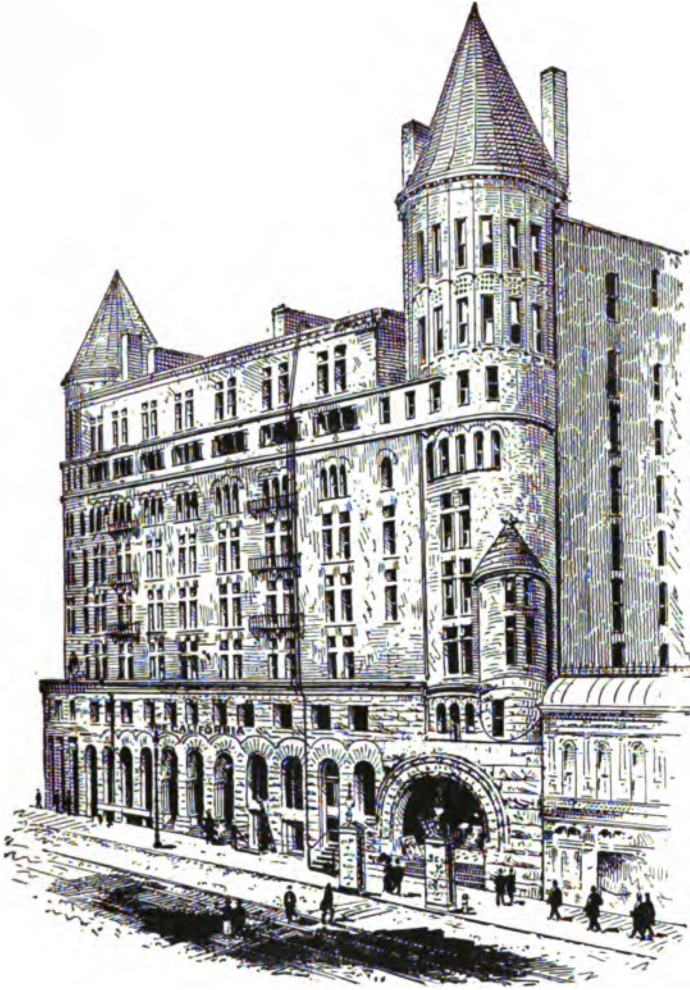

THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL AND THEATRE.

whole basement is relieved of its existing effect of being rammed down, or having sunk under the superincumbent mass.

I do not think it unfair to say that the design of the tower lacks motive, unless it is intended as a monument to the canning industries of the Coast. We were threatened not long since with a still higher office building, to emphasize the importance of another great daily,— but there is no virtue in mere height or number of stories. From a commercial point of view, every additional story adds much more than its proportional cost to the sum of the investment, and a limit is soon reached when assured rentals cease to compensate; while from an architectural point of view the problem becomes more and more difficult, always remembering those lower stories, with their inexorable demands for light.

Perhaps no better compromise in this matter has yet been effected here than in the first story of the First National Bank building, though the supports for the superstructure are still apparently inadequate, and rob the building of the solid, permanent expression that a Bank, of all things, should have. Here again

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the strong contrast of red brick is insisted on, and emphasized by constructive details of granite throughout, inevitably destroying what repose the design was capable of in mass and line.

The combination of color in the Academy of Sciences is happy enough, but I cannot see what has been gained for the façade by continuing the central recess down to the granite work, while the motive of an arcade across the whole front above the fourth story windows remains. Nor can I feel easy about the two outer arches, which, with so many stories still to carry, seem to require the adjacent buildings as buttresses. I know that these must be properly anchored, but the effect of weakness remains.

I am inclined to think that this building and the California Theatre are rather the receding than the oncoming wave of Romanesque that Mr. Richardson was mainly responsible for; and while a hotel may perhaps be clothed in Romanesque integuments quite as reasonably as an Academy of Sciences, or even more so, I can see no connection of ideas with a theatre. Our theatre is in no sense a survival or revival of the Greek theatre, but is essentially a direct descendant of the playhouse of, say, 1590. If there is any value in tradition, any appreciation of the greatest playwrights, any pleasurable associations with a few great names, our theatres should be commemorative of these inheritances, and must find their account in the Italian renaissance,— even in the most florid and irresponsible Rococo. The absurdity of playing Shakespeare in a Moresque seraglio is evident.

I understand that the Crocker–Woolworth Bank building is to be a carefully-adapted design in Italian renaissance, with no strong contrasts of color, the details of enrichment being delicately modeled in terra cotta. Whether so large and high a building will sustain

THE CROCKER BUILDING.

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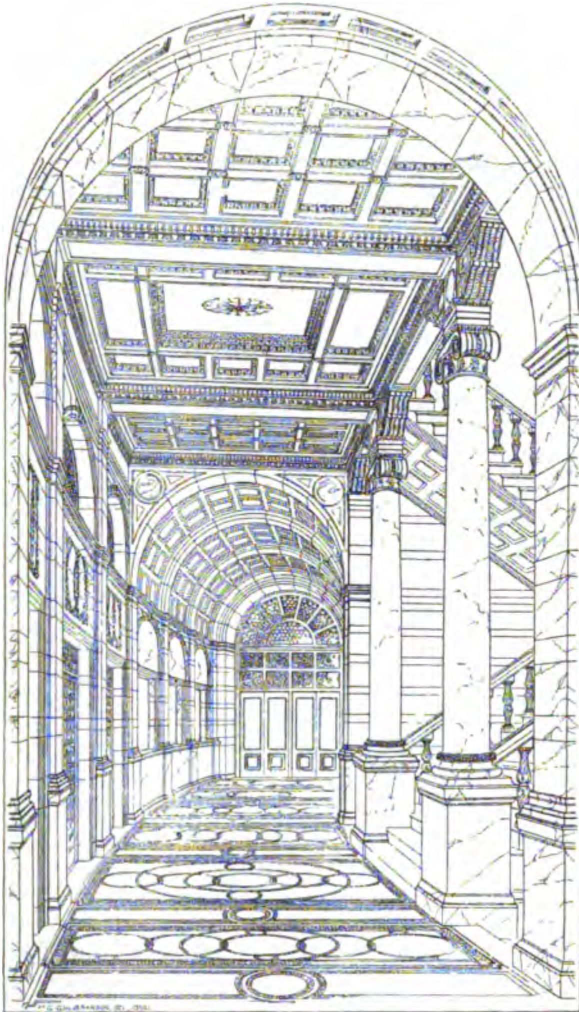

MAIN CORRIDOR IN CROCKER BUILDING.

the discretion of such a treatment remains to be seen. At all events, there can be little doubt that Italian renaissance is the oncoming wave just now, and for a decade at least we must accommodate ourselves to it.

My own feeling is that there are still many legitimate uses for pure Greek design, and many for the different phases of Gothic. I hardly think we can assimilate Oriental architecture, except as expensive toys, when such are cried for.

*Alex. F. Oakey.*

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# COMMENTS ON THE RELIEF MAP OF THE PACIFIC REGION.

RELIEF MAP.

SHOWING THE AMERICAN TERRITORY WEST OF SALT LAKE, BETWEEN 32 DEG. AND 48 DEG. LAT.

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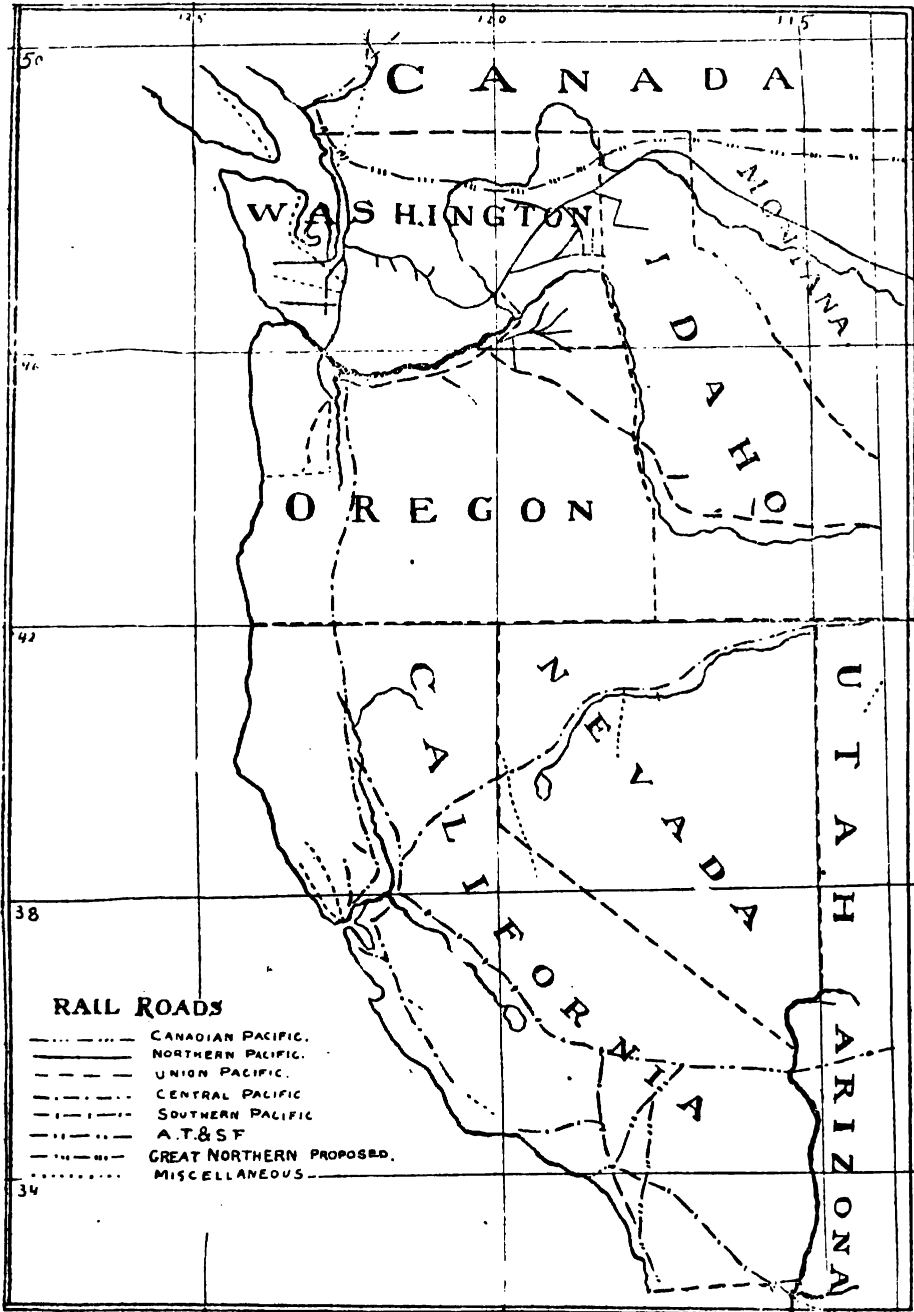
THE relief map, of which a reproduction is published on page 144, conveys a clearer idea of the topography of that part of the United States between the 32nd and 49th degrees of latitude, and west of the longitude of Great Salt Lake,



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than can be readily obtained from any other source; and it suggests some remarks upon the resources and geography of the country represented. This region extends 1173 miles from north to south, and on the average about 500 miles from east to west, with an area of 600,000 square miles. The scale of the map is 275 miles to the inch, but the vertical scale in the relief is thirty-three and a third times greater than the horizontal. Some such disproportion has been found indispensable to the conveyance of clear ideas of the relations of mountains to valleys by relief maps of large areas.

The white spots are peaks which rise above the level of perpetual snow, and have their glaciers. The first on the north is Mt. Baker, next to it is Mt. Rainier, and then Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Adams, near together and in the same latitude. These four are in Washington. In Oregon are Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, the Three Sisters (which may be considered as three peaks of the same mountain), and Mt. Pitt. Mt. Shasta, in California, is one of the grandest of mountains. Its summit is 14,400 feet above the sea, 8,000 feet above any other mountain in the vicinity, 11,000 feet above the beautiful valley at its western base, from which at a distance of twelve miles the travelers on the California and Oregon Railroad have unobstructed views of the great peak. Mt. Blanc, in Switzerland, and Mt. Whitney, east of Tulare Lake, in California, are much less impressive than Shasta, because all the country adjacent to them has a great elevation, and they are surrounded by other peaks nearly as high. Absolutely, Mt. Shasta is not so high as Mt. Blanc or Mt. Whitney, but to the spectator within twelve miles it appears to be five times higher. The grandeur of its scenery, combined with the facility of access to it, renders it to tourists one of the most interesting of mountains.

The gray spots on the map are lakes, or low places where there are, at times, or have been lakes. Of these, the most important is Great Salt Lake, of which only a portion is shown on the eastern border, in latitude 42. Next in size is Tulare Lake, in California, an alkaline body of water, which is very shallow, and varies in size. Within the last ten years the streams that formerly sent their water to Tulare Lake have been drained by irrigation ditches. The pear-shaped spot near the southeastern corner of the map is below the level of the sea, in the Colorado Desert. It was once part of the Gulf of California, from which it was cut off by the sand deposited on the edge of its channel by the Colorado River.

In the northwestern corner of the map is part of Vancouver Island, separated from the main land by the Strait of Fuca on the south and the Gulf of Georgia on the east. The largest river shown is the Columbia, which reaches the ocean near the 46th parallel of latitude, after draining an immense basin in the interior of the continent.

The greatest mountain chain shown is that which reaches from the thirty-fourth degree of latitude to the Canadian line, parallel with the ocean shore and about two hundred miles from it. It is known in California as the Sierra Nevada, and in Oregon and Washington as the Cascade Range; an inconvenient discordance of speech that might be remedied by the general adoption of the term Sierra-Cascade or Snowy Range. The high peaks near Mt. Whitney were formed by upheaval, and are mainly granitic. Those from Mt. Shasta to Mt. Baker, inclusive, were formed by eruption, and their material is lava. Parallel with the Sierra-Cascade Range is the Coast Range, which is nearer the ocean, lower in elevation, and less prominent in Oregon than in California and Washington.

Between the two long mountain ranges, near to the coast and parallel with it, lies what may be considered one

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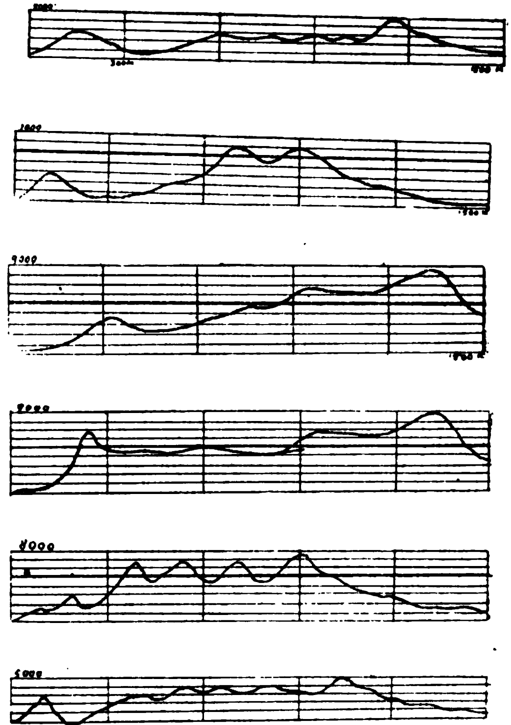
valley, known by different names in its different portions, commencing at the north, as the basins of Puget Sound, and of the Cowlitz, Willamette, Umpqua, Rogue, Klamath, Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. East of the Sierra Nevada no stream is visible on the map; the Humboldt, which rises near Great Salt Lake and flows southwestward, not being large enough to be shown, though the cañon through which it flows southwestward from Great Salt Lake is traceable. The country near it on both sides, and for a long distance to the southward, is filled with mountains, running with the meridian and separated by narrow, saline, barren valleys, the average level of which is more than 4,000 feet above the sea. A large portion of the area of Nevada fully deserves the title of desert.

To illustrate still further the variation of surface in our region, and of the country to the eastward of it, we give the profiles of the six leading transcontinental railways in the American territory, for 1,500 miles from a western terminal point of each. In this distance most of the roads pass beyond the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. The scale of these profiles is 600 miles to the inch horizontally, and 20,000 feet to the inch vertically. In other words, the space between two upright lines is 300 miles, and that between two horizontal lines is 1,000 feet.



PROFILES OF TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS. SCALE, 20,000 FT. TO INCH VERTICAL, 600 MILES TO INCH HORIZONTAL.

1. The Great Northern for 1,500 miles from Bellingham Bay.
2. The Northern Pacific for 1,500 miles from Tacoma.
3. The Union Pacific for 1,500 miles from Portland.
4. The Central-Union Pacific for 1,500 miles from San Francisco.
5. The Atchinson, Topeka, and Santa Fé for 1,500 miles from San Diego.
6. The Southern Pacific for 1,500 miles from Los Angeles.

The main line of all these railways has been completed, save that of the Great Northern, which still has about 400 miles to build near the Cascade Range; and for that portion of the route the profile is conjectural. This road follows latitude 48 approximately, and its company has 3,300 miles of completed line. It has not announced the selection of any point as a western terminus, but the favored place will presumably be either Bellingham Bay or Seattle. In general elevation it is the lowest of the roads, having only 200 miles more than 3,000 feet, and at no point being more than 5,000 feet above the sea. The Northern Pacific, about latitude 47, reaches 6,000 feet at its highest point, and has 450 miles more than 3,000 feet above the sea. For 200 miles east of the Cascade Range the main line runs through the low and fertile valley of the Columbia River. The Northern Pacific has 4,136 miles of completed railway. The Union Pacific crosses the western portion of the continent about latitude 44°, and has in the aggregate 8,040 miles of road. It reaches an elevation of 8,000 feet, and has 700 miles more than 4,000 feet above the sea. The Central-Union, which uses the Union Pacific track east of Ogden, and is near latitude 40°, has 1,200 miles more than 4,000

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feet above the sea, and for 300 miles of that distance it runs in the desolate cañon of the Humboldt River, about 1,000 feet below the level of the adjacent country, which is even more desolate than the cañon. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road, about latitude 35°, has 600 miles at an elevation of 4,000 feet, and at its highest point reaches 7,500 feet above the sea. In lowness of general elevation, the Southern Pacific comes next to the Great Northern, though it has 606 miles more than 3,000 feet above the sea. It crosses the continent about latitude 33°. The Southern Pacific Company leases the Central Pacific, and has 6,000 miles of road in its ownership or control.

Much has been said by inconsiderate persons about the lack of enterprise in San Francisco, as shown in the neglect of her capitalists to supply their city with transcontinental railway competition. They tell us that their complaint is justified by the fact that while the Southern Pacific Company controls all the iron tracks available for the transcontinental business of the Californian metropolis, two transcontinental companies, the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific, own or control roads to Puget Sound; and two other companies, the Union Pacific and Great Northern, are extending their lines to the same waters.

Looking only at the complainant's side of the facts, his talk is very plausible, as injudicious talk often is. But if we carefully examine the region to be traversed by a road to St. Louis from San Francisco, we shall find that there is no unoccupied route that would leave the least hope for profit from railway business. A line within 250 miles of the latitude of San Francisco, to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, would have a route remarkable for the difficulty and cost of construction, for the multitude of high mountain ranges to be crossed, for the barrenness of the intervening valleys, as well as the mountains, and for the poverty of the adjacent country in agricultural and mineral productions, as well as in people.

The rainfall of the region shown on the map varies greatly, and as a general rule decreases from the north to the south, from the west to the east, and from the higher to the lower elevations, but with many irregularities in distribution. Following the ocean shore we find an annual precipitation of 100 inches at Cape Flattery, 80 at Astoria, 35 at Humboldt Bay, 23 at San Francisco, 15 at Santa Barbara, and 12 at San Diego. In the valley at the eastern base of the Coast Range we find 30 inches at Bellingham Bay, 20 at Port Townsend, 45 at Tacoma, 50 at Olympia and Portland, 30 at Redding, 18 at Sacramento, and 8 at Tulare. The southwestern corner of Washington and northwestern of Oregon have an extremely damp climate, similar to that of Ireland, and a large majority of their days are either rainy or misty. Their fields never suffer from drought. Among the many exhibitions of tact in the speeches made by President Harrison in the course of his tour in the Pacific States, none was more delicate than that in which he congratulated the residents of the Willamette valley, that for them "the Lord took care of the crops." No matter how strong the attachment of the Californian may be to the clear skies and rainless summers, he cannot refuse to admire the perpetual verdure that blesses much of Oregon.

East of the Cascade Range and north of the 45th parallel, the average annual rainfall is about 20 inches, enough to secure good crops of grain, of which according to the estimate of the State Board of Trade, about 8,000,000 bushels were produced by Eastern Washington in 1890.

South of latitude 4[illegible] and east of the Sierra Nevada, the average rainfall does not exceed 10 inches, and in many of the

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valleys is not half so much. Of the 600,000 square miles shown on the map, one third belongs to the Utah Enclosed Basin, which sends no water to the ocean. Its rivers are few and small, and all empty into salt lakes or ponds. The mountains have little timber, and of the low land, much is more valuable for deposits of salt, soda, and borax than for tillage or past urage.

In all this Pacific region there is very little valuable timber, save in the Sierra-Cascade Range, and the country to the west of it; but there the forests are unequaled in the abundance of tall, thick, and straight trees. In this region the redwood, sugar pine, yellow pine, yellow and red fir (generally known as Oregon pine), and white cedar, all of which reach a height of 300 feet and a diameter of 10 feet or more, furnish most of the material for the saw mills. The oak, ash, chestnut, white pine, pitch pine, hickory, black walnut, and poplar, which are leading timber trees on the Atlantic slope, are unknown, or extremely rare here in the lumber business. The saw mills of Washington and Oregon are occupied almost exclusively with red and yellow fir; those of the coast region of California with redwood; and those of the Sierra Nevada with sugar pine, yellow pine and yellow fir. The lumber yield of Washington in 1890 was valued at $18,000,000; that of Oregon at $8,000,000; and that of California at $12,000,000, wholesale prices at the mills.

The most noted mineral deposits of our region are of gold and silver. Besides these, there are others of many base metals, including quicksilver, which has not been produced largely in any part of the New World, save in California. Coal, the most important of all minerals to modern industry, is rare, and most of it poor in quality, so that San Francisco has to depend largely on imports from foreign sources.

The temperature of our coast is mild, and in some of its features very remarkable. The same service is rendered to the western side of our continent by the Japanese ocean current, or *Kurosiwo*, as is rendered to Europe by the Gulf Stream. In both cases, protection is given against those extremes of heat and cold which are felt on the eastern slopes of Asia and North America. Nowhere else in the northern hemisphere is there such an equably cool climate as that of the Californian coast, in the vicinity of San Francisco. Its characteristic mean temperatures are 49° in January and 57° in July, the same respectively as those of April and May in New York, and of October and September in London. The geranium flowers in midwinter, and ladies wear furs in midsummer. There is neither snow nor light clothing. The average day in every month is chilly, and stimulates to mental and physical activity.

In Western Washington, and most of Western Oregon, the climate is like that of England in the abundance of moisture and in the mildness of summer and winter; Rogue River Valley, which may be forty miles long and wide, has a climate like that of Central France; while in general meteorological conditions California bears much resemblance to Spain. In the valleys the temperature is subtropical, with the orange, fig, and olive, as typical fruit trees; but the prune, plum, apricot, nectarine, peach, pear, cherry, apple, Japanese persimmon, and grape, also bear most abundantly. The profusion, variety, beauty, and average excellence, of the fruit are elsewhere unapproached, and probably owe something of their superiority to the high intelligence and enterprise of the horticulturist, as well as to the advantages of the climate, in California. The mild winters of the coast region are very favorable to the development of animal life. California is noted for its racers, and Oregon for its draught horses. Western Oregon and Washington will probably take the lead on our continent in dairying.

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The lack of rain, during six months of the year, has its disadvantages, but also brings its blessings, including exemption from many pernicious insects and weeds, protection of grain and hay against untimely showers, sparing of expense for large barns, propitious weather for drying raisins and tree fruits, and the privilege of taking one's own time for work as well as play.

A coast like that from San Diego to Cape Flattery, with a mountain range near to the sea and parallel with it, does not abound with good harbors. The bays and estuaries are few. The disadvantage is aggravated south of Monterey by the scantiness of the rainfall. The river beds there have no water near the sea, in the average autumn. North of San Francisco some of the rivers and bays are obstructed by sands which, by wind and waves, are driven into the entrances or upon the bars during the summer, and washed away during the high waters of winter. There have been times when the mouth of Russian River was closed by a wall of sand, across which people could walk dryshod, while the water seeped through beneath their feet. In some seasons large schooners can enter the Klamath River, and in others small schooners cannot. According to the Coast Pilot and the Coast Survey Chart, published by the Government of the United States, the depth of the entrance of the Columbia River varies from 18 to 24 feet, and that of Gray's Harbor from 11 to 18 feet. According to the same authorities, the entrance to San Diego Bay is steady at 30 feet, that of San Francisco at 34, and that of Tacoma and Seattle at more than 100. Indeed, portions of the two latter harbors are too deep for anchorage.

The navigable inland waters of California include Clear, Owen, Mono, and Tahoe Lakes, Humboldt and San Diego Bays, 300 miles of river and estuary tributary to San Francisco Bay, and 75 miles is the aggregate length of that bay with its branches, the bays of San Pablo and Suisun. The Columbia River, which belongs to Oregon and Washington, has with its branches 800 miles of navigable channel. The most valuable of all bodies of tide water for inland navigation is Puget Sound, which term, as understood by common usage in Washington, and as defined by a Congressional resolution passed in 1869, includes all the tide waters in American territory connected with the Strait of Fuca. Vancouver originated the name, and applied it to some few miles of channel southwest of Tacoma. The United States Coast Survey charts follow his authority. The Coast Pilot makes the title include the tide waters south and southeast of the Strait of Fuca, and connected with it. Some comprehensive name is needed for all the American waters of this group, and none is known save Puget Sound, which may include Bellingham Bay with as much propriety as it does Hood's Canal.

In summing up we may say that of the region under consideration, while one half is very poor, one third is very rich in natural resources. At a time not distant, Western Oregon, and most of California and Washington, will be filled with a dense population, of good intelligence and energy, able to make the most of their industrial advantages.

In all these States the foundation has been well laid for a refined culture. Literature, ornamental art, science, schools, and libraries, march together in solid column with quartz mills, irrigation ditches, saw mills, railways, wheat fields, orchards, and vineyards.

The original of the relief which has furnished the text of this article is in the San Francisco sub-office of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. It was projected by the head of that office, who is also author of the Coast Pilots, of California, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska, Professor George Davidson, and under his supervision was constructed by Mr. Isaac Winston.

*John S. Hittell.*

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# BAZAINE'S GHOST.

YOU may perhaps have read in the foreign papers that, only a few years since, the little city of Cannes, in the south of France, had been honored by a short visit from the young King of Spain —Alfonso XII., since dead. It was for the sake of the health of Her Majesty Queen Christina that the King had taken this trip with her. So the royal pair, with their small suite, were traveling under as strict an incognito as circumstances would permit.

While making a tour all along the Cornice, they chose to make their longest stop at that historic spot on the French Mediterranean coast, off which lies the mysterious Ile Sainte Marguerite, where Napoleon I. landed from Elba and began his march on Paris, which, with his subsequent hundred days' reign, proved an event so momentous to France, so fatal to his great Marshal Ney, and such a complete death-blow to his own reviving hopes.

All these interesting historical memories delighted the scholarly young Spanish monarch; and being an excellent linguist,—in fact, an adept in English and French,—he was enabled, under cover of his incognito, to indulge to the top of his bent his fondness for going amongst the natives, and learning as much about their present history as about their past, by sharing in their daily lives and sports. His Majesty had, besides, a special object in this, as will now appear

Immediately on the return of the court to Madrid, the King sent his favorite aid-de-camp very privately, in order not to give more offense than was necessary to the French Embassador, to ex-Marshal Bazaine, with a command to appear that very evening at the royal dinner table. This high honor was no little surprise to the poor old man, whose disgrace during the late Franco-Prussian war is a matter of history, and who since his fall had received little else than contempt and abuse. However, a royal summons was not to be disobeyed, and at the appointed hour the old man made his appearance at the palace.

But as he presented himself before the King there were no traces in his personal bearing of his long, arduous, and for a time signally brilliant career. He was dressed in the same careless, slouchy way in which on any fine afternoon he might have been seen shuffling along the Prado, where he had become a familiar figure. Indeed, the kindly citizens of Madrid seemed to have gradually been inspired with a sort of regard for this unfortunate old soldier. On this particular evening the King and the court showed evident signs of extreme pity for this man, who had once been so high and had now fallen so low. For more than ever on this occasion he had the air of one who was rather the victim of the most untoward circumstances, than the unscrupulous, designing rascal that he is thought to have been.

So these courteous, high-born, and high-bred Spaniards spared no efforts to second their royal master in his generous and kingly office of putting his ill-fated guest entirely at his ease.

Dinner over, the whole court, however, withdrew with Her Majesty the Queen from the King's presence; and then Alfonso set himself to work, with an earnestness quite unusual in a Spaniard, to draw out his sad and reticent guest.

"Maréchal," began the King, himself refilling his glass and offering his guest a most fragrant Havana, "I have just

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returned, as you know, from the south of France. While stopping at Cannes I both visited the Ile Sainte Marguerite and was also able, by means of my incognito, to mingle a good deal with the peasantry and in general with the lower classes. So that I learned some interesting points in their history, and heard some very strange stories. Would you consider it, then, very indelicate on my part were I to allude to your own sad connection with the Ile Sainte Marguerite? For my curiosity as to the particulars of your escape has been greatly excited by what I heard from those simple peasants. I begin to think that you may be a wronged man, and perhaps it might lie in my power to set you right again with the French nation."

All this was said in the kindest, gentlest and most courteous manner possible; the King, with that true Spanish politeness of the heart for which the whole race are so famous, speaking now in French, the native language of his guest, now in Spanish, his own mother tongue, to show his intense interest in the subject in hand.

"Rest assured," he added, "that I will not see so brave an old soldier thus injured, should it lie in my power to help redress his grievances."

"I thank God, Sire," the old man replied in a voice tremulous with emotion, his eyes fast filling with tears, "that I have found so noble, so generous, yet so unexpected a friend in your Majesty. Yet I am not surprised at such condescension; it is in such perfect harmony with the regular princely conduct of your Majesty's gracious reign. But, alas! Sire,"—and the old man's voice now became pathetic in the extreme,—"I fear that even your royal friendship and favor can avail me little. There is some fatality attaching to my career from which I can never escape. I must at some time in my life have seen the 'evil eye.' As I live, I was not guilty of the charges brought against me before the court-martial that sentenced me to death. And I almost regret that the sentence should have been commuted to lifelong imprisonment on parole in the Chateau d'If on the Ile Sainte Marguerite. For thither my evil destiny pursued me like one of the Furies. I was foredoomed — though an innocent man, and desperately eager to save and hoard up what little reputation I had left —to fall into still greater disgrace.

"But ere I enter upon the story of my so-called escape from the island, which your Majesty has deigned to ask of me, may I ask one simple little question: Does your Majesty see anything that I could gain now by lying, in the story that I am about to relate?"

"Nothing whatever, Maréchal; I am prepared fully to believe every statement. Why ask such a strange question?"

"Because the story, Sire, is painfully strange, — it is incredibly weird and ghostly. First of all, however, I beg your Majesty to remember that the doom which fell on me did not touch my wife. No slander could ever fasten on such a saint of God. There are few things in this world," he added with a weary look of resignation, "for which I still care;" then, with a sudden flash of his old fire, "but I will fight for the fair fame of my wife till the day I die. No! she was free to come and go. The French government left her movements perfectly untrammeled. But of course, woman-like, she preferred to go down with me into that living tomb, dug in a barren rock out at sea, where she could still minister like a guardian angel to her fallen hero. She chose me rather than a life of ease in the midst of her own kith and kin, and in that rank and station which she so greatly adorned. Such is woman's foolishness, Sire! But what are man's most splendid achievements compared with such sacred and heroic folly? At the time, however, of my escape, she was by the merest chance making a flying

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visit to her married brother at Valencia. And, thank God, she protracted her stay by a week. So I beg your Majesty to believe that she is in nowise involved in the following sad adventures.

"At dusk on the evening of the 17th of April I was sitting in the front room of the three that formed my small prison quarters in the tower of the left wing of the castle. Soon the glorious beauty of the setting sun, as it slowly sank, a huge glowing sphere, into the calm waters of the Great Sea, attracted me to the barred window. There I stood gazing with deep reverence upon this wonderful scene, for a while oblivious of my immediate surroundings. I was watching also, as part of the picture, the fishermen pulling out to sea in their small boats loaded down with nets. And gradually my thoughts became so far practical as to wonder whether they would have a good haul that night, or whether the sky would prove too clear for the fish to rise. Then my attention became fixed on their movements, when I noticed that they did not, as usual, immediately on their arrival at their regular fishing ground run out their seine, ready for the night's work. On this night they made a great ado about lighting their torches, usually the work of a minute, and went through a variety of evolutions with them, which struck me at first as a stupid waste of time.

"But as I happened to glance directly down at the waters beating against the foot of the cliff from which the castle wall rises almost perpendicularly, I noticed, to my utter astonishment, that answering signals were being flashed from the base of the castle. These boatmen, thought I, instead of wasting their time, may be putting it to some sinister use. All this I could see from my high tower, as well as my proximity to the scene; whereas from the shore, with the castle intervening, the preconcerted nature of the whole performance would be at best a meaningless display of fishermen's torches, if not wholly invisible. And now, Sire, comes the strange part of my story:—

"I must have been watching this interchange of signals between the island and the boats for over an hour; for I had noticed neither the entrance nor the departure of my guard, who always came, with a very heavy step, forty minutes after sunset, to bring me my frugal supper and my lamp. Only when he was turning the key upon me in the grating lock, and making all the bolts fast for the night, was I aroused. Even then, I still lingered at the window, wondering what these communications could mean. My suspicions were aroused. It had been apparent to me at noon when taking my daily walk in the castle yard, that, from the governor down, all the employés at the castle were in a great state of suppressed excitement, in spite of their outward show of calm. Some intrigue was evidently on foot; and now this unwonted signaling confirmed my suspicions.

"So I watched and waited, peering out into the darkness. My attention was wholly absorbed in this occupation.

"Suddenly, without the slightest warning sound, I felt a strong arm laid on my shoulder, which though human in its nervous power sent, nevertheless, a cold chill through me, as though I had been touched by some marble statue come to life. As I turned to face my silent, mysterious visitor — Sire, believe me or not as you choose — there, standing visibly before me, as real as myself, I saw none other, Sire, none other than the Man in the Iron Mask. I was not dreaming; he was most certainly there. Had I not been on the *qui vive* watching those signals? and how could they, such real things, have suggested apparitions,— how could they in any way have excited my fear? I knew well enough, even had I been so cowardly as to fear for my life, that I should not be harmed; the French people delighted

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too much just then, when my infamy, as they called it, was still fresh in their memories, in gloating over my misery, to put me out of it. Further, had I suspected treachery to my person, I was prepared to thank God, so desperately mournful at that time was my situation, for any fate that would rid me of my sorrow.

"There would be no rhyme or reason, then, in attributing this apparition to fright, or in thinking that I had dreamt all this. No, no! There, without any question, stood the illustrious former occupant of those very chambers; and dressed, too, exactly as had been his wont;—a rich purple velvet suit such as was worn only by the highest in the land in the days of the 'Grand Monarque'!

"And that small, close-fitting velvet mask, hiding all the upper part of the face so as entirely to conceal the distinguishing features of the man — and padlocked on behind! The whole demeanor, moreover, of one born to the highest authority.

"He stepped back as I turned, drew himself up proudly, and accosted me as follows,— and involuntarily my attitude when he began to speak became deferential, as though I were in the presence of a superior:—

"'Monsieur le Maréchal Bazaine,' were the words I heard, 'I regret extremely to be obliged to compel a French gentleman and a fellow-officer, and one, moreover, who like myself has been unfortunate, to break his word of honor,— to forfeit his parole,—but I must and will be avenged on France. Why was I to suffer for an idle, whimsical preference, thus losing the fairest throne in Europe? From my boyhood up I had kept the secret, expecting him to keep his promise. But what says the Holy Book: "Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of men." Even then I might — for I was only thirty — have betrayed my trust. But, Monsieur le Maréchal, though those who should have been most honorable failed in that great duty, my motto was then, as ever, '*Noblesse oblige*.'

"At this point I felt his hand in mine, which I grasped, I scarcely know how, for the very clutch seemed to give me a death-shudder. Ere he let go he gave me the Masonic grip. This seemed my only loophole of escape. I knew — I instinctively foresaw — that I should be obliged to do anything and everything that this being — was he man or spirit? — should order me to do. And I also gathered from his words that unless my appeal to our Masonic brotherhood could save me, I should be obliged to break my parole.

"Think, Sire, of a Marshal of France being untrue to his word! When my baton had been broken before the troops in grand parade, my heart had been broken with it. But now I was to pronounce my own doom, to lay my own honor in the dust. So I made a despairing appeal to this masked visitant, begging him, entreating him, to spare me this final disgrace; but all in vain.

"'What!' he cried, 'shall the sleeper wake and rise from his cold bed merely to fail in his attempt? When you are as I have long been, you will learn that "honor" is an empty sound. France once betrayed me; now I will cheat France of her victim. Come, be quick; collect what you can carry with you, Maréchal, and follow me.'

"Then, desperate, I sprang back several paces, and swore by Saint Denis and all the patrons of France that I would not budge an inch till released from my parole officially by the Government, or by death.

"'Maréchal,' said the masked man hurriedly, 'you are a fool to resist me.' Then he cried out:—

"'A moi, le Vallon,— Colonel! A moi!' And at once there stepped out of the tapestry which screened the bare walls a colonel of the body guard of Louis the Great, followed by four of his men

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"At a sign from their chief they had me under arrest, and slowly but irresistibly I was marched across the room to the barred and bolted door. And, Sire, as the masked man touched that door with his hand, I distinctly heard the bolts being withdrawn and the key being turned. And your Majesty can have no idea how at that moment I cursed the very thought of freedom.

"Then the huge grated door fell back before us, let us pass out, and immediately swung to again, and was barred and bolted by the same invisible hand. We advanced through the winding corridor in pitchy darkness, down the long, narrow, break-neck turret stairs, through the second barred grating, which opened like the first, and along the dark, silent corridor towards the castle yard.

"Had my feet been muffled? I cannot say. I only know I did not hear another sound, save the catching of my own breath and the heavy tread of distant sentries. There, the first sentry challenged, and called for the watchword of the night. In an instant, in answer to a wave of the Masked Creature's phantom hand, the poor fellow fell heavily to the earth, struck down apparently by a blow from some invisible assailant, who, from the fallen sentry's stifled groans, seemed to be holding his hand over the wounded trooper's mouth. At the other end of the castle yard the second sentry, who was treading his beat along the inner court side of the sea wall, took absolutely no notice of us. As we passed within a few feet of him, he merely raised his hand to his face, as if to brush away what he supposed to be the misty spray cast over the wall from the roaring breaker which had just lashed against the foot of the cliff. So we passed him without any challenge; and then — then — I must again entreat you, Sire, to believe every word I say, though I would doubt my own sight if I could — the wall fell away, or seemed to fall away, before this weird creature, whether man or devil, and disclosed a passage down another circuitous flight of steps to a small submerged cavern. The outlet of this subterranean grotto or canal lay, as the event showed me, at the further end of the island,— the shore end,— which was reached through a circuitous channel just wide enough for one boat. Half way down this flight of steps my strange guide halted round so as to face me.

"But before he spoke with me — for I understood him as though he did speak — he waved his hand to my ghostly captors, when 'down sunk the disappearing band,'

> "'It seemed as if their mother earth
> Had swallowed up her warlike birth.'

"Then he said, hurriedly: 'Your name for the present is Jean Pichegru, — remember. Follow the directions of the man in the boat awaiting you; in less than a week you will be in Spain with your wife. The real Jean Pichegru, one of the leaders of the Barricades in Paris in '48, will be dead in his cell in the north turret of this very castle within the hour. France has not saved him, and has lost you. Ah, France, France, you sometimes miss your aim, when the dead, whom you have wronged, rise up in judgment upon you! Maréchal, farewell! Continue your descent, and do not dare to disobey the instructions of the boatman below. Again, farewell!'

"A rustling sound at my side, and the creature had vanished.

"Then I was irresistibly compelled to continue my descent; for, strange to say, though I had seen him vanish, I still felt that cold, awful death-hand resting on my shoulder, guiding my faltering steps down the blind stairway. At the bottom, there were the boat and the boatman, as he had said. But at first the boatman scarcely took any notice of me. He hurriedly doffed his cap and made a reverence to — to what? As far as I could see, to the air around me.

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"In answer, however, to some question, unheard by me, he replied, 'Bien, Monsieur Guerre. It shall be done.'

"Now Guerre was my special attendant jailer, and I had passed him only two minutes ago snoring away at a great rate in the outer gallery of my own prison apartments. For by the rules of the castle the jailers took turns of two days each in being locked in for that whole time with their charges — generally high political prisoners. So Guerre could not have been with me, and certainly it was not Guerre's hand on my shoulder.

"'Guerre!' I exclaimed, 'did you say Guerre — where is he?'

"'Parbleu! Does n't Monsieur Pichegru see Monsieur Guerre at his side?'

"That was enough for me. I could not solve the mystery of my strange companion's identity; so, without another word, I got into the boat, and off we sped through the dark canal, a fifteen minutes' pull out into the open sea. The torch, planted in its iron socket, at the stern of the boat, was flaring very fitfully when we started, and before we had been under way for five minutes out it went. Then this poor fisherman, whose courage was not proof against such cavernous darkness, began to groan with terror, so I supposed we should be utterly lost, for this place was as unknown to me as the catacombs at Rome. But presently I again felt that cold, awful death-hand on my shoulder, though this time it did not rest there, but seemed to pass on through the air to the stern of the boat. There it wrenched the smoldering torch out of its socket, and then disappeared with it. In a few minutes my fisherman gave a sigh of relief :—

"'Ah, there is François with his skiff and a light; he has come to the rescue as was agreed in case I did not appear in the open bay by the end of the half hour. Hé, François, l'ami, keep ahead of us, keep ahead with thy light, brave lad, to guide us out of this infernal hole,— it is as bad in here as the devil's pocket.'

"It was evident from this, Sire, th
the fellow really saw a boat ahead of hi
with his companion in it; but I do s
emnly swear to your Majesty that the
was no other boat in that canal than t
one in which we two were seated. Y
he could now clearly see his way, and
am sure he must have had some light
guide him. I have always thought
but I cannot swear to this, so I state
with great reserve — that I saw th
same spirit hand of the Man in the Ma
holding up the identical torch which
few minutes before had been in the ste
of the boat burnt out, and that it w
now burning brightly. But how th
fisherman could have seen his frie
and his friend's boat which was n
there, is utterly beyond me.

"Once at the mouth of the cave I r
ceived my instructions, which I wa
forced by some inward spirit monitor
carry out to the letter; and in a wee
sure enough, I almost frightened my wi
to death by a chance meeting in Madri
She had come to the capital to make
few purchases before rejoining me o
the island. I had been transferred fro
the first fishing smack to another awa
ing us at the mouth of the cave, in whi
I had been rowed at a tremendous ra
of speed to the little neighboring fishi
village of Antibes. There not a minu
was lost. I had been hurried on boa
a small coaster flying the Spanish fla
which had started several hours befo
dawn for the Bay of Biscay. Six da
later the captain touched at a small Spa
ish port not far from Valencia, osten
bly to change some of the ship's cordag
— in reality to land me.

"And now, Sire, there are two oth
curious facts to be mentioned in conne
tion with this strange story. Picheg
was a character thoroughly well know
all over France. He had been quarter
in several prisons, where at vario
times most, if not all, of the radical lea
ers had visited him. Thousands of tim
had I seen his photograph in the sh

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[w]indows of Paris; and if ever two men [w]ere different in personal appearance,—[he] short and fat, he tall and lanky,— those [tw]o men were Pichegru the Communist [le]ader of '48, and Bazaine the disgraced [ex]-marshal of France. Yet these boat[m]en who had been engaged for the ex[p]ress purpose of effecting the escape of [P]ichegru never suspected their mistake. [A] more astonishing case of mistaken [id]entity I never heard of. Pichegru, [m]oreover, the real man, did die that very [n]ight, at the precise hour the Man in [th]e Iron Mask had named. But when [th]e boatmen, who for political reasons [ha]d been hired by the government to [a]id his escape from their own sentence, [ha]d been secretly summoned and tried, [th]ey all swore that they had seen him [o]ff; and the captain of the coaster vowed [th]at he had landed him six days later on [th]e Spanish coast near Valencia. And [cu]riously enough, do what they would,—[an]d there are no prosecutors like the [F]rench for straightening out the evi[de]nce in criminal cases,— they could not [fa]sten the murder of Pichegru on any [em]ployé in the castle. He had been [cl]early murdered, for no doctor could be [fo]und who could conscientiously give [an]y other medical testimony; but it was [ve]ry evident that nobody who could pos[si]bly have been near him at the time had [co]mmitted, or so much as attempted to [co]mmit, this atrocious crime. All this, [sa]ve the first few facts, originally re[co]rded in the secret State archives, but [af]terwards given to the public, came out [at] the trial of the employés of the cas[tle], which caused a great commotion [th]roughout all France.

"So you see, Sire, that my adventures [on] that eventful night were something [in]conceivable. Yet I again solemnly [sw]ear that I have given your Majesty a [pe]rfectly correct and truthful account [of] my mysterious escape. And I am [no]w fully convinced, Sire, that the Man [in] the Iron Mask was none other than [th]e elder twin brother, by some five minutes, of Louis XIV., who should himself have worn the crown of France in the place of the Great Monarch. Louis had somehow obtained the ascendency over him, and had put it to this use. You remember, Sire, how the Grand Monarque was said to have had such a brother, but from the year previous to Louis' coronation nothing was ever again heard of this unfortunate prince. It may have been Don Guzman Pacador, the special envoy of one of your Majesty's illustrious predecessors to Louis to congratulate him on his coronation. Your Majesty will remember, as an historical fact, what a startling resemblance Louis' court immediately noticed between their august master and this distinguished foreigner, and how shortly after this, when on his way to Italy, Don Guzman Pacador suddenly disappeared, never again to be seen, and what a difficult task Cardinal Mazarin had to quiet Spanish suspicion and indignation.

"Once since my so-called escape have I had a visit here in Madrid from my ghostly friend; and on this second occasion he declared that I should die within five years from his third appearance. Ah! ah! Chut! There he is!" —and the Marshal rose from his seat, indifferent to the presence of the King, and strode rapidly toward the farther end of the dining hall. There, with a loud cry, as if he had been struck, he suddenly fell senseless to the floor. The young King ran to his assistance, calling loudly for help on the gentlemen-in-waiting in the adjoining apartment. In they all rushed, pale as death, with drawn swords. But seeing what had happened, they quickly sheathed them, and silently carried out the King's instructions with reference to the removal and care of the Marshal.

Soon the King was again left alone with his chamberlain, Don Luis Paca dor.

"Sire," deprecatingly exclaimed the

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latter, before the King could say a word —an extraordinary breach of etiquette in the Spanish court—"we could not intercept the creature's passage. All your gentlemen-in-waiting drew upon him, but he passed unscathed through our midst."

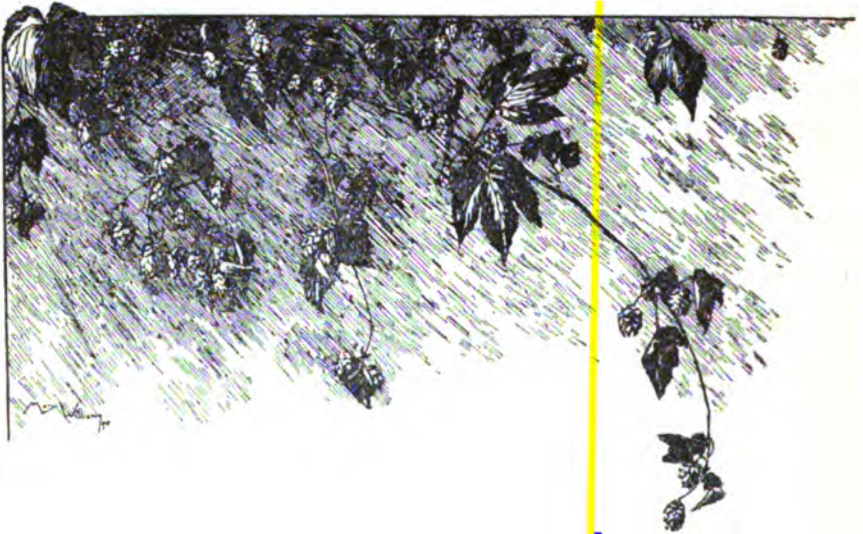
"Who passed, Don Luis? Compose yourself. Have you, too, seen a ghost?"

"As I live, Sire! May I be hanged for treason against your Majesty's sacred person, if my great ancestor, Don Guzman Pacador, did not just now suddenly appear before us in the adjoining hall, and, laughing at our naked blades, penetrate into your Majesty's presence."

"This is getting worse and worse," mused the King; "if I hear any more, my night's rest is gone. Don Luis, I prefer to believe that your day's occupations have so wearied your brain that you have seen double. However that may be, I command you, and through you all the gentlemen-in-waiting, never at any time to breathe a word of all this to anybody. Good night." And the chamberlain withdrew with a low bow.

The King, however, had forgotten the presence of his valet in the adjoining closet, whom he dismissed the following month, and through whom this story did at last come to light.

*Charles J. Mason.*



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## IN THE TOWER OF DAGON.

[Suggested by E. L. Vedder's "Sansone."]

I, IN the dark without, within,
    Go o'er the record of my life:
The heaven-sent message, stained by sin;
    The hapless love; the reckless strife.

My lukewarm friends and subtle foes
    Meet and clasp hands before my face;
My love speaks fair before she goes,—
    Betrays me in a moment's space.

The serpent pride stings me at heart,
    And blinding, burning tears my eyes.
A hundred tender memories start,
    Confusing me with softer sighs.

I who have loved! I who have served!
    I who have borne, and have forborne!
A feebler faith might have deserved
    The traitor's kiss, the hater's scorn.

I turn upon you one and all;
    I curse your falsehood in my soul:
The rather that you saw me fall
    From far, fair heights of self-control.

O vanished past of faith and trust!
    O blinded past of fair deceit!
Better the poison than the crust
    Of dust and ashes that I eat!

I have loved life and paid its price.
    That life should fail me ere I die—
Blind in my soul and in my eyes—
    I stand and curse, nor turn and fly.

I do not yield me, though my sin
    And folly bind me hand and foot,
No less than you who chain me in,
    To slow destruction, branch and root:

O love! O friends! O foes! I stand
    Quite desolate—unconquered still.
There is a strength in each good hand,
    With which I wreak a vengeance still.

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The daughter of your people's foe,
 What asked you less? my kindred urge;
What marvel that she laid you low,
 Dishonored to the utmost verge?

Yet have I lived! Yet have I loved!
 Yet is my heart quite unsubdued!
Prisoned and chained I stand unmoved.
 Despair makes sometimes passion's food.

What, here? They all? Here in this place,
 The lords of all the Philistines?
God of my mother, of my race!
 The old sure strength slow intervenes.

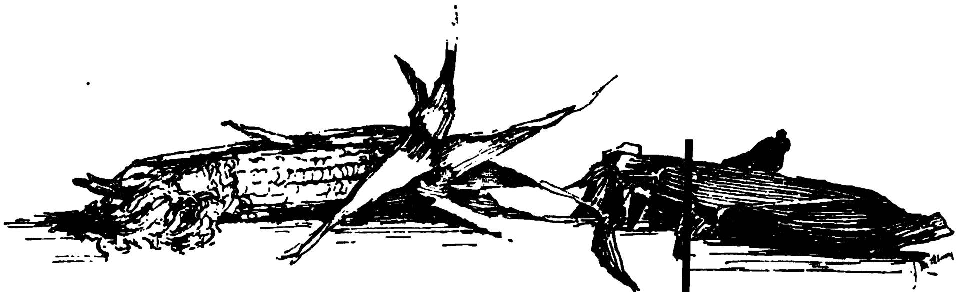
Boy, reach your hand; boy, show me where—
 (No more weak, as no longer shorn!)
Find me the pillars. Place with care
 My hands on each,—poor, blind, forlorn!

Three thousand, say you! Lords and dames!
 I grasp the pillars, and they move:
If death might but avenge the shames
 Of ruined life and perished love!

I have judged you for twenty years,
 O Israel, the chosen seed!
Out of my death, this gain appears;
 Out of the strong, help to your need!

I perish with your foes, my house!
 The tower totters to its base.
O lords, struck dead at your carouse,
 We fall together in one place!

*Katherine Read Lockwood.*



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# DRAGGING HER ANCHOR.

## II.

SHE did not even utter a cry; she only turned and met her husband's eyes with a look of stony, despairing agony that it took him long years to forget.

"Do not touch me," she said, in a tense, shuddering tone, when he would have taken her in his arms, and passing him by she went to her own room, where she lay all night long facing her double sorrow.

And poor Joe, on his lonely bridal night, wandered like a restless spirit about the little house and grounds; and who shall say that the silent, starry hours brought him no prescience of the dark shadow lurking just down the road, in wait for him and the loved being whose fate was now linked irrevocably with his own?

On the afternoon of the second day following her father's burial, Gladys emerged from the seclusion of her chamber and came into Joe's presence, looking so hollow-eyed, and white, and still, that the poor fellow was struck dumb, and for a moment or two forgot what it was that he had wished to say to her. Could he have seen his own face, haggard and wan with loss of sleep and troubled thought, he might have realized that the suffering had not all fallen upon Gladys. But there was no room in his heart for self-pity, or self-consideration; all was for her; and almost every thought was an unconscious prayer that he might deal justly by her, regardless of his own pain.

His first impulse now was to go to her, but the remembrance of her words, "*Do not touch me!*" uttered in that unguarded moment beside her dead, restrained him, and he stood still, leaning on the low mantel, until she was seated. Then without attempting prelude of any sort, he spoke the thought that was uppermost in his heart.

"I promised you, dear, that your wishes should be my wishes, an' I 've sent for you to tell you that I 'm willin' to keep my promise. I want you to know that I understand that all 's different since — since *he 's* gone; an' I want to say that if you think you can be happier to stay here without me than to go West with me, you shall stay. I can take as good care of you a thousand miles away as I can here; an' if it 'll make you happier it 'll make me happier. So now, dear, don't answer till you 're certain; take all the time you need to think about it, an' remember that as you decide that way it shall be. What 's best for you is best for me."

He had not paused nor hesitated from first to last, but had spoken as if the words had been chosen and well considered before being given utterance; and but for a certain quivering undertone in his voice, his listener might have detected no sign of the feeling that tossed and tore his heart-strings while he spoke.

But Gladys perceived far more than he intended she should, for her perceptions were keen, her sympathies strong and quick, and her nature, if less unselfish than his, was not one to lie altogether unresponsive before so noble an offer of self-abnegation. Dimly she realized that the man, however lowly and unlettered, who could so deal by the woman he loved, must have some fine fiber in his soul.

As Joe, after a moment, moved slowly toward the door, she suddenly arose and slipped her hand through his arm.

"Joe," she said, "you are the best and noblest friend I ever had; you are the *only* friend I have now, and — you are my husband. You deserve a love



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such as it is not in my power to give you, but if you will take me with you, I will do my best always to be faithful and true."

She did not utter the solemn pledge without deep feeling, for it seemed to her that if the dead could hear, her father would listen and bless her for the words.

Yet the time was destined to come, all too soon, when not even the thought of the dead could hold her true to the spirit of her pledge.

Verily, we might all do wisely, while searching for unknown forces in nature, to scan well the untried and ever-varying possibilities of our own souls, that the flood may not come upon us unawares, and sweep away all our careful bulwarks of spoken pledge and silent resolve.

Angels must have smiled and wept to have seen the change that came over Joe's face as he listened, and felt the almost caressing pressure of Gladys' hand upon his arm.

"God bless you, dear," he said, and bending, touched his lips reverently to the golden waves of her beautiful hair.

But even in that moment he guarded himself against taking too much for granted. Not for an instant did he deceive himself into thinking that his young wife gave him back one throb of the passionate love that seethed in his veins for her. But as he that has faced the gallows is grateful for the commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment, so poor Joe was glad and grateful in the mere sense of nearness and possession, as contrasted with the anguish of the separation that might have been. Yet all through the long journey westward, and the pleasant work and bustle of getting settled in their new home, his joy was tempered and chilled by the ever present consciousness that it was only the beautiful casket he held, and not the jewel.

But time, the one earthly thing that is subject to no conditions, and knows no let nor hindrance, swept on, and the busy, work-a-day world in which he lived and held a not insignificant place kept his brain teeming with hopes and aims that, while they each and all centered in Gladys and home, tended at the same time to crowd out and keep down that craving heart-hunger that otherwise might have grown into a blight.

In the meantime, how was it with Gladys?

To answer succinctly, Gladys was miserable.

Those who have reached the practical plane of life's meridian without having been subjected to any of Fate's trickeries, and whose lives run placidly in well-worn grooves of their own choosing, will scarcely have sufficient patience with my heroine to follow me into an analysis of her state of feeling. He that has never been defrauded of his birth-right is inclined to indulge in a smile at the expense of his pillaged brother.

But to you who have suffered, who have had your ideals snatched from you ere they could be realized, and have lived to find the pathway of the years strewn with the wreckage of your early dreams, to you, the story of Gladys Dilway will be full of much that is pitiful and sad; and if her bark drifts closer to the vortex of destruction than yours has ever done, you will say: "God pity her; she was only less fortunate than I."

Given a nature that was to the highest degree idealistic, and a temperament warm with the sunrise of youthful passion, poetry, and romance, Gladys had early builded her castles, and created and cherished her ideal of the man who was to come, in God's good time, and dwell in them with her. If the fancy-built castles were grand and fair, the ideal man was grander and fairer; and just how dear he was to her heart, and how much she looked forward to his coming, she perhaps never fully realized until the day that she renounced him forever, and put her hand in the toil-hardened palm

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of Joe Dilway. Joe was to that ideal, in her eyes, as is the humble clod in the corn-field to the mountain peak that towers and glistens in heaven's sunlight, and commands the homage of men.

Had her father lived, the sight of his comfort and content might have gone far to bring her resignation; but from that awful moment in which she had bent above his dead face and realized that her sacrifice was worse than vain, there had been a smouldering rebellion in her soul that only awaited certain conditions to break into open war with Fate.

Joe, in silent helplessness, felt something of all this, and reproaching himself with having imprisoned a creature he could not free, strove with feverish and unceasing effort to make her captivity endurable. All that his not over-opulent means could afford was laid at her feet, and his constant aim was to give her a home as nearly resembling that of her early girlhood as it lay in his power to do.

But as the months rolled on, he was made to realize that it was almost thankless toil; for while Gladys was not conscious of ingratitude, her self-pity was constantly increasing, and in fact was fast outgrowing and overshadowing all appreciation of Joe's humble, never-ceasing, yet unobtrusive ministrations.

How much he hoped for from the advent of the child that came to them in course of time, perhaps even he did not fully realize until the little being nestled in its mother's bosom, and he saw the listless indifference with which she accepted the — to him — precious gift of God. He almost resigned hope then, and went out of her presence wondering if after all he had been mistaken in her, and that the fountains of feeling he had believed to be only sealed to his coarse touch did not in reality exist within her. Surely, he thought, the mother-heart that baby fingers could not touch must be a stringless and keyless instrument.

Unwelcome as such a conclusion was to the tender husband and proud father, it was thrice more merciful than would have been a knowledge of the truth. It was well that he could not see Gladys tracing out his own plebeian lineaments in those of his child, and saying to herself in bitterness of spirit: "Is there *no end* to the results of such a mistake as mine? Must our blunders, like our willful transgressions, be visited upon future generations?"

Could he have seen the beautiful dream-child that nestled beside his own, only closer to the young mother's heart; and could he have known that its delicate, high-bred features were the counterpart in miniature of those of the ideal lover of her girlhood, he must have been cut to the heart with jealous pain; if not for himself, then for his defenseless child.

Thinking to please her and awaken her interest in the little one, he proposed calling it by her father's name; but she refused the suggestion with decision.

"Cyril is a sacred name to me," she said, "and I cannot give it to an infant who, for aught I know, may develop a character not in keeping with the associations that name holds for me."

Joe's face flushed hotly, and with just a tinge of bitterness he said:

"Name him for me, then, and take no chances."

"Yes," she answered quiescently, "name him for you and for me, for we alone are responsible for his being,— name him Joseph Deane."

So the baby became Joseph Deane Dilway. He was a healthy child from the first, and his growth of body and mind was rapid and assured. At two years of age he was the pride and joy of Joe's life; and even Gladys could no longer harden her heart against the baby who loved her with all his little devoted soul. The etherealized form of the dream-child still hovered between her and her living, breathing, legitimate son; but while the former was not dislodged, the latter had sturdily made a place for

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himself in her heart, and knowing nothing of a rival, was unconscious of any weakness in his hold upon "pitty mamma."

The summer that ushered in the second anniversary of her baby's birth was the season chosen by Destiny to play pitch and toss with the lines of Gladys Dilway's life. With the warm days of May and June an epidemic of typhus swept the city, and Gladys was one of its earliest victims. For weeks she lay prostrate and helpless, in the relentless clutch of pain and wild delirium. But faithful care and the best of medical attendance finally told in her favor, and she came slowly back to life, and Joe, and the baby.

But her progress toward complete recovery was very slow.

"You must take her away," the physician finally said to Joe. "Take her to the coast for change of air and scene. Her state is almost lethargic, and she must be aroused. Were she not so young, so beautiful, so fortunate in the possession of a good husband, a fine boy, and a comfortable home,— in short, were she not so happily situated in every visible way, I should say that she is not trying to get well."

Joe winced, but made no susceptible sign of the pain that random stab had inflicted, and the unconscious speaker went on: —

"That being an impossible conclusion, however, all I can say is, take her away, give her sea air to breathe and new scenes to gaze upon. Take her to some quiet place, not frequented as a summer resort, so she will be free from the worries of dress and the restraint of social claims. Turn her loose, with the boy, and let her do exactly as she pleases. Stay with her if you can; if not, leave her to herself."

"How would Bellingham Bay do!" queried Joe, as he turned the doctor's advice over in his mind.

"The very thing; you have business interests there, too, have you not?"

"Yes," said Joe. I have a branch hardware business there, an' could put in a few weeks there to very good advantage in the store, if it is a good place for Gladys and the boy."

"Just the place," quoth the doctor.

And so, when the slow, hot days of August crept on, and Portland lay sweltering in a blue-gray mist of smoke and dust, Joe carried Gladys away to a quiet little coast town, where she might lie on the sands all day long if she chose, and listen to the tinted waters of Bellingham Bay throbbing their restless murmurings to the great ocean beyond.

And Destiny, sitting aloft, and deftly pulling the threads that controlled millions of human lives, smiled down ironically, and went on weaving her warp and woof together.

### III.

"O, MAMMA! mamma! See, man dot pitty 'ittle fish! Man, 'ou dive me 'ittle fish?"

Gladys could probably never have told positively whether it was the excited baby voice or the firm crunching of masculine feet in the sand that aroused her from her reverie. She had reclined there in her favorite nook beneath some overhanging rocks for a long time,— hours, perhaps, while little Deane played in the sand at her feet, and she dreamed herself far, far away, half out of the world and half into the heaven she liked to picture as stretching off behind the blue haze that hung where the sky bent down to lave in the wooing waters of the sea. But she was aroused now, and with a start, sat up and looked at the man, who had paused before her, and was smiling down into the child's eager little face, while he held a shining trout on a willow branch, just out of reach of anxious baby fingers.

"Will I dive 'ou my 'ittle fish?" he said, quaintly imitating, in deep, musical tones, the lisping, childish utterance. "That depends, little one, on what

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mamma says; ask her if I may." And he lifted his hat to Gladys with a look in his dark eyes that brought a faint flush to her pale face,—the first it had worn for months.

"Mamma, mamma, tan't I have 'ittle fish?" pleaded Deane, running to her as she arose and returned the stranger's salute.

"Deane," she said, "you must not ask for everything you see. Perhaps the gentleman has a little boy at home who wants the fish as much as you do."

Deane turned eyes big with inquiry upon the fortunate possessor of the fish, who smiled and shook his head, as he daintily placed the willow branch in the little hands.

"No," he said, with just the faintest inflection of regret in his voice, "I have no little boy at home; in fact," he added, "I have no home."

"Ain't 'ou dot any mamma?" demanded Deane, with such intense earnestness that both his listeners laughed involuntarily.

"No, I have no mamma, and in that respect I envy you, my little man; you have a dear mamma, have n't you?"

"But 'ou tan't have *my* mamma!" cried little Deane in sudden alarm, backing off and grasping Gladys's dress with one hand, while with the other he clutched the luckless fish close to his breast.

"What, not after giving you my pitty fish?" retorted the stranger in mock reproach; and Deane was nonplussed and speechless.

"At least," went on the fine, well-modulated voice, "you might shake hands with me before I go."

Which favor Deane accorded as soon as he could make up his mind to relinquish his hold upon his mother's dress. Then the stranger again lifted his hat, with the ease of a man of the world, and walked away into the belt of trees that stretched between the beach and the little town.

"A grand looking man," thought Gladys, as he disappeared; "I wonder who he is."

And remembering the admiration his eyes and perfect manner had revealed, the flush of suddenly-awakened interest lingered in her face, and the dreamy listlessness had gone from her eyes as she turned them again across the waters.

She little guessed that the subject of her thoughts had paused just within the cover of the trees, and was studying the contour of her figure, outlined as it was against the gray background of the rocks.

"The very loveliest woman I ever saw," was his half-audible comment as he gazed. "Who would ever have thought of coming upon such a glorious creature in this remote little place! Who is she, I wonder, and what is the husband like? I must make it a point to find out. Possibly my stay here may not prove insupportably wearisome, after all!"

His handsome lips parted in a half-smile of pleased speculation, as he lighted a cigar and strolled on.

Gladys, coming in half an hour later, was made aware of his presence on the hotel veranda by Deane's piping little voice:—

"See, mamma, dere's man!" he cried, pointing a chubby finger; and Gladys, following the gesture involuntarily with her eyes, found it impossible not to smile in response to the laughing gaze she met.

In an instant the magic of that mutual smile had leapt the space and the barriers that lay between them, and was working in the veins of each. Gladys's beautiful eyes were luminous, and there was a flame of delicate color on cheeks and brow, as she went slowly up the stairway and entered her little parlor.

Joe was there, awaiting her. He looked at her for an instant, and his face lighted.

"My dear," he said, "how bright and well you look this evening. I had n't

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noticed it before, but really the sea air must be doing you good; I 'm glad I brought you here. Why, hello, Deane, my chappie, what have you got there?" he added, as that small personage came toddling in, dragging his prize behind him.

"Papa, man div me pitty 'ittle fish!" he explained proudly.

"What man, my boy?"

"Big man! pitty man!"

"A fisherman we met on the sands," interposed Gladys rather quickly, adding as the door opened to admit the nurse: "Here, Julia, Deane is in rather a sad plight; take him away and make him presentable, and ask the cook to let him have the trout for his supper."

Later, when a full, round moon had come up, and was painting a silvery pathway out across the bay, Gladys would have no lights, but looped the curtains back, and sitting by the open window took up her well-loved guitar and sang, in a soft, rich voice, some of the old songs that her father had loved. It was the first time in months that Joe had heard her sing; and as he lay on the sofa in the shadow, and listened, he was vaguely conscious of something new and strange in his wife's voice and face. When she had ceased, he said again:—

"It does me good to see you as you are tonight."

As he spoke, he arose and went and stood beside her, at the window.

"The doctor was right, dear; the change is doing you good. There is a sort of look in your face tonight like—like the old times, when you was sweet Gladys Deane, an' poor ol' Joe was nothin' to you."

He laid his hand with wistful gesture on her hair, but she evaded the touch by resting her gleaming white arms on the window sill and leaning out, as if to view the moonlit scene that stretched before her. Then in a moment she started and half drew back; for some one was sitting out there on the upper veranda, close by her window,—some one with his chair tilted back within the shadow, his darkly handsome face turned toward her, and his magnetic eyes looking steadily into hers.

For an instant she yielded to the thrill and the spell of that gaze; and in that instant Joe, and the stuffy little room behind her, were forgotten; her head drooped to her crossed arms; an odd, dizzy sensation was upon her, and it seemed to her that she was drifting out, out, over the shining waters, whither she knew not, nor cared; with her hand held close in that of the stranger beside her.

Then suddenly Joe's voice, tender but homely, broke upon her ear, as he carefully folded a shawl about her:—

"This won't do, dear; the night air is chilly."

She lifted her head. Some other people had come out upon the veranda, and those eyes had released her from their hold and were gazing dreamily seaward.

Breaking with an effort the spell that was upon her, she slowly arose, saying with mechanical distinctness:—

"Close the window, Joe, if you please; I think I almost fell asleep there."

Joe closed the window, and thinking only of her, neither saw nor heard any one else.

It was two days later that Gladys was again startled from her half-recumbent attitude among the rocks by Deane's shrill little voice:—

"Mamma, dere tomes papa an' big, pitty man!"

She started up, and her gaze followed the direction of his keen little eyes. Yes, he was right. Joe was coming hurriedly along the shore towards her, and by his side walked the stranger, Deane's "big, pitty man," looking grander and handsomer than ever, in contrast with Joe's rather short, stout, and commonplace figure.

With a fluttering, sinking sensation at her heart, Gladys stood up to meet them.

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Joe was evidently in a state of hurry and excitement, for he began, almost before he had reached her, to explain his errand.

"Gladys, my dear, I 've just had a dispatch, an' must go to Portland tonight. I'm sorry to leave you, but — O, I forgot — this is Mr. Rivercourt, an acquaintance of mine from Portland; he 's kindly offered to take care of you an' the boy, an' help you to pass the time while I 'm away."

Gladys bowed and smiled, and murmured some stereotyped phrase of thanks for Mr. Rivercourt's thoughtfulness. But Rivercourt held out his hand, and she strove in vain to steady the one she gave him. It trembled unwillingly in his clasp for a moment, then was released, and they all turned their steps hotelward.

"It 's quite a relief to me, your being here, Rivercourt," said Joe. "I should n't feel right to leave Gladys all alone, an' I could n't think of taking her away now, just when she 's begun to improve."

"It will give me pleasure, I assure you, to do all I can to help Mrs. Dilway bear the tedium of your absence," was the reply, and Gladys felt, rather than saw, the oddly-beautiful eyes of the speaker searching her face.

"I hope you 'll like him, dear," said Joe, as he hurriedly packed a valise, in the privacy of their own rooms. "He 'll make it pleasant for you, if you 'll let him, I think."

"Who is he, Joe?" asked Gladys, as she bent over an open trunk. "I never met him in Portland."

"No; fact is, I don't know much about him, myself," said Joe, in the rather breathless, fragmentary way of a very busy man with his mind on other things. "Met him once or twice, though," he went on, "an' just now it may be to our interest to be civil to him. You see, he travels for the —— Insurance Company, and is over here now to report on the risks of the company in these little towns on the bay. There 's been so many fires this summer that the companies are all gettin' scared, an' if the forest fires come much closer 'round here, they 're likely to cancel our policies altogether. But a good deal depends, just now, on Rivercourt's report; so keep him busy, my girl, an' don't give him too much time to think of forest fires."

Joe smiled with the concluding words, and went away, little dreaming of the extent to which his parting injunction was destined to be carried out. Within three days after his departure, Rivercourt had arrived at that state of mind wherein neither his employers' interests, nor any interests under heaven not connected directly with Gladys Dilway, could hold his attention.

Nature, ever fond of producing human paradoxes, seemed to have exerted her utmost skill in that line upon Allan Rivercourt. Whatever her crude materials may have been, she had certainly mixed and blended them well, and had taken care to cast them in a mould so perfect as to outward seeming, that the power of his mere physical beauty held no light sway among his fellow-men. Then she had added, with lavish hand, that indescribable magnetic charm of personality that is to the beautiful physique what rhythm is to music or fragrance to a flower. That was the mysterious power that, strengthened by a rare intelligence and a dominant will, had reached out through a pair of wonderful eyes, and touched the restless, craving, imaginative soul of Gladys Dilway. It was as if the old, beloved ideal, so long locked away in the silent catacombs of her heart, had at last found some secret mode of egress, and clothing itself in the warm, breathing habiliments of a perfect manhood, had suddenly risen and stood before her, wielding a scepter to which her womanhood — aye, even her wifehood and motherhood — must bow submission.

Yet beneath all his fair estate of man

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hood's beauty and power,—beneath his rich intellectual endowments, and all the myriad, sparkling possibilities of a passionate, refined, fastidious nature, there lay one blur that, all unseen of men, unknown even to himself, stamped him a walking paradox. It was the lurking possibility of evil. Not the small leaven of evil that leads manhood to enrich itself with peccadilloes, but that power of darkness that, given a sufficient incentive, can turn a man into a demon. Deep, deep down it lay, a mere dormant germ as yet, its presence all unsuspected by him in whose bosom it held a place; but it rested in the fruitful soil of a passionate, unyielding nature, and like the smouldering volcano, awaited with dreadful patience the internal holocaust that was to signal its outbreak. Cities have stood for ages over invisible craters that finally have opened and swallowed them up; and even so had Allan Rivercourt dwelt for thirty-eight years in daily communion with his own soul, without learning its hidden possibilities.

He was a man of the world, in perhaps the widest sense of that rather vague term, and possibly made up in worldly wisdom what he lacked in knowledge of self. A selfish, indomitable will, and an innate spirit of rebellion against nearly all recognized forms of restraint, had led him to leave his boyhood's home and go out alone into the world at a very early age. He had scarcely turned his majority when, by the death of his father, he came into possession of a fortune that, if wisely handled, would have made him a millionaire at forty. But little cared he for millions, and so his thousands had gradually gone as the purchase money of many a pleasant experience. There were few countries on the globe that he had not traveled; few skies under which he had not sported happy hours away; and — shall I add it? — few nations that held not one or more fair representatives to whom he had made impetuous love.

But how was Gladys Dilway to know that last? Could she be expected to know what he himself scarcely realized? There was no one to tell her; and being no trifler herself, she held no key to that trait in others. So, from the first, whatever misgivings tortured her, distrust of him had no place among them. And in that she did him only justice; for however he had trifled with the rest of womankind, he was in deadly earnest with Gladys Dilway.

She was to him a revelation in many ways. Her rare and delicate beauty, and a certain matchless grace of manner and bearing, had been her first attraction for him; and while that remained the only chain that held him, his feeling for her may have been only an intensified type of the infatuation to which he was no stranger. But stride by stride his bondage graduated into something deeper, stronger, purer than infatuation, as each hour of unbroken intercourse seemed to reveal some new and loveable trait in her.

Truth to tell, however, the strongest link in the chain that bound him was her utter purity and unapproachableness. In three days' time he was compelled to admit to his worldly-wise heart that she puzzled him. And she was the first woman that ever had succeeded in doing that. Hitherto he had flattered himself that whatever of mystery the great universe might hold under lock and key, the intricacies of the feminine nature were as an open book to him; or as a lyre, whose many strings he could touch to harmony or discord, as he willed. And now, here was an instrument whose keynote lay beyond his reach; at least, so it seemed to him during those first tantalizing days of his acquaintance with Mrs. Dilway.

Yet the time soon came when he felt that she was not indifferent to him; and his intuition told him unmistakably that she was not happy; and that there was nothing approaching congeniality between herself and the man to whom, by some inexplicable trickery of fate, she

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had suffered herself to be bound. He could read the hungry, unmated soul in her eyes; and his ear, trained as it was to catch the finer and fainter of life's melodies, heard the sad undertone that ran through her beautiful voice like an æolian strain from the land of the lost.

All this he could see, and hear, and feel; but what he could not do was to make her respond to, or seem to understand, any of his usual methods of approach to the citadel of woman's heart. And so he was brought soon to realize that here was play for the finest, strongest steel in his mental armory; and with that realization came the first full awakening of his own nature. The floodgates of his soul were torn from their stubborn hinges, and his being was swept with a love stronger than death, — sweeter far than life.

Thus was Gladys Dilway the greatest revelation in life to him, in that she showed him hitherto unseen heights, and taught him how to scale them. That she was destined yet to reveal to him the depths to which he could descend, neither he nor she dreamed at that time.

O, how the days, so precious to him, swept by. In his thoughts he likened them sometimes to the ripples that chased each other over the bosom of the bay; each in its turn to break upon the sands in nothingness. But there, he told himself bitterly, the analogy ceased; for the ripples would keep on coming, and dashing their frail forms to atoms, through all the countless ages of time; while the days of this perfect companionship must cease, ere long, in one great blur of misery that was worse than utter annihilation.

But must they cease? *Must* they? Was the law of Nature, and of Nature's God, to be held of less account than the empty mummeries of a priest?

Just when this dangerous question first took form in his mind, perhaps not even he could have told; but one day he found it there, and it was a tenant that did not take kindly to eviction. Nor did he try its powers of resistance to any great extent; for the days dwindled, one by one; the fortnight of the husband's absence was rapidly nearing its close, and the lover's frame of mind was approaching desperation. In one hour he would pray — if the frenzied outcry of an Agnostic soul may be called prayer — that the relentless wheels of time might cease their revolutions; in the next, his soul was steeped in adjurations to the powers of evil to remove the human clod that lay in his path,— to annihilate the man who stood between himself and Gladys Dilway.

But through it all, he kept his outward calm, and guarded well each passionate impulse that might have startled and shocked the woman of his love. A poet at heart, his thoughts of her were wont to take poetic form. "She is like this," he reflected, gathering a leaf on whose bosom of gold and green glimmered a single pearl-like drop of dew. "She permits me to draw near, and to gaze into the limpid depths of her soul; her beautiful eyes give back flash for flash, and she trembles and thrills at the touch of my hand; but one hot, unguarded breath, and she would vanish, thus!" And he stood gazing at the empty leaf.

Yet there came a moment when he breathed that hot, unguarded breath,— a moment in which the power of self-mastery forsook him. It was the night following the day on which he saw her read a crude scrawl of a letter, and heard her say to Deane in a voice that sounded strained and mechanical, "Papa will come tomorrow."

Then Deane had run to him with the glad tidings :—

"Papa tome tomorrow! Papa tome tomorrow!" he shouted, little guessing how utterly alone he was in his glee.

In the misery of that moment Rivercourt could almost have struck down the innocent baby that looked at him with Joe Dilway's honest blue eyes.

That night, when the few other guests

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who were staying at the hotel were retiring from the veranda with mutual interchange of good-nights, and Gladys was following them, she was detained by a touch on her arm and a voice in her ear:—

"Would you leave me so soon on this our last night together? It is not late; come with me for a little while longer."

Thrilling, trembling, dreading she scarcely knew what, she yielded, and went with him down to the shore that lay white in the slanting beams of a sinking moon.

For a while they walked back and forth along the smooth, shining sands, but the murmur of the waters at their feet was unbroken by their voices. Then, at last, he paused abruptly, and turned to look down into her face.

"We are silent tonight," he said. "Can you tell me why?"

"I scarcely know," she answered, turning her face from him to look out across the shadowy reach of water.

"May I tell you why?"

Knowing well the verge whereon he stood, his voice shook and vibrated with imprisoned feeling.

She was close to him; her hand was on his arm, and he felt it tremble at his words. A tremor ran over her entire frame, and her voice was unsteady, as she answered hastily:—

"No, no; I think we ought to go in. See, the moon is going down."

She drew her scarf closer about her throat, and would have started toward the house; but he stood still, and his hand closed over hers, on his arm.

"Yes, I see the moon is going down," he said slowly, looking off for an instant to where the disc was just dipping its lower rim into the water-line of the horizon. "But let it go; I care little whether or not it ever rises again. There are some things I want to say to you tonight," he went on impetuously, "if I can ever get my thoughts and words so arranged as not to pain or offend you. But you will be kind to me tonight, will you not? You will not take offense at an unguarded word tonight, will you, Gladys, the last night we shall ever stand together thus?"

As her name slipped, almost unconsciously, from his lips, he felt her start; but she only said questioningly:—

"The last? Are you—going away?"

"Can you ask me that? Does it seem to you that I could stay here after—after tomorrow? No, no, do not turn from me! O, be kind to me tonight, Gladys, for a few moments hence I shall have passed out of your life forever. Forever," he repeated with solemn tenderness, bending to look into her eyes. "O Gladys, tell me, do you care? do you feel one throb of the agony that I am enduring at this moment?"

She lifted her white face suddenly, and he was answered without words; but at the same time she drew back, and said falteringly, but with a sweet dignity that touched him, even in that tumultuous moment:—

"You have no right to ask that question of me, Mr. Rivercourt; and I no right to answer it. Short as is our acquaintance, it has been too long, if it is to culminate in words that were best left unspoken. Will you say goodby now, and let me go?"

The hand she had withdrawn from him she now held out in farewell. He saw it quivering there in the moonlight, but he did not touch it. He stood an instant with bowed head, in silence.

"Yes," he said at length, half under his breath, "I will say goodby." Then he suddenly reached out and drew her to his breast, in a wild, irresistible embrace.

O, the trance of joy that seized and held him when he felt that she did not resist,—that her sweet lips were not unresponsive to his own. Was it minutes, or only seconds, that they stood there, in the fragment of heaven they had stolen and pulled down to earth?

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They never knew, and none ever saw, unless it were that angel we are taught to think of as standing with eyes forever turned downward, and pen in hand, recording the good and the ill of our feverish, fitful lives.

To Rivercourt it seemed but the merest atom in the ocean of time, ere the quivering form in his arms started from him, breaking his clasp with a sudden desperate force for which he was unprepared; and it seemed that her very lips grew livid as she ejaculated: —

"My God! O my God!" and turning, fled from him, across the sands and into the gloom of the trees.

Rivercourt stood motionless for a long time after the last flutter of her white garments had disappeared. The glory of the moon had vanished from the waters, and a chill breeze was blowing in across their gray depths; but he knew it not, for his veins were throbbing with inward fire, and his brain was teeming with a hundred fragmentary plans for completing his already half-won victory over an adverse destiny.

"Though she were bound by a thousand ties," he murmured passionately, "I would break them all; for before high heaven, she is mine,—my love, my wife!"

How the angels of high heaven must smile sometimes at our efforts to drag them to the support of our anarchical propensities.

## IV.

Had Rivercourt's intuitions been a shade less subtle than they were, he might have made the mistake of seeking an interview with Gladys on the morning following that night on the shore. Naturally, he longed to see her, but curbed the desire with a firm hand, and allowed her instead to find a note under her door when she arose.

Gladys had slept but little that night, and her state of mind, when she arose to face a new day, was almost chaotic. Yet, through all the tumult of doubt, self-reproach, heart-ache, and shame, there ran one shining thread of resolve, and had Rivercourt begged to see her, he would have been denied. As it was, she trembled at sight of the characteristic hand-writing, as striking in the bold beauty of its outlines as was the writer himself.

The note began without address of any form, and ended without signature; yet, as she read, it seemed to her that its author's thrilling tones were sounding in her ear. So much is there in the art of knowing what to say, and how to say it.

"If I have caused you one pang of regret or self-reproach," he wrote, "try to forgive and forget it; but let the memory of last night dwell in your heart and keep it warm for me: for, O my love, the end is not yet. We are drifting with a tide that sweeps all obstacles before it. I am going away for a few days, to avoid the pain of seeing *him* come back to you, and to give you time for thought,— for our common fate rests in your hands, and the message you shall have for me when I return will mean almost life or death to me. A line addressed to Seattle within the next four days would reach me, and — need I add? — would be precious to me beyond expression."

That was all, but it bore the impress of intense, solemn earnestness. There was no doubting that the grave responsibilities of their position were before him in full force while he wrote. More than all, there was no distrusting his fearlessness and masterful sense of power.

"The end is not yet," he had said; and Gladys, as she read the words, felt them to be somehow prophetic, and trembled and cowered before the unseen possibilities of the near future. A strange, new sense of guilt was upon her,— a feeling akin to that which he must experience who has inadvertently dropped the lighted match that wraps a sleeping city in flames.

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Had the letter been a mere lover's rhapsody of endearing terms and pleadings, or of idle repinings, it could not have taken such a hold upon her. It was the innate force of the man, leaping through the bold, impetuous lines, that impressed her with a sense of danger ahead, and gave her a newly awakened sense of her own weakness. She knew that she was "as a house divided against itself," inasmuch as her own heart was allied with him against her.

It was a white, almost haggard face that met Joe's eyes as he came into the little parlor that evening, and a swift change swept over his own features as he gently lowered Deane from a triumphant perch on his shoulder, and advanced, half hesitatingly, to greet his wife. But she surprised him by rising and coming to meet him with a strange eagerness of manner that, to a casual observer, might have passed for wifely gladness at her husband's return. Her first words, too, would have strengthened that impression:—

"O, Joe, I am so glad you have come!" she said. "I want to go away from here, Joe; I want to go home; I— I— don't feel so well as I did before you left me."

Joe's perceptions, if simple, were not dull; and the trembling of her hands, and the odd, feverish anxiety of tone and manner did not escape him. To him it seemed that there was every indication that she spoke the truth,— that she was, indeed, not as well as when he had left her. In a moment the ruling impulse of his nature was paramount,— the impulse of protecting care for all weaker beings, —and his untrained voice dropped instinctively into a soothing gentleness of tone as he drew her to a seat, saying simply: —

"I ought n't to have stayed away so long, dear, ought I? I might have known it would seem a weary time to you, all alone here, in this out-of-the-way place. But it just seemed as if I could n't get away no sooner. An' then you looked so bright when I left; an' I thought Rivercourt would be company for you; I thought you 'd like him. Is he here yet?"

"I — hardly know; it seems to me he spoke of going away yesterday. He was — kind,— but — Joe, dear, I want to go home,— I want to go at once."

"So you shall, dear; we shall go to-morrow."

At the end of a week of waiting at Seattle for the message that never came, Rivercourt returned to the little town by the bay, and learned that the Dilways had departed for Portland on the day following his own sudden flitting. The news did not greatly surprise him; he had half expected it. He knew full well the strife he had inaugurated in Gladys Dilway's breast, and it was natural, perhaps, that she should fly from him in that first startled hour of revelation. He even told himself that he loved her the better for it, if that were possible.

Yet it was rather a disconsolate lover who went out and sat on the veranda to consider the situation.

"She might have written me a line," he sighed discontentedly.

It was the loveliest of autumn days, but Nature's smiles were lost on him. In vain the sun gilded the bosom of the bay with its softest, haziest radiance; in vain the sands sparkled, and the white-breasted gulls cast flocks of shadows here and there, as they dipped and sailed in ever-blending, and seemingly never-ending, circles. The artist's eye, the poet's soul, seemed dead within him, and stale and flat were the scenes that, one short week ago, had embodied an earthly paradise for him.

A sudden thought came to him; he sprang up and sought mine host.

"Did Mr. or Mrs. Dilway leave any message or letter for me?" he asked.

"None," was the uncompromising reply.

At the post office he fared no better; and after a sleepless, interminable night, he too embarked for Portland.

"Does she think to drop me thus sum-

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marily out of her life?" he questioned as he sped along with the delightful consciousness that every passing moment carried him nearer to her. "If so, by the gods, how sweet a lesson I have yet to teach her."

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## ONE LIFE, ONE LAW.

WHAT do we know — what need we know
Of the great world to which we go?
We peer into the tomb, and hark:
Its walls are dim, its doors are dark.

Be still, O mourning heart, nor seek
To make the tongueless silence speak:
Be still, be strong, nor wish to find
Their way who leave the world behind —
Voices and forms forever gone
Into the darkness of the dawn.

What is their wisdom, sure and fast?—
That as men sow they reap at last,—
That every thought, that every deed,
Is sown into the soul for seed.
They have no word we do not know,—
Nor yet the cherubim aglow
With God: we know that virtue saves,—
They know no more beyond the graves.

*Charles Edwin Markham.*

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## EARLY DAYS IN KLAMATH.

THE fall of 1850 found me in San Francisco, returned from the mines on the American River. That season some friends in the city, with others, had started a town at the mouth of the Klamath River. There were several towns founded that summer on the northwest coast of the State; on Humboldt Bay alone were four. A little farther north on the coast, Robert A. Parker and others of San Francisco laid out the town of Trinidad on the roadstead of that name, as a rival of all the others. Parker, generally called Bob Parker, owned the old Parker House, on Kearney Street, opposite the old Plaza, or Portsmouth Square, and at one time could command as much money as any man in the State; but, of course, we had no rich men in those days.

Some of those connected with the town on the Klamath had come down to the city to take back supplies for the new colony. An old vessel, the bark Tarquin, was bought or chartered for the purpose. I concluded to join the party going up, and on the 15th of November we sailed for the mouth of the Klamath.

A few of those on board were bound for Trinidad, at which place it was designed to touch; but off Cape Mendocino a southeasterly storm struck us, and we were driven by. For days the vessel was laid to, and when the storm abated we were off Point St. George, near the Oregon line. A breeze sprang up from the northwest, before which we headed for the Klamath. This wind also beat down the heavy seas caused by the storm, so that when we arrived off the mouth of the river it was comparatively smooth.

The captain headed for the entrance, according to the chart prepared from soundings during the summer. Unfortunately, however, the recent heavy storm had caused the channel to change, and we struck a sand spit on the north side, which extended nearly across the summer channel. After a few heavy thumps the old vessel became imbedded in the sand nearly broadside on. By the aid of friendly Indians, who swarmed the beach, a line, attached to a hawser, was got on shore, and, under the direction of the whites who had come down from the town, the hawser was made fast to a point of rocks near by, and, with the capstan on board, was soon hauled taut.

Many of us were soon on this rope, hand-over-hand, and dangling over the seething waters, making for the shore. Others preferred to take their chances on the vessel. Luckily the tide was ebb, and in a few hours the spit was uncovered nearly to the ship's side. With the assistance of the Indians, who were naked and not afraid of a little surf, the others were then brought ashore; also the cargo and the effects of passengers and crew. Under the point of rocks near by, a blazing fire was made of the driftwood, and we were made comfortable for the night. This was November 25, ten days after starting.

The heavy surf at floodtide during the night broke the old hulk into fragments, and the wreckage was strewn along the beach. The next day all of us, and the cargo and effects saved from the old wreck, were transferred to the town, about four miles up the river, called Klamath City. Thus I was introduced to the Klamath country.

Besides the town mentioned, another was surveyed and laid out on the opposite, or southern bank of the river, and nearer its mouth. Up the river about forty miles, at the foot of rapids, still another town was located, at what was considered the head of navigation. But

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between this point and the mouth, there were several bad rapids in the river, which would have obstructed navigation at low stages of the water. All transportation on the river was then carried on by the Indians with their canoes.

The treacherousness of the entrance to the river, owing to the shifting channel at its mouth, however, finally forced conviction on the most sanguine that the Klamath River was not a practicable line of communication with the mines of the interior.

Along the coast towards Trinidad, below the Klamath, is the remarkable bluff known as "Gold Bluff." It begins about ten miles south of the mouth of the Klamath, runs southerly along the beach about six miles, presenting a face to the shore line almost perpendicular, in some places quite so, and rises from a hundred feet to five hundred, or thereabouts, in height. It is composed of sand, without a rock or large stone in it, yet so compact as to preserve an upright position for several hundred feet, as already stated.

In passing up and down the trail between Trinidad and the mouth of the Klamath, the attention of parties had been attracted to the peculiar black sand, sprinkled with fine gold, frequently exposed along the foot of this bluff. The slackening of the face of the bluff by the weather, and the jarring caused by the tremendous force of the surf at high tides, would at times bring down large masses of it. By the action of the surf this would be tumbled over and dashed up against the bluff, and the receding water and undertow would carry off the coarser and lighter material down the sloping beach towards the sea, while the heavier black sand and gold would settle down towards the hard pan at the foot of the bluff,— the panning process of the pioneer placer miner on a grand scale.

In January, 1851, a number of us at the Klamath formed an association, for the purpose of working this black sand. We took possession of the upper gulch, or first break in the bluff going south, and nearly three miles from the northerly end. Here we made our camp, constructed log buildings for house, forge, and shop; also shed for animals. Our company claimed the bluff above our camp. A small number of persons in San Francisco and two or three at Trinidad joined us.

Supplies and material were shipped to us on one of the old steamers running to Trinidad, which, taking advantage of a smooth sea, anchored off the bluff, as near shore as safety would permit, and landed the same night at the mouth of our gulch. A line was sent ashore, and by means of this the things were hauled ashore through the surf, the lumber in raft, with such things as the water would not injure lashed thereto, and other goods in water-tight casks.

The gold being so fine and the black sand so heavy, they could not be separated by the ordinary placer mining process. We therefore tried quicksilver, placed in the riffles and pockets, made in long flumes or sluices. By running the golden sand through the sluices, with a stream of water barely sufficient to move it along, the quicksilver would pick up pretty much all the gold before it would reach the lower end, and the process proved a success.

When the tide ran out men were sent along the beach with pack mules, (a canvas sack being suspended on each side of the pack saddle for the sand,) to gather up and bring to camp whatever black sand remained in sight. A heavy surf and extreme high tide would frequently carry out black sand and all, at the foot of the bluff, clean to the hard pan.

Others located in the gulches to the south, and operated along the bluff below our claim. In the meantime great excitement was created in San Francis-

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co in regard to the reported fabulous riches of Gold Bluff. Some of this black sand, sparkling with fine gold, was shown round, and at a meeting of the excited gold-seekers it was stated that here was a bluff of some six miles, with a beach of sand in front many rods wide and several feet deep, and they were allowed to infer that the sand exhibited was a fair sample of the enormous quantity forming a beach of the dimensions given.

The "Gold Mountain" and "Gold Lake" frauds were quite innocent jokes compared with the Gold Bluff swindle. Old hulks of steamers and sailers almost without number were at once advertised for Gold Bluff. Some hundreds were being landed at Trinidad. The vanguard rushed off pell-mell up the coast, packing their blankets and traps, eager to be first on the beach where the golden sands were "lying around loose" in uncounted millions.

Most of them did not stop over night if they arrived in time to start back. The true situation could be taken in at a glance. Of the later arrivals very few went to the bluff at all. Most of the victims returned to San Francisco. Many, however, went to the bar or placer mines on the Klamath, between the junction of the Trinity and the mouth of the Salmon River, and on the latter stream, which were just beginning to attract attention.

Our company continued to do fairly well at the bluff, but with prudent management the net results were only moderate. Along in the spring I disposed of my interest to Colonel A. J. Butler, (brother of the noted Ben,) who then lived at Trinidad.

I located at Trinidad in April, 1851, after disposing of my interest in the Gold Bluff Company, and there began practicing law, to which profession I had been admitted in Ohio just before joining the grand army of Argonauts.

During the spring and summer of 1851 Trinidad was a prosperous and lively little town. The Gold Bluff craze gave it a start, and developments later of gold mines on the Klamath and its tributary, the Salmon River, contributed to keep up its trade and business. At first most of the supplies for these mines passed through Trinidad. Subsequently Union Town, on Humboldt Bay, divided this trade with Trinidad.

There were few wagon roads through that region, and none through the redwoods, and the transportation was entirely with pack animals. The dense forest of giant redwoods was a great obstruction to communication between the towns on the coast and the mines, and was then viewed as an evil, rather than as a benefit to the country. The greatest width through this belt of forest is about due east of Trinidad, so the trail from that place followed the open country along the coast up north some fifteen miles, perhaps, and then turned easterly to and through the redwoods to the open country known as the "Bald Hills." The redwoods are about ten miles through on the line of this trail, and about half way through Redwood Creek is crossed. This is a considerable stream, and on the flat or bottom, near where the trail crosses, are found some of the largest trees in the whole redwood belt. The "Bald Hills" are the ridges, or watersheds, between rivers flowing into the ocean from the Klamath on the north to Eel River on the south, and extend from the eastern line of the redwoods high up towards the main Coast Range. They are bald only in the sense of being destitute of forest; but at the springs and along the small streams putting into the rivers on either side are small trees and shrubs. These hills in the season are covered with luxuriant natural grasses, and were a favorite resort for deer and elk; afterwards they furnished a range for the packer to recruit his animals. In clear weather, from these hills one can see over the dark line of redwoods to the

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ocean, and in foggy weather can look down on a billowy sea of vapor. It is altogether a picturesque portion of the country.

The first stopping-place east of the redwoods was Elk Camp, a notable point on the Trinidad trail. The course of the Klamath River towards the ocean, for seventy or eighty miles above the mouth of the Trinity, is southwesterly, and in some places nearly south. At the junction of the Trinity it makes an abrupt bend, and its general course thence is northwesterly. In place of the old trail by way of the mouth of the Trinity, a new one was opened quite early in the season. It left the old trail near Elk Camp and turned down to the river, across which a good ferry was placed by a Captain Thompkins, and hence called Thompkins's Ferry. Thence the new trail ran northeasterly, and struck across the big bend of the Klamath, intersecting the old trail up towards Orleans Bar, the common point where the river was crossed again in going to the mines on the Salmon and its branches.

Up to June, 1851, the whole region of country between the northern line of Mendocino County and Oregon — fortieth to forty-second degrees north latitude — was unorganized. At the session of 1851 the Legislature divided this section by a line from the mouth of Mad River, on the coast, and "running thence due east to the summit of the Coast Range." The southerly part was designated in the Act as Trinity County, and the northerly, Klamath. The summit of the Coast Range was taken to be the ridge or crest dividing the waters of the Sacramento from the streams running westerly into the ocean. This formed the eastern boundary of the two counties, and as the dividing line was about on the forty-first degree north latitude, the counties were nearly equal in size.

Another Act, passed May 28, 1851, provided for the election of county officers and selection of county seat, in these counties, to be held on the second Monday (being the 9th) of June following. It also appointed commissioners in each county, to designate precincts and officers of election, and to receive the returns and declare the result.

By the time this Act, or knowledge of its passage, reached us at Trinidad, there was no time to order printed tickets from San Francisco, and no such thing as a newspaper or printing press was any nearer to us at that day. Tickets had therefore to be written, but no ballot reform laws were then in force here. Registration of votes was not required, nor any particular form or kind of ballot prescribed ; nor did it make any difference what kind of box was used, nor in what manner the ballots should be deposited therein. An empty cigar-box would answer for a ballot urn ; and when the elector could elbow his way up, he could deposit any kind of ballot, either open or folded, therein.

Notwithstanding this free-and-easy way of voting, there was very little fraud committed in the country districts. The people would not submit to be cheated or robbed, and not infrequently made laws unto themselves to punish the one who should attempt it.

Candidates were soon off for the mines canvassing for votes. Two or more were up for every office except that of District Attorney. Politics did not enter into the contest — whether one were a Democrat or a Whig made no difference.

The election resulted as follows:

*County Judge*, Robert E. Woods.
*District Attorney*, Walter Van Dyke.
*Sheriff*, W. Clements.
*County Clerk*, J. J. Arrington.
*County Treasurer*, Robert A. Parker.
*Assessor*, A. S. Meyers.
*Surveyor*, Charles D. Moore.
*Coroner*, E. H. Clements.
COUNTY SEAT, TRINIDAD.

Woods, the County Judge, was as in-



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nocent of any knowledge of the law as some of the judges chosen by the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas, at the election in that State last fall; but he soon resigned and left the county, and a lawyer was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The friendly Indians on the coast and Lower Klamath had often warned the whites against the Indians on the Klamath, up towards the junction of the Trinity, and those on the latter stream were represented as "bad Indians." Not much attention was paid to those warnings, however, they being looked upon as a sort of ruse, to ingratiate the Indians with the newcomers at the expense of their enemies,— a device not limited to savages by any means. For this reason the whites had been less cautious than prudence would dictate under the circumstances.

In the summer of 1851,— I am unable to give the exact time, as I have preserved no data of the event,— the little town of Trinidad was startled by a report that all the whites at Thompkins's Ferry had been murdered by Indians. The Ferry at that time was run by a Mr. Blackburn. He was a married man, and had his wife with him, a rare thing at that time and place. Californians at that period, it is hardly necessary to mention, were mostly young men and unmarried, and the few married men did n't have their wives with them in the mines or on the mountain trails; they were mostly in the Eastern States.

There were half a dozen men or so besides Blackburn connected with the little camp at the Ferry. The buildings were merely posts, with canvas sides and top, except that Blackburn had erected a small house of logs and shakes, a little off from the others, for himself and wife. The camp was located on a little plateau on the southerly side of the river.

Late in the day preceding the massacre quite a large party from the mines, going to Trinidad, were ferried across the river. Instead of stopping over night there they pushed on for Elk Camp. On the way up, after dark, they met an elderly man on foot, — who, it was afterwards learned, was the father of Blackburn, of the Ferry. The people at Elk Camp tried to dissuade him from leaving so late, but he was anxious to see his son that night.

His paternal desire was never gratified. The hostiles in the plot had no doubt watched every movement. They had seen the last party pass the Ferry without stopping, thereby leaving only the few men who were connected with that post. This was their opportunity, and they only had to await the hour of night, when their intended victims should be sound asleep. In the meantime they had intercepted and murdered the elder Blackburn on the trail not far from the Ferry.

As the white men retired to their bunks or beds in the canvas houses or tents they occupied, every movement could be seen by the outlying savages, and each one's position located. The Indians at that time used no firearms, but in addition to their bows and arrows had long, ugly knives, and some few had already obtained hatchets. The evidences of their bloody work showed that they had cut through the canvas of the tent and cloth houses, and murdered the inmates while asleep, or before sufficiently awakened to defend themselves.

Some noise, however, happened to awaken Blackburn, and he looked out just as the Indians, who seemed to him to cover the whole plateau, were turning towards his little cabin. As if by inspiration he took in the situation at a glance. Seizing a gun, of which he had several on hand ready for use, he fired at those in advance. They fell back a little, but more soon appeared, and they met a like reception. By this time Blackburn's wife was at his side loading the guns as he fired. The Indians, failing on this line, stole around and approached from

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other points. Small openings, in the cabin, however, allowed the inmates to discover their movements, and the blazing rifles would salute them from whatever direction they came.

Towards daylight the Indians disappeared, going up the river. In the morning, seeing the coast clear, Blackburn ventured down to the river bank, found a canoe, and with his wife, escaped down the river, and subsequently reached Trinidad in safety. It was learned afterwards that he had killed a number of the hostiles, including some of their leaders, and many more were wounded.

It was towards noon before anyone reached the Ferry, when a party from the mines arrived on the opposite bank of the river. Seeing no movement to bring the boat over for them, and receiving no answer to their calls, some of the party hunted up an old canoe and crossed over for the boat. The horrible sight presented at the little camp explained the situation of affairs. From the fact that Blackburn and wife were missing, it was supposed they, too, had been murdered in trying to escape, and at first it was so reported. All the other whites there at the time, however, fell victims to this first Indian outbreak in that section. For the reasons already stated, I cannot give the exact number killed.

Swift retribution followed upon this unprovoked massacre. From Humboldt Bay, Trinidad, and the mines men gathered. Most of them were schooled in frontier life, and all well armed. Not many days elapsed, therefore, before the rancherias, or Indian villages, from Thompkins's Ferry to the mouth of the Trinity, were pretty much all wiped out, and many Indians belonging to them killed.

This sudden blow checked any further hostile demonstration on the part of the river Indians; but it was not safe to travel alone over the region between the coast and the mines, as straggling Indians were liable to be encountered, who would not hesitate to kill for plunder.

In response to representations and petitions by the people of Klamath and Western Trinity, bordering on Humboldt Bay, in regard to Indian troubles, Colonel Redick McKee, United States Indian agent, came up to investigate matters.

Early in October, 1851, he held a conference at Durkee's Ferry, Klamath River, at the junction of the Trinity, with representatives of Indians on these rivers as far as they could be reached. In his notice to the public, dated "Durkee's Ferry, Klamath River, October 8, 1851," he states that "A treaty of peace" had been concluded by him on behalf of the United States with certain tribes, giving their names. He says: "These tribes promise to live hereafter in peace among themselves and with all the whites, and to exert their influence with the Redwood and Bald Hill Indians, and others not represented at the Council, to induce them to do so likewise. Although I believe the Indians are well satisfied, and will act in good faith, yet as the Bald Hill and Redwood Indians were not represented at the Council or parties to the treaty, it may not be safe for persons to travel through their country alone or unarmed for some time yet."

The Indians he speaks of as unrepresented, infesting the country between the coast and Klamath and Trinity rivers, were mostly roaming Diggers, not living in large tribes or villages, and no treaty or understanding could be had with them, any more than with the wild animals. Besides, the Indians of the river tribes, when disposed to plunder, could take to the Bald Hills, away from their villages, and their depredations be thus charged to the Indians in that region. The result was that the whites were murdered and their property stolen or destroyed after the treaty about the same as before, notwithstanding that the large river tribes remained apparently friendly.

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Early in 1853, General Hitchcock, in command on the Coast, sent up three companies of troops under Colonel Buchanan, one of the companies being in command of Capt. U. S. Grant. The people up there expected these troops would be stationed near the junction of the Trinity with the Klamath, so as to be in the heart of the Indian country. But the officer in charge, who had been given discretion in the matter, preferred a pleasant site on Humboldt Bay to the mountain region for his headquarters, and founded Fort Humboldt. Being one of the committee sent down by the people up there, and on whose application the troops were sent up, I was very much disappointed in the outcome.

I will leave this topic with the remark that, notwithstanding the "Treaty of Peace," and the presence of troops at Fort Humboldt, these Indians continued to cause trouble for years thereafter, in the course of which the lives of many whites were sacrificed and much property destroyed.

In the summer of 1852 the miners pushed on up the Klamath a long distance above the mouth of the Salmon, and by fall a large number had gathered on a plateau at the mouth of a stream putting down from the northwest, which they named "Happy Camp." They worked on this stream, and over the divide on streams flowing northwesterly into Rogue River.

The mines on these latter were quite rich, and attracted a rush of miners. They were near to, and some of them over, the Oregon line, and the distance to them from Trinidad or Humboldt Bay was so great that it became necessary, if possible, to find a nearer base of supplies. The roadstead and anchorage southeasterly of Point St. George was hit upon, and in the spring of 1853 a town was laid out there and called Crescent City, from the crescent shape of the beach. A road was opened to the interior, and the place at once became the base of supplies for the new mining country mentioned; in fact, during the summer of 1853 it enjoyed what might be called a boom, and outstripped Trinidad altogether.

The people up there were not slow in demanding that the county seat should be where the most business was, and in the fall of 1853 the County Judge and other officials of Klamath County moved the records from Trinidad to Crescent City. At the meeting of the Legislature the following January, an Act was passed, making Crescent City the county seat of Klamath County, and ratifying the action of its officers in moving the same from Trinidad.

In the meantime, Humboldt County, formed from the western portion of Trinity, was organized in June, 1853, and the writer removed from Trinidad to Union Town, the county seat of the new county. The name of Union Town was later changed to Arcata.

The legislature in February, 1856, passed an Act making Orleans Bar the county seat of Klamath, the voters of that county, at the preceding September election, having declared in favor of that place by a large majority. But the people at and about Crescent City could not transact business at Orleans Bar with any greater convenience than those at the latter place and that part of the country could at Crescent City,—the mountains dividing them were as hard to cross one way as the other,—so in 1857 the Legislature created Del Norte County from the northern portion of Klamath, with Crescent City as the county seat of the new county.

Finally Klamath County, thus divided, having declined in population and resources, and the coast portion being separated from the mining portion by a wide stretch of unoccupied or sparsely settled country, the Legislature in 1874 passed an Act to annex the territory of Klamath to the counties of Siskiyou

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and Humboldt, and thereupon the eastern or mining part became attached to Siskiyou County, and the western, from the mouth of the Salmon to the coast, became incorporated with Humboldt; and thus one of the old counties of the State became disincorporated, and ceased to exist as a political subdivision.

*Walter Van Dyke.*

## AN ECSTASY IN YELLOW.

To and fro, high and low,
 Dicky-bird swings away;
Poises and sings with folded wings
 To the golden close of the day.
What tho' the skies with storm-clouds lower,
 All dappled with drifting rain,
He sings and sings thro' the passing shower
 Till the heavens are blue again.
Naught cares he for the gloomy weather;
There's never a droop of a yellow feather.
As for fluff little throat and heart together
 They nearly burst as he sings,
Like a gay little flute gone mad with glee
That the fairies have played with stealthily,
 And gifted with golden wings.

*Florence E. Pratt.*

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# A PHONOGRAPH PHANTASY.

One to whose lot it had fallen to officiate at a daily public exhibition of the perfected phonograph, told me that the most remarkable feature of his experience in that capacity was the incessant and monotonous recurrence of this exclamation: "Wonderful!" It made him feel, he said, like inventing a new word to suit the requirements of the case,— an impulse that must be shared by many who gaze for the first time upon this marvel; for, much as one may have heard and read of it, he still stands amazed in its presence. This seeming transference of the very vital principle itself to a bit of wood and steel mechanism — the usurpation, as it were, of the powers of a human being — produces a novel and singular effect on the mind, wrenching it free from its moorings of fact, and setting it adrift on the sea of wild speculation. It appals the imagination with visions of what may yet come to pass. One is moved to speculate as to the fate that would have overtaken him who, in the dark days of old, had conceived and constructed this thing. Deeming both himself and his work outward and visible symbols of the powers of evil, doubtless the superstitious populace would have consigned one to ignominy, the other to oblivion.

Somewhat after this fashion my reflections ran as I came home from my first visit to the phonograph. Such had been its exhilarating effect that, although I was very tired, I mounted with a brisk and buoyant tread the three flights of stairs to my sky parlor. Abstractedly I prepared and disposed of my cup of cocoa and my mutton chop; then, discarding my street costume, I donned my tea gown, or what did humbler duty therefor, and settled myself to spend the evening in the company of one who, the philosophers tell us, should always afford us the best society.

Without, all was cheerless. As for a week past, the rain fell in a steady, monotonous drizzle; but somehow tonight it failed to have the usual depressing effect. Close at my elbow stood my small table, with its reading lamp and tempting array of new magazines (the sole luxury I permitted myself); but instead of seizing one I dallied idly with the paper cutter, and my thoughts reverted to the exhibition of the afternoon.

Visions of the splendid possibilities of the instrument, as they promised to unfold themselves in the near future, danced through my brain. I seemed to see vast halls thronged with assembled multitudes, rich and poor, high and low, all drinking in magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of the singer, or burning words as they fell from the orator's lips, all contained within that mysterious, tiny chamber. Again I saw it, messenger of cheer in distant lands, in desert wilds; in the court room, confounding the guilty, delivering the innocent; gladdening the mourner's heart with the sound of a voice that is still, yet lives forever. And once more, thundering forth in a universal tongue the utterances of the statesman, the sage, and the reformer,— tones that reached the uttermost ends of the earth, binding the peoples in bonds of sympathy and brotherhood.

Rapidly, in kaleidoscopic changes, these images of fancy flitted through my mind's chamber; then the shifting lights grew steady, the variegated tints blending into one mellow tone that pervaded both inner and outer space. The outlines of the room became less and less distinct, until they were merged in those of a much larger one, strange to me.

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Without feeling the least surprise, I saw seated therein, and talking with each other, two women. One was young and charming, but her face was discontented. She held in her lap some bright colored wools. The placid countenance of the other bore witness, in its softened similitude, to the closest of human relationships.

"Well, Lucy, my dear," she was saying in gentle tones, "you know the time-honored comparison about marriage, and should be satisfied with having drawn ever so small a prize. From what I have seen of Willis since I have been here, I judge him to be far above the average man and husband. When you have lived as long as I have, and seen as much of life, you will learn to be more indulgent to the few faults that have fallen to your share."

"Yes, mother, I know you are right, and I have no real grounds for complaint. I suppose Willis *is* a tolerably good husband, as husbands go; still,"— the fair brow was puckered, the small foot tapped the floor impatiently,—"one can scarcely help feeling disappointed, after expecting so much. If he were only not quite so selfish, more attentive to my wants, and less to his own! and I can't bear to see a man so vain of his appearance!"

"But think, Lucy, how much worse if he were idle, dissipated, or unfaithful," expostulated the older woman.

"Yes, yes, I know. All men are selfish, and there is nothing to do but be resigned to one's lot."

As the young wife uttered these words with a sigh, my eye, roving around the room, alighted on a person I had not as yet seen.

Perched upon the arm of an easy chair sat an extremely odd-looking figure,— a gaunt frame, long, lank limbs that hung dangling over the chair, a cadaverous visage, framed in straggling locks of coarse black hair, small, keen eyes, from which quicksilver glances shot forth, a pointed chin, wide, sunken jaws, and a pair of ears, large and flaming red, which moved slowly back and forth. Such was the make-up of this strange and unprepossessing creature, whose presence the other occupants of the room seemed completely to ignore.

"Who and what can he be?" I wondered.

The sight of him affected me so strangely that I hastily left the room, and went out into the street. Here, amid the throng, each so bent on reaching his own destination in the shortest possible time as to ignore a similar desire on the part of every one else, I found myself following in the footsteps of two men, and enacting the rôle of unwilling listener to their conversation. Both were young, well dressed, and wore an air of refinement and leisure. The one on my right was a particularly handsome man.

"Thanks, old fellow," he was saying to his companion with a light laugh. "I am indeed a 'lucky dog,' as you say, and well deserve all the felicitations my friends can offer. Yes, a hundred and fifty thousand is not to be sneered at."

"You 're very much in love, of course," said his friend, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

"Of course," he answered. "Why should n't I be? It 's just as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one, is n't it? And a trifle easier, I should say."

"And she reciprocates your devotion, doubtless."

"Well, I guess so! She 's 'dead gone,' poor little dear, and I flatter myself I play the disinterested dodge to perfection when I 'm with her. Love her for herself alone, you know, and all that sort of thing. It works firstrate." And again he laughed his low, self-satisfied laugh.

There was a pause.

"Well, I hope you mean to reform after you 're married, and not break her heart."

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"Reform? O, I don't know about that. I can't be expected to give up all my bachelor pleasures, you know. I dare say we shall get along as well as most couples in these prosaic times."

The other did not reply.

Here I happened to glance around, and saw following closely in our wake, with shuffling, uneven gait, the creature I had just left.

His appearance produced in me a stronger sentiment of repugnance than before, but it led this time to quite an opposite course of action. I became seized with an uncontrollable impulse to follow, instead of fleeing from him.

But this I soon found was no easy matter. He seemed to go with the speed of the wind, his snaky strands of hair streaming out behind him. I was conscious of making a tremendous effort to overtake him, of getting out of breath, of stumbling and regaining my footing, of passing rows upon rows of houses, and turning numberless corners.

At last, completely exhausted, I sank upon the pavement, cursing the fate that had brought me to this pass, when there he was, bending over and almost touching me with his big, bony hand, and saying in a shrill falsetto voice:

"You seem, ma'am, to manifest quite a partiality for my society. I will give you the opportunity of enjoying it for a while longer, though I warn you that some unpleasant experiences may be in store for you. Come, you shall accompany me on my rounds."

The small, steely eyes glittered with unnatural brilliancy, and the huge mouth was distended from ear to ear in an uncanny grin. Shuddering, I motioned him away, but finally, urged on by the same unaccountable impulse that had brought me thus far, I rose to my feet and signified my willingness to go.

We got over the ground very rapidly, and this time without the slightest consciousness of effort on my part; and soon found ourselves inside a large and finely furnished building, in a room which I saw must be a gentlemen's club room.

Our entrance was unobserved, and we remained for some time, until the occupants, one by one, had departed, with the exception of one young man with a very pleasing face, who seemed absorbed in the newspaper. Suddenly the silence was broken by a voice,—a sweet, well-modulated woman's voice; and it said, slowly and distinctly, these words:

"O yes, I suppose Willis is a tolerably good husband, as husbands go; still one can hardly help feeling disappointed, after expecting so much."

Startled, the young man glanced uneasily around.

"Lucy's voice!" he muttered; "but where can she be?"

"Where indeed?" I wondered also.

"If he were only not quite so selfish," went on the voice; "more attentive to my wants, and less to his own! and I can't bear to see a man so vain of his appearance."

At this the listener sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor.

"Aha! So that is her opinion of me, is it?" he said aloud, and angrily. "Selfish and vain, am I? Thanks, my dear; you have become early disillusioned;" and he laughed bitterly.

Then another voice fell on his ear:

"But think, Lucy, how much worse if he were idle, dissipated, or unfaithful." And then came the wife's reply.

He stopped short; his eyes flashed fire from under his lowering brow.

"Resigned to her lot!" he exclaimed. "So it has come to this. Our married happiness has been indeed short-lived. As to you, madam, I owe you thanks for your noble defense of my character!"

He threw back his head and laughed again, then resumed his tread.

All this time I remained lost in amazement. What could it mean? I thought of my strange companion, whose presence I had almost forgotten. There

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he stood in the furthest corner of the room, and radiating from him in all directions were silver wires as fine as a hair. I also saw that he held in his hand a curious object,— a dainty, delicate instrument, fashioned of gold, with handles and attachments deftly wrought and studded with gems. This, in spite of the novelty of its form, I recognized at once. It was the phonograph in miniature.

Alas, that this noble machine should be degraded to such base uses! For now the mystery of the voice was solved.

"Miserable eavesdropper and mischief-maker!" I said to myself. "This, then, is his nefarious scheme,—an arrangement similar to the detective camera, invented by himself, doubtless, to serve his evil purposes."

Here he beckoned to me with a leer of triumph, and I followed him, but no sooner had we left the place than my indignation broke forth, and turning to him I demanded his name and errand.

He replied in a pompous tone, oddly at variance with his grotesque appearance:

"I am an emissary of Truth, and I serve her interests!"

"What?" I said, scornfully. "Do you call it serving the interests of truth to sow seeds of strife and hatred between husband and wife? Seeds that, taking root in the dark soil of anger and suspicion, shall grow into a mighty tree, to overshadow their path through life?"

"It is my mission," he replied calmly, "to tear the veil of illusion, through which they see so darkly, from men's eyes, and bare their gaze to the glorious Light of Truth."

"But they are not prepared for it; it dazzles, it scorches, it agonizes! Why not have left him in his ignorance? He was happier so!"

"Ignorance and truth," he said oracularly, "cannot exist together."

During this conversation we had been going on, and were now in the midst of quite different surroundings. I looked about me, and saw four bare white walls, the lower portion covered with a black tablet. The characters thereon inscribed, the rows of desks, and the slight, pale woman seated on a raised wooden platform, plainly indicated the character of the place. The late afternoon sunshine streamed into the room, across the dusty, lettered boards still unvisited by the janitor's broom, and an unwonted hush was over all.

Soon, however, this was rudely broken by the sound of girlish laughter, a merry, reckless peal that rang and echoed throughout the great room.

The woman at the desk started, and glanced nervously toward the door, then paused, pencil suspended in air, while a look of bewilderment overspread her features.

The burst of merriment was followed by words,— cutting, contemptuous, cruel, as only the speech of a schoolgirl can be.

"Good-looking!" rang the shrill treble. "That scrawny bag-o-bones, with her false bang, and her squint, and such a complexion! What lunatic would ever call her good looking?"

The listener drew a quick, gasping breath, and as it issued from her lips again, a faint "Ah!" was heard.

"She's a regular 'chromo,'" continued the voice; "and she's nothing of a teacher either; she does n't explain things *near* so well as Miss Brookes. But don't she *think* she knows it all, though? My! she's awful conceited."

The voice gave place to another, a more agreeable one.

"I wonder what makes her dress so outlandishly," it said, "and do up her hair in that ridiculous style. It's time she got a new dress, too. I'm tired of seeing her in that faded brown rag."

"Is n't it too killing, girls," struck in another, "when she says, 'Please give me your undivided attention for a few moments, young ladies, while I elucidate this subject.'"

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Here the teacher's voice and manner were mimicked, and successfully, to judge by the chorus of merry shouts that applauded the performance.

The subject of this ridicule, who had sat staring into vacancy during it all, now dropped her head into her hands, murmuring faintly, "Laura,—'*et tu, Brute!*'" A bitter little smile hovered for a moment about the corners of her mouth, then I saw the tears trickle through her thin fingers.

I could bear it no longer, but hastened away, closely followed by my companion. Once in the street I turned on him, and addressed him in passionate reproach.

"How dare you, — spy, evil-doer, — call yourself Truth's messenger? She has no need of such as you. She is mighty and will prevail. You are nothing less than a fiend!"

"Have it so if you like," he answered, his eyes emitting fiery sparks, "— the Fiend of the Phonograph. But let us go on."

"No," I cried, "I will go no farther. I have had enough and a surfeit."

Nevertheless I was constrained to follow, and realized that I was in an office in the back of a large building,— a small, dingy place, into which no ray of sunlight ever penetrated.

Leaning back in a revolving chair, a shrewd yet kindly expression on his features, sat a portly man of about middle age, fingering his gold watch-chain as he cast his eye over some accounts.

The fiend of the phonograph had taken up his position, and in a trice the following colloquy, just as originally uttered, was reproduced:

"O yes, Sharpsleigh prides himself, so I 've been told, on his liberal treatment of his men. Considers sixty-five dollars a month a munificent sum on which to support a family, of course; although he himself can squander that amount without thinking on floral decorations for a high tea, or a couple of bottles of old wine."

"Never you mind; the day of reckoning is at hand, and a hard day it will be for all the squeezing, grasping old sinners,— Sharpsleigh and his sort. In that day there will be no more white slaves, and no money kings. They 'll be swept from off the face of the earth, and we 'll have a chance on it, for the first time."

"I saw poor Blascome last night; he 's about desperate; has n't got another position yet, and five babies at home to feed. That was a d—n cruel thing of Sharpsleigh to turn him off. He only did what they all do. Violated his trust, indeed! Swindled his employer, did he? Well, one thing is sure. Where Blascome has stolen his tens, Sharpsleigh has stolen his millions!"

The man of business listened to all this, at first with a blank stare of astonishment, which rapidly gave place to wrath and amazement; and as the last words were uttered he could no longer contain himself, but gave vent to his ire aloud.

"The devil! So that 's the way they spend their time, is it? Abusing me behind my back, and talking anarchism!"

He brought his fist down on the desk with a force that scattered the papers in every direction.

"Ungrateful rascals! I 'll teach them a lesson they 'll never forget!"

He wound up with an imprecation, and strode from the office, banging the door loudly after him.

The countenance of the fiend wore again that sardonic leer of triumph.

What was to be done? I had loosed on him the lightnings of my wrath in vain. Perhaps milder measures would avail.

"I would ask of you, sir," I said, mildly, "what you have accomplished by thus hardening this man's heart still more against his employés? Surely, nothing but incalculable harm can result from such methods. Then why use them? Or why not at least report pleasant speeches,— kindly criticism?"

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"Ah, I never happen to be around when they are uttered, you know. But I must remind you that it is idle to rail at me or call me to account, for I am merely an instrument in the hands of higher powers; and a feeble one at that. Did I not rally to my aid other forces, I should accomplish little. Strange to say, my most effective allies are the passions that dominate your own breasts. You know them well; the chief is called self-love."

By this time we had reached quite a different locality, and after mounting several flights of stairs, entered a small, bare room, in which, seated at a rough table, was a youthful form, – of which sex it was difficult in the dim light to discern. One slender white hand pushed back the thickly-clustering hair from a broad, low brow, while the large, dark eyes, with hollows under them, eagerly scanned the contents of a letter. A long-drawn sigh followed, and the words, low, but distinctly uttered:

"Ah! Not so bad, after all. I must expect adverse criticism, and this is not severe. All that eventually succeed have met with just such discouragements. It must serve but as an incentive to further effort."

And now, out of the dimness and hush, there came a sound I was beginning to dread, as one dreads the sound of clods on the coffin lid,—the ominous click of the tiny instrument in the hands of the fiend; and then followed words like these:

"There, poor devil, I 've drawn it as mild as possible. These fellows are all so deuced highstrung and sensitive, they 'd go off and commit suicide if you told them the truth, and you 'd have their deaths on your hands. No, there 's no hope for him; none whatever! Not a particle of merit, either of manner or matter. Not even clever imitation."

Slowly, deliberately, in all its naked candor and severity, came the sentence; softened by no kindly glance, no lingering, reluctant utterance. It smote on the ear of the young aspirant like the knell of doom; it seared into his brain like red-hot iron. The last vestige of color left his face; wild-eyed and haggard he stared into vacancy. Then, passing his hand across his brow, on which great drops of moisture had gathered, in a dazed, mechanical way he repeated the words: "Poor devil! no hope for him, none whatever."

A silence followed, so profound that I could hear my own heart beat loudly, in sympathy with the unfortunate victim of the fiend's malice. There he sat as if changed to stone, his form and features rigid and motionless.

And now through the pale, phosphorescent glow that lit up the room, I discerned the form of the fiend, swaying back and forth, his pipe-stem legs crossed on high as he crouched on the floor, and clasped by his wiry arms, revealing his claws like an eagle's talons, and his feet shod with nails like those in the coffin lid. His evil countenance was alight with mocking, malignant triumph, as he crooned to himself a weird snatch of song.

Shuddering, I turned from the sight. Sick at heart and weary of soul, I cared not what further was to be my fate. But my trials were not yet ended. A mist passed before my eyes, the scene was blotted from my view, and another took its place.

I was in a room, large, luxurious, bespeaking wealth and taste. On a richly upholstered couch reclined in an attitude of negligent grace a fair young woman. Her dainty robe swept the floor. One arm was thrown above her head, the other held a letter pressed to her bosom. On her parted lips rested a happy smile. Lost in blissful reverie, she lay there, the incarnation of youth, beauty, and joy.

Behind the rich hangings at the head of the couch, crept with stealthy tread the fiend of the phonograph.

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In an instant I divined what was to follow; the conversation I had overheard in the street flashed into my memory. I held my breath, and a chill crept to my heart, as I listened for the fatal words. Too soon they came, borne on the ear of the dreaming girl.

"Thanks, old fellow," drawled the lazy, flippant tones. "I am indeed a lucky dog, and well deserve all the felicitations of my friends. Yes, a hundred and fifty thousand is not to be sneered at."

There was a startled exclamation from the occupant of the lounge, and a murmur of "Harold!" while she raised herself to a sitting posture, and clutching the pillows with both hands, listened with dilated eyes and quickly drawn breath.

"Just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl as a poor one, and a trifle easier, I should say. . . O, yes, she 's dead gone on me, poor little dear, and I flatter myself I play the disinterested dodge to perfection. Love her for herself alone, you know, and all that sort of thing. It works first rate."

A spasm passed over the features of the listener, but she did not move, only clutched the pillows more tightly, and drew quicker breaths.

"Reform? O, I don't know about that. I can't be expected to give up all my bachelor pleasures, you know. I dare say we shall get along as well as most couples in these prosaic times!"

The voice ceased; but now another was heard, crying in tones like the wail of the lost, "Harold! Harold!"

Down from the couch she slipped to the floor, and falling on her knees beside it, buried her teeth in its silken folds, then lifted her face, white and drawn with agony, to heaven.

Then she rose to her feet, and drawing a jeweled circlet from her finger, fiercely ground it to pieces under her heel. The note she had held she tore into a thousand pieces, and then flung herself, face downward, upon the lounge.

The hangings parted, and there stood revealed the form of the fiend of the phonograph. To my fancy he seemed now transformed into the very semblance of that abhorred shape. In the elongated visage, with its blank expression and waxen pallor, I recognized the cylinder of the machine; his body was square like the box, from the corners of which depended his tube-like limbs, with their trumpet-shaped extremities. He was indeed the veritable living phonograph.

Though well-nigh overcome with loathing and horror, I rallied all my strength for a last attempt, and facing him, poured forth the lava-flood of my passion:

"Offspring of the evil one, minister of the powers of darkness,— cursed be the hour when you were conceived in the mind of man, and wrought into outward shape! Better far that the human voice, stifled in its earliest utterance, had been confined forever within its prison walls of flesh,— better that silence should brood forever over this planet,— than that broken hearts and ruined lives should follow in the wake of your progress! Engine of destruction, herald of evil tidings, in the name of all that is good and holy, I adjure you to cease!"

I paused, but there was no reply. I looked in vain for the fiend of the phonograph, but he was gone.

As a child, wearied out with play, lies stretched on the soft sand of the sea-beach, with the breakers dashing and roaring near him, so I lay, as it were, helplessly on the edge of the limitless expanse of space, while spheres rolled on in their appointed way, and all the mighty phenomena of the universe were enacted before me.

Rapt, dazed, amid the play of gigantic forces, I knew not the passage of time; but at length a great peace and calm succeeded, the rolling spheres disappeared from view, and the petty things

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of life on this earth were again revealed. Human beings came and went, as before, to their daily tasks, their pursuits and pastimes; as before, there was toil and struggle, laughter, and tears, and strife. But a change had come over all. I sat in the crowded mart, and watched the ebb and flow of the great human tide, and now and then I discerned a face or form that seemed familiar.

One was a woman whom I had seen in some far-away time, overwhelmed with mortification and dismay, stricken and wounded to the core. But now how changed! Although she bore the weight of years on her shoulders, and on her features the traces of many trials, yet her step was light, and her heart also, as it seemed. With her were scores of young girls,—merry, thoughtless things, but all apparently under the spell of her benign influence, for they listened to her words of counsel and reproof, and gazed at her with faces full of confidence and affection.

And now from a building, a magnificent structure of solid masonry, I saw a man emerge. His broad shoulders were stooped and his face lined with care, but I recognized it, although the former shrewdness was displaced by foresight, and pity and charity by broad benevolence. In and out of the building passed files of men with cheerful, happy faces, and they greeted him as a friend.

Next my attention was drawn to a couple who, as they walked hand in hand, looked into each other's eyes and smiled. Beside them trooped their children; the tall youth, the maiden just verging into womanhood, and the frolicsome youngsters; and they gazed at one another with trust and love, as though each knew what was in the other's heart, and was not afraid.

The sight made my heart glad, and I rejoiced that the bitter distrust and resentment were gone forever.

Then, as I wandered here and there, I came upon one whose deep and steadfast eyes marked the thinker; but in them the fierce fires of ambition no longer blazed. In their stead shone the steady light of strong and high endeavor. Dazzled no longer by poetic visions, he had taken his place in the world of stern realities, and he now stood forth as a leader of men. The crowd that followed him echoed his words of hope and courage, caught the infection of his enthusiasm, and pressed onward.

And I saw one more that I knew. A woman, still young and fair, stood in the midst of a crowd of her own sex, but their mien was spiritless, and their looks bespoke poverty and toil. The folds of her long gown she had gathered up in one hand, and with the other dispensed gifts therefrom, which were to the recipients as though they had quaffed of the elixir of life, for they raised their drooping heads and stepped firmly away, and I knew the gifts were not of this world's goods, but offerings whose value was everything — and nothing.

This was the maiden I had left long ago, prostrated in the abandonment of grief and despair. The old love-light had vanished from her eyes, and in its stead shone another, holier and purer,— that of the love of kind,— and its radiance was diffused all around.

"Ah yes," I mused, "time indeed works wonders,— heals all wounds, repairs all wrongs. But surely time alone has not wrought these subtle and marvelous changes."

"You are right," whispered a small voice in my ear; "and it is I, whom you called fiend, who have done it."

Startled, I turned, but saw no one.

"Where, and what are you?" I cried, bewildered; "you also must be metamorphosed, for I cannot see you."

"Not so," replied the voice; "I am still and ever the same. In many diverse forms I come to men, and they see me as they have eyes to see, and judge me according to their light."

"Then 't is you who have wrought

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these marvels?" I inquired, in humility and awe.

"As an instrument only; still do I obey those higher powers, still call to my aid mysterious forces of the human soul. But fierce and mighty struggles have been waged, and the worthy and righteous ones have arisen and conquered their ignoble foes."

"And your name,— your true name?"

"Ah, that I may not reveal. The highest by which mortals have yet designated me is — Insight."

*S. S.*

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## DOUBTS CONCERNING EVOLUTION.

At the present time the doctrines of evolution are widely accepted. They are creeping into text-books, are openly advocated in public lectures, and are defended by good men,— Christian men as well as unbelievers. Moreover, here in California, these doctrines are so lucidly explained by Professor Joseph LeConte, a man whom we all hold in the highest esteem, that the veriest doubter concerning their truth, after reading his books and listening to his lectures, can hardly fail to adapt and then adopt the words of King Agrippa, and say, "Almost thou persuadest me to be an Evolutionist."

On the other hand, I believe that many intelligent people still hesitate about accepting as true the theory of evolution, and that very sturdy doubts arise in their minds whenever the subject is considered in a serious light. Its suppositions are so numerous and so far reaching, its conclusions so contrary to the results of common experience, that the conservative mind, at least, is inclined to pause long before giving its full acquiescence. To express reasons for doubting the truth of the theory, widely accepted though it may be, is the object of this article. Evolution has an abundance of able defenders; but truth is not settled by majorities.

In a treatment of this subject we may consider questions concerning the origin of life, questions concerning the origin of species, and questions concerning the origin of man. Let us discuss the most obvious point first, namely, the question of the origin of species. It is here that the evolution theory offers its most reasonable suggestions, the origin of man being in one sense only the origin of another species, and the origin of life being something concerning which the advocates of the theory are not fully agreed. It must, however, enter into the discussion in a very important sense.

Respecting then the origin of species, we may remark that the theory of evolution assumes that what we commonly call species are merely more or less fixed varieties, which have originated from other species or varieties, and these from others, and so on, back to simple, original, living things, whose origin we wil discuss later on. The trees which grow in the forests, which shade our streets, or which fill our orchards, do not, according to the theory, belong to ever fixed species, but are offshoots, descendants from other trees, which in the dim past were very different from those that we see around us today. And these ancient trees were derived from others differing from them, the forms growing simpler as we go backwards, until we reach the simplest one-celled vegetable, like the Protococcus of the

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snow or the Alga of the water. The apple tree, with its rounded top, fragrant flowers, and fleshy fruits; the pine, with its needles, its pitch, and its cones; the palm, with its huge leaves, its endogenous trunk, its sweet dates or rich nuts; the oak, with its acorns, the willow, with its catkins, the eucalyptus, with its fragrant leaves; the walnut, the cedar, the cherry, the fig; the acacia, with its pods, the magnolia, with its huge flowers, to say nothing of the numberless shrubs, herbs, ferns, and mosses which make up the vegetable kingdom; all of these, and thousands of others, which perished before the advent of man upon the earth,—all of these, it is taught, were derived from a common ancestry, and by varying surroundings, by natural selection, by changes of environment, by gradual and long continued variations, or by more rapid changes during critical periods, have come to be what they now are; have gradually become fixed, and now seem to be permanent genera or species, but are really only naturally modified forms of the original kind of vegetable life.

Now all this seems to conflict with our ordinary ideas of nature, and to be contrary to what is going on in the world at the present time. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." And yet, when you plant an apple seed, are you sure what the fruit will be? No; the young tree may bear red apples or it may produce green ones; they may chance to be sweet or they may be sour; for there are exceeding many varieties of apples in our orchards, and the busy bees so mix the pollen of the different blossoms that it would require superhuman wisdom to trace the elements of the seed back to their sources, and determine their relative influence; still, each tree will bear apples, not pears, nor quinces, nor any other fruit. And what is true of apple trees is true of all others. Were it not so the whole vegetable world would be in confusion.

Now if this is true at the present time, when was the law changed? I know that it is contended that the large, succulent apples of the markets are borne on trees that have been improved from the wild crab; but the crab tree is an apple-tree, nevertheless. When was the crab-tree derived from something that was not an apple tree, and how came it to change into an apple tree?

In answer to these questions, we may remark that man has been able greatly to modify many vegetable productions. Witness the comparatively recent changes in the potato plant. The small, almost worthless tubers of the wild potato have changed, under the force of intelligent cultivation, to the large, starchy, nutritious vegetables, which furnish so many people a large portion of their food. Mind has been at work; mind and nature have changed the size, the quality, the productiveness of the *solanum tuberosum;* but neither mind nor nature, nor both combined, have, so far as we know, ever in the slightest degree changed the species. Potatoes are potatoes still, and always will be. The present law of vegetation is that intelligent cultivation of almost any plant will either change the original in one way or another, or, what is more likely, will produce several distinct varieties; but that all these changed forms are but mere modifications of the original species, and that, when deprived of intelligent cultivation, they all tend to revert to the original form. In all this we find no buttress for a belief in evolution.

Nor does geology furnish us with the much-sought-for proofs. That the old vegetation disappeared, and that a new group of plants took its place, is evident; but that the latter sprang from the seeds of the former is not clear. Suppose that in the dim future some antiquarian should undertake to explore the evidences of the existence and de-

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velopment of man in California. Digging in the mounds along our coast, he would find stone arrow-heads, mortars, and other undoubted remains of the Indians. Examining the fields near some of these tumuli, he might come upon a ruined mission church, built of adobe or rough stone, which showed unmistakable characteristics of the architecture of the Spanish Christian. Later remains would reveal the monuments of another civilization, pointing more to English origin than to Castilian. Now, if he were a sane man, he would not argue that the Indian developed into the Spaniard, and the Spaniard into the Anglo-Saxon. At least, he would be inclined to question the facts very closely before arriving at so extraordinary a conclusion. We know that the Spaniard displaced the Indian, and the Anglo-Saxon displaced the Spaniard. And yet the Indian is not quite extinct, and the Spaniard is still moderately vigorous, though no more the ruler. Perhaps the Chinaman will in time supplant the present dominant race; but if he does, it will be by a process of insinuation, and not one of transformation. Now, is it not reasonable to suppose that in some similar way the Carboniferous flora was crowded out by the Jurassic, and the Jurassic by the Tertiary? Remnants, indeed, remain, somewhat altered in their habits, like the remnants of the old Indian and Spanish inhabitants of California; but their presence only intensifies the probability that the new plants are not the descendants, but the conquerors of the old.

The question at once arises, whence came these new invaders, and what was their origin? Of this I will treat presently. But first let me remark that what I have said in regard to trees and plants applies with still greater force to the animal world. How vast the number, and how varied the species of animals! Is it likely that they all had their origin in one form of life? Are there any changes at the present time that tend to support such a theory? It is true that we see many and very diverse varieties of certain species, especially those that have received the most attention from the hands of man. The dog, for instance, exists as the great, shaggy Newfoundland or St. Bernard, or as the tight girted greyhound, as the petted poodle or the despised "yellow dog"; but in every case he is a dog, and not a wolf, and his fellow dogs recognize him as such, too. Hens differ amazingly; new breeds periodically come into existence and into fashion; but turn them loose, and they will all seek the barnyard, and soon your fancy breeds will become corrupt. By the exercise of intelligent selection and training, man is able to emphasize certain points and to produce new breeds, but not to change the essential structure nor to alter the specific characteristics.

I would not deny that there are numerous varieties, both of animals and of plants, that have originated in a natural way, and that some of these have received specific names. Neither would I presume to lay down any fixed rules by which we can always readily decide whether an organism, differing in some respects from its neighbor, really belongs to another species, or is only an unusual variety of a well-known species; there are too many elements entering into the problem to allow one to express an opinion without a careful consideration of the individual case. Still, it is true that wild plants and animals are less likely to display many varieties than those that have long been under the care of man. And the reason is obvious: man applies his intelligence to the problem, and imposes artificial conditions to which the organism more or less readily responds. Some of these responses impair vitality, and the race becomes weak. Conditions that would destroy the identity of the species, however, result in its death.

Another, and a still more weighty cause for doubt arises from the inability

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of the evolution theory to satisfactorily account for the original introduction of life. Unless life has existed on the earth from eternity (and who believes that?) it must have had a beginning. And that beginning must have had a cause, either natural or supernatural. Granted that it was the former, would the conditions under which it worked be likely forever to disappear? And if that cause worked in one instance, might it not have worked in others? If the monad could have been evolved from a matrix of mud, and sent forth into the water with the power gradually to change, so that its descendants would become fishes, why might not that same matrix have given rise to a one-celled ovum, which, nursed for a few weeks longer in its fostering embrace, and supplied with a greater amount of the same nourishment, should have added cell to cell and organ to organ, and at length have gone out into the primitive ocean, a real, living fish?

But the theory that life originated from a natural cause, or under natural conditions, has never been substantiated. By natural conditions, I here mean such as exist in the world at the present time, or such as may reasonably be supposed to have existed during the formative periods of its existence, and are not opposed to any known law. As far as negative results can prove anything, it has been clearly demonstrated that now life always proceeds from life, and never from dead materials. I know that it is said that under "conditions now inconceivable" the non-living may have given rise to the living. But are inconceivable conditions a satisfactory foundation on which to build a theory? I admit that certain schools of evolutionists assume the existence of simple organisms, and seek to trace the story of their descendants, not the history of their ancestors. But I contend that the forces which produced life in one form were able to produce it in another. Moreover, since we are ignorant of the beginning of life upon the planet, why may we not reasonably suppose that it was introduced at different times and in various forms; in short, in a succession of forms, such as would be best suited to the varying conditions of the water, the earth, and the air?

But if life originated in a supernatural manner, that is, according to a law that is not constantly in force, there can be no objection to the supposition that it was introduced from time to time and under different forms, according to the will of the maker of that special law. If we say that we have no knowledge of this law-maker, still the conditions are no more inconceivable in the one case than in the other. And in either case, the conclusion that life was introduced in different forms and at various times rests upon perfectly reasonable grounds.

It is an unquestioned fact that from very early times there have existed a vast number of dissimilar species, of both plants and animals. If climatic influences, or the effects of food and habitat have changed the simple dwellers on the primeval earth into such an array, how happened it that the results were so dissimilar under like conditions? Does not the argument for evolution, as it is commonly presented, prove too much? How is it that some have been changed and not others? Look at the so-called science of Astrology. Of several men whose natal hours were the same, do we find the career of any two necessarily alike? But would they not have been, if a peculiar aspect of the planets similarly affects all the helpless innocents who simultaneously arrive in this vale of tears? Astrology, if it proves anything, proves too much. Is it not so with Evolution?

Go into a garden and note the profusion of plants. Here are tall trees, there shrubs abound; in this bed are tall lilies, in that one are lowly violets. The soil is the same in all parts of the garden, the weather is the same, the culture is



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identical. But is there any tendency on the part of the plants to change their habits and become alike? Ah, but, you say, the species have become fixed. Well, when were they plastic? Go into the primeval forest, where for untold centuries the most dissimilar plants have been growing side by side; or go to the ocean's rim, where the breakers have been dashing and the surf has been rolling with almost unchanged conditions since early geological times; in both these situations you will find diversity, variety, and stability. Surely, there are like conditions, with very unlike results. In the forest are trees, shrubs, vines, flowering plants, ferns, mosses, the fungi, and these of many kinds. At the ocean's rim there are sea-weeds in great profusion; the olive-green Fucus, scarcely different from that of the Silurian seas, the bright green Ulva, the exquisitely beautiful algæ, the stony corallines, and the simple diatoms. I say simple, meaning that they have but few cells; but in the wonderful escutcheons that are stamped upon their shells, wheels of intricate pattern, lattice work with the most exquisite lines, crosses, curves, and angles,—in all these they are far from simple. Is it reasonable to suppose that all this vast array of diverse families, various genera, and innumerable species had a common origin, in the no matter how distant past? If so, why, under precisely the same conditions, did the original living germ give rise to such widely varying forms? And if the diatom be considered a very near approach to the primeval germ, how happened it that all the diatoms did not develop into something higher, or why did they become so vastly and intricately diversified? Is there not a whole world of significance in the stamping of these tiny coins from nature's mint, and do they not most eloquently protest against the theory that gives them all a common origin? I cannot believe that the present laws of being permit of such changes as are claimed by the advocates of the evolution theory.

These doubts are strengthened when we reflect on the ancestry that would be needed for some species, if we should credit the theory. Take, for instance, the elephant and the whale, the giant of the land and the leviathan of the sea. What was their ancestry, and whence came they? In regard to the whales, it is inferred from certain embryonic peculiarities that they originated from some marsh-loving quadruped, which probably ventured into deeper and deeper water, and finally forsook the land altogether. During this process, or while he was in the water, his members were gradually transformed; his tail became strengthened, his hind legs obliterated, and his teeth lost, except for a little time during the fœtal stage of his life.

But is it not very strange, if such be the truth, that none of the remains of this marsh monster have been found? And is it not stranger still, that such marvelous changes should take place in his structure? Why should he assume such vast proportions, so far exceeding those of any other mammal? Not simply because he lives in the sea, where food abounds; the seals live there also. Why should the baleen plates, the crowning nostrils, the powerful paddles, and the great tail have appeared so mysteriously, if they are but a derivation from some unknown link connecting these monsters of the deep with the lords of the dry land? Do you answer that, for such an animal as the whale is, all these peculiarities are essential, or at least highly useful? Granted: but do such marvelous modifications come to an animal simply because they would be convenient or helpful? Whales need baleen plates and a flat tongue in order to enable them to strain the immense mouthfuls of water that they take in, and retain the luckless little creatures that they employ as food. They find the organs extremely useful, no doubt; in fact, they could hardly live without

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them. How, then, fared it with the marsh-loving ancestor who had cut loose from the land before his whalebone had developed? And why did it develop at all, even if he clung to his marshy haunts and gnashed the waves in a vain attempt to get a good mouthful of pteropods? Did the attempt to strain water result in the elongation of the ridges of the palate, or did the elongation take place first, and the effort to strain water come afterwards? No, no; with all respect for those who look at the matter differently, I believe that when the conditions of the sea were suitable for these monsters, they were created, fully-formed, well-developed whales; created on a certain plan, to be sure,— the plan of the vertebrate mammal; but created distinct, generically and specifically.

Let me illustrate what I mean by "a certain plan." The steam-engine is a machine of remarkable structure. It has had, in one sense of the term, a wonderful evolution. It is based on certain principles, the foundation one of which is the expansibility of steam, and its ability, when confined in a cylinder, to give motion to a piston. The steam-engine was first used for pumping, then for turning machinery, then for propeling boats, and now its crowning development is seen in the locomotive. There is a plan, a likeness, a similarity, which runs through all steam-engines, whether they be found in the mine, in the mill, beneath the deck of the steamship, or on the railroad track. But the locomotive is not formed from the mine engine; it is made new, and is *sui generis*. And yet, the same principles are seen in both. May it not be so with the *genera* of animals? The whale and the elephant both have backbones, jointed limbs, warm blood, and a hundred homologous organs. They are both mammals, both are sagacious, and are gifted with acute senses. But otherwise they are as unlike as the monster locomotive that pulls the heavy train over the Sierras, and the compound engines of the Charleston. Similarity of structure argues powerfully for unity of plan, but by no means proves identity of origin.

And what if certain abortive organs are seen in the embryo, or in the adult, even; teeth in the jaw of the unborn whale, and minute pelvic bones in the body of the old one? It is but a manifestation of the great plan, a trace of primary thought, perhaps,— not necessarily an inheritance from a far different ancestor. Do you say that an all-wise Creator would not permit useless organs in a new creation? But if evolution is true, he does permit them to continue indefinitely in a derived organism, when he might have made a law that they should vanish as soon as they were no longer useful. The supposition is as probable in the one case as in the other. But even if they were inherited, how can we account for their first appearance, before there was any ancestor to be imitated?

What has been said concerning the whales will apply essentially to other animals also. The elephant has been mentioned as a most singular type, for which it would be difficult to imagine a proper ancestor. His trunk is a nose indeed, but how different from noses in general! And yet it is essential to his very life; without it he would be truly helpless, for his neck is so short and thick that it would be impossible for him to bring his mouth to the ground.

The bat is another highly specialized animal. In many respects it resembles the mole, but its hands are enormously expanded, and the exceedingly long fingers are connected by a soft membrane, making a most serviceable wing. Is it not extremely likely, provided the development theory is true, that both the mole and the bat sprang from a common ancestor? And was not that ancestor probably a wingless, though not a legless mammal? Now, how came the bat to acquire his wings? Did he attempt to

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spring into the air to seize a passing insect, and reach out his paws to catch it? And did those paws gradually become enlarged, till, after some generations, they were real wings? But what happened in the meantime to those connecting links whose wings were but partly developed? A bat with wings only half grown would be a helpless creature, and would surely perish. A mole with hands terminating in long, slender fingers, would be helpless, and would perish. There is no middle ground. If the ancestor of the bat was a terrestrial creature, with limbs fitted for walking, then it must have given birth to a full-fledged bat, fitted for flying. There could have been no middle stage, for such a creature would have been helpless, and must have perished. The theory of natural selection and gradual variation would not apply in this case, however it might in others. But do you say that it would be no more wonderful for a mole to give birth to a bat, than for a crawling caterpillar to change into a winged butterfly? I admit that the transformation of insects is inscrutable and full of mystery, but still, we must remember that the butterfly is but one segment of a perfect circle. There is in the life history of the butterfly no true analogy to the derivation of a distinct species, since it chronicles only the changes of a single individual, mysterious as those changes may be. And is not the problem of the origin of the butterfly as difficult as that of the bat? Whence came the flying insects, and how did they attain wings? Were they originated by the vaulting leaps of a sand-flea? I prefer to believe that when the air was ready for them, when their food was provided, when the climate was suitable, that then they were created directly; that they were then furnished with their curious organs and endowed with their mysterious instincts.

Another and a very different point that challenges our attention is, the length of time that is claimed by most of the upholders of the system of evolution. It is true that all are not agreed as to the immense stretch of ages that would be necessary to allow time for the gradual changes from the very simple to the very complex; but it is generally estimated that tens, if not hundreds, of millions of years would be required for the mighty transformations. But if I mistake not the present trend of thought, the inconceivable numbers that have been freely used in both astronomy and geology, are now looked upon with some distrust. Recent investigations have cut off, in some cases, a very large portion from the estimates that were made a few years ago. In proof of this assertion, let me quote from a few standard authorities. And first, from Newcomb and Holden's Astronomy, p. 501:

"It [the universe] must have had a beginning within a certain number of years, which we cannot yet calculate, but which cannot much exceed 20,000,000, and it must end in a chaos of cold, dead globes at a calculable time in the future, when the sun and stars shall have radiated away all their heat, unless it is recreated by the action of forces of which we at present know nothing."

Now, if twenty million years reaches back to the beginning of the present order of things, how long can life have existed upon the earth? How much of that time must have been necessary for the formation of the planets, and for their gradual cooling, so that life would have been possible? Surely, if the estimate of these eminent astronomers is tolerably correct, not many millions of years ago the very first living creatures appeared in the waters of the primeval ocean; and the Silurian times, though vastly distant still, are not removed from our age by an immeasurable time; while the more recent geological epochs are brought much nearer than is commonly supposed.

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But do we depend wholly upon the testimony of astronomers? I answer, no. Geologists, too, are finding that too great estimates have been made with reference to the time that has elapsed since certain changes took place. In Prof. Wright's recent book on "The Great Ice Age," a striking example of this reduction is recorded. He is discussing the length of time that has elapsed since the close of the Glacial Epoch. As is well known, the gorge made by the retreating Falls of Niagara is considered as an index of the required time. The number of years required for the cutting out of this remarkable gorge has been very variously estimated. The French expert, Desor, reckoned the necessary time as hundreds of thousands, if not millions of years. Sir Charles Lyell, some fifty years ago, estimated the time necessary as thirty-five thousand years. About the time that the latter estimate was made, Professor Hall had permanent bounds set, showing the exact place of the falls at that period. Recent estimates, based upon careful measurements of the rapidity with which the falls have been receding since these bounds were set, show a much smaller figure than the estimates of Sir Charles. To be specific, in 1886 Mr. C. K. Gilbert, of the United States Geological Survey, a man well fitted to make a careful and trustworthy estimate, reported as follows: "The maximum length of time since the birth of the falls by the separation of the lakes is only seven thousand years, and even this small measure may need significant reduction." A careful discussion of the movements of the Falls of St. Anthony, near Minneapolis, gives their age as less than eight thousand years. Similar results, which I will not take time to recount, have been obtained from examinations of various glacial and post-glacial phenomena.

Suffice it to say that events which not long ago were believed to have taken place some thirty-five thousand years before our era, are now satisfactorily proved to have happened within less than a quarter of that time. When we calmly consider the measures that mark the times of more distant geological events, I believe we shall find that they have been greatly over-estimated. It is but natural that this change of thought should occur. When the old belief that the beginning of creation preceded our time by only about six thousand years was shown to be untenable, the pendulum of speculation swung to the other extreme, and it stopped only when it had reached hundreds of millions of years. It is now returning, and it will settle at an intermediate point, a point which careful investigation and calm judgment is now fixing, and fixing, if I mistake not, at a very moderate figure.

Now this decrease in the length of geological time has a decided bearing on the question at issue. To be sure, it does not settle the truth or falsity of the theory of evolution, but it tends to render that theory far less probable. One of the necessities, according to one school of its advocates, is an almost unlimited amount of time, in which the changes very gradually took place. If it is shown that the whole existence of a certain species has occupied but a fraction of that required time, what shall we say for the truth of the theory? And even if we accept the far more reasonable notion of critical periods with rapid transformations, still I think that a material decrease in the available time tends to make one distrustful of a theory which assumes that the changes, though comparatively rapid at times, were separated by long ages of quiet.

Finally, the theory of evolution is an attractive theory, and I do not wonder that it has been so widely adopted. It apparently offers an easy solution for multitudes of knotty problems, and its promises are many and flattering. In such an age as the present, men are

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eager for comprehensive conclusions. And yet, when we consider the results to which the theory logically leads, results unwarranted by ordinary experience and ordinary reasoning, when we consider the points at which it fails, and the possibilities of error in the proofs urged in its favor, when we consider the possibility of explaining the phenomena of nature on other grounds, and the probability that coming years will throw new light on the great problems of creation, do we not well, while acknowledging all its merits, to retain doubts concerning the truth of the theory of evolution?

*Josiah Keep.*

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## ORIGIN OF ORGANIC FORMS—IS IT BY NATURAL OR SUPERNATURAL PROCESS?

It has been truly said that in order to criticise any theory profitably it is necessary first, not only to understand it, but to sympathize with it,—one must be able to view it from the standpoint of its advocates. Two persons who look at a question from opposite points of view argue in vain. It is certain that Mr. Keep has not been able to place himself at the standpoint of modern thought on this subject. This is the whole difficulty, and to point it out is perhaps the sufficient answer to his essay. The point of view is pre-Darwinian. Every difficulty which he has so skillfully arrayed, and many more besides, have been brought out with equal skill by Darwin himself in his numerous works. To undertake to answer all these now would be to ignore all that has been done, and to go over the whole subject again. This is of course impossible. Even *books* which are now written for the express purpose of clearing up the subject to the popular mind are compelled to start from a more advanced plane of thought than this.

I shall not—I cannot—therefore take up these difficulties seriatim. All I can do is to clear up some fundamental misconceptions concerning the origin of life and the origin of species. But it will be asked, Am I in sympathetic relation with the view of the essayist; am *I*, by my own canon, in position to criticise fairly? I believe I am. I have already been through this phase of thought. For a long time I held similar views, and was only driven reluctantly, and against strong feelings, by the sheer force of reason to my present position.

The theory of evolution is not conditioned, as many suppose, on its ability to explain the origin of life,—to imagine so is to misunderstand the true function and domain of science. The domain of science includes only *secondary* causes, or processes by which things come about. Or, if we like it better, we may define it as the modes of operation of the First Cause. We trace these processes as far back as we can. If we find a limit, that does not invalidate the previous explanation. We simply acknowledge our inability to go any farther, but do not—or ought not—imagine that where our knowledge stops, there also natural processes stop, and supernatural methods begin. Suppose we accepted the earth as it now is, and knew nothing of how it became so; still there would be a science—physical geography—which studied the laws of its forms and forces. When we learn that the earth has gradually, through an immense lapse of time, be-

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come what it is, then we study also the laws of this gradual becoming, and we have the science of geology. We may be able to go no farther,— we may not be able to imagine how the earth originated; but this does not invalidate the science of geology; nor do we imagine that because our knowledge ceases, natural processes also cease at this point. The attempt to go still farther, and explain the origin of the earth by a nebular hypothesis, or otherwise, constitutes —if it deserve the name — the science of cosmology. In all departments the same is true. It is not necessary to explain the origin of matter to have a physical science, nor the origin of elements to have a chemical science.

So is it exactly in the matter of the theory of evolution. In our explanation we go back as far as we can. If we cannot do better, we may commence, as Darwin at first did, with four or five distinct plans of structure already established, and show how from them present forms might have arisen. The fact of not being able to explain the origin of the different primal forms does not invalidate our reasoning; neither do we imagine that because we cannot explain the supposed primal forms, they came by miraculous process. By profounder study and greater knowledge, we now see reasons for tracing the organic kingdom back to one primal living form of simplest structure. How this primal form originated we do not know, and cannot imagine. But this does not invalidate the evolution theory, nor do we conclude that the primal form came by other than a natural process.

But the essayist assumes (1) that it did not come by natural forces and a natural process, for if so the same forces would produce similar results now. But this never occurs. Therefore, he concludes, the origin of life must be supernatural. But (2) if the origin of the first life was supernatural, then it is probable that the origin of each subsequent kind of life (species) was also supernatural We will take up the first of these propositions now,— the other will come up later.

It is true that every attempt to generate life *de novo* has failed. I believe it will always fail. But the complexity of the problem is so great that any number of failures is not sufficient to convince us of its impossibility. It is evolution itself that makes its impossibility certain. Evolution does not go backward, and begin again at its starting point. It moves ever forward in some direction. In evolution, golden opportunities come but once. For example, supposing man originated by evolution from some lower form of animal; if he were today destroyed there is no possibility that he would be re-formed by evolution from any existing animal. No existing form of animal is on its way man-ward. They have all gone out of the way. There is none going right,— no, not one. Supposing mammals to have originated from reptiles, as they probably did; if mammals were all destroyed, there is no possibility according to the law of evolution that any existing form of reptile would be transformed into a mammal. So, also, supposing life to have originated from dead matter and physical or chemical forces; if life were swept away today from the face of the earth, there is no possibility that it should be relighted by any natural process, *i. e.*, it would not be relighted at all. The golden opportunity of favorable conditions is past for ever. The conditions under which so wonderful a transformation could take place are so complex that they could occur but once in the history of a planet.

Nor is this law peculiar to the living kingdom. The same is true of the inorganic world. Suppose that what we call elements had originated from still simpler elements in the primal nebula, (as seems probable to be the case in the sun now,) yet it is simply impossible

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that we should be able to prove this experimentally by decomposing and recomposing these elements; because the source of all our heat and all our chemical work is the chemical affinity between these very elements. The formation of elements—even though by natural process — can take place but once in the history of a planet. I repeat, then, that the fact that we cannot produce life *de novo* experimentally, so far from being any evidence against evolution, is just what a true conception of evolution would lead us to expect.

We have, I think, disposed of the first proposition,— viz: that the origin of life was supernatural. We have shown (1) that even if this were true it would not invalidate evolution as a subsequent process; and (2) that the fact that life does not *now* originate *de novo* by natural process is no evidence that it did not so originate once in the history of the earth. As to the second proposition, viz: that if life originated by supernatural process, then, also, all subsequent transformations of forms of life were also supernatural; we would ask the essayist to push this proposition to its logical conclusion. He doubtless believes that matter originated by supernatural means; therefore, according to his logic, all subsequent transformations of matter are also by supernatural means. On this view, what becomes of our science?

But the second and most important question is the origin of species. I say *species*, but the limitation of the question to these is itself an evidence of a pre-Darwinian standpoint. It is true that Darwin called his original work "Origin of Species," but this was only in deference to the then prevailing view,— only because up to that time species were regarded as the immutable medals of creation,— ultimate elements of taxonomy. If these were shown to be transmutable, much more were all other organic kinds transmutable. But at present no biologist imagines that there is anything peculiar in this regard about species which is not predicable of genera, families, orders, or any other kind of kind. But let this pass for the present.

The essayist in the early portion of his article says that the conclusions of evolution are so contrary to common experience, that the intelligent mind hesitates to accept them. This is a most extraordinary statement. Does he mean that the miraculous origin of species is more in accordance with common experience? Knowing as we do that the living forms which have inhabited the earth have been continually changing, which theory, I ask, is most in accordance with common experience, — that they have been gradually transformed, by natural process, or that there has been a continued succession of millions of the most stupendous miracles, in the form of exterminations and re-creations? Where do we find the common experience of such miraculous creation? Are there any forms of any kind — organic or inorganic, living or dead — that did not, so far as we know, come by a gradual process of transformation? The earth was once supposed to have been made at once; now we know that it became what we now find it by a gradual process of transformation. Mountains and valleys were once supposed to have been made at once out of hand, as we now see them; now we trace the whole life-history of mountains,— their embryonic conditions, their birth, their growth, their decay, their death, and even find the rocky bones of extinct mountains. The process is still going on under our eyes, if we will only use them. Soil was once supposed to have been made at once as a clothing, to cover the rocky nakedness of the new-born Earth, and to afford a foothold for plants, and suitable material for tillage by man. Now we know that soil is naught else than the result of the rotting down of rocks. Its formation is

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a matter of common observation. We need not cite more examples; we may generalize at once. All inorganic forms, without exception, so far as we know,—so far as reason and common experience extend,— come by a natural process of gradual transformation. I am sure the essayist will agree to this.

But we are talking especially about *living* forms. Well, all living forms, the origin of which come within the limits of common experience, *i. e.*, all *individual* living forms, come by natural process of gradual transformation, *i. e.*, by evolution. This, I am sure, will also be granted.

But it will be said we are talking about the origin of the *first* of each kind. I ask in return: Of the many *kinds* of kinds,— classes, orders, families, genera, species, races, varieties,— which kind do you mean? Shall we try classes? Will anyone who knows the facts doubt that the class of Birds (I take this because so very distinct now) became what we now find it by a succession of forms, becoming gradually more and more bird-like? Shall we try orders? Is it not certain that the two extreme orders, the carnivores and herbivores, or hoofed animals, commencing so near alike as to be nearly or quite undistinguishable, have been gradually differentiated from each other, the one specialized for flesh-eating, the other for herb-eating; the one for capture, the other for escape, to their present widely distinct condition? Shall we try genera? Every one has heard of the gradual process of improvement through successive geological epochs, whereby the modern horse has been formed from its three-toed, and even five-toed, ancestor. Passing over species for the moment, shall we try races and varieties? This, I am sure, is needless, because all admit that these are formed by a natural process of transformation.

"But species — species — show us transformation of species. We insist on this." Well, it is not so easy to meet this demand, but not mainly for scientific reasons. It is mainly because until Darwin it was, and still is in many minds, a dogma of natural history, that species are forms distinctly separated, with no intermediate links. Thus, when intermediate links are found between forms which had always been regarded as distinct species, those who insist on the immutability of species immediately say, we were mistaken; they are not species, but only varieties. Thousands of such cases are now known. In all forms which have a wide geographical range they are very common; so common, that by way of compromise they are called geographical species. But even this subterfuge is taken away. There are some few examples of species changing from one form to another, quite distinct, under our very eyes. There are two very distinct species of crustaceans which inhabit brine pools, so distinct that they have been classed by some even in different genera. By slow concentration of such brine, one species, Artemia Salina, may be changed gradually in successive generations into A. Muhlenhausenii, and the latter back again to the former, by slow freshening. We might give many more examples, but this would take us too far.

Thus, to sum up briefly: All inorganic forms, without exception, and all organic forms so far as common experience extends, came by natural process. Not a single case ever fell under common experience in which any form, organic or inorganic, living or dead, came by any other process than a natural one.

It is true there are many forms we cannot yet explain; but one single case explained is worth a thousand which we cannot explain. Negative evidence is valueless in the face of even a small amount of positive evidence. As might be supposed, Mr. Keep has been able to cull some hard nuts for evolutionists to crack. The elephant and the whale are acknowledged to be extreme types, the

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origins of which are very obscure: some steps of the transformation are indeed known, but many gaps remain. But is the theory of miraculous creation any better, or half so good, in this regard? Remember that science is study of processes. Is it not evident that any natural process, however strange the result, is more scientific, more in accordance with common experience, than a supernatural origin?

But the case of the whale puts me in mind of the phenomenon of rudimentary or useless parts, so common in many animals, especially in the whale. Examples of these are found in teeth elaborately formed in the jaw bone, but never cut; rudiments of hind legs beneath the skin, and of no use; six aortic arches in the lizard, instead of only one, as in birds and mammals. According to the theory of evolution, these are remnants of once useful organs. But if new organic forms are made at once miraculously, why these useless parts? Mr. Keep answers, "They are made in accordance with a plan." But why any plan, except in so far as such plan is useful? Is not *plan* only another name for natural law and natural process? But the essayist illustrates by the steam engine, which he says is made on substantially the same plan, although modified for various purposes. But in the steam engine the plan remains the same only in so far as it is found useful. No useless parts are allowed here. They would be evidence of bungling work.

But again, Mr. Keep says evolution is an *attractive* theory, and offers an *easy solution* for multitudes of knotty problems, and for this reason only it has been widely accepted. Is it not exactly the other way? Is not the special creation theory the easiest of all solutions of the knottiest of all problems? The only trouble is that it is not a scientific solution. It simply cuts the gordian knot, which it does not even try to loose.

I have thus far argued for evolution on the scientific plane, but there is a still higher ground from which it may be viewed. From the philosophic plane evolution in its most general sense — *i. e.*, the derivative origin of organic forms, or origin by natural process — is absolutely certain,— it is axiomatic; for it is simply the *law of causation* applied to forms instead of events. "Physical phenomena follow one another in unbroken succession,— each derived from a preceding, and giving origin to a succeeding. We call this the law of causation, and say that it is axiomatic. We might call it a law of derivation. So organic forms follow one another in continuous chain, each derived from a preceding, and giving origin to a succeeding. We call this a law of derivation. We might call it a law of causation, and say that it, too, is axiomatic. The origins of new physical phenomena are often obscure, even inexplicable; but we never think to doubt that they have a natural cause; for so to doubt, is to doubt the validity of reason and the rational constitution of nature. So, also, the origins of new organic forms may be obscure and even inexplicable, but we ought not therefore to doubt that they had a natural cause and came by a natural process; for so to doubt, is also to doubt the validity of reason and the rational constitution of organic nature. The law of evolution is naught else than the scientific, or indeed the rational, mode of thinking about the origins of things in every department of nature. In a word, it is naught else than the law of necessary causation applied to forms instead of phenomena."[1]

In conclusion: So long as Mr. Keep is simply conservative,— so long, and in so far, as he demands more proof for the causes, the factors, and the processes of evolution,— so long and in so far as he contends for the inconclusiveness of

[1] "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," p. 65.

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much, very much, of the reasonings of evolutionists,— he is right; his position is scientific, and I sincerely sympathize with him. But when he brings forward the old idea of the origin of species by special miraculous creation, and without natural process, then he becomes not only unscientific, but wholly irrational. And what is still more strange, he ignores the prodigious impulse given to his own favorite department of science by the theory of evolution.

*Joseph Le Conte.*

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# SENATOR GWIN'S PLAN FOR THE COLONIZATION OF SONORA.

## POSTSCRIPT.

### I.

As compiler of the "Gwin Papers," published in the May and June numbers of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, I believed that my work was done; but the receipt of a letter (copy of which is here given) from Hon. John Bigelow, who was the Minister of the United States to France when the events related were going on, induces me to take up the subject of the "Sonora Project" again.

The letter reads as follows:

NEW YORK, June 11th, 1891.

EVAN J. COLEMAN, Esq.

*Dear Sir:*

I gratefully acknowledge receipt of the June number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, with the second installment of the Gwin papers.

As the Doctor's life was a very eventful one, I hope these may not be the last. It was news to me that De Morny' was the financial promoter of the Sonora Colonization Scheme. As events shaped, it is not likely that De Morny's death changed the final result, except that it preserved a larger estate for his widow and son than they would probably have received if he had survived until the restoration of Juarez.

I wish you had published some document from De Morny, or from some one else on the other side, in which De Morny's participation in the Sonora project was recognized. If you find anything in the Doctor's papers, I would recommend you to publish it. Such a fact ought not to rest upon oral testimony only, any longer than is absolutely necessary.

I infer from the tenor of your paper that the Richmond Government had no part in originating or promoting the Doctor's scheme. If it had, you doubtless have the material for another and very interesting paper.

You have done a good thing in making these papers accessible to the historical student, and have done that thing with good judgment and taste.

Yours very truly,

JOHN BIGELOW.

Upon the receipt of the foregoing letter I made further search, and found other letters from Doctor Gwin to his family, and notes from different officials" of the French and Mexican Imperial Governments, which give all the documentary evidence I can obtain of the correctness of the statements heretofore published.

It is unreasonable to suppose that the Duke de Morny — generally called the "Brains of the Empire"— would put anything in writing connecting him, as a party in interest, with Doctor Gwin's project. His influence in the matter would necessarily have been destroyed, and even his official position jeopardized, had it been discovered that he favored the "Sonora Project" from personal motives. Doctor Gwin's consultations with De Morny were always held in the palace of the Duke, who spoke English well, and they were strictly private.

The Doctor told me an amusing incident, some years afterwards, of his first visit to the Duke. At the close of their

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conference, after leaving the library, no lackey being by, he lost his way, and greatly to his surprise, found himself in the kitchen. There he was much struck at the immense size of the asparagus, and at the army of cooks preparing the ducal repast.

The only letter from Doctor Gwin that I have found, referring directly to the Duke de Morny's connection with his projects in Mexico, was to his son, then in Paris, and reads as follows:

"Mexico, July 27th, 1864.
(Morning.)

"*My Dear Son:*

"I have had several very satisfactory interviews with General Bazaine. In the last he told me distinctly that he would put me in position, whether the Emperor agreed to my plan or not.

"Up to this time I had not approached the Emperor, as unless I was certain of the military I could do nothing.

"I then asked for an audience, and was referred to the Chief of the Cabinet, Monsieur Éloin, with whom I spent an hour yesterday, and am to be with him again today at 11 o'clock.

"There has been some foul play about my papers. They have never reached the Emperor. Montholon suspects Hidalgo, and thinks he suppressed them in Paris, as all his despatches to the Emperor were sent through Montholon, who is certain these papers were not among them.

"I have received a long letter from Sam. Ward, who says he will join me in September. You can form no idea what an excitement my plan is creating here. As I expected, it has been extensively circulated that I am about to introduce a band of Americans, who will soon seize the country and take it from Mexico. I have omitted to tell you that Gen'l Bazaine is going to lead the expedition himself. I told him the real conqueror of Mexico will be the General who overcomes the Apaches and settles the great mineral regions of the North. He says he considers the Emperor's letter a positive order to put me in that country, unless he gets other orders from France forbidding him to go.

"For fear of accidents, I shall write to the Duke de Morny, to see that no orders countermanding the expedition are issued.

"The General and I shall travel together; he is a fat, chubby little fellow, and I think I can out-travel him.

(Evening.)

"I have had two important interviews today, one with the Emperor's Chief of Cabinet and favorite, Mr. Éloin, whom I found (although a Belgian) imbued with all the prejudices of the Mexicans against Americans. We were at it over an hour, and I left him pretty well convinced.

"The more important one was with Bazaine, this evening, in my rooms at Col. Tallcot's. He called with one of his aids, a son-in-law of Gen'l Harney, of St. Louis (who speaks English), to act as interpreter, and spent an hour. He returned all my papers, saying he had copies of them all, and that he approved of my plan, except that he thought the Department should take in all Sonora. I told him what had occurred in the morning, at my interview with Éloin, and he replied that the man I had seen was unreliable, could be bought, and the less I had to do with him, the better. He said he intended to reply by this mail to the letter I had brought him from the Emperor (Napoleon), and wished to know if I would also write to him. I replied, 'Not by this mail.'

"Now, you see, I am between two fires, as there is evidently no good feeling between the French and Mexican authorities. Mr. Éloin intimated that I should have applied for an interview with the Emperor before I saw Bazaine. But I have determined to stand by the General, as I know without him I can do nothing, and that he can carry me

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through. *Hence it is of vital importance that the Duke de Morny should see Napoleon soon after he reads Bazaine's letter, and confirm him in his policy of taking his troops to Sonora, and executing my plan of colonization. I have sent the letter to you instead of to Musson, as you express doubts in your letter as to his being the right man to attend to my matters with the Duke. The letter should be delivered in person by some one, and the Duke urged to see the Emperor at once, and also to send out his funds and men with his money.*

"Your affectionate father,

"W. M. GWIN.

"P. S. July 29th.

"I have changed my letter to the Duke by adding a postscript about our business matters, and leaving the main letter in condition to show to the Emperor. It should be suggested to him that it is important for the Emperor to see it, especially as there is an anti-French party here, and it may become formidable. The notice of Napoleon called to it by an impartial observer like myself, who wishes to keep harmony between the two parties, and stands well with both, but who deems it vital to the success of the Empire that French influence should prevail here, must have due weight with him. The Duke should be advised to say this to the Emperor.

"Whether Musson should take the letter to the Duke or not, you, in family council, must decide, and whether he shall go alone, or you accompany him.

"W. M. G."

It was Doctor Gwin's habit, during his whole career in the Senate and afterwards, to consult his wife about all business and political matters; and he always ascribed most of his success in life to her wise counsel. He believed that a woman's instinct is often much better than a man's judgment, to say nothing of his admiration for his wife's ability. When his children grew up, he took them also into his confidence, and "family councils" (such as he recommends above) were of common occurrence.

In pursuance of the one held on this occasion, it was decided to have his son go alone to De Morny with the Doctor's letter; and a note was accordingly sent to the Duke, asking an interview for the purpose.

In due time the following reply was received:

CORPS LÉGISLATIF,
PRÉSIDENCE.
Mons. Le Duc de Morny presente ses compliments distingués à Monsieur Gwin, et le prie de venir lui parler Lundi, dans la matinée.
17 September.

A free translation of this is as follows:

The Duke de Morny presents his compliments to Mr. Gwin, and begs him to call Monday, in the forenoon.
17th September.

On the back of this note is written, in the Doctor's handwriting, these words: "Duc de Morny to W. M. G., Jun'r."

At the time appointed Mr. Gwin, Jr., called on the Duke, and gave him his father's message and letter. This was nearly twenty-seven years ago, and he cannot now recall the details of the interview.

While Doctor Gwin had frequent interviews with De Morny, I have found no written evidence of the fact except the two following communications:

CORPS LÉGISLATIF,
PRÉSIDENTE.
Mons. Le Duc de Morny aura l'honneur de recevoir Monsieur Gwin demain, Jeudi, à 11 heures.
4 Mai, 1864.

CORPS LÉGISLATIF,
PRÉSIDENCE.
Le Duc de Morny aura l'honneur de recevoir Monsieur Gwin demain, Vendredi, 27 Mai, dans la matinée.
Paris, le 26 Mai, 1864.

At this interview, on the 27th of May, 1864, Doctor Gwin saw the Duke for the last time. He left Paris for Mexico a few days later, sailing from Southamp-

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ton on the 1st of June. When he returned to Paris the following winter, as related in my previous article, he found De Morny on his deathbed. Before leaving Southampton he wrote a letter to his brother in Mississippi, which has just come into my hands.

In answer to Mr. Bigelow's inquiry I can say that there is nothing in Doctor Gwin's papers to indicate any connection on the part of the Richmond Government with the "Sonora Project." The following extract from the above mentioned letter to his brother will, I am sure, dispel any doubts on this subject.

"SOUTHAMPTON, June 1st, 1864.

"*My dear Brother:*

"I am thus far on my way to Mexico. A generation has almost passed away since I left the South. I have relatives and friends left, whom I love and value highly; but I cannnot shut my eyes to the fact that I am not counted as one of the South, although highly valued because I am with the South in this contest.

"You know I am the 'Wandering Jew' of the family, and this is one of my excursions. Much fatigue and labor will result from this enterprise, but I don't mind that. In fact, it is necessary to perfect health and usefulness with me. It is a great work I propose to do, to populate an important part of an Empire, now held by wild Indians for more than a hundred years. It is the richest mineral country in the world, and will attract tens of thousands of enterprising men. I intend to reverse my action in California. I went there determined not to make money, but to devote all my energies to obtaining and maintaining political power. Now I go for money, and shall let power alone. I want no Dukedoms, nor any honors the Emperor can bestow upon me. Nothing can be as high as what I have been, as a Senator in the greatest body of the greatest nation on the earth. . . I may not succeed, as I have the prejudices of the Mexicans to contend against, who fear we will take the country away from them, but I am backed by the Emperor of France, and carry with me such authority from him that it is impossible for these prejudices to defeat me. Moreover, the Emperor of Mexico now favors my plan, and does not share in these fears of his subjects. . . Write me to the City of Mexico, under cover to the Marquis de Montholon, Minister of France. Any letters to me would likely be opened, as the Federals are troubled about my movements. . .

I remain, as ever,

Your devoted brother.

II.

AN AL FRESCO MASS.

The following portion of a letter (of which the first part is lost) written by Doctor Gwin to his daughter, during his first visit to Mexico, describes a very novel and interesting event, which illustrates the tastes of Maximilian, and shows his fondness for religious pageantry.

The celebration of Mass in the open air, which took place in the country some miles from the City of Mexico, is thus graphically pictured by the Doctor:

"MEXICO, October, 1864.

"I went about with D'Arcy, who acted as my interpreter, and as I walked among the little Frenchmen they looked at me with curious eyes, as if they thought me a giant. Upon the arrival of the royal cortége, the Emperor and Empress were properly received and escorted to their tents.

"Shortly afterwards they both came out and walked about admiring the prospect. She ran around with evident delight, like a schoolgirl on a holiday. Presently the Emperor mounted a horse, and with an escort rode off. About an hour later he returned, and dinner was soon

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announced. Three bands of music performed at intervals during the repast, which lasted about two hours.

"The scene was a grand one. At our feet the City of Mexico, at our right the great snow mountains looming up thousands of feet above us. To add to the imposing effect a thunder storm rolled close by, the thunder reverberating through the mountains, and the rain pouring down in sight of but not reaching us. Such beautiful rainbows I never witnessed before in my life.

"In this country dark comes almost as soon as the sun sets, so when we rose from dinner the fireworks began. The heavens were illuminated by them, while each discharge was accompanied by the music of the bands and the shouts of the soldiers. This continued until ten o'clock, at which hour their Majesties retired, apparently enchanted with the whole performance.

"The Marshal then came into my tent and invited me into his, where we had a bottle of fine champagne, and a short chat before turning in.

"Just as day broke, the next morning, I was aroused by the most heavenly music I ever listened to. The three bands were playing a solemn anthem, Austrian I think, preparatory to the celebration of mass.

"When the music ceased everybody was in motion, and we all began to wash and dress right out in the open air, Emperor and all. It is a principle of the French officers and soldiers always to keep their tents dry, and they never allow a drop of water to fall inside of them. We were soon dressed, and the bugles on all sides of us called the troops into ranks. Officers galloped rapidly about, and in a short time the whole of the army present had assembled around the altar where Mass was to be celebrated. The bands were placed in the rear. The Emperor and Empress then emerged from their tents, escorted by the Marshal and staff, and the ceremony began.

"It was very imposing, with the bands playing and the troops presenting and grounding arms at given signals. After it was over the Emperor and Empress stepped into their carriage, and drove slowly off.

"D'Arcy and I, who had been in the rear of the Imperial party, retired to let the carriage pass. We then took a cup of coffee, and mounted our horses for a ride. We traversed mountain paths, visited ruins in the vicinity, and returned to camp, where, at 11 o'clock, we sat down to breakfast with the Marshal, his staff, and principal officers. It lasted nearly two hours. I sat on the Marshal's right, and the theme during the whole meal was Sonora. The Marshal, it seemed to me, wished his staff and officers to hear me on this subject, and they were enthusiastic when he said he might take them all there. D'Arcy is a good linguist, and I did not lose much from not speaking French.

"Immediately after breakfast I said good-bye to the Marshal and his officers, and again mounting our horses, D'Arcy and I came home from the most remarkable excursion I have ever made.

"Your devoted father."

A short description of Marshal Bazaine's wedding, translated from a French newspaper published in Mexico, — called *L'Estafette*,— which I found among Doctor Gwin's papers, will be of some interest historically, and not inappropriate in this article. It is dated at Mexico, the 29th of June, 1865, and reads as follows:

THE MARSHAL'S MARRIAGE.

Yesterday morning at ten o'clock was celebrated, at the palace, the marriage of Monsieur le Maréchal Bazaine with Mademoiselle Peña. Their Imperial Majesties acted as godfather and godmother to the new couple. The Marshal's witnesses were Monsieur Almonte, Grand Marshal of the Court, and General Courtois d'Hurbal. Those of Mlle. Peña were Messieurs Lacunza, President of the Council of State; Gorivar, landowner; and Lucas de Palacio y Maga-

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rola, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, under the Republic.

The order of the ceremonies was as follows:

His Majesty the Emperor had Mlle. Peña on his right and the Minister of France on his left. Her Majesty the Empress then advanced, having Marshal Bazaine and Monsieur Peña at her side.

At ten o'clock, Monsieur l'Intendant Friant, representing the civil authority, proceeded to the performance of the laical marriage, and made an address.

Monseigneur, the Archbishop of Mexico, then officiated at the altar, and celebrated the religious ceremonies.

After mass, the invited guests, to the number of eighty, enjoyed a grand breakfast, presided over by their Imperial Majesties.

### The Jecker Claim.

Upon his return to Mexico in May, 1865, Doctor Gwin learned from Marshal Bazaine that Mr. Jecker was vigorously pushing his long-pending claim, and was urged by him to see Jecker and try to avoid any clashing of interests. The following letter, written in English by one of the Marshal's aides, refers to this subject, and reads:

Corps Expéditionnaire du Mexique,
Maréchal Commandant en Chef.
Cabinet.

Mexico, May 16th.

*Dear Sir:*

I have related to Marshal Bazaine our last conversation about the "Jecker Treaty."

His Excellency orders me to write you that I had perhaps been too explicit, when saying that Mr. Jecker's rights would probably be recognized by the Mexican Government.

Marshal Bazaine does not know what may be the Government's intention on that account; and his only aim, when he ordered me to have a conversation with you, was to call your attention to a difficulty which might perhaps arise, when on the point of receiving your emigrants.

His Excellency, therefore, engages you to get information about Mr. Jecker's real rights. Perhaps you may do so, through Mr. Stone or some one else, without calling any attention.

Believe me, yours truly,

L. de Noue.

Doctor Gwin,
Hotel Iturbide, No. 46.

In a letter to his wife, written several weeks after he received the foregoing, Doctor Gwin says: "The celebrated 'Jecker claim,' for one third of all the lands in Sonora, is still pending before the Imperial Government. Some weeks ago Bazaine suggested to me to see Jecker and make some arrangement with him. I did not think much of it at the time, and declined to do so. Since then Jecker has called on Mr. Soulé, and left the impression on his mind that he was sent by the Marshal. After full consultation, we decided to see Jecker. The result has been that a contract is almost completed by which I become the owner of the claim, which is to be tendered to the Mexican Government on the same terms I have made."

This contract was, however, never consummated. About two weeks later appeared the attack upon Doctor Gwin in the "official journal" of the Empire (as related in the June Overland), which caused him to abandon the whole business, and to quit Mexico forever.

## III.

### Conclusion.

I have recently found the rough draft of a letter in Doctor Gwin's handwriting, but not completed or signed, which gives an interesting account of his misadventures after leaving the City of Mexico; his arrest and imprisonment upon his arrival in New Orleans, etc.

It is addressed to his old friend, the Marquis de Montholon (so often mentioned in these papers), at that time occupying the position of French Minister at Washington, after his promotion a few months before from the same office at the Mexican court.

It reads as follows:

### Dr. Gwin to the Marquis de Montholon.

Fort Jackson,
Oct. 15th, 1865.

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"*To His Excellency,*
*The Marquis de Montholon,*
*Minister, Etc., Etc., Etc.*
*My Dear Sir:*

"I have been in this fort in close confinement for more than two weeks. No intimation has been given me as to the cause of my arrest. I can conjecture none, except the association of my name with colonization in Mexico, and my recent arrival from that country.

"No one in Europe or America is so well informed as you are of my intentions in going to Mexico. You are, in fact, entirely responsible for my going there.

"From the time I arrived in the city of Mexico on the 1st of July, 1864, until I left it to return to Europe on the 19th of January, 1865, you were fully cognizant of all my plans. I hastened my departure from Paris on the 1st of April last, to anticipate your departure for the United States; but you had left only two hours before I landed (at Vera Cruz), and the two vessels passed nearly within speaking distance. I wrote you at Vera Cruz, and you replied to my letter under date of the 30th of May, 1865. In that reply you say: "How very sorry I was when I got your letter from V. Cruz not to have waited a few hours longer in that horrid place, and to have had an hour or two of conversation with you. Your letter otherwise pleased me very much, and what you tell me in regard to this country came in the very best time to help me and guide me."

"I bring all of these matters before you in order that you may state to the Government of the United States whether any act of mine, either in France or Mexico, entitles me to the treatment I am now receiving at the hands of that Government. I was well informed of the policy of the U. S. Government in regard to Mexico. The rejection of the McLane treaty under Mr. Buchanan's administration, and of the Corwin treaty under Mr. Lincoln's, was notice to the world that the United States washed its hands of Mexican affairs.

"The policy of France in Mexico, so far as I know and believe, was studiously to avoid any cause for disturbing the friendly relations of that Government with the United States or any other Government. My plan of colonization was subjected to this ordeal before it received any consideration by the French Government. Everything I wrote, or had written, on the subject was submitted to your inspection, and subject to your scrutiny. I stated from the first that no stable and permanent government could ever be established in Mexico, unless it was based upon the policy of introducing foreign population and foreign capital, to give strength to and develop the resources of the country.

"My plan was to adopt such laws as would cause emigration to flow into Mexico, not only from the United States but from all countries, as occurred in California when gold was first discovered there. To these laws was to be added the protection of the French flag and French troops until the country was sufficiently populated to protect itself, for the obvious reason that the Government of Mexico could not give the necessary protection to secure such immigration.

"Delays occurred, and difficulties were thrown in my way. Despairing finally of ever overcoming the prejudices of the Mexican people against foreigners,—especially Americans,—and feeling that I could not have the cordial support of the Mexican Government in carrying out my plan of colonization, I left Mexico in January last, as stated, with the intention of engaging in a plan of colonization elsewhere. I was, however, induced to return to Mexico; and on my second arrival there I met at first with every encouragement. The Emperor was absent, however, and nothing could be definitely settled until his return.



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"For reasons well known to me, but unnecessary to state here, the Mexican Government determined upon a policy hostile to my plan of colonization. I left Mexico, never to return again, (on the 4th of July last,) for Matamoras, to prevent, if possible, any emigration from the United States to Mexico, and wrote to friends in the Atlantic and Pacific States to the same effect. It was rumored that thousands were preparing to emigrate to Sonora, under the belief that my colonization plan had been adopted. I considered it my duty to do all in my power to correct this mistake, regardless of risk, labor, and exposure.

"With other sections of the United States I could have intercourse by letter, but the emigration crossing the Rio Grande could, in my opinion, only be stopped by putting myself in immediate communication with the crossings of that river.

"Arranging to communicate with these points at Monterey, I proposed to go to Matamoras and put myself in communication with the General in command of the United States troops opposite that place, as will be verified by the enclosed letter from General Stone to General Steele. I intended to ask for a free permit to pass through the United States, and to sail from New York.

"I started for Matamoras in company with many other non-combatants, men, women, and children, and an escort of Imperial Mexican troops. When we had traveled two thirds of the route, a Liberal army was reported in front of us, and ours commenced a rapid retreat,—indeed, it was almost a flight. Crossing the San Juan River, we were surprised by the Liberals, and the non-combatants, exposed to a close fire until the rapid stream was crossed, and we succeeded in getting into the rear of the Imperial forces. The non-combatants are indebted for their escape from massacre to the fact that Mexican soldiers are the worst marksmen in the world.

"The two armies, after fighting an hour or two, separated after Mexican fashion, and thus I returned to Monterey.

"I had been so much harassed by this attempt to get to Matamoras, that I despaired of being able to reach that place without incurring great risk, not only of robbery, but of being murdered, as General Parson and party were, within a few miles of the army that was escorting us.

"The routes to Eagle Pass and Laredo, on the Rio Grande, were infested by bands of Liberal troops and marauding Indians; but no one had been murdered on those routes. I determined to try one of them, and succeeded in reaching San Antonio, in Texas. There I at once reported myself to General Merritt, chief in command, showed him General Stone's letter, and gave him the foregoing account of my adventures in Mexico. I asked him for a permit to report to General Sheridan, at New Orleans, which was granted at once.

"On my arrival at New Orleans I reported to General Sheridan, as I had to General Merritt. He informed me that he would report my arrival to Washington, and notify me if my wish to visit my relatives in Louisiana and Mississippi would be granted.

"I was put under no restraint. I expected none. The worst I could apprehend was to be sent under parole to Washington, if further explanations were deemed necessary, and if these were not satisfactory I should be required to leave the country. I had not returned to the United States without permission, to brave its authority. The bloody civil war raging in Mexico had forced me to either remain in that country, after the Imperial Government had deceived and outraged me by statements in the official papers scandalously false, or to enter the territory of the United States. I came with no hostile intent. There was not the shadow of opposition to the Government anywhere. The

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President's plan of reconstruction in the South had been accepted with unanimity by the people of that section, was progressing successfully, and the great leaders of the Confederate cause were active in aiding the execution of that policy. Peace and tranquillity prevailed everywhere, and the determination to maintain both was the sentiment of the whole people. I could, therefore, apprehend nothing worse than to be told that I had returned to this country without first getting permission to do so, and must leave it until that permission was granted.

"But instead of this, as already stated, I was arrested, put in a room with an armed sentinel, and notified that I must speak to no one, and not attempt to hold communication with anyone in any other way. When the servant brought my meals, he was ordered out of the room while I ate them. I was then brought here under guard, and put in close confinement.

"This fort is known to be one of the most sickly spots on this continent; San Juan d'Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, cannot compare with it, as that is surrounded by salt water, while this is a bog, whence issues constantly the most poisonous malaria. The garrison here is composed of negro troops. Last year, the surgeon of the post informs me, about one fourth of them died. This year, from acclimation and the use of barracks outside the fort, these troops have been comparatively healthy. But I am confined inside the fort, and not acclimated. For the first four days I was in an open casemate, with the floor and walls so damp that they were covered with green mould, and the walls were almost dripping with water. I was then placed in a room which was planked up.

"My confinement is most rigid. Not a moment night or day, since I was first arrested, have I been out of sight or sound of an armed sentinel, who is relieved every two hours, instructing his successor to permit no one to speak to me but the officer on duty at the time, or by his order. My food is that of the common soldier, and I cannot improve it except by communicating with my friends in New Orleans, eighty miles off. I have been permitted to send orders to them, but have as yet received no reply.

"Altogether, my imprisonment is severe in the extreme, for which I care very little, except that confinement in this place, with my plethoric habit, vigorous health, and unacclimated, is almost equivalent to a death warrant."

I have no means of ascertaining whether this letter was sent to De Montholon or not, but I incline to the belief that it was not. During his confinement in Fort Jackson, Doctor Gwin was not allowed to send any letters to, or receive any from, his family even, unless they had been previously submitted to the inspection of the proper officer.

It appears that the severity of his imprisonment was soon afterwards greatly mitigated. In a letter to his wife, two months later than the one to the Marquis, he wrote: "You must not be unhappy about me. I have every comfort now that I wish, and pleasant companions. We have a good cook and washer, kitchen and dining-room. I have made up my mind to bear everything but abasement. Imprisonment has lost its irksomeness, and since I received your letter I feel more at ease about you.

". . . All the officers are very kind to me, and even the negro soldiers who act as my guard are actually attached to me."

In the foregoing article, and the Appendix which follows, I have presented copies of all the original communications of any importance that I could find having reference to the "Sonora Project." These originals have all been sent to Mr. Bigelow for the "Tilden Trust," of which he is the President.

I do not believe any further documentary evidence exists.

*Evan J. Coleman.*

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## APPENDIX.

In addition to the notes from the Duke de Morny already given, I have found a number from other prominent French and Mexican officials, of which I shall present only the most important. They are arranged in chronological order, and read as follows: —

MINISTÉRE DES FINANCES,
CABINET DU MINISTRE..

Le Ministre des Finances aura l'honneur de recevoir Monsieur Gwin à son Hotel, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré 1120, demain, Mercredi, 16 Xbre, a 9 h. ½ du matin.

Ce 15 Xbre, 1863.

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PARIS, le 29 Dec., 1863.

MINISTÉRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÉRES,
CABINET.

Le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères recevra avec plaisir Monsieur Gwin, Jeudi, 31 Dec., 1863.

Then comes the following note, apparently written and signed by himself, which is very unusual: —

PARIS, le 25 Mars, 1864.

MINISTÉRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÉRES,
CABINET.

*Monsieur.*

Je verrai demain Mr. Mercier. J'aurai l'honneur de vous demander, après cette conférence, une entrevue un peu plus tard.

Recevez, je vous prie, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

DROUYN DE LHUYS.

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PARIS, le 9 Mai, 1864.

MINISTÉRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÉRES,
CABINET.

Le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères a l'honneur de remettre à Monsieur Gwin, avec ses compliments empressés, les piéces ci-jointes, relatives à une colonization au Mexiqué.

This is from the Chief of Cabinet of Emperor Maximilian:—

PALACIO DE MEXICO, 23 Juillet, 1864.

CABINETE DEL EMPERADO.

*Monsieur.*

D'après les ordres de Sa Majesté l'Empereur j'ai l'honneur de vous prier de bien vouloir passer à mon Cabinet (Palais) demain 24, ou le jour suivant, entre 10 et 1 heure.

Veuillez recevoir, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

Le Conseiller d'état,
Chargé du Cabinet,
Monsieur GWIN. T. ÉLOIN.

MINISTÉRIO ESTAOD,
CORRESPONDENCIA PARTICULAR.
Al Sor. Don WM. M. GWIN,
ETC., ETC , ETC.

MEXICO, Agosto 12, de 1864.

*Muy señor mio:*

Antes de emprender su viage á tierra adentro, S. M. el Emperador me previno manifestar á V., como lo hago, que se serviera dirigirse á los Sres. Ministros de Negocios Extrangeros y Subsecretario de Fomento para hablarles del asunto que deseaba V tratar con S. M.

El Emperador á quien no fué dado poder recebir á V., desea que el interesante negocio de que se ocupa, sea tratado con la madurez y circumspeccion debidas; pero al o propio tiempo con cuanta preferencia y brevedad sean posibles.

Quedo de V. atento servidor que B. S. M.,
JOAQUIN VELASQUEZ DE LEON.

---

PARIS, le 1er Mars, 1865.

MINISTÉRE. DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÉRES.

*Dear Sir,*

The Minister will have the honor of receiving you Friday, at 10½.

Yours very truly,
BILLING.

---

*Monsieur.*

J'ai mis sous les yeux de l'Empereur la demande d'audience que S. Exc. le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères a adressée en votre faveur.

J'aurai l'honneur de vous faire connaitre la décision que prendra Sa Majesté.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée.

Le Grand Chambellan,
DUC DE BASSANO.

Palais des Tuileries, le 10 Mars, 1865.
Monsieur GWIN.

## NAPOLEON'S LETTER TO DR. GWIN.

The following is an exact copy of Napoleon's letter to Dr. Gwin, without which he would not have returned to Mexico:

*Monsieur.*

L'Empereur me charge de vous envoyer la lettre ci-jointe pour le Maréchal Bazaine. Dans cette let-

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tre, Sa Majesté vous recommende à son interêt mais en même temps Elle l'invite à ne pas faire d'expédition compromettante pour la sureté de notre occupation du Mexique. L'Empereur espère que l'Empereur Maximilian agréera vos projets et le Maréchal a l'ordre de les appuyer auprès de lui.

Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée.

Le Secrétaire de l'Empereur,
Chef du Cabinet de S. M.,
CONTI.

PARIS, le 31 Mar-, 1865.
Mr. GWIN.

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# THE LOSS OF THE HARRIET.

ONE evening some time in February, '58, we were running up the Oregon coast in the staunch little steamer Columbia. There were very few passengers on board, the evenings were long, and time hung rather heavy on our hands; so a few of us had met in the purser's room, to while away the time over a social pipe. The express messenger, the Umpqua pilot and the chief engineer were there, with possibly one or two more, and we were spinning sea yarns and comparing notes of our experience, — for in those early times every man had something to tell,— when the Umpqua pilot turned to me and said, "Did you ever hear about the wreck of the Harriet?" and went on to tell the story, which I had never heard before.

Now, I remembered the Harriet perfectly well, though I had never heard of her fate. She was a topsail schooner, carrying lumber for Simpson & Jackson in early days; the last time I saw her, she was lying at Market Street Wharf, in 1853, about where Spear Street is now. The fact that I had known her so well gave me a lively interest in the pilot's strange story, and I resolved to test the truth of it if I ever had a chance; and by a curious accident I soon had an opportunity to do so.

I forget whether it was on the return voyage of that same trip, or whether it was immediately after it,— it makes no great difference; but at all events, very soon after, as we were coming down, we met a heavy southerly gale, which pretty well emptied our coal bunkers, and we put into Trinidad in search of cordwood for fuel. We got some, but not enough to take us to San Francisco, and when we were off Mendocino City, the captain deemed it prudent to take aboard more wood; so we put in there early one morning, and came to an anchor on the outer edge of the roadstead. As we were slowly approaching the shore the Umpqua pilot called me on deck. "Now," said he, "you can see for yourself where the Harriet was lost."

Directly ahead of us, on the east side of the roadstead, rose a bold, high, yellow bluff, stretching along for a mile or more as I remember; the surf was constantly dashing up against its base, and its top was covered with low trees. Midway of the length of the bluff yawned an enormous cavern, whose sides reached clear down to the water; all inside was black darkness, but we could see with our marine glasses the waves rolling on till they were lost in the blackness of the inner cave.

"There," said the pilot, "there lie the bones of the Harriet, I suppose, with part of her crew."

I confess it sent a cold shiver over me.

We found the wood we wanted for the ship, and spent the afternoon taking it aboard. Towards evening the last boat

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went ashore to settle the accounts, and then, I knew, was my chance.

It was after sundown when we reached the landing and began mounting the long, slippery flight of steps. The harbor — so called by courtesy, for it is only an open roadstead, shielded from northerly winds and seas, but quite open to the south — is shaped like a sickle, a bold rocky point forming the handle and giving the protection to the shipping. The landing is well up in the bend. The high yellow bluff and the cavern are half way down the blade, perhaps rather more, opposite the open entrance.

At the top of the steps stood a large, barny warehouse, in a corner of which was the agent's office, which was our destination. It was a bleak, forbidding spot. The wind was still high, and swept across the narrow point of land with great fury, whistling through the cracks in the old barn, making the candles flicker and flare: the waves away down below were constantly lapping up against the rocks. The point itself was an uncanny place, with spouting horns and blow-holes in the rocks, and in one place I was told they had worn a cavernous passage clear through to the harbor.

But we had no time for sentiment; the ship was waiting for us, and our interview must be short. So just as soon as our business was settled, I turned to the agent and said:—

"Now, Mr. Fordham, can you tell me anything about the loss of the Harriet? Are the stories true that I have heard?"

"Well, I don't know what you have heard," said he; "but I was here at the time, and saw it all, and should be glad to tell you, if you have time to hear it."

It was getting quite dark, but the temptation was too great, and he went on with his story.

"She came here for a load of lumber. It was some years ago,— say in '55 or '6, There were a good many vessels here, and the mooring buoys were all taken, so she had to lie lower down in the open part of the harbor, where she was more exposed, and she lay to her own anchors. One afternoon the captain came ashore, and while on land came in here to see me.

"As we were talking, one of my men rushed in and said, 'The Harriet is flying signals of distress!'

"The captain, seizing a marine glass, ran out, and I followed him. Sure enough, her ensign was set union down, and she appeared to be dragging her anchors. Since the captain had left her it had come on to blow from the northward and westward, and a nasty sea was heaving in where she lay. Well, he ran down the steps and went off to his vessel, and that was the last time I ever spoke to him.

"I stood watching her a while, and came to the conclusion she had parted her chains, for she was driving steadily across towards the foot of the bluff. There was nothing could save her, for we had no tug, and no time to get a line to her from any other vessel. All we could do was to try and save the lives aboard of her. So I called my men, and we took axes, and ropes, and lanterns, for it was getting towards dark, and hurried round the head of the harbor, across Big River, and up along the edge of the bluff, to where she seemed likely to strike.

"Meantime she had headed round, and was coming down steadily before the wind and sea, bows on to the land. And when we got directly in the line of her track, then we were right square over the mouth of that big cave. She was heading directly into it.

"Well, she drifted closer and closer, till she got right under us, and we could tell each man on her. So we got out our ropes and let men down each side of the cave to save all they could.

"Down she came, the surf hammering her along, and her bowsprit went straight into the dark hole out of sight. Her forward stays struck the rock above

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and parted; then her foremast broke off with a crash and fell into the water alongside of her, and as it fell, some of the tackle knocked down the captain's son, a little boy about ten years old. On she surged, and next the mainmast went by the board. We thought her spars might catch on the rocks and hold her, but no, she drove right on, dragging them after her.

"By this time most of those aboard of her had jumped off on the rocks and climbed out of danger, but the captain, the cook, and the poor little boy, who lay stunned on the deck, remained on her, and she slowly passed in out of sight with those three souls aboard of her. At last even the spars that trailed behind her were swallowed up in the darkness, and everything disappeared.

"We looked at one another, aghast with amazement. We called into the cave, but no sound came back except the dash of the waters. We showed lanterns, and let them down from the top, hoping for some answer, but no cry ever reached us.

"We stayed about till all reasonable hope was gone, and then we went home, feeling bad enough, leaving men to watch the cave till morning.

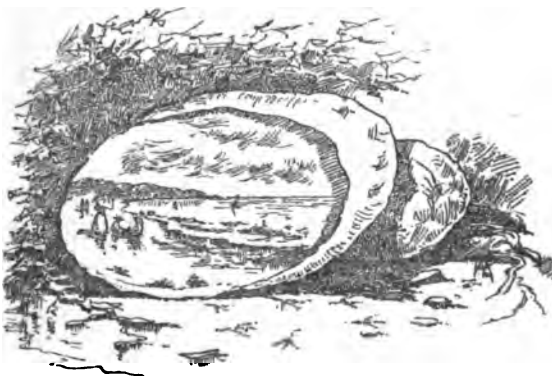
"Next day when the wind had gone down some, I took my boat and went over there. The sea was still running high, and I did not dare to enter the cave, but I saw no trace of the Harriet. A little later, with a smooth sea and low tide, I ventured in.

"It was dark in there, and we could not see much; the rock roof of the cave seemed to shut down gradually on the water; but it was some way in before they met. The swell rushed in and out with great fury, even when it seemed smooth outside, and we did not dare go in any great distance, but as far as we could see, there was no trace of the Harriet visible.

"Then I thought she might have drifted out in the night and sunk, and I sent men on horseback to scour the coast for miles above and below the harbor, hoping to find the bodies of the men; but it was no use,— not so much as a chip from the Harriet was ever found, and I believe she lies there now buried in the quicksand, with those three bodies aboard of her.

"That 's all there is about the Harriet."

We thanked him, and went out into the gloaming, and clambered down the long, steep steps to our boat. As we passed the mouth of the cave in the dim twilight, and I thought of the poor unfortunates in that strange burial place, it haunted me like a nightmare, and I was glad enough when we got aboard the ship, with her bright lights and cheerful company.



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## JASMINE.

FROM langorous San Gabriel's vale,
With memories of moonbeams pale
Where odors of night prevail,
I send thee, Jasmine.

Fly on thy white wings free,
Fly to the eastern sea,
Hasten o'er fen and lea,
Hasten, O Jasmine.

Seek on the sullen shore
Of grim Puritanic lore,
Where bleak winds and wintry roar,
Seek there, sweet Jasmine,

Seek till thy kindly fates
Lead thee to where thy mate's
Faint odor permeates
With sweetness, Jasmine,

The chill wind that round thee swells,
Where lonely thy sweetheart dwells,
And the sea ever breaks and knells
So sadly, Jasmine.

Woo her with tales of home,
Tell her the lark hath come,
Tell her the bees still hum
About us, Jasmine.

Tell her the mountains fair,
Bathed in the purpling air,
Still have their places there,
Waiting her, Jasmine.

Tell her the meadow-lark,
Till day dies in shadows dark,
Ever o'er field and park,
Seeketh her, Jasmine.

And if she say thee, "Nay;
This is my bitter way;
Here I perforce, must stay,"—
Then, little Jasmine,

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Her from the ice-king wrest,
Clasping her on thy breast,
Turn thee thy white wings west,
Hitherward, Jasmine.

So shall thy name be blest;
So shall thy form be pressed
Close in her fragrant breast
Forever, Jasmine.

Gird then thine armor on,
And in the blush of morn
Let thy fair quest be born;
Adios, Jasmine.

*C. F. S.*

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## THE RAILWAY PROBLEM.

It is just about twenty years since the problem of the management of railways began to assume importance in this country. Prior to that time had been the era of excessive railway construction, beginning with the close of the war. The necessity for facilities of transportation which that struggle had emphasized, developed an exaggerated idea of the beneficial effects of railroad communication, and States, counties, and towns vied with each other in subsidizing new lines.

Over-construction was the necessary outcome of this, and from this over-construction arose the evils that brought about the inevitable reaction. Then began the blind attempts to remedy the evils by legislation, before the exact nature of those evils had been discovered. Failure after failure followed, as a matter of course. The demand for railway legislation came from those who had suffered from the evils,—men who saw that they were being harmed, but did not know how to study the problem, and discover the elements that were actually harmful. After the failures, and the resulting commercial disasters, came the study of the railway problem by students, and within a comparatively few years they have reached to the heart of the matter.

The present stage of the movement is the popularization of the knowledge thus gained. Several writers have offered their contributions, and this latest work[1] is one of the most useful of its kind.

Mr. Stickney is a practical railroad man as well as a student, and thus combines the two classes of knowledge necessary for his work. He bases his discussion upon the first principle, which must always be kept in view in any consideration of this problem: that the railway is merely a development of the highway of earlier days, modified by the changed conditions resulting from modern inventions. The highway was the means of communication between different places; it was a part of the land, retained from private ownership for the use of the public in common.

From its nature the highway could be used by all, and therefore the state built

[1] The Railway Problem. By A. B. Stickney. St. Paul: D. D. Merrill Company: 1891.

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it, and left the public to use it, charging for the service taxes, either in the form of tolls collected from those who used the road, or payments from those owning adjoining lands.

Upon the improved highway, the railroad, only one set of vehicles could travel, and therefore it became a matter of convenience to combine the building of the road and the carriage over it in the hands of a single individual. And this individual was, for convenience again, a person or corporation, instead of the state. The railway company thus became an agent of the state, exercising governmental functions specially granted to it. The freights and fares collected for the use of the road from shippers and travelers were taxes, in the form of tolls.

In this view of the subject the general principles of railway control by the government become quite simple, and the injustice of discrimination becomes clear.

Mr. Stickney discusses in separate chapters the various abuses by the railways, the proposed remedies, and the methods in which remedies should be applied. He rejects the idea of competition in railway service as being foreign to the correct view of the subject, and as being the necessary cause of a large part of the abuses that have arisen.

He favors the fixing of absolute rates by the government, which shall neither be increased nor decreased by the companies, and which shall be alike to all. To discriminations between places or between individuals he attributes the greater part of the evils that have grown up. He declares that "during the whole course of so-called Granger legislation, no legislature has established by law, nor has any railway commission promulgated, a schedule of rates so low as materially to reduce the revenues of the companies, had the companies adopted the schedules and enforced them as a whole." The trouble has been that while the reduced rates were applied to the mass of the business, there has continued to be a cut rate in favor of certain persons or certain localities.

The difficulty of fixing the schedules of rates is discussed at length. And here the difficulty of the whole problem comes in. He divides the cost of transportation into two divisions:—

1. Terminal expenses, which include the use of terminal grounds, tracks and buildings; the use of cars while standing at stations to be loaded and unloaded; the switching of cars; the labor, stationery, etc., consumed; proportion of general expenses, and a fair profit.

2. The haul, which includes use and repairs of roadway, use of engines and cars, fuel, a proper proportion of general expenses, a fair profit, etc.

This division is not absolutely scientific, the more proper division being into fixed and varying expenses; but it is sufficiently accurate to indicate the basis upon which a schedule of rates should be prepared. The first division should remain fixed for all freight or passengers carried, differing, of course, as to the various classes of freight. The second varies with the length of the haul.

There are other elements entering into the problem to complicate it, as the cost of the road upon which the gross receipts are estimated, and the question of competing lines between two terminals. In estimating the cost, should the actual expense of the road and rolling stock be considered alone, or should the discount on bonds, the rate of interest, the expense of floating, etc., be also included? Or should the cost of replacing the line be the basis? In competing lines, should the least expensive be taken, or the shortest, or an average of both be used? These problems are all clearly discussed in the book, and its perusal will leave the reader with a much clearer idea of the difficulties, as well as the principles involved.

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Mr. Stickney presents a theoretical discussion of the problem ; the practical efforts toward a solution are set forth in the last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission.[1]

The report points out the fact that the provisions of the law requiring the previous publication of new rates before changes are made, and the prohibition of discrimination, had been violated, in many cases openly, and that these violations were defended on the ground of the stress of active competition. The difficulty of preventing these violations, as well as the secret ignoring of the more serious provisions of the law, will be seen, when it is remembered that the railway mileage is in round numbers over 160,000 miles ; the number of employees exceeds 700,000, the business done includes the carriage of 540 million tons of freight and 472 million passengers.

The question of freight classification, one of the greatest difficulties in the way of rate regulation, is fully discussed. In each section of the country the freight is classed in a number of classes, usually about six, with special classes in some places, all freight in a certain class paying the same rate. But owing to local causes, and the fostering of some particular commodity in one section that is of minor importance in another, the classification differs widely in different sections, and a uniform classification becomes a very difficult problem. Some steps have been taken toward a uniform classification, but as this work is purely voluntary on the part of the railroads, the work progresses slowly.

Ticket brokers, and the payment of commissions by railroads, come in for their share of condemnation, as tending to bring on rate wars and discrimination.

In the form of amendments to the law, the commission recommends nine amendments. First, that its powers be extended to cover railroads which, though operating their lines entirely within a State, handle interstate freight in combination with other lines. Second, that the penal provisions of the act be made applicable to the corporation, as well as to its officers and agents. Other amendments provide for compelling the attendance of witnesses ; the conveying of persons wounded in railway accidents, and physicians and nurses to attend them, free of charge ; the prohibition of commissions and ticket brokerage ; the regulation of car mileage for the use of cars of private companies and individuals ; the power to call for statistical reports from the railroads whenever wanted ; and the making of the findings of fact by the commission conclusive, under such limitations as will properly guard the rights of the carriers, and not touch upon constitutional provisions.

In appendices, among other facts, are presented the provisions of laws for the regulation of railways in the several States and in foreign countries.

[1] Fourth Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Washington : Government Printing Office : 1890.

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# ETC.

It is a hard thought, suggested by President Walker's recent address, that the economists have themselves to thank for the chaotic medley of financial heresies and conditions now besetting people; because they have in past time insisted, as orthodoxy, upon doctrines that have been discredited. The blind impulse of the people has proved, in certain important cases, wiser than their reasoning; and now the people think it always will be. They have lost respect for knowledge and authority in matters economic, and are defenseless against any wild speculation or exploded fad. Other economists do not grant all that President Walker says in criticism of the "old school"; but no one now doubts that some of the doctrines by early economists have proved misleading, if only by too rigid and inelastic statement. The science of political economy, in truth, stands, in the public estimation, in a position that contrasts rather forlornly with that of natural science,— which is certainly tempted into some complacency as it reflects that it has never had to surrender an important position, once deliberately and decisively taken. Even where its conclusions have been revolutionary to the whole conception of the universe, and have contradicted, to all appearance, the plain evidence of the senses,— as with regard to the motions of the earth and sun,— the hostile tradition and "plain common sense" alike have had to come to acquiescence. Modifications of attitude and of detail science has often had to make; it has often relinquished one ground for an advanced one; but it has in these cases, for one thing, yielded to its own criticism, not that of outsiders; advancing rather than retreating, taking a new position, not the one they contended for; and it has, for another thing, so guarded itself with cautious statements, so avowedly held its new doctrines as "tentative theories" and "working hypotheses," that it is perhaps impossible to convict scientific men, as a body, of what can be justly called error in any important assertion. In consequence of this amazing vindication of the claim contained in its name — in consequence of its never saying it knows unless it *knows* — natural science has obtained a deference for its settled and unanimous conclusions such as social science cannot begin to command. The people may ridicule evolution — still a novel and incomplete doctrine, widely misunderstood by laymen — but no backing is to be commanded for projects based on perpetual motion, and large sums of money are yearly invested or withheld on the strength of chemical or mechanical reports from university professors. One may imagine how much weight a corresponding report from a professor of political economy would have. "I should be publicly regarded," said one during the last presidential campaign, "as less qualified than other men to express an opinion, instead of more qualified, by virtue of special study and investigation of the subject." And beliefs as absolutely out of the question as perpetual motion — such as in the possibility of creation of value by inflation of currency — can sweep away multitudes as easily as if economic science had never been heard of.

All this looks pretty bad for economic science, and much like a penalty for too great haste and positiveness in its early conclusions. But most of the disadvantage of its position is not the consequence of error, but the necessary condition of its dealings with so complex and difficult a subject as human society. In the first place, its very errors came from the nature of its subject. Natural science has had a much easier field. It could suspend a conclusion until it was sure. No one had any investment depending on whether there was an intra-Mercurial planet; it was not necessary to know today, or tomorrow; the astronomer might take his time, and suspend his opinion for as long as necessary. But it was necessary to have an opinion at once as to whether wages could or could not be raised by combination, whether the poor laws should or should not be amended, what was the working of the corn laws, and a thousand other questions. It was necessary, because people were already busily acting upon some opinion or other in these matters every day: the only thing to be done was to form the best opinion possible under the circumstances, and urge it. It would be in the majority of cases nearer right than the conjectures of ignorance, or the haphazard practices of custom. And in fact it was, as the increasing prosperity of all classes in England proved. For a few failures, the "orthodox" political economy scored many successes, and while important benefits flowed from its teachings, no positive harm did so, though President Walker and others tell us now of improvement they would have hindered if they had been absolutely followed.

The proportion of error has certainly not been large for a science that works under pressure of immediate need of decision and action. In this the economist is under the same limitation as the physician, whose business is to advise means of health, not simply to find truth. In another respect he is under the physician's limitation,— he deals with too precious material to admit of much experimentation, and too complex material to make the incidental

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experiments of practice altogether serviceable. He has not even the help the physician has, from vivisection: he has only history, in which the conditions of the various financial, industrial, and political experiments always differ confusingly from those of the special situation he is trying to comprehend. Without the ability to suspend opinion and to experiment, natural science would never have gained its awe-inspiring impregnability.

AGAIN, it is by no means entirely a reaction against some narrow and discredited views about wages that sets the public against political economy. Political economy deals with men's immediate personal interests. It studies questions that rouse antagonisms. Passion of gain, desire to deceive and mislead men for selfish ends, wild hopes, minority interests that are against the public good, immediate prosperity that includes remote dangers, all may be enlisted against it. Some of these motives are certain to be in any case: or even the mere error of judgment, the mere uninformed prejudice, the mere conservative suspicion, that every doctrine of every science has to meet, is sharpened into a hostility where the subject under discussion has a concrete bearing on men's wages, and investments, and the price of their food and clothes. It is very possible, in noting how inadequate economical science has thus far proved, as compared with natural science, to the task of instructing men and controlling their thoughts, to underrate its great achievements in the face of unequaled difficulties. Indeed, had it been as successful in its higher, sociological sphere as natural science in its teachings with regard to material things, human society would have taken an astonishing stride toward the millenium.

### A Plea for the Conservation of Our Wild Flowers.

CITY visitors to our mountain resorts this summer will deem a caution against their prodigal appropriation of wild flowers as unreasonable as would be a stint to their supply of mountain air or spring water; and yet the wild flowers, like all game, beast,— bird, or fish,—must inevitably disappear before the wasteful incursions of man. They have fled before the ax and plow of the settler; they are hunted in their retreats and badgered in their strongholds; no secret fastness but has been violated, and no form of desecration but they have been subjected to it,—sacrificed upon their thresholds, kidnapped and exiled, bartered and cremated, hung in effigy on the highway; and soon all that is left to bear the record will be the showman's case and the conqueror's triumph. It is the tale of the aborigines, the red man, the buffalo, the antelope.

Our game is protected by law, as are some of our forest trees, while the popular sentiment favors their intelligent use. Can we not insure as much to our wild flowers, and save them from extermination in their habitats?

There are reasons worthy of the attention of thinking people why the conservation of our native flora is desirable. If there are those who ignore its existence, their loss will exempt them from censure; but to the lovers by whose hands they are slain, we beg to present the claims of the wild flowers to immunity from impending harm.

To the student of science the native flora has a value that no garden or conservatory exotics can afford, and it is to be regretted that any botany classes are content to study only cultivated plants; for it is only in studying the botany in connection with the geography and geology of a region, that we get an insight into the laws and modes of the natural distribution of plants, learn the interdependence of the sciences, and are enabled to form that conception of the flora of a region from known conditions which is a guide to search. Botany means far more to a student who gathers his own specimens, noting the conditions of soil, climate, and locality, than to one who works with specimens at hand, and misses the stimulating effect of botanical rambles, and the satisfaction of well earned trophies.

And yet, is not the scientist their worst enemy? and is the wholesale traffic in dried specimens justifiable from the economic standpoint? It is one thing to procure the needful supply of specimens for laboratory work or public collections, and quite another to root up every procurable plant for the purpose of supplying private herbaria all over the world. To sacrifice to exclusive use what there is a limited supply of, is questionable in the light of recent science.

To the artist, the wayside bank draped with vine and brake, jeweled with ruby and coral blossoms, has a greater charm than any paneled flower bed, however rare or beautiful its marshaled array. It may be a matter of subtle distinction, but some things lose by order and system. A bevy of children marshaled about a school-room, with uniform mechanical motions, may be a sight to rejoice the conventionally decorous mind, but the children on a gala day ramble, each in the mood and grace best suited to it, appeals far more to the æsthetic; so with the flowers when nature has her way.

But what treatment do they meet at the hands of the worshiper of Beauty? Observe an excursion train on the return from some out-of-town resort, and take note of the plunder. The gay effect of huge bouquets and festoons may be due to brakes and shrubs that are perennially abundant, but there are bouquets of choice flowers, which have been sought out and industriously culled, every one of them, that none might be left "to waste its sweetness on the desert air." There are packages of uprooted ferns and flowers intended for home gardens, destined to languish for a time and perish without successors, for the flowering season is not the time for transplanting, and ferns require their own soil and conditions, as do the most attractive wild flowers.

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The lover of beauty knows not its cost, so often rare plants are uprooted to gratify, by a few hours' pleasure, a taste commendable in itself, but lawless when not submitted to intelligence.

The writer remembers finding among the withered refuse of schoolgirl bouquets a plant of rare occurrence in the locality, long sought for in vain. So it often happens that the last survivors of a dying race are thoughtlessly sacrificed.

Probably the most sweeping ravages have been committed by the agriculturist, but not the most needless. He is at least justified on the plea of economy, or consideration of the greater utility. There are waste lands which he must leave, and often he is considerate enough to leave bits of wildwood here and there, on the brow of the hill, skirting the ravine and nooks by the wayside. He has encroached on their broad domains and holds them at bay, but the scientist and the pleasure-seeker decoy and massacre.

The argument may be raised, that the California flowers are cultivated in gardens and conservatories the world over; that plants and seeds are continually being disseminated for their propagation far and near; that their habitats being remote and inaccessible, few who are appreciative can enjoy them there; that cultivation improves and develops plants, so it is a matter of little consequence whether they are perpetuated as natives or exotics.

That plants are improved by cultivation, can be by no means an unqualified statement. It has not been proven that all races are benefited by civilization; it has not been proven that all animals are capable of domestication; it is equally a question whether all plants can be made to live and perpetuate their species under conditions unlike those of their habitats, whose conditions cannot be reproduced. Remove the Clintonia from the redwoods, the Arethusa from the bog, the heather from the moor, and where shall they be found? The development and perfecting of domesticated plants by cultivation is a different thing from the acclimation of plants to conditions totally different from their native elements.

Who are the most appreciative friends of the wild flowers? Who know where to find the choicest flowers and the rarest ferns as well as the school boys and girls, who have sounded every depth and scaled every height of their native hills? They have the secret of every glade and glen, and none will guard it with more discretion than they.

Our unimproved territory may bring in unexpected returns by the educating influence it exerts. They overlook the want-satisfying power of the beautiful in nature, and ignore one of the inestimable sources of wealth to our richly endowed land, who fancy that only art galleries, public gardens, and parks are our popular art educators. Not under such influence did the poets Burns, Wordsworth, Bryant, sing

"Of pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild wood thickering green,
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

"Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower.

"Of blooming wild with flowers,
Whose glory and whose beauty rival the constellations."

Were it worth while, one might dilate with Wordsworthian pathos over the dwarfed and stunted captives one is expected to admire in conservatories. The tallest of trees, eucalyptus and acacias, chained to a few cubic feet of soil, and limited to twenty or thirty feet in height! The orchids, dangling from bundles of sticks and charcoal in the most stifling corner of the conservatory, would hardly suggest the luxuriant bower in the tropical forest, whose overhanging boughs bore them aloft in their unique habitat. The Victoria Regia, considered well worth a trip to tropical America to witness its broad expanse on its native waters, loses immeasurably in its contracted artificial surroundings; and as noteworthy for their absence are some of our showy American flowers, especially the orchids.

A lady of more than ordinary information upon floriculture expressed surprise that we had native orchids. I know not if she be representative in this ignorance; but as one recalls the yellow and pink cypripediums, the showy orchis, and the purple fringed orchis, which as children we gathered in the rich boggy woods, and which in later years we sought there in vain, and the crimson-flecked showy lady-slipper reigning amid her court of heaths, and pitcher plants in the soft-carpeted swaying peat bog beneath the overhanging tamaracks, — one wonders where are they?

While plants are becoming more and more restricted in their range, the field for exploration and research is not likely to be exhausted. In the older portions of New York State new species have been discovered within a few years. It is not probable that the western slope has been more completely canvassed.

To push the work in lines already begun, and encourage all favoring tendencies, it has been suggested by one of our botanical explorers that the love of children for wild flowers be encouraged and wisely directed by the cultivation of gardens in connection with every school, that the children might learn something of the art of floriculture. Beds of orchids and of ferns, with the soil conditions necessary, are quite possible. Our native poppies, nemophilas, larkspurs, mimulus, gilias, lupins, castilleias and others, may be cultivated, as he has proven in his own garden, where many native species as well as exotics flourish. The more general study of botany will tend to a higher valuation of the native flora and its enlightened use, and it always proves a fascinating study, from the kindergarten upward, if taught in connection with field and garden work.

*Emma Otis Bruss.*

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# BOOK REVIEWS.

## The English Constitution.

THE historical work more recently done in tracing the development of government through the forms of local governments has resulted, as was to be expected, in a work that shall trace the government of this country through its various stages, from the primitive Teutonic tribe to the present time. Professor Howard had already done a part of this work in his Introduction to Local Constitutional History, but his view is confined to local governments, and it remained for Hannis Taylor to perform the more comprehensive work.[1]

"The English Constitution," in Mr. Taylor's definition, is not confined to its form as seen in Great Britain, but its substance as obtaining in this country as well. There is an introduction glancing briefly over the whole subject, in which the order of development and the connection of the whole are pointed out, and the rest of this first part is taken up with the evolution of the constitution in Great Britain.

The chapters devoted to the Teutonic polity follow rather closely the work of recent authors on the subject, though it is strange to see the writer attribute the survival of the Teutonic language and religion to the sullen spirit of national hate on the part of the British Christians, when the fact is, as pointed out by Freeman, that the conquering Teutons on the Continent took the more highly developed language and religion of the conquered tribes, while in Britain the relations were reversed.

The development of the tribal conquerors of Britain into the Heptarchic Kingdoms, and finally into one consolidated Kingdom, is traced; and then the constitution, local and central, in the tenth century is described in detail.

In this constitution the local machinery retained a powerful influence, and the King was correspondingly weak; but the Norman conquest resulted in the strengthening of the central power, both from the fact of conquest and from the Norman customs brought over by William. It was not until the time of Henry II. that the fusion between the new and old systems became complete, and the framework of the modern Constitution was laid. The increase of the power of the crown, culminating in the oppression of Richard I., and the resulting struggle for the charter, finish the second book.

The third book discusses the growth and decline of Parliament, closing with a summary of the development and the causes of the decline, and a brief prospective view carrying the history of Parliament to the reform act of 1867.

The condensation of so much in one volume of six hundred pages necessitates passing over many points hurriedly, but the main object of showing the continuous growth of the Constitution is kept in view throughout, and the work is one of considerable value.

[1] The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution. Part I. By Hannis Taylor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

## Dio Lewis.[2]

AMONG books which experience has taught us to avoid may be named those productions whereby family affection would perpetuate, on cheap paper in wretched binding, the virtues of some dear departed; and it was with mingled sorrow and pity that we opened the biography of Doctor Lewis, and hastily pronounced the book not worth reading. But curiosity caused the reading of a chapter, interest was aroused, the book was read through at a sitting, and we can cordially commend it, as giving an interesting and inspiring account of a man whose earnestness, unselfishness, enthusiasm, and ability, made him a benefactor of many.

Dio Lewis was born in 1823, in the State of New York, and died in 1886. When only fifteen he taught a district school near his home, and amazed the natives by his methods. In those days a pupil that escaped flogging for a whole term was regarded as a curiosity. Lewis's novel methods were heard of by his father, who determined to investigate by listening under the school-room window. He plainly heard singing; then there was perfect quiet in the school, the teacher said something in pleasant tones; suddenly came a rush, and off to the woods went teacher and taught. The mortified father reported to his wife: "What that boy of ours is up to I don't know. It's queer school-keeping, and the people never will stand it. He'll lose his place, that's certain." The people did not like it at first, but soon learned to endure a method whose results were as satisfactory as the method itself was novel.

After teaching a few years he began studying medicine in a physician's office, took a short course at Harvard, began practicing without a diploma, soon becoming a convert to the school of homœopathy.

The system variously known as "The New Gymnastics," "Dio Lewis's Gymnastics," or Calisthenics, is one whose origination and promulgation would alone entitle him to our high consideration and gratitude, even had he done nothing else for the general welfare. But he had large share in whatever of dress reform has been accepted by women of late years, and hated the corset as he hated whisky or tobacco. Women seem to have inspired his life work; for her and her education he did much; through her in-

[2] The Biography of Doctor Dio Lewis, A.M., M.D. Prepared at the desire and with the co-operation of Mrs. Dio Lewis. By Mary F. Eastman. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.: 1891.

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strumentality he worked and hoped for man's betterment and elevation.

Unique among movements of enthusiasm was that wonderful outburst known as the "Woman's Crusade," which took possession of the country in the winter of 1873–74, and was led by Lewis. He was opposed to prohibition, believed that only harm could be done by legislative attempts to do away with intemperance, dwelt upon the evil as a vice, not a crime, and preached moral suasion as the only remedy. Under his guidance women went forth to pray in the streets, and in bar-rooms throughout the country, though their activity and pronounced successes were witnessed chiefly west of the Alleghanies. Whole villages, towns, even cities, were cleansed of the whisky traffic, hardened sinners were prevailed upon to pour their stocks of liquors into the streets, and abandon forever the sale against which the crusade was conducted. For a time it seemed that Christian women would drive drink from our midst; but the enthusiasm died away, and its work was undertaken by those who believe horse-theft and whisky-selling should be similarly punished by law. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was one of the results of the crusade; but on the whole it suggests the negro preacher's exhortation: "My brederen, it 's jest as easy to get rid ob de debil as it is to get rid ob yo' winter clothes; and it is jest as easy to ketch him again as it is to ketch col'."

### Fiske's Civil Government.[1]

THE growing interest in the study of political science, and the necessity for laying some adequate foundation in the preparatory schools that the colleges may do good work, have occasioned a number of school text books on this subject. Of these Mr. Fiske's is the latest and best. The advance that has been made in the method of treating this subject in preparatory work, may be seen by comparing this with Young's Government Class Book, the best work of ten years ago.

Mr. Fiske does not address himself exclusively to pupils in schools, and his book may be profitably used by more mature readers. An introductory chapter discusses government and the necessity of raising money by taxation, not abstractly, but in a clear narrative form, illustrated and enlivened with anecdote and reference. Then follows an exposition of the principles of political organization, as illustrated in this country. The township, the county, city, State, and Nation are each described. The treatment is first historical, each being traced back to its original form, and then there is a discussion of the present form. Each chapter is followed by a list of references and by two sets of questions, the latter prepared by Mr. F. A. Hill. The first set of "Questions on the Text" is of doubtful value, except as pointing out to the pupil the essential fact in each section. The second set of "Suggestive Questions and Directions" is extremely valuable. They stimulate thought in the right manner. Many of them cannot be answered without going outside of the text, and many of them raise some of the most difficult political questions. But the object is not so much to get complete and correct answers, as to stimulate thought, and show the application of the text to every day problems.

[1] Civil Government in the United States. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1890. For sale in San Francisco by the Bancroft Company.

### The Art of Playwriting.[2]

IT is difficult to say whether Mr. Hennequin has performed a service to mankind, or has writ himself down as an enemy to humanity, in publishing this book. There is no branch of literary work in which more has been done in recent years, nor in which there is a larger proportion of poor work, than in the writing of plays.

The construction of a good play demands more varied talents than any other class of literary work. The preparation derived from experience in successful fiction is almost of no value, the conditions of success being so different. The plot appears as an essential to both, but the dramatic plot has not achieved the stage of development of the novel, and elements of the sensational that would be rejected as a false touch in a good work of fiction are essential in the play. The dialogue must be bright and crisp, and descriptive writing that would please in the novel is a serious defect in the play.

These are minor matters of literary style, however, and are simple difficulties compared with those presented by the necessities of dramatic construction. Each scene in the play must lend its part to the development of the plot; it must be so toned as to bring out in the strongest light the essential features of the preceding and succeeding scenes, and there must be a steady progression toward the developing of the plot and the increasing of the interest. Each act must end with an effective "curtain," each curtain being stronger than the preceding one, until the climax is reached.

Mr. Hennequin has presented all the technical points of playwriting clearly and systematically, going into elementary matters that the novice ought to know, and discussing points that will be of value to the master. Nobody should attempt to write a play until familiar with all the matters discussed in this book, for a successful play cannot be written without this knowledge. But on the other hand, this knowledge is insufficient in itself, even when supplemented by good literary ability, to ensure a successful play.

[2] The Art of Playwriting. By Alfred Hennequin. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1890. For sale in San Francisco by the Bancroft Company.

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THE

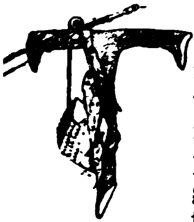
# OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. (SECOND SERIES.)—SEPTEMBER, 1891.— No. 105.

## TROUT FISHING IN CALIFORNIA.

WHERE mountains clasp in fond embrace
The placid lake and laughing stream,
And pine and redwood, oak and laurel, chase
The summer sun's too searching gleam,
There let me meet the glance of early morn,
The warm caress of ardent noon,
The sigh of evening, lightly borne
On winds that nature loves to tune.
There let me taste that fuller life,
All free from care and wassail-bout,
The while my line draws forth to strife
A princely knight—the mountain trout.

*Petronella.*



THE Pacific Coast, beginning with California on the south, and extending northward into the British possessions, presents as great, if not a greater field for the trout fisherman than the entire remainder of our country. It is true that California can no longer boast of virgin waters, but it is equally true that many of its rivers, lakes and streams may yet justly be termed a paradise for anglers.

The crossing, recrossing, and intersecting, of the State by railroads and other means of conveyance and transportation have made nearly, if not quite, all its waters accessible to those who enjoy throwing aside the restraints of conventional life for the freedom of natural surroundings.

This may be readily appreciated when attention is called to our State's great length and comparative narrowness, and the fact that a major part of its streams flow westward, seeking outlet in the ocean.

The trout-bearing waters of California may be generally divided into three classes: those rivers and streams taking rise in the Coast Range, and flowing directly into the Pacific; the like waters finding source in the Sierra Nevada; and a goodly number of interesting and attractive lakes. Topography and climatic influence form the basis of whatever distinctive qualities are possessed by these different waters. Thus the Coast Range lies very much lower and closer to the sea than the Sierra Nevada, and its streams gather their chief supply from the heavy rains which visit it during the winter season.

An examination of the map of the State will reveal that the Coast Range comes down not only close to the ocean, but so uniformly for almost its entire length that there are but few places where the water can break into the land and form basins or harbors. Especially is this true from Santa Barbara County

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to the northern boundary line, and the rivers and streams are, therefore, comparatively few miles in length.

The temperature of this region is warm and quite equable, varying but few degrees between summer and winter. And many of the mountain slopes carry forests of redwood, mixed with pine and cedar, and a dense undergrowth of brush. The latter is often composed of azalea, manzanita, and wild lilac, which, although at times an annoyance to the angler, through the war it makes against his impedimenta, is nevertheless, during idle moments, a source of deep delight.

Typical of the waters of this section, beginning from the south and following the coast line northward, are the Santa Inez River, the Salinas, San Lorenzo, Soquel, Carmel, Scott's Creek, Waddel, Pescadero, Purisima, Lagunitas, Sonoma, Salmon Creek, Russian River, Gualala, Navarro, Eel, Humboldt, Trinity, and Klamath. None of these, except perhaps the Humboldt, Russian, and Klamath rivers, may be said to be navigable, and these only for a very short distance.

A singular feature, peculiar to the majority of Coast Range streams, is their change with the seasons. In winter, or more properly, after a certain number of heavy rainstorms, they rush fiercely forward, heedless of bowlders and fallen trees, dashing, leaping, roaring, and even churning the muddy portions of their banks into a current as fierce as uninviting; in summer, on the contrary, when rain has ceased to fall, they glide peacefully along, losing water day by day, and gaining resemblance to deep passes through the heart of the mountains; while their white, pebbly beds gleam in the sunlight with only a narrow channel and broader stretch of water here and there to bespeak the haunt of the native trout. Along their banks, though often at quite a height,

Photo by [illegible]

AUSTIN CREEK, CAZADERO

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Photo by Oliver.
TEN-MILE RIVER, MENDOCINO COUNTY.

are well-built roads, and the traveler knows no more grateful sight than the beauties of some mountain scene reflected in the broken tide beneath.

As a rule, the fall of the water is gentle, and there are few cascades, so that it is no exaggeration to say each stream, without much difficulty, may be fished from source to outlet, or *vice versa*. To the true angler, who is always a lover of nature, not only the streams, but their banks, are full of keenest interest. These are not unusually sown thick with tall tiger lilies and spreading ferns. Sometimes these banks are precipitous and wild; again they are sloping and pastoral, leading away into meadows and vineyards. And if the angler, beside being an expert with the rod, can combine any of the qualifications of the artist, botanist or entomologist, he has here a field teeming with all he best loves.

For the artist there comes a beautiful picture with every curve and bend of the stream ; so many, in fact, that to make a choice will be his chief difficulty. For the botanist there is scarcely any limit, and he may give attention with equal facility to lichens, mosses, and the graceful wild flora, that abound on all sides ; while for the entomologist, the varieties of insects and creeping things are so great, and the possibilities of finding new specimens so frequent, that he will be apt to forget his rod in a chase after these fluttering and sprawling members of creation.

Some one has justly said, " It is not all of fishing to catch fish," a truth that often comes home while tramping about in these solitudes, where the angler may occasionally cast a line all day, and only cover the bottom of a creel, and yet return to his labors feeling a rare throb of

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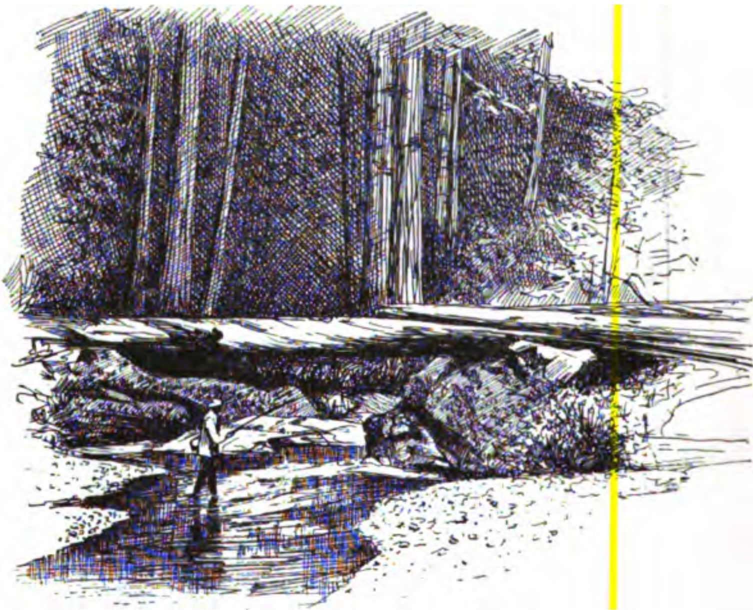
contentment because of added strength from contact with nature's fresh, creative force.

To the mouths of these Coast Range streams, as well as to their banks and waters, have also been given peculiar characteristics. As before stated, all seek outlet in the Pacific Ocean, and it is truly curious to note how its waters, by forcing up a dam of sand, have with their assistance formed large lagoons or basins. When the tides rise, or the waves break through this dam, at certain seasons of the year, particularly during the months of August, September, and October, trout enter in large numbers, and most excellent fishing is had.

Again, in some of the streams, just before the waters reach the ocean, there is a precipitous fall, over which no fish can ascend. This peculiarity is found perfectly demonstrated in the Butano and the Purisima of San Mateo County. It is said that no fish have ever been planted in either, and yet good sport may be had in both. Naturally, the query is as to how the trout got there originally.

The fish which inhabit the streams of the Coast Range, as a rule, are small, it being uncommon in a day's fishing to take half a dozen ten inches long, and five or six inches is about the average. Exceptions to this, however, may be found in the northern portion of the State, where *Salmo* shows an inclination to grow larger.



LAGUNITAS CREEK, MARIN COUNTY.

A very interesting question is that relative to how many different varieties of trout inhabit these waters. Anglers are not at all decided on the point. Many contend there are several, such as rainbow, salmon, and brook trout; others that there are only two, and swear constantly by salmon and brook, while still others insist that there is only one variety, and that it is a direct descendant of the large salmon trout which ascend the streams in March or April to spawn.

A submission of the matter to ichthyologists has generally confirmed the lat-

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ter judgment, and referred all seeming differences to water, food, and locality. The writer does not venture an opinion, but simply subjoins the fact that some shed scales on being handled, while others do not, and wonders whether this may be laid to the charge of variety or of surroundings.

One thing, at least, is true of all: they rise to the fly perfectly; and he who employs bait is simply wrecking enjoyment for the sake of ease. In later years most of the tackle employed for their taking has been of light quality. This is quite as it should be, for the trout have become so wary, owing to frequent disturbance of their haunts and habitat, that the only successful angler, especially in the streams of the Coast Range, is he who fishes "far and fine."

That a trifle more latitude may be allowed him who tries the waters of the Sierra Nevada is true, though even here sport is enhanced by lightness of tackle. Of this mountain range, regarding only its picturesque qualities, too much cannot be said. The tall, snow-capped peaks, the pine-clad sides, and symmetrical, oak-girded foothills, make up a picture that, joined with the fertile valleys at their base, must impress even the dullest mind with a sense of beauty and grandeur.

The streams and rivers that cleave the mighty heart of the Sierra are cold, snow-fed torrents, which find their way from head to valley course through deep and often impenetrable gorges and cañons, whose granite walls form natural reservoirs. Of a necessity, these waters are pure, and seem the natural home of the trout. For, unlike its brother of the Coast Range, the trout of the Sierra appears to have no desire to go to the sea, but seeks whatever change is needful in following the waters of the stream through one of those green mountain meadows that join together belts of silent pine and fir. Here, too, the angler finds a special charm, after a trying climb among unsympathetic bowlders, and he recalls the lines which Walton wrote as he toyed beside the Dove:—

When I would beget content and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and the various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature.

Drawn by Reaser from Photo by E. T. Houghton.

TRIPOD RAPIDS, WHITNEY CREEK.

But as meditation, toying, and dreaming each has its own charm, so, for the angler, has active strife with the trout, and he again mans himself, and climbs down the almost straight wall of granite to where a splendid river dashes and foams below. Not a sound here, except the constant roar of water; not a sight

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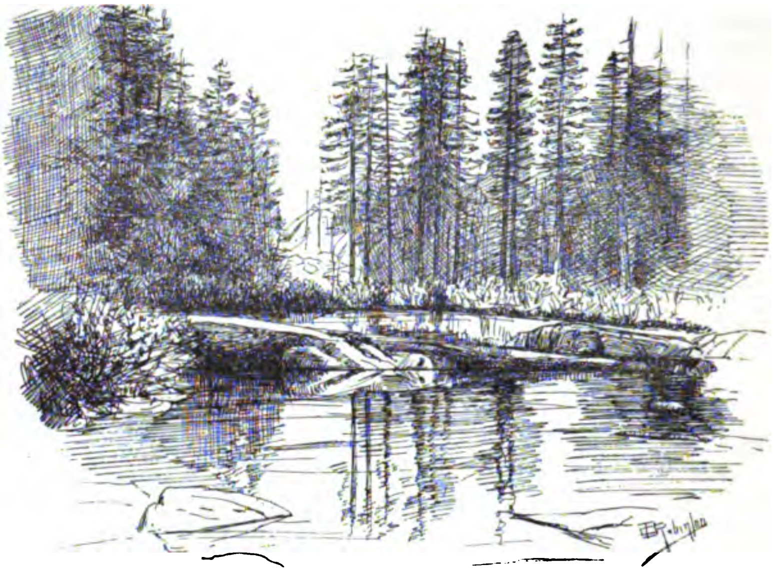

RUBICON RIVER.

of anything beside gray rocks, tall pines, and blue heavens. And as the angler with difficulty finds a foothold and prepares to cast his flies, what wonder that he, too, feels himself a mere nothing in the hands of an eternal and everlasting God.

The flies have touched the water now, and suddenly a straightened line proclaims that a trout has been lured. Not a little fellow, this, to be brought in with a simple turn of the wrist, but a good, hard-meated fighter, which, aided by the current, makes a rare struggle for liberty, only in the end to be creeled and put to that ignoble use for which doubtless all fish were created — the satisfying of man's hunger; while the river, unmindful alike of angler and trout, pursues its way with a seeming consciousness of its noble birth in the broad watershed of the high Sierra.

Typical of such waters are the Kern River, the southernmost King's, Merced, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Calamas, American, Yuba, Feather, Pitt, McCloud and Sacramento.

Each of these has characteristics peculiar to itself; and although the waters of the Kern and King's rivers are, as they reach the valleys, almost exhausted by use in irrigation, yet their mountain parts contain an abundant supply; and as their headwaters are only accessible on mule or horseback, they remain comparatively unknown even to the angler. That such a condition will exist much longer is not to be hoped, for they teem with trout of large size and good quality.

One of the tributaries of the Kern River, known as Whitney Creek, is particularly worthy of mention. It is quite a large stream, finding a bountiful source in the melting snows of Mt. Whitney, and possesses the peculiarity already remarked in the Purisima of San Mateo, — a steep declivity in its course, before the waters empty into those of the main river,—a declivity impossible for fish to mount. And the same question in regard to them arises, how did they come there? Within the knowledge of the present generation of men, they were not planted, and it would perhaps be too scientific and difficult to try and demonstrate their evolution from a phosphorescent protoplasm. Beautiful trout they

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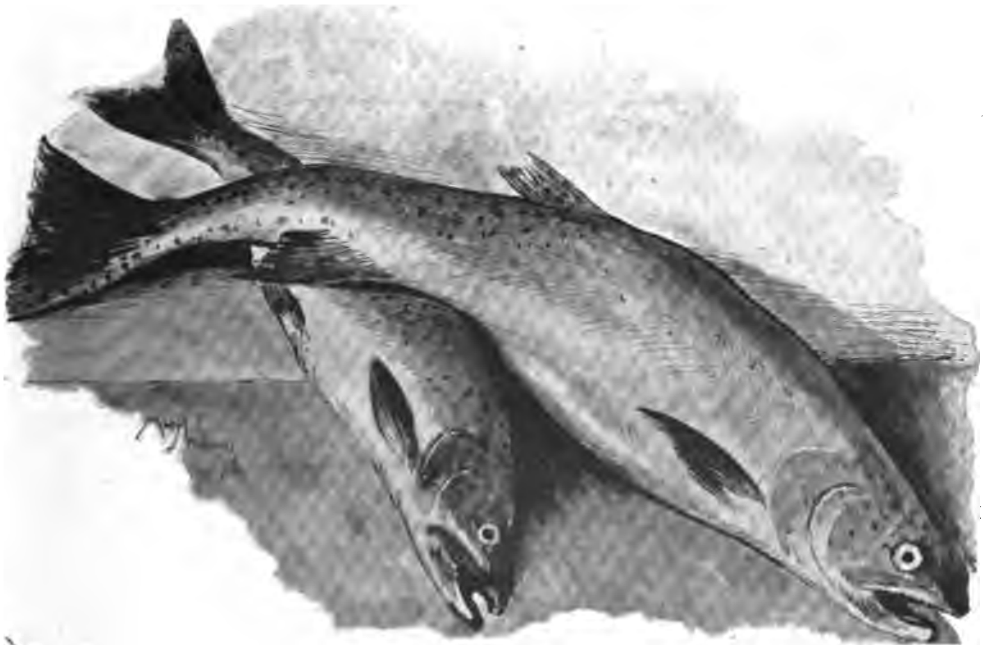
are, with a bright yellow tinge on fins, sides, and belly, and always looked upon as a distinct variety until Mr. G. Browne Goode, icthyologist of the Smithsonian Institute, ranked them in his book, American Fishes, as *salmo irideus*, or rainbow trout, and declared the peculiar color to be derived from their habitat. This gave the final blow to the California angler's talent for investigation, and he has since relapsed into silence, feeling that perhaps his nearness to the setting sun clothes everything in too brilliant colors.

Of all the rivers of the Sierra, the Merced would be thought most perfect, so far as the angler is concerned. It flows through that exquisite bit of nature, the Yosemite Valley, carries a good volume of water, and possesses those still depths where artificial flies are usually most effective; and yet no one but an Indian has ever succeeded in making anything of a catch in its deceitful tide.

On the other hand, the American and the Yuba furnish sport for all. They are easily accessible from different points on the Central Pacific Railroad, and the angler has no great labor in reaching their choicest pools. The inevitable result of this is greater wariness in the trout, calling for more consummate skill on the part of him who would be successful in taking them. To deplore such a result would be a mistake, for its tendency is toward the removal of all merely brutal methods, and a consequent raising of the sport to a higher plane.

Each of these rivers was stocked several years ago by the State Fish Commission, of which Hon. B. B. Redding was president, with Eastern trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), and it is to the qualities of this delightfully gamy fish that an added charm attaches itself to their waters.

Both the American and the Yuba have many forks and tributaries scarcely less interesting than themselves, one of the most beautiful bearing the charmed



SALMO IRIDEUS.

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name of Rubicon. Not every one who crosses it, however, is so fortunate as was the famous Roman in passing its namesake of the olden time, for many an angler lives to tell a tale of defeat in its waters. It flows into the American. The Feather River, which finds an abundant and pure source at the foot of Lassen Peak, and empties itself into the Sacramento just below Marysville, has for years been cited as producing trout of large size and extraordinary markings. The part of it best known to the angler is that which flows through a long tract of Lassen county, named Big Meadows. Here the devotee of the rod finds himself five thousand feet above the sea level, with opportunity for sending his line from a boat into the slow yet dark and deep tide that babbles no story, but, like his Indian boatman, guards whatever knowledge it may possess under a cloak of imperturbable stolidity. Lesser streams break its tide at frequent intervals, and the pad of the yellow lily clusters under its banks; while drooping, feathery trees break the heat of high noon. An ideal home for the trout this,—and small wonder that one was taken some years ago near the Bunnel hostelry which tipped the scales at eight pounds. Small wonder, too, that its flesh has an exquisite pink tinge, and a flavor delicious enough to have tickled the palate of a Lucullus.

The singular markings before referred to are a quite dark back, spots intensely black, the rainbow tint distinctly traced along the sides, and bright red dashes on each side of the throat, not unlike a fresh and flowing cut. This latter appearance was undoubtedly responsible for the significant but ugly appellation of "cut-throat trout" by which they have been so popularly known. Mr. Goode classes them as *Salmo irideus*, but does not attempt an explanation of the scarlet neckcloth.

Perhaps after a time, when angling has become one of the finest of arts, fish may be classified as much by temperament as by appearance, which will elucidate many things, and among them, why trout should lose all interest in the artificial fly in rivers like the Sacramento and the Pitt, because salmon have chosen them as spawning ground, and retain it in the McCloud, even to the extent of making *Salmo salar* himself susceptible to a hook and line. Sufficient to say that many and many an angler has worn out patience on the former river, which finds its headwaters near Mount Shasta, and which, from Delta to Sissons, knows no rival in beauty, only to turn to the McCloud, and have every fishing instinct gratified. This is the home of that gay member of the *Salmo irideus* family, known to the populace as Dolly Varden. Marvelous stories are related of its voracity, and a San Francisco angler is responsible for the tale that not long ago, upon opening one, he found a chipmunk undergoing absorption. A creature equal to swallowing such

HOTEL AT RUBICON SODA SPRINGS.

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Photo by Harris.

NORTH BRANCH OF THE FEATHER RIVER, BIG MEADOWS.

an animal would naturally fight well, and it is undoubtedly due to the game qualities of Dolly Varden that the McCloud is fast becoming one of the most popular fishing resorts in the State.

To the angler longing for that genuine tickle of the elbow which fly-fishing in perfection affords, many of the lakes of California offer a fine opportunity, and whatever of best there is may be found in that high Sierra group which comprises Tahoe, the Gilmore Lakes, Donner, Independence, Webber, Castle, Gold, and Long.

Of these, Webber ranks, perhaps, first in advantage for sport. It is a beautiful sheet of water, showing amethyst colors, and almost entirely surrounded by mountains, whose peaks are crowned with snow, and whose slopes are covered with forests of pine and tamarack.

Some years ago a quaint old doctor named Webber stocked it with trout from Feather River, and recently a private hatchery has been established for continuing the work. No lovelier spot could be commended to the angler seeking rest as well as sport.

Tahoe's beautiful and many colored waters contain the largest fish, some having been taken which weighed as high as twenty-five pounds, but their game qualities are, generally speaking, nothing; and as a consequence, the spoon and the handline figure more prominently than the bamboo rod and artificial fly. These trout were named *Salmo Henshawi*, after the well known naturalist, Henry W. Henshaw. Doubtless, whoever bestowed the name intended to honor that clever student and devoted lover of nature, but

> The best laid plans o' mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley.

And here is one very much so, for of all *Salmo* known to the Coast, *Salmo Henshawi* both for rod and table is poorest. There are fish in the lake, though, called

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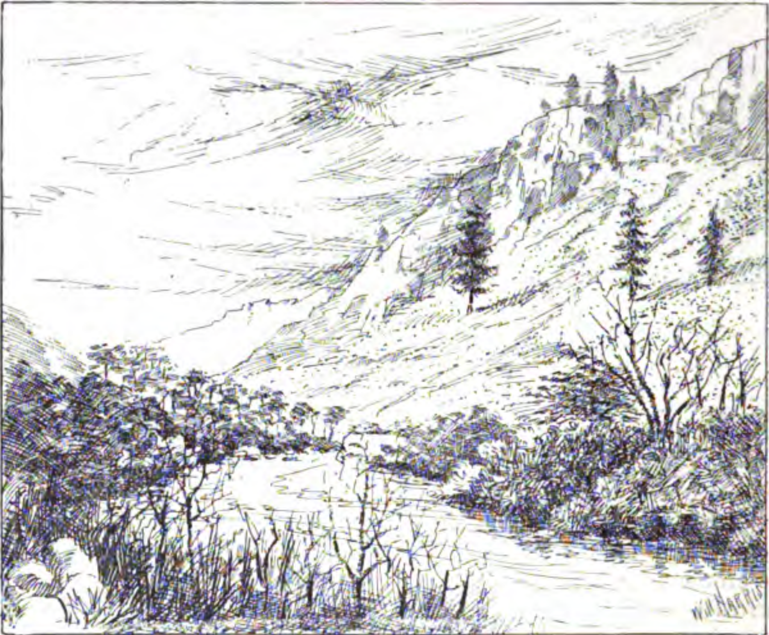
silver trout, which at times give considerable sport, and whose flesh is quite palatable.

Not all the merits of the five or six Gilmore Lakes are yet known, but they are beautifully situated, and give good entertainment to him or her who loves tramping and horseback riding as well as fishing.

Both Donner and Independence Lakes contain many varieties of trout, but as they rarely respond to anything except bait or spoon, the angler finds himself at rather a disadvantage, and when tempted to spend some time beside them, is apt to have plenty of time to dream over their legends. Of these it is scarcely necessary to speak, as everyone has read of the ill-fated Donner party, and there are few who have not heard how beautiful Lola Montez named Independence Lake on a fourth of July many years ago. It is a long and rather weird body of water, still used as an experimental station by the Fish Commission, who have placed within it several different kinds of *Salmo*,—among others the Eastern trout and the land-locked salmon.

Castle Lake, about seven miles from Sissons, is full of trout. It is accessible, however, only by trail, and for that reason is not very frequently visited.

Of the Klamath Lakes in the extreme northern part of the State, not very much may be said from an angling standpoint. They are large bodies of water, and perhaps when better known will give more encouragement.



CAÑON OF THE PITT RIVER.

While writing of lake-fishing, it would be unfair not to mention the sport that may be had in a dainty bit of water known as White Rock. It nestles among the loftiest mountains of the Sierra chain, and constantly reflects Mount Lola's perpetual snows in its clear water. Shepherds and cattle drivers have known of this little lake many years, but for the angler it was undiscov-

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Photo by Harris.

FALL RIVER, SHASTA COUNTY.

ered until a season ago. Trout abound in it: they belong to the rainbow, or *Salmo irideus*, family, and some have grown to a very large size. Within the past two weeks a number of large ones have been taken with rod and line, one patriarch leaving on record a weight of ten pounds.

It is quite certain the fish have been planted there, since the fork of the Yuba River which forms the outlet contains falls which trout cannot ascend. Recent inquiries would seem to develop the fact that somebody did place fish in the lake about nineteen years ago. The name of this somebody, good Samaritan that he was, should be known to all anglers, that through their praise he might receive the reward so justly merited. How does it happen that the little anglers' paradise is of such recent discovery? Because, undoubtedly, so difficult of access; not unlike perhaps a hundred just such trout homes scattered among the peaks of the Sierra.

Other bodies of water interesting to the angler are a number of artificial reservoirs, which have been stocked with trout, and so made to afford much pleasure and sport. Many of these were created by the erection of large dams in rivers, for the purpose, in early days, of supplying water for mining purposes. The ones most often frequented are Fordyce, about seven

SACRAMENTO RIVER AT BOX CAÑON.

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Photo by C. F. Cormack.
MCCLOUD RIVER TROUT.

miles north of Cisco, belonging to the South Yuba Water and Canal Company; Bowman's, belonging to the North Bloomfield Company, and Foucherie and French Lakes, belonging to the Eureka Water Company. All these bodies of water are quite distant from human habitations, and more or less difficult to reach. Fishing may only be had by permission from the owners. The angler who receives this favor will find much enjoyment, both in the sport to be had and in the entertainment invariably offered by the ditch and dam tender who occupies the company's house.

There is another class of artificial reservoirs in different portions of the State, built to supply waters to cities and towns, which have for many years and do now contribute largely toward the angler's pleasure. Those best known are located on the peninsula belonging to the Spring Valley Water Company, the Menlo Park reservoir in San Mateo County, and Lagunitas Lake, the property of the San Rafael Water Company in Marin County.

The generosity of the various water companies in so freely granting permission to fish these waters, and in so carefully stocking them, is, beyond question, most commendable, and anglers are always ready to return a full meed of praise.

It is impossible within the space allotted this article to specify more in detail

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Photo by J. M. Hobbs.

THE MC CLOUD RIVER FROM SISSON'S FISHERY.

the various trout-bearing waters of the State. There are many of which no mention has been made, that are quite as important, in their way, as those cited. The idea has simply been to present the principal features and characteristics of California waters as a class.

Apropos of the subject of trout fishing in our State, it may be generally remarked that there is no material difference between the art as practiced here and elsewhere, and our anglers may justly be said to be abreast of the times not only in skill, but in a knowledge of tackle and all that pertains to the sport.

Of late years a marked change has been made in the angler's outfit, most noticeable perhaps in rod, line, and lure. Instead of using, as formerly, a heavy ten, twelve, or fourteen ounce rod, he finds much more pleasure and far less work in handling the Catskill of five or

Photo by Hobbs.

SHOTGUN CREEK, NEAR SIMMS.

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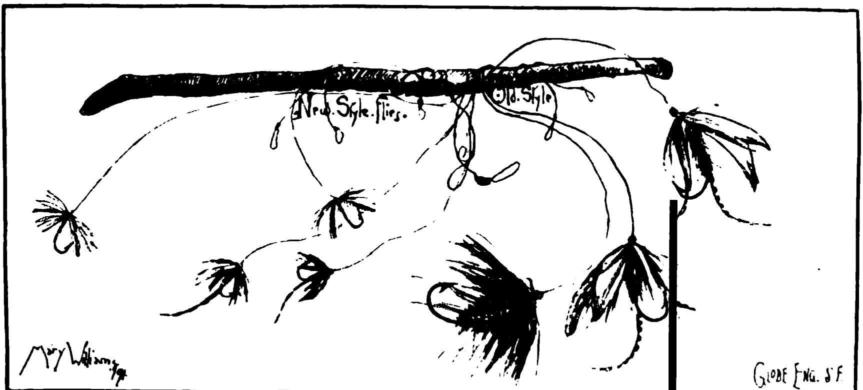
Photo by Harris.
UPPER FALL OF THE MC CLOUD.

five and one-half ounces, and gets equally good results for the day.

A light rod demands a fine line and small flies, for the artificial fly has become an important factor in the modern outfit, and it is tied with a nicety that bespeaks the deftest fingers. Large, gaudy articles are entirely discarded for




FLIES, OLD STYLE AND NEW.

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tiny ants and spinners, that are such clever imitations as to deceive the wariest *Salmo*.

One often hears the remark, "Trout are becoming educated," and there is more truth than fiction in the words; for the oftener its haunts are invaded, the less unsophisticated it becomes. There is no great cleverness needed to cause inexperienced trout to rise, as may be perfectly demonstrated by the following bit of true history: A great lover of the rod was once intending to fish Castle Lake, but by some strange mischance his flies had been left at home, and for several minutes he knew not what to do; then, being a man of quick perception, he noted that the manzanita was in full bloom, and moreover, that the blossom bore close resemblance to a nondescript "coachman." Instantly the idea came to him that this would serve, and that his judgment was not in fault was proved by the full creel he bore away. Stupid trout! Such an experience would scarcely be possible in California today; the trout have been educated a point beyond. And the angler has changed, too. There is more refinement attending all his methods, and he is apt to recognize only the artificial fly, the trolling minnow, and the single hook.

THE OLD GUIDE.

The law of our State, in its wisdom, and greatly to its credit, has prohibited all use of explosives and nets for killing trout. It should

Photo by Gregory.
A TUSSLE ON WEBER LAKE.

Photo by Waters.
ECONOMICAL FISHERMEN, TRUCKEE RIVER.

go one step farther, and put an end to the use of the spoon, with its cluster of three hooks, for, if ever a fishing device was perfected by the devil, and not intended for the true angler, that is the thing.

Following the example of many sister States, California has adopted beneficial laws for the preservation of the trout in its waters, by making a close season, which protects them while spawning; and has created a Commission to see that the laws are enforced, and to replenish the waters by propagation and distribution.

The artificial hatching of trout, always a most interesting study, has become an important feature in the Commission's duties, and one in which all anglers should feel an interest. This science of hatching young trout has been brought to great perfection, so that the supply can always be maintained.

In addition to what each State does in particular, the general government has established a Commission, and yearly

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expends large sums of money in hatching and distributing trout, of which our State regularly receives its just quota.

The California State Commission has two large hatcheries, one located at Lake Tahoe and the other at Sissons. Hundreds of thousands of young trout are yearly hatched at these places, and distributed. Beside these, there are a number of private hatcheries in different portions of the State, maintained and operated by individuals who are making a business of it, and from whom the Commission buys large numbers of small fry every year. Two of the great difficulties which the Commission has had, and continually has, to contend against, and which has done more to lessen the supply of trout in our streams than anything else, are the erection of dams in rivers and the emptying of sawdust from sawmills into their waters. The former prevents fish from reaching their spawning grounds, and the latter destroys them.

The legislature has made it the duty of dam-owners to erect and maintain fishways, and has declared it a misdemeanor to empty sawdust into the waters. It is to be hoped that the State Commission will be able fully to enforce these beneficent laws.

Another enemy of the angler is the Indian. During the trout spawning season, bands of Indians leave their reservation and spear the fish in large quantities, especially those of the Sierra streams. This matter is receiving serious consideration, and an attempt will be made to do away entirely with it.

Considering all the efforts that are being made to protect, restore, and preserve trout, it is safe to say the standard of true angling in California will be maintained for some time to come.

One peculiar feature connected with trout fishing here, which has not been mentioned, and which must not be forgotten, is camp life. It is quite safe to say that in no other part of the United States is out-of-door life so freely enjoyed as in California. Even in the Sierra, just at this season, all the well known lakesides may be seen dotted with white tents by day, and illuminated by red camp fires at night; and the same might be said of almost every accessible river and stream. A climate which makes

THE LADY FISHERMAN, AS SHE LEAVES THE HOTEL, AND AT THE STREAM.



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such a state of affairs possible is to be praised, even though the croaker croaks. And too much cannot be said in favor of this method of living in the mountains. Unfrequented waters may be reached, a natural and easy existence led, and every good instinct stimulated afresh. Then, too, it is economical; and he is not by any means the poorest angler who has to keep a sharp watch on his pocket.

It may seem exaggerated, but nevertheless the statement is made by a prominent firm of tent manufacturers in San Francisco, that during the present year it has rented more than two thousand tents to campers. Add to this those who own outfits, and some idea may be formed of the army of tent-dwellers in the field.

The constant reference to the angler throughout this attempt at picturing a pleasant sport, has not been meant to exclude that portion of the gentler sex who follow Dame Juliana's example, and cast a line. The women of California are naturally robust, and fond of healthful exercise, and there are not a few of them who lure and play trout with that graceful ease which marks the expert. Clad in a blouse and short jacket, short skirts—sometimes removed at the brookside—a broad hat, and rubber boots, and armed with a pliant rod and some suitable flies, they do just as clever work as men, and enjoy the doing of it with quite as keen a relish.

For the angler who fishes California waters, there is a general immunity from annoyance by gnats, mosquitoes, and other small pests. Once in a while it may happen that a species of mosquito will cling about the borders of the higher lakes, but it is a comparatively inert nuisance, that never invades a sleeping apartment, nor pursues its prey beyond the radius of certain pools formed by the melting snow, and a good, steady breeze blows it quickly out of sight.

Much has been said at divers times, and in divers places, touching the game qualities of our rainbow trout. And no angler who has taken it in its native waters, can complain of lack of sport. When hungry, it comes well up to the lure, and once hooked, makes fine runs, often throwing itself high out of water, and following the dash with a sulking fit that calls for the steadiest hand and most watchful eye. Some few have tried to make a derogatory comparison between this trout and the *Salmo fontinalis* of the Yuba and the American rivers, by claiming that the latter fish was firmer-meated, and that it made a more hardy fight. But it must always be remembered that the swift current of these rivers counts for much in fishing. Any trout can make a more telling struggle in rapid than in slow water. Of course, as to the game qualities of Eastern brook trout there can be no question, for they have been too often tested to permit even the shadow of a doubt; and the point made here is only that *Salmo irideus* has just as fine qualities in its way as *Salmo fontinalis*.

In matters relative to angling, controversy is not always deplorable, since some of the finest and most enjoyable improvements in the art have been brought about by it. But on the whole, it is better to enjoy than to dispute, and here, where nature has done so much for the angler, he has only to see to it that her efforts are not ruthlessly set aside by him who could never understand the feeling experienced by that clever member of the brotherhood, even when helpless and stricken down. Let his daughter tell the story:—

And then he gathered around him, when the spring mornings brought gay jets of sunshine into the little room where he lay, the relics of a youthful passion,—one that with him never grew old. It was an affecting sight to see him busy—nay, quite absorbed—with the fishing tackle scattered about his bed, propped up with pillows; his noble head yet glorious with its flowing locks, carefully combed by attentive hands, and falling on each side of his unfaded face. How neatly he picked out each elegant-

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ly dressed fly from its little bunch, drawing it out with trembling hand along the white coverlet; and then, replacing it in his pocket-book, he would tell ever and anon of the streams he used to fish in of old, and of the deeds he had performed in his childhood and youth.

*Ramon E. Wilson.*

# THE HOONAH INDIANS VISIT SITKA.

LOOKING out over Sitka Bay, we saw five big canoes coming towards the Rancherie, or that part of town, on the water's edge, where the Indians live. We hurried down there, and were very much interested in the ceremonies attending the arrival of a large party of Hoonah Indians.

In times gone by a Hoonah had married a Sitka squaw, so the tribes are friendly, and continue to go in large bodies visiting at least once a year, though the man and woman that made the relationship have been dead for some time.

Indians are fond of bright colors, and the red, yellow, blue, and green, of their costumes had a very brilliant kaleidoscopic effect as the men, women, and little children, about eighty in all, sat huddled together in the canoes. Above them floated the stars and stripes and a British flag, used with an eye to decoration, and with no idea of sailing under false colors.

Hoonah, the place they came from, is one hundred and twenty miles from Sitka; it takes over a week to come from there in a canoe. The visitors may have stopped to rest at different islands on their way, but even so, it must have been a hard trip for them. Indians become used to the cramped, uncomfortable position necessary in a canoe, yet I think it injures them, especially when they are young, and that it may be the reason why so many of them grow up bow-legged, pigeon-toed, and otherwise deformed.

We thought these people would be in a great hurry to disembark, but there were many ceremonies to be gone through with first.

An old Indian stood up in one of the canoes, and extolled the virtues of the maiden who had married into their tribe. He told traditional stories of her goodness and perfection. If they were true, it was sad that she could not have lived forever as a bright and shining example. He kept on for fully twenty minutes, then sank down in the canoe, overcome with grief, weeping as if the coffin-lid had just closed over the dear departed.

Then up rose another aged warrior,

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and in the most pathetic tones called out to the people on shore to take them in: "We are cold,— we are weary,— we have traveled far."

The sad, entreating voice had seemingly no effect, though the words were repeated again and again. He next tried bribery. He held up new blankets and other gifts they had brought to give those who might entertain them. Even then there was no response. Then in a loud, wailing voice he made a personal appeal to those whose family names he knew:

"O, come out, Whale! Listen to me, Crow! Hear my words, O Bear!"

This was evidently the cue for the next speaker. Midst the loud beating of drums, the door of one of the houses on shore opened, and on its threshold an old Indian called "Father of Rats" appeared, dressed for the occasion. He had on three or four blankets that might once have been red, but had grown brown with usage. Over the blankets he wore a large robe made of eagles' breasts, handsome enough to make a tourist wild with envy; long yellow leggins, and a remarkably tall cone-shaped hat completed his costume.

With a stealthy, cat-like tread he went down to the beach and out on a big rock that was in the water. There he squatted, Indian fashion, swaying his body from side to side, occasionally flapping his arms as if about to take flight in his eagle plumage.

While he was going through these contortions, another old Siwash came, and standing beside him welcomed the strangers in the canoes and invited them to land. Then at last the ceremony was over, and the poor people, after being an hour and a half in the drizzling rain, were allowed to find shelter and comfort.

No sooner had the old Indian crouched on the rock assumed a standing position, than his tall, white cone-shaped hat, covered with red and blue paintings, was taken from his head, carefully wrapped in a cloth, and carried up to the house to be put away for next time. The rain fell on his gray hair and made his weak eyes red, as he staggered up under the weight of blankets. As he passed where we were standing, he seized our hands and shook them.

"He thanks you that you came," explained one standing by. "Indians like to have white people attend their ceremonies."

I had a suspicion at the time that the gestures and intoning would not have been quite so tragic if we had not been there.

We staid to watch the people get out of their canoes, and go up to the houses on shore with all their bags and baggage.

I could not see that the Hoonah Indians were very different from the Thlinkets, our Sitka Indians. The same broad, flat, jolly faces, and jet black hair and eyes. The women of both tribes have beautiful hair and naturally red cheeks.

The conduct of the people on the shore had all along been singularly apathetic. Many men stood listening to the long harangues, but most of the women kept on with their work, while the children swarmed everywhere. I concluded that Saturday must be washing day on the Ranch, so many squaws were busy at it. Their houses have no back doors or sheds. Their tubs — or apologies for tubs, old kerosene cans — were all out in front, as they scrubbed away, not even glancing at the newly arrived visitors.

Other women and girls were busy bringing up logs of wood from the water's edge, and piling them by the house doors. Clothes had been hung out on lines put up beside the public road or pathway, and as we walked along we had to be careful not to let the wet garments flap against us; for dry they could not on such a rainy day.

When the visitors landed I noticed

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several wash bowls, such as are used for toilet purposes, and I was pleased that natives should be so cleanly in their habits, and thought they had shown great forethought to provide themselves with a luxury not to be found in Thlinket dwelling houses. I afterwards discovered that the bowls were intended to hold strawberries preserved in seal oil, and that they had brought with them a number of kerosene cans filled with the delicacy, as a treat for the Sitka Indians; for strawberries do not grow here, though very abundant in Hoonah. They had a feast that very night. They surrounded the bowls, and each man dipped his horn spoon into the mixture. Later on the women had a chance.

Some days after the arrival of the Hoonahs, we heard there was to be a war dance at the Ranch, in which members from both tribes were to participate. We turned our steps thitherward, and found, when we arrived at the house where it was held, that we (two ladies) were the only visitors from the outside. We were received, however, with the greater cordiality, and chairs were found for us.

When seated at the back part of the room, we looked over a sea of heads,—old men, squaws, and papooses; there must have been over three hundred. The grown folks sat on the floor close together, and the children were wedged in anywhere. The thought that all these people were between us and the door, the only exit, was discouraging, to say the least; but there was really no cause for anxiety.

Indian houses are often built with but one large room, but the one we were in was better arranged than most of them. It had belonged to An-a-hootz, chief of the tribe, and had little rooms, like staterooms on a steamer, partitioned off on two sides. The tops of these rooms made fine gallery seats for boys who were big enough to climb up.

The performers filed in, more than fifty of them, quite filling the space that had been left at one side of the room. The building was as full as it could be, and the air rather stifling; but we soon forgot all discomforts in the excitement of watching the dance.

Moccasined and naked feet on the bare wooden floor kept time to the beating of the *kow*, or native drum, the whole audience involuntarily moving to the rhythm, from the vibrations of the floor, as the performers danced and sang their war songs. At times the noise was deafening, when they became excited in depicting war scenes, throwing their bodies into not ungraceful attitudes, as they imitated the throwing of spears and the shooting of guns, and clinched each other as if for mortal combat. During one part each one shook a rattle, and I imagined that to be the challenge to the enemy; and when the singing became soft and plaintive, I thought it was a lament for the wounded and dying.

The brilliant colors of their costumes, the waving of feathers and plumes on their heads, and their war-painted faces, made the scene not only effective, but really gorgeous. Some of the costumes were very elaborate: there were several big blue capes, with a broad bright red border, and between the red and blue, row upon row, were pearl buttons sewed on as near together as they are on the piece of tinsel when bought. Much time, work and expense is spent upon such garments, yet they are quite common. There were a few squaws among the dancers, and quite a number of them sat in the front row decked in feathers and finery, and joined in the singing.

Those that took part in the dance appeared in some very queer costumes. One man had a large American flag draped about him, the folds gathered on one shoulder like Grecian drapery; another, a light blue flannel shirt, with the figure of a whale cut out of red cloth and sewed on the breast, small pearl buttons tracing the outline. I no-

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ticed several "Boston" shirts, starched and ironed, glossy enough to suit any dude, with elaborate cuff buttons and studs. As a general thing, gay suspenders were considered quite enough to wear over them, though one rather "big Indian" wore over his a mantle of red cloth, with a black border, and the inevitable pearl button trimming. His head-dress was made of a mass of eagle feathers, placed so that the quills formed a border. They all wore feathers on their heads, and some of the plumes looked like Japanese feather dusters dyed red, blue, and every bright color. Others wore white sea-gulls' wings. Their painted faces were very grotesque. Some were in zebra-like lines, black and white, but most of them preferred vermillion daubed on. All had unnaturally red lips, and wore all the silver jewelry they could pile on,— big rings in their noses and ears, and on their fingers,— some even wore bracelets and necklaces.

Some of the squaws in the audience were well gotten up. I noticed one in a yellow satin skirt, evidently some lady's discarded ball dress, others in woolen plaids; but most of them wore calico dresses. All had shawls or blankets over their shoulders, and gay silk handkerchiefs tied over their heads. One little papoose that attracted my attention was done up in a bundle of linen, and looked very sweet and clean. Its mother had ornamented it by fastening in large safety pins close together, for a trimming, down the whole length of its outside garment.

We were a little worried lest the dancing should keep up late, but it ended, to our relief, about the time it became necessary to light the lamps. As we passed out our entertainers bowed to us, and smiled with their painted mouths, and said "Hollo" and "How do,"— their usual salutation, and about all the English most of them know; and we tried to express by signs how much pleasure they had given us.

There were other dances, feasts, and potlatches, given to entertain the visitors. They staid about two weeks, and were treated with the greatest hospitality. They will have reason to remember long their visit to Sitka.

*Anna Maxwell.*

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# A FOINE MAN.

"THE wee ladkin, the dear ladkin!" So in soft Celtic accent spoke a proud young Irish father. "Faith, an' by our Lady's grace it is a foine man he 'll be making, the wee ladkin!"

Closer to her breast the happy mother pressed her baby boy, and kissed his tiny hands, and stroked his fair, flossy hair. "A foine man, by our Lady's grace, the wee ladkin!" faintly she murmured.

Poor young mother,—that was well nigh seventy years ago. The blue-eyed baby with the flaxen hair has been a man these many years,—yonder he sits on the old wooden bench near the door of his shop. "A foine man?" Ay, albeit aged now, and friendless, and bereft.

His white head is bowed, his eyes are cast upon the ground, from his listless fingers falls a cold black pipe. But the clatter fails to break the old man's reverie, or to call the thoughts that wander backwards many years, and circle round the globe. The gentle shadows of a California twilight become the dusky gloom of an Irish cabin. A lonely and neglected boy crouches with outstretched hands beside the lingering coals of a turf fire. Great-eyed and wistful he sits, like an owl in the underground home of a squirrel. Solemnly he gazes at the merry gambols of his lively companions. With each other they sport, not with him,—an interloper he, harbored out of generosity.

Sad indeed is your history, Timothy Lane. Motherless a fortnight after birth, and orphaned before two years of age, you early learned the bitter taste of strangers' bread. Often your poor little stomach craved food,—often your famished heart ached nigh to breaking. Yet they meant to be kind, these strangers who sheltered you. Was theirs the blame if bread was scarce in the land of famine? Would you reproach them that they loved their own the best?

Assuredly not. Little Tim knew what was the matter. When yet a young lad, he had seen a mother bathe and dress her first-born babe, while the old granddame hovered near, with now a word of endearment, now one of advice.

"Arrah, me child," she cried. "Niver do that! Niver take the babe's clothes from offen the feet; ye draw ivery grain of luck from the craytur. For three months it is over the head ye must draw off its clothes, and I wonder ye niver knew that. It 's Maggie O'Brien would heed no advice, and the first baby died, the second's as deaf as a post, and poor little Pat has the rickets so bad he can't come in at the door."

"Alack," sighed Timothy Lane. "Now that 's what 's the matter with me. Me own dear mother was dead, and nobody heeded, 'cause nobody cared, and from offen my feet the clothes were took, before I was three months old. Arrah me! Arrah me!"

Not altogether luckless, however, was Tim. A rugged constitution, a cheerful temper,—surely these were prime blessings vouchsafed him! He was unharmed by fasting, as a bear in the winter season, and inured to cold like a rabbit. He lived, despite privation, grew lusty and tall, broad-shouldered and brawny.

None knew he was lonely in spirit,—none guessed he was sick at heart, for truly had he learned "to suffer and be still." Perhaps he told the birds, the bees, or the crickets, in the woodland solitude; perhaps he opened his heart to his good horse as they trudged along the furrows; perhaps his faithful dog was his confidant,—who can tell? Not these

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good creatures, though they loved him well; and certain it is that, unknown to human kind, this silent soul suffered alone.

"He is a dacint, good lad," Feargus O'Toole, Tim's foster-father, was wont to assert, "and biddable, too, barrin' the toimes he is set on ways av his own. It's 'I will,' or 'I won't,' and no needless palaver."

"Sure," said Feargus to Tim, "it is Mary Fogarty's as likely a gurl as biles an Irish potatee. You must marry her, Tim."

"Indade an' I'll not," made answer young Tim.

"It is quite a nate penny old Margaret will lave her."

"Divil a bit I care."

"Faith, ye hould yerself chice, on me soul ye do, Tim. Would the loike of a countess or duchess suit yer foine fancy, I wonder?"

"Niver a toime,— if her tongue be uncivil."

"A good pinted tongue gives odds in a bargain. Yer own wags but slow; best secure one that is spryer."

"When the moon shines at noon I'll take Mary to wife," quoth Timothy sturdily.

Vain are your words, Feargus O'Toole, — you can't wheedle young Tim to your will. O, pretty Norah O'Leary, you are to blame. You smiled at Tim; you blushed when he spoke; it was you he met in the wood. You gave him a promise; he kissed your red lips. Yes, Norah, you are to blame,— Tim can marry no woman but you. No wonder he passes Mary Fogarty by, though her eyes are black, her cheeks are red, her tongue is bold, and she will have old Margaret's money. No wonder, for Norah is gentle and fair, mild-eyed, sweet-voiced, winsome, and loving.

And how Timothy loved her! With what gladness the hermit soul welcomed another to its cell. He was beloved, and being loved, was understood, O, happiness rare to mortal man, more precious than sapphires and diamonds, more wonderful than the glory of the sun,— than the splendor of the night!

"Thrice happy, Timothy Lane, to have loved sweet Nora O'Leary! Happiness sweet and brief, for Nora died. Like a vision from Pisgah was Tim's fleeting dream. Ah, well-a-day, poor bantling of woe, pain is your portion.

"It's Mary Fogarty is after getting married," said Tim, — an older, more serious Tim than followed Nora to her grave.

"What's the name of the fool she has beguiled wid her tongue?" questioned Feargus O'Toole.

"Who should it be but meself?"

"Is it lying ye are?"

"Yis, if you lie when you spake the truth."

"Begorra, it's a very good lie that would make."

"Yourself is the one was a-running her colors up to the top of the staff, so you were,— and it not tin years since."

"If you kape a potatee all winter, I'm a-thinking it is not much improved."

"It is small harm, that I'll warrant, late shelter will do."

"O, me boy, it is gaming ye are wid yer own peace of mind. Sure, her tongue's like the dice in the box, always a-rattling, and ivery throw bringing bad luck."

"You will not find the rattle disturbing, when she spakes across the sea, in America."

"So it is off ye are at last, with foine lively company secured for the journey. Tim, me boy, it is well I'm a-wishing ye, and luck and prosperity; but little's the envy I feel."

Feargus eyed Tim with compassion, slowly shook his round head, and went into his cabin.

"Hist, Judy," said he to his wife, "Mary Fogarty's going to marry our Tim."

"She's witched him," outspoke an old

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crone in the shadow. "She 's witched him," repeated the shrill, quavering voice. And then, while Feargus and Judy were blessing and crossing 'twixt them and harm, "She 's witched him!" shrieked the old woman again.

"God save him," stammered Feargus. Then he gained courage to add, "Well, I mind tin years ago Mary Fogarty had an eye like a star, a cheek like a cardinal's gown, and right over her head good gold was a-hanging. Says I, 'Ye must marry her, Tim.' 'Divil a bit,' says he. Now, 'The divil I 'll do it,' says he, and she an old withered spud; and niver a cint did old Margaret — God rest her soul — deign to leave her."

"And how could she lave what she had n't got?" quickly questioned the crone.

"Had n't got?"

"Ay, had n't got."

"It is Jim Mulvany himself saw the bags," exclaimed Judy.

"Maybe he did, maybe he did. I 'm not denying she had them, but that 's long ago. Mary Fogarty might tell a tale,—so might old Martha O'Farrel. Ye mind how she haunted 'the stones' in the moonlight? That was for naught, as I could have told her. The moon was on the wane, and all the stars were coming out, when she saw a small chap peer over a rock. His cap was awry, his mouth was on a grin, his little red eyes were all a-blinking, and his nose looked like a great purple plum. Now, what should wild Mary do but clap her hand on her heart and call out to him. With that he tipped her a wink, and squat on the top of the rock. 'Long life to you, Mary,' says he, a-waving his cap.

"'A sorry life, my good fellow, if Tim marries Nora.'

"'I can fix that, if you 're willing,' says he.

"Says she, 'It 's more than willing I be.'

"'Now, what is your good luck?' says he.

"'Sure, it is old Margaret's fortune,' says she.

"'Will you give it up for Tim?'

"'Indade I will.'

"'What other good luck?'

"'I am handsome,' she said.

"'Will you give that up?'

"'I cannot,' she sighed.

"'Then you must give him up,' said the elf.

"'Well, I agree,' she cried dolefully.

"'What other good luck?' asked he.

"'None,' answered Mary. 'That is all.'

"'Then Nora has Tim,' cried the elf. 'No less than three things you must give up for him.'

"'Hold!' says the girl. 'I am young.'

"'Youth, beauty, and fortune,' said he, counting them over on thumb, forefinger, and lastly the one in the middle. 'Now, you give these for Tim?'

"'Yes,' answered Mary. 'I give all for Tim.'

"So what does she do but make a tryst with the elf, and put in his hand old Margaret's gold. Then he blew in his palm, and gave her a brown-colored powder. And some she put in the hair of Nora O'Leary, and some where her soles would press, and some where her palms would touch, just as the elf bade her. And ye mind how Nora was laid in her grave, and Mary stood ready to hop in her shoes. And it 's a long time since she has stood on one foot, for the mischievous elf did not tell, as he had a right, that she must bide till the gold was her own to give. Now at last old Margaret has gone, and the charm is complete. She has witched him; she has witched Tim!"

The old crone swayed to and fro, and with her shrill voice filled the cabin.

"There is no place left for her pillow! There is naught but ill luck for her dower! Her blood is accursed; while it warms mortal veins nothing but sorrow for Tim; woe for Timothy Lane,— nothing but woe!"

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All the countryside believed the tale, though none dared whisper it to Tim, for he gallantly championed Mary. Pitiful had been her sighs of loneliness, wily were the tears she had shed, and well governed, for the nonce, was her tongue. Tim married her, and together they left the old world for the new.

He was a dunce, she was a shrew; at least, so their new neighbors esteemed them. But he was an industrious dunce, she was a clever shrew, and in worldly ways they prospered.

Tim paid little heed to the railings of Mary. She might scold for a lifetime,— it wounded him less than would have one word from Nora. For fifteen years he hearkened to her carping tongue,— then it was stilled forever.

Spare a tender thought for this ungentle woman, who loved — and was pitied!

She bore two sons. One died when a child, and one grew to manhood. Tim shed many tears for the child who died, yet more and bitterer far were those that fell for the man who lived.

"He is honest," protested the father. "He 'll lie and he 'll stale, that I know; but he is honest,—he will always own up when he 's caught; no mean, sneaking varmint is Dan."

For nearly forty years the iniquity of the good man's son troubled the police of the metropolis; then he was laid beside mother and brother.

A seedling sprang from that bitter seed, and it was tender and sweet, as such seedlings sometimes chance to be.

"What will you name her, Dan?" asked the old man wistfully, when baby first opened her big blue eyes.

"Suit yourself, old gent, for it 's godfather you must be."

"Let it be Nora," he said with a sigh, and eyes that were dim with tears.

By the time little Nora could lisp her grandsire's name she was indeed his own; and dearly did he love her,— more dearly than the widowed mother did, who gave her child to another's keeping, and followed a new love.

The little one was fragile, as fond eyes soon discovered, and would perish if not nurtured tenderly. So the old man, with the child, set out on a new pilgrimage. They journeyed from the eastern to the western sea, and found a warmer winter sun, a gentler summer sky. There in fair Los Angeles they made their home.

It was a rude dwelling in which they lived,— a flat-roofed Mexican adobé. Its white walls pleased Timothy's fancy.

"It is here I will open my shop, and please God, earn my bread," he said.

And he laid his sharp tools out on the bench and set up his rolls of leather, for his trade was that of a harnessmaker.

Through the long days he sat at his work, and the child in her little chair beside him.

He told her tales of his Irish home, and of his lost Nora, and the little one nodded her pretty head and looked wondrous wise and clever.

Timothy Lane, were you fleeing from Fate, — across the sea, across the land? Did you think weal could go where woe could not follow? There was sore affliction in Ireland, there were bitter years in New York, there is sorrow in store on the far Pacific shore.

For the fold is empty,— the ewe lamb is gone. Weep, burst the flood-gates of sorrow! What, are these few tears all you have to shed? Are those pallid cheeks, those tottering steps, misery's only outward token?

You are well learned in suffering, old man; else those trembling lips could never have said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord," when little Nora was taken away.

And tonight with what patience you sit, thinking of times that have been, a sadness crossing your face, a tear welling up to your eye. "A foine man," truly, as those parents prayed in their lowly Irish home.

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"Old man, you are in luck,— I say, you are in luck!" repeated a small, weazen-faced fellow, peering up at Timothy Lane.

"Me, good fellow, you are wrong,—luck and I are strangers entoirely."

"Call the rose as you will; I call it luck."

"Then call it ill-luck."

"I might call it ill-luck to live in such a miserable Mexican hovel as this. A rickety roof, a wretched ground floor,—I never could work in such a dismal, dark hole!"

"Now, the good Lord forbid you should be shop-mate of mine."

"Be that as it may,—an old man like you deserves better things in his age,—a chance to straighten his back, a few of the comforts of life; and here you are, right on the busiest street, in all the hubbub and din of the city. Say, does n't the noise make your poor old head giddy?"

"It is near forty years I lived in New York."

"O-ho! Then that is what makes you so shrewd. Well, I miss my guess if you let this chance slip, and don't pocket a good round profit. It is the good luck I referred to before. I have a purchaser for you. You can make a rare trade,—get three times what you gave for this lot of yours."

"Mrs. Carter is offering me four."

"Indeed! Well, I am willing to go her one better. Call it five, and I know you can't help but agree."

Tim shook his head.

"Don't be hasty, old man; consider it well. I will see you again."

"He is precious soft-spoken and glib with his tongue; all that 's sweet is not to be eaten, however," soliloquized Timothy Lane. "Wait a bit; check the horse that gallops so fast to the bargain."

Serious and vacant-eyed was the old harnessmaker, when the real estate man repeated his visit.

"Colonel Forbes," said the weazen-faced dealer, with a smirk and a nod; "Colonel Forbes has come to make you an offer."

"I have," assented the Colonel, swelling his wide waistcoat and seating himself with lordly air. Then he lowered his voice:—

"You possibly know that I and my coadjutors have secured the famous San Lucas Rancho. We have subdivided the acreage, established a townsite, intend to pipe water, lay cement walks, erect fine three-story blocks, and run a motor line into the town. It is a vast undertaking, but success is assured beyond a doubt,—values will double in less than a year."

"More than double in half that time," cried the agent with unction.

"We will say double," blandly continued the Colonel. "The public are clamoring madly to buy; large premiums are offered for options,"— then he paused, but Tim only surveyed him in silence.

"Now, what do you say to such an offer as this?" The great man waxed warmer, and spoke as one granting a favor: "I will give you ten acres out on the mesa—"

Tim's face was unchanged.

"Two lots in the business center, or, if you chose villa lots,—"

"Them 's always my chice to avoid," muttered the harnessmaker.

"And four thousand shares of the Company's stock," grandly concluded the Colonel. "Four, say five thousand shares,"

"You might give me fifty, and not lose a cent,—I 'd give them all back."

"What, you won't sell?"

"I 'm not liking the bargain."

"Well, what are your terms?"

"Twelve thousand dollars put into me hand."

"What?"

"Twelve thousand dollars put into me hand."

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"Cash payment!" gasped Colonel Forbes.

"Cash!" murmured the henchman.

"Cash!" chorused the two.

"Sure, I want as good as I gave, and that was full measure of money."

"But, man, you are crazy!" the agent exclaimed, while speechless was Colonel J. Humphrey Forbes. "That was four years ago, before the boom came. Don't you know, old mossback, all the banks of the State could not furnish the money to pay the new prices of land, and the improvements planned? Why, old fool, you would knock the bottom clean out of all enterprise. How in thunder could men speculate, if every driveling idiot whined, 'Cash, give me cash!'"

"Those are my terms," replied Tim, selecting an edge, and starting to work on a long strap of leather. "Will I see you again, gentlemen."

"Damn his impudence!" angrily muttered the Colonel.

"Humph," grunted Timothy Lane, as he bent over his bench. "It's the venturesome mouse gets into the trap. Cheese is fair eating, but my nibble can wait till it is laid on the shelf."

So Tim continued to punch and bevel his straps, and stitch his leather, in the little adobe on Main Street. Real estate men cozened and coaxed, speculators hectored and bullied; the more they beset him, the more steadfast grew Tim. "It's an honest man's money I'm a wanting," he said.

And he got it, good coin, and full measure.

Can that be poor, luckless Timothy Lane, who holds in his hand great rolls of gold? Are those his bright eyes, is that his glad voice; can Tim move at so lively a pace? Why, Tim, you amaze your old friends.

But what is this? Why do those brisk steps grow slower, why do you turn, sad heart, from that door? Alas, keeps the Resort on the corner, you no welcome on that lonely threshold waits, no eager ears to listen, no loved one to rejoice. It is cheerless and dreary. Far better the jostling crowds of the street, than the cruel hush of that desolate home. Night came on, still the old man wandered wearily.

"Good luck is worse than the illest I've known; I am happiest when I'm sad," he said, as he huddled his aching limbs on a bench in the Park.

Soon he slept. Again he was in Donegal, once more he walked in the fragrant wood with his own true love, his Nora. Then she vanished from sight, though he stretched out his arm to detain her. He opened his eyes, the morning had dawned. He must return to the home, his no longer; the money was his,—and little Nora's home was the possession of strangers.

The leveling tide of anguish passed like the first flush of pleasure, and Timothy, tranquil as in bygone years, bethought him of a new habitation. In a quiet, respectable part of the city, a simple frame shop was to let. The surroundings were pleasant, and so, though the walls were unpapered and the ceiling unplastered, when Tim had inspected the shop, and peered into the bedroom and kitchen behind, he said, "It will do."

New rolls of oak-tanned leather came by his order from Stockton. But his old fashioned tools he would not replace, for in his estimation none better could the factories of Newark produce.

His fortune was snug in the bank, and Tim kept his own counsel about it. He rested his old bones, and dreamed over his pipe, content when business was brisk, undisturbed when business was dull.

"I reckon, neighbor, you are a stranger in the town,"—such was the salutation of barber Frederick Dick. "You are not? Well, neither am I. Fact is, I have been right here in Dibble Row since the day it was built. Eddie, who

know, came before long, and then old Adam Bentley the druggist, appeared, and by Jove, we are stayers, we three, champion stayers. We have had plumbers, and tinkers, and cobblers, and the Lord knows what, in the two little shops, but no one ever for long. You and the butcher,— he is a newcomer, too,—being detached, don't by rights belong to the Row, but we count you in, for we are a sociable crowd. Hope you like the location. It is what I call genteel."

Then into the butcher shop stepped the barber.

"A lazy fellow!" quoth he, with a twirl of his thumb.

"And a little bounced, eh?" questioned Eddie Reinhart, poking roasts and fingering steak.

"Ay, and low bred, — stares and grunts. I wonder such a simpleton can earn his daily victuals."

"Don't you fret," burst from the jolly, fat butcher. "He jewed me out of a dime on yesterday's meat; he is no fool, not he."

"Bah, a September snake could see through *your* wiles," sneered Frederick Dick.

Considerably exercised were the good fellows who plied their trades in Dibble Row, when a tailor, by name Peter Foltz, moved into one of the small, dingy shops. A more gaunt and lean tenant the Row had never seen. The neighbors eyed him askance. He was a drunkard, so the rumor spread, and his young wife and little twin daughters suffered shamefully. However, they relented upon hearing that the tailor had vowed to reform, and extended the usual civilities.

"Brace him up, brace him up," commanded the barber. "We may be proud of him yet; he stitches away like the devil."

"I would sooner trust horse-hair to wear than that fellow's promises,"—so thought Timothy Lane, but kept the thought to himself.

Straying one day from his shop, Tim stood in the sun chatting awhile with his neighbors; then hurrying back he rubbed his eyes in the most profound amazement.

In his shop were two little girls, pretty flaxen-haired creatures, at play. They had scattered his waxed ends, pulled down the whips, mixed punchers and rollers, and wheels, and now were up on the stitching horse, kicking their heels, shouting with glee, and lashing away most merrily. They stopped when they saw him, slid off the horse, and sidled up to the great rolls of leather.

Julie stood staring, her thumb in her mouth; while Virgie, more bold, stammered out, "Man, who are you?"

"I am Uncle Tim," cried the delighted old fellow, catching the child to his heart. "And what is your name, my sweet little maid."

"I am Virgie. Julie 's afraid."

"Fie, Julie, afraid—afraid of Uncle Tim?"

"No," answered the child, and ran straight to his arms.

It was a safe haven, as the children soon learned, and thither they ran to escape their drunken father's rage. For Peter had fallen again, and Rosa, his wife, had lost courage. She was born a pretty lady's maid, not a household drudge. She struggled on bravely, however; her tired hands were never idle, yet there was always more to do, and life was one long misery.

"I cannot even die," she said, "though sometimes I do wish it greatly, for maybe before I began to sing God would let me rest awhile; but then, the babies,—what would they do?"

Though their father paid little heed to their wants, the children never lacked food; the old harness-maker attended to that. It was bread from his loaf that kept their cheeks rosy and plump; it was milk from his can that made their blood red and warm.

He even comforted Rosa. "My good

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woman," said he, "never fear for the maids. Bless them, and their blue eyes, like Nora's! Well I mind a small chap, ay, smaller than they, who had niver a shoe to his foot, and niver a coat to his back; and many's the time his poor little stomach was drawn up with starving, and stuffed out again with sea-weed they boiled, because potatoes were lacking to fill it. Look at him now—turned seventy years, and able as ever to knock out the fellow as gives him the lie. I say look at him, and niver fear for the maids; the Lord will stand between them and harm.

"And if the Lord don't—Tim will," chuckled he to himself, closing the door.

"Is it still proud of Peter you are? Won't you change your mind now, my fine barber?" questioned Timothy Lane.

"I see no one here"—the answer was drawled—"who could change minds with me."

"Sure, you have only to change to the other side of your head," called Tim to the disappearing barber. "Faith," he added, "the airs of that fellow are not to me liking at all."

The time came when Tim no longer in mercy stayed his tongue, but roundly scored the tippling tailor.

"I am no tight-laced churchman," said he, "nor one to pass judgment on man, —God forbid: yet this I will say, Peter Foltz is a drunken brute of a cuss!"

"That is too plain a truth to gainsay," Eddie Reinhart assented.

"Only last week he was up to the fine gentleman racket, a-dogging it over us all, and would take such fine care of his young son and heir!" It was, of course, the barber who spoke. "Now the fortune which never was his has all petered out, and he is back at his old cry, 'Curse the aristocrats!'"

"It does not surprise me that the fortune miscarried," said George Martin. "I had much rather lasso a mad steer than try to corral a shy legacy."

"He is coming, he is coming," piped the old drug man, as Peter dashed out of his shop, and tore wildly by. His mouth was agape, his eyes bulged out of their sockets; like one hotly driven by furies he flew.

"Go easy, me boy," shouted Tim, but the mad pace was unslackened.

"I will just keep an eye open agin the time he comes back, and see that the wife and the maids, and the little lad, too, for the matter of that, suffer no ill. For it is never," thought Tim, "that the black gentleman himself looked more ugly. He is up to some devilment, sure!"

Peter returned a few hours later in a most unexpected manner. An ambulance came slowly down the street, and stopped when it reached the tailor's door, and the master, wounded unto death, was borne into the little room back of the shop. He lingered until evening, then died, a victim of drunken folly.

It was Tim that calmed the widow's sorrow, and soothed the children weeping for their father. It was Tim that stole back to his shop, and sat down in a far corner, and drew a long breath.

"I knew it," he said to himself. "I knew something good was a-going to happen when I dreamed of that beautiful bird, which came and perched on me shoulder, and would not be frightened away. Sure, it never sang so sweetly for nothing. It was just like the birds I heard when a boy, in old County Donegal; I knew something good was a-going to happen."

Then he sobered his face, and went back to Rosa.

"Whisha, my woman," he said, "Your man, God rest his soul, is rid of a miserable life. Now wipe your poor eyes, and think of the illegant burying we'll give him. Sure, he will be a proud man in his coffin. We will have candles, and flowers, and plumes on the hearse, and a long line of carriages, bearing a fine lot of mourners out to the grave. And

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it 's a black veil you must have, down to the floor, to show that you mourn him dacintly."

As Timothy planned, so it was done. Peter Foltz was laid to rest with the pomp and ceremony that in life he coveted, and even Rosa felt consoled. Next day, however, the tears flowed afresh as she sat with her babe at her breast, and thought of the long years to come, and the three little children to feed.

In the harness shop Virgie and Julie were once more at play. They mounted the stitching-horse, tugged at the doubling irons, smeared their pink finger tips in the black wax on the shelf, and smudged their very best frocks.

"Bless their bonny blue eyes!" murmured Tim; then he jerked off his apron of leather. "Now, by our good Lady," he said, as he sped down the street, "it is niver a moment I'll wait, but tend to the business at once."

When a week or so later he appeared before Rosa, Tim's old face was flushed; he was eager, excited.

"Rosa, cried he, "do you mind how I said, niver fear for the maids, the Lord will stand between them and harm? Well, he has made that word good, and it is poor old Timothy Lane he has seen fit to bless with increase of wealth. Now his meaning is plain, says he, 'A father to the fatherless you must be, Tim, and to him that is daughterless, Rosa a daughter must be.'"

"Might it be something you want, Uncle Tim," questioned the widow perplexed.

"It is something I've got," shouted Tim as he had not shouted in many a year. "It is a beautiful place, a home for you and the maids, just illegant altogether. There is a fine grove of Valencias,—they will yield a snug bit every year,—and there is a house that is really quite neat, and a place for the horse, and the cow, and the chickens,—and I am thinking meself a pig and some ducks would not do amiss, and it is tomorrow we'll go, if you're ready."

"And little Peter?"

"The lad goes with us, of course."

Tears streamed down the face of Rosa, and Timothy cried like a child. The twins looked at one, and then at the other, and up went their chubby fists, and they bawled lustily.

"Arrah, Rosa," cried Tim. "Sure, we are sorry fools. Hush, me darlings, it is shouting we should be, for joy."

"Kiss him, Virgie, kiss Uncle Tim, Julie! He comes like an angel from heaven, he —"

"There, there, me good woman, I am busy," said Tim. "Thank the Lord, if you will,—perhaps He has leisure to listen."

Stirred to its nether depths was the mellow heart of Timothy Lane. This was indeed the harvest home of fond hopes, and he was the triumphant harvest lord.

Hardly a month had the little household been established in their new home, in the beautiful valley of San Gabriel, when Frederick Dick drove out to see them.

"I have brought the children's pussy," said he. "They will be glad to have something to maul, and it made the deuce of a racket, with its everlasting me-ow."

"Now, whatever made you do that, you meddling jay of a barber?" cried Timothy in dismay. "May the bad luck fall to yourself. Good heed I took the broom was left behind, but I clean forgot to mention the cat."

"The old chump is as churly as ever," — so Dick told the news to his gossips. "But there is a soft streak in his heart as well as his head. I tell you, those Foltzes are in clover: a maid in the kitchen, plenty to eat and to wear. Now, who would have thought the old fool had such solid chink?"

"He is no fool, as I have told you before," cried the butcher. "He keeps his

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eye cocked for the pennies, and that is a sure sign a man has a till full. It is the fellow who don't care a swear for the bargain or change never gets long credit from me."

"I can size a man to a hair," with magisterial air asserted the barber, "for my father was a judge, and I inherit his legal acumen."

"O, Dick, come off your stilts; eat your words, as I have had to mine. Timothy Lane is a good, generous old man." This from Eddie, who kept the Resort.

"Why, when did Eddie turn pious?" sneered the barber angrily.

"Here, here," pacified the round butcher. "Old Lane has done a clever thing, and you would admit it, Dick, if your heart was not all gristle."

"He is a miserable, miserly, low-down fool, and I am ready to prove it," said Frederick Dick, like an old turkey cock, his wattles swollen and red, and every feather straight on his back. "When he came to the Row, I told Timothy Lane my terms were half price for the neighbors; but do you suppose his precious chops were ever entrusted to me? O, no! Despite his seventy years, he could shave himself nicely,— always had, and always, please God, would do so. Not that I hanker for cash,— no, by Jove, I am no nickel man,—but I call such proceedings mean, stingy, and low. What is a barber made for, I should like to know? And now, my eye, what a splurge he is cutting! He will come to the end of his tether, and I, for one, will never regret it."

"No danger of that," Adam Bentley hastened to say. "He showed me his bank-book, and, great guns, the figures amazed me; and all of it willed, so he says, to Rosa, the maids, and the boy."

"Ye gods! And that tadpole barber sneers at Timothy Lane," ejaculated Eddie Reinhart.

"Eddie is off his balance today," said Dick, with a withering look; then quite mollified he turned to the butcher. "The widow looks blooming already, but quite lonely, poor thing, and overjoyed to behold me. I shall go again soon, out of pure charity, as the old fool is harmless, quite."

So prated the gossips in Dibble Row.

And Timothy! His sun was in the west; his day was nearly done. But what royal splendor in the heavens, as the evening shadows fell; what brilliant augury for the morrow. On the horizon the pure rays of his life were transmuted into crimson, and purple, and gold,—a glorious crown.

King he was to his roof-mates, to the little maids whose eyes were like Nora's. And the orange trees budded, and flowered, and ripened their golden fruit. And the children sang in the garden and preened their feathers in the sunshine, and were noisy and happy as mocking birds in the spring of the year.

"It is happy I could be now, completely and entoirely," exclaimed Timothy Lane, as the smoke from his pipe curled up in the air, "if it were not for that barber fellow. Surely there is mischief in his eye; but God forbid that I should borrow trouble, and not praise him for the blessings of today."

*E. P. H.*

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# A DAY IN THE REDWOODS OF LAGOON CREEK.

It came to our ears that in Marin County, within three hours' travel from San Francisco, far removed from roads, and all unknown save to a limited number of fortunate persons, there existed a redwood forest, somber and awesome in its primeval solitude. Tales were told of numberless giant trees there, thickly grouped in a romantic gorge, traversed by a wayward stream whose surface is untouched by the sun, and on whose banks grow dense tangles of unclassified ferns, and other strange and beautiful plants in myriad forms,— that deer unmolested stalk leisurely through the wooded aisles, and bears await the hunter's pleasure.

The story needed confirmation, so several people, on an appointed day, set out in quest of this virgin forest. The party was composed of six persons, four whose sex permitted them the comfort of appropriate apparel for such an excursion, and two whose skirts, trailing down the steep declivities and catching to every snag and bush all day, employed the time and tried the temper of those following.

The waters of Mill Creek flow to the bay, those of Lagoon Creek to the ocean. The divide separating the two, at the point called the Saddle, must be reached before descending to the redwood cañon. This divide is narrow, and its slopes are sharp on the north, nearest Mount Tamalpais, but it widens and flattens toward the south. A zigzag trail is carved, with a grade something less than forty-five degrees. The ascent is slow and toilsome. Every step is a rise equaling almost that of an ordinary stair; the disintegrating rock yields under the feet, and half the distance that should be gained is lost by the slide backward. This discouragement is offset by the constantly expanding view that greets the eye. With each foot of elevation the prospect widens. Alcatraz, the Contra Costa shores, Red Rock, and scattered sections of the bay, are in sight. In the joy of beholding the ever-changing scene, fatigue is forgotten; the summit is reached, and what an outlook is here! To the right, looking down upon us, is Mount Tamalpais, so near, apparently, that we could almost greet him with a touch. As a single object in the landscape, Mount Tamalpais is imposing, but not beautiful. The great black patches left by the recent fires, extending in places from base to summit, with the baked and arid soil exposed at other points on his huge flanks, give him an air of bleak inhospitality; also the deep red ruts cut by water, and the many trails, lend a conventional, umbrella-ribbed look to his naked but mighty sides. Many people, single file, were already toiling their way towards his summit. The panorama seen by the spectator perched on his topmost pinnacle has given Tamalpais his glory: not for himself, but what he reveals of the world beneath, is he sought and celebrated. To the east and south we got a better view of man's works. Cities, fortifications, railroads, wagonroads and trails were to be seen everywhere. Here also we caught five different glimpses of the bay, appearing like small gleaming mirrors in half settings of green hills and islands. The day was slightly overcast, so the larger surface of the bay revealed objects of beauty which possessed the ideality, the supernatural perfection of things seen in dreams. Already the avenues to common sense were beginning to close, and the imagination kindled to weird conjecture, and ships whose sharp outlines were lost through distance



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and the gray tone of the atmosphere, moved here and there, seemingly the phantoms of long-lost vessels.

To the west, "a thousand feet in depth below," lay the redwood forest of Lagoon Creek, stretching away over hundreds of acres, showing its tree-tops as one mass of varying color, but giving no hint of what is hidden beneath; and in the distance the ocean, the great wide sea, its surface, like that of the bay, dotted here and there with sails, gleaming white, or stained and obscured by clouds of smoke from steamer craft.

Meanwhile the boy and dog ran down a cut in the mountain side to investigate what appeared at that distance to be a grove of azalea bushes in full bloom. It proved to be a group of rhododendrons, the first we had seen growing wild in California. The young man who carried an armful of these beautiful pink blossoms over the whole ten miles up hill and down, taking advice from the whole party as to their care, apparently had a less active sense of the value of the discovery than those whose interest was confined simply to enthusiasm.

At length we began the descent. A slight trail down a steep mountain side, well shaded with underbrush, picketed with sharp rocks, and soft under foot with crumbling soil, is not altogether devoid of charm. At every turn in the winding way, marvelous creations in green and red and gold presented their delicate tracery, and as we crushed back the boughs for passage-way, a delicious woodsy odor filled the air. Now and again the huge head of a vineclad rock reared his front against us, and we could easily picture secret recesses wherein bands of robbers find shelter. While slipping and sliding down, the sound of running water fell soothingly on our ears. Feathered creatures, disturbed in their homes, began to chatter, and the cicadas, warmed to melody by the summer sun, sent out their small, shrill voices from unseen places. Finally traces of the trail ceased, and we were obliged to make the remaining two hundred feet depending upon our own resources and the attraction of gravity. It was the concurrent testimony of all who made the descent that the latter never failed. The stream was reached near the point where its waters, concluding their helter-skelter race down the mountain side, leave behind their riotous character, and assume a degree of dignity as they wend their way to the sea.

> He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge he overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
> And so by many winding nooks he steals
> With willing sport to the wild ocean.

At this juncture, also, we came upon the first few giant sentinel trees guarding the forest. In passing downward the stream must be crossed and recrossed again and again. The facilities for this purpose are logs, or stepping stones irregularly arranged by the processes of nature, and it was for each person to determine for himself how the crossings were to be made. Those that wished to maintain a character for steadiness of nerve walked the logs, their arms gyrating like the sails of a windmill, their hands clutching at vacancy. Those to whom reputation was of secondary consideration resorted to that slow process called shinning, and sacrificed grace and dignity to ignoble safety.

As the gorge widened to a valley a well defined trail appeared, and over a carpet of strewn leaves we walked with noiseless steps. And now we had the time and opportunity to observe and admire these noblest of nature's works —the trees of the forest—and finer ones are not to be found in California or elsewhere.

Underbrush there is none, and saplings but a few. Majestic trunks five and six feet in diameter, and two hundred and fifty feet from the ground, are

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crowned with a wealth of foliage that shuts out the sun, making a dim religious light, where, if he be alone, it is easy and natural for man to commune with the spirits of the forest, or with the God dwelling in his own breast. Even with a party somewhat numerous and unusually garrulous, the grandeur of the scene acted as a spell, and conversation gave way to thought.

Still enthralled and silent, we wandered on and on, till we came to an open space near the stream, when the man with the lunch basket, throwing himself at full length on the ground, exclaimed :

"Thus far, and no farther, you aristocrats, who have had all your strength to put into the beholding of the wonders of nature. Listen to the cry of the working man,—bread, bread," and he arose to a sitting posture and spread the repast.

"Any one have some cold tea ?"

"I will," spoke up the boy.

"Any one have some cold tongue, ham, sandwiches, cake, cherries ?"

"I will," more promptly spoke up the boy. The boy's appetite, next to the big trees, was the most astonishing thing in the valley.

After refreshments, gentlemen must smoke ; and smoking, to be of the most avail, should be accompanied by repose. While the tobacco was doing its perfect work I sat a little apart, leaning against a huge tree, my feet pressing against another, and then fell into that semi-conscious state in which voices may be at once heard from the world of beings and from the world of spirits. From one of our number came this suggestion : "These trees were doubtless of fair size when the Americans acquired California."

It could not be told from whence it came, but with a little contemptuous laugh, a voice said, "With us that was as last week."

Another one of the party added, "They were two thirds grown when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought."

"Bunker Hill, of course ; that was a modern event. I remember it as though it had been yesterday ; no moss of antiquity clusters there, and it was not much of a battle anyhow, and nothing like what we have seen in our time," was the response.

One of the smokers whispered dreamily, "These trees counted as features of this natural scenery when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock."

"Pilgrim Fathers, indeed," replied the voice ; "will they never have done singing the praises of those blood-thirsty wretches, who, with their descendants, have destroyed more than one half of the forests of the country."

Soaring into the regions of the improbable, the last one of the party remarked, "These trees had made a good beginning when Columbus discovered America."

"A good beginning," quoth the voice. "Why, we were then no longer young. My recollection goes way back of that. I remember the Crusades,—the Crusaders and Saracens, — Richard and Saladin ; and further, I recall William the Conqueror, and the Battle of Hastings."

Now, the one historical fact that I remember is the Battle of Hastings, and to make a suitable display of knowledge, I said, "That was more than eight hundred years ago ; you are going too far."

The voice came back, resonant and decisive, "All the days of the life of a redwood tree make a thousand years."

Sauntering along the banks of a stream through a widening valley, we saw that the forest becomes more open, disclosing a variety of trees, and that here, as elsewhere, Nature shows such beauty in what we mortals call imperfection, that leaning, misshapen, fantastic forms arrest the eye as frequently as the towering heights of perfection. From a monster log thrown across the stream long ago by some elemental struggle, and whose mossy back was soft to the tread

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as we crossed, have sprung branches now grown full sized. A tall tree bending over unites with a companion, and then separating, produces grotesque shapes, in which may be seen resemblances to the creations of man. Again and again we encountered two trees become as one, and far above its great butt, hollowed out and blackened by fire, rests its everlasting crown of verdure.

Beside the redwood, there were other trees dear to the heart. Here was the laurel, or bay, with its thick, dark leaves casting shadows never flecked by a gleam of sunlight. Why did the first Cæsar select these somber leaves to cover his bald crown? Perhaps even at that early day there was faith in bay rum as a hair tonic, and he chose to take it in its crudest form.

Here also thrives the alder,— not the bush of the Eastern States, but trees often thirty inches in diameter, and their pale trunks from a distance gleaming through the forest appear to the poetical as sheeted ghosts,— to the practical there is merely a suggestion of whitewash. The joy of the woods is the white soft maple, with slender, airy branches, through whose golden-green, half transparent leaves the sun's rays, scarcely impeded, fall to the ground; and one, the finest I have ever seen, aged, and rich in what age should possess,— true proportion and serenity,— here spreads its ample boughs.

Ever and anon stopping to measure a tree and use up our vocabulary of fine words, we wandered slowly down, down, till we heard the sound of other voices than ours, and were reminded that we were not in an enchanted land. A patrolman on horseback, whose duty is to snub trespassers, and preserve the fish in the stream for the benefit of a sporting club employing him, followed by several people, emerged a moment from the trees. In this solemnly still retreat, apparently so remote from civilization's jarring mechanical sights and sounds, their presence seemed illtimed, like unholy thoughts thrust into moments of heavenly contemplation.

The hill we must climb on our homeward way was formidable, but now it had to be attempted. For once, acting as sails against which the wind beat, petticoats proved available, and those wearing them climbed the ridge with ease. We reached the station just in time to take the train for the city, sunburned, ragged, but proud and undaunted; and one of the ladies was heard to say, "We have walked twenty five miles, if we have walked a rod." All of which proves that women are not wanting in the characteristics which mark the true pedestrian and the true fisherman.

O sleep, it is a blessed thing, beloved from pole to pole."

After a ten-mile tramp, what a delicious period it is when one is sinking to a restful repose, feeling assured that nothing on the earth, in the heavens above, or in the waters under the earth, can disappoint your expectations. Enmities are forgotten, injuries are forgiven, ambitions cease to torture, and we are unable to criticise the actions of our best friends. The things of earth retire to temporary oblivion, and there remains only that second consciousness that never leaves us, and in which now lurks the fear that should the last trump sound during the pending night, we should inevitably be late at roll-call.

*Laura Lyon White.*

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# DRAGGING HER ANCHOR.

## V.

Two days later he called upon Gladys. He was told by the servant that Mrs. Dilway was indisposed, and had received no one since her return from the coast.

He sent up his card and went away, only to return the next day, and the next, with unvarying result. Then came an interval of a week, during which he refrained from calling, and devoted the time to maturing his plan of action. Finally he called once more, and this time his card bore some penciled lines, and was sent up under cover of an envelope.

"If I have been wrong, need you have taken so cruel a way to set me right? But I forgive you, because my love is mightier even than my pain; and because, you being a woman,

> "All your passion, matched with mine,
> Is as moonlight unto sunlight,
> Is as water unto wine."

Under a folded corner of the card was traced the device that may mean so little or so much to the receiver, "P. P. C."

"Is he going away? Has he given me up?" were the questions that formed themselves in her heart, as she contemplated the bit of pasteboard. It was a most vague and unsatisfactory communication; but it was designedly so, and he who had designed it waited, with such patience as he could command, for its leaven to work.

"Rivercourt called at the works today," said Joe that evening at dinner. "He came to say goodby; he starts for the East tomorrow. Sent his regards to you and Deane. He seems like a pretty good sort of fellow. But, land, he looks pale and thin; says this climate don't agree with him. Think of that, an' it the grandest climate under the sun."

"So he *is* going away," whispered Gladys to her own heart that night. "Going away, to forget me! He thinks I do not care; my feelings are moonlight to his sunlight, water to his wine! O, God, how little he knows!"

Rivercourt did really go away, though only so far as San Francisco, where he transacted some business for the company with which he was connected, and then whiled away the time for two months as best he could; all of which was but a preliminary step in a well-conceived plan to draw Gladys Dilway so far within his power that she could not retreat.

"I will win her," he said to himself many times in the interim. "I *will* win her, if not by fair means, then by— but, pshaw, '*all* is fair in love and war.'"

Alas, how much of wrong and misery have been built upon that elastic and time-honored argument.

Meantime, Gladys's mind was rapidly slipping back into its old Slough of Despond. The revelation of her state of feeling toward Rivercourt had been a shock to her,—as such a revelation must ever be to any pure-minded, conscientious woman,—and for a time her habits of thought had been jostled out of their accustomed grooves. Recoiling from herself, she had turned in desperation to the husband she had taught herself to despise, and in sheer terror of her own weakness, had taken refuge in his strength. Had Rivercourt's management been a trifle less adroit, she might never again have yielded to the discontent and inward repining that sapped both her moral and physical forces, and left her a comparatively easy prey to the encroachment of insidious thought and fancy.

But he, profiting by all he had learned

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in past vivisections of the feminine heart, made no false step; and hence, when he was ready to strike, he found his metal pliant and responsive to the blow. By leading her to believe that he had gone away, wounded, yet forgiving, to relinquish her forever, he had thrown her off guard; and she had at once begun allowing herself to picture her life as it might have been with him, and thus to reopen her old warfare with destiny. Ere long she had drifted far, far into the land of forbidden dreams; and no woman or man can do that, and come out untainted with the atmosphere of lawlessness prevailing there.

The short December days had come, and many an early twilight closing in found Gladys sitting wan and listless before the glowing grate, seeing in the changing embers gaunt ruins of the castles she had builded long ago; and from each turret window looked the pale face and glowing eyes of Allan Rivercourt.

She was sitting thus one evening when a letter was brought to her,—or rather an envelope, containing some small, hard substance not much resembling a letter to the touch. One glance at the writing of the superscription sent the blood to her heart with a suffocating rush.

With trembling fingers she broke the seal, and the contents of the envelope slipped into her hand,—a small flat key, and a paper tag, upon which was written:

"This key opens P. O. box 504, Portland, Oregon."

In vain she tore the envelope wide open in search of something more; and equally vain were her efforts to decipher the postmark, for thanks to the usual well-worn rubber stamp and economic use of Uncle Sam's ink, that highly important device was illegible.

At that moment Joe's step sounded on the stairs, and Deane's glad cry of "Papa! papa!" rang out. In an instant the key was in her pocket, and the envelope writhing among the coals in the grate. An averted face and monosyllabic replies were all that Joe received; but long usage had taught him to expect little else, and he took no outward notice of her manner, and soon allowed Deane to entice him into the hall for a romp before dinner.

For hours that night Gladys lay awake, resolving in one moment that she would throw the key away on the morrow, and in the next allowing herself to wonder what it was that lay awaiting her within the small portals of P. O. box 504.

When at last, in the gray dawn, she fell asleep, she dreamed that a fiend, with great black, glowing eyes, was hovering in the air above her, and hissing in her ear, with maddening repetition, "Box 504! 504! 504!" when Deane's shrill treble awoke her, asking:—

"Mamma, is 'ou doin' to dit up? Mamma, 'hot time is it?" She startled him by springing up, and half shrieking, "504!"

Awed into silence, Deane turned and contemplated the bronze clock on the mantel, as though never before had he justly estimated the magnitude of its capacity for measuring time.

All that day the battle went on in Gladys's soul; was fought and yielded, refought and reyielded, more times than any but the angels could have tallied. And through it all the fiend was ever hovering near, and the little key lay like a bit of lead in the depths of her pocket.

Of course, in the end the fiend triumphed, for rarely indeed does a hesitating woman give the lie to the timeworn proverb.

When the wintry sun had sunk behind the western heights, and friendly shadows were congregating along the edges of the sidewalks, she donned her plainest hat and cloak, and going out quietly, walked rapidly eastward, then northward a few squares, and entered the custom house grounds.

She could not have chosen a moment

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more favorable to her purpose, for the building was not yet lighted, and though the tiled floor of the main corridor resounded to several pairs of hurrying feet, the shadows were dense enough to baffle a casual glance at her face. In fact she had some difficulty, because of those selfsame shadows, in deciphering the numbers on the little brass doors of the maze of boxes that stretched wide and high before her. But at length her eye caught the numerical combination whose counterpart stood emblazoned upon her brain, the little key was tremblingly inserted, and in a moment she held a thick envelope in her hand, and was gliding out again down the stone steps and away.

The hours seemed to her as ages ere the long winter evening had worn itself away, and she found herself at last alone with that letter, behind lock and key. It was addressed, in Rivercourt's hand, to "Agnes Deane," and while she did not undervalue his caution, she flushed painfully at the sight of the old name employed for a clandestine purpose.

Breaking the seal, she found several sheets closely written. Evidently Rivercourt believed that brevity, having served its purpose, was no longer in order, and into this letter had poured all the pent-up feeling of the past silent weeks.

"God knows, my darling," he wrote, "that in these weeks of absence and loneliness I have tried to distinguish the right from the wrong. But they are the two elements most intricately interwoven in the fabric of life, and if I have unwittingly pulled a wrong thread here and there, who is to judge me? Surely not the Creator who gave me only limited capacity, and then placed the puzzle in my hands without a key to its solution. And surely not the woman I love,—whose lips have given to mine love's sweetest covenant. O, heaven bless you, darling, for that spontaneous and never-to-be-forgotten pledge. With the memory of that moment warm within me, I can bear all the coldness and avoidance you can find it in your gentle heart to inflict upon me. I can wait until such time as the slow mills of the gods shall have ground away the barriers that stand between us.

"Do not think that in thus endeavoring to establish communication with you I am seeking to hasten or importune you into any course not sanctioned by your truer and clearer woman's insight. I am in your hands; do with me as you will; only do not doom me to utter, eternal banishment. As soon as I was able to realize that it was your wish that we should not meet again, I did the one thing that would render it possible for me to regard that wish,—I put hundreds of miles of distance between us; and for ten long weeks I have tried the efficacy of time and absence to help me to forget you. How I have suceeeded, this letter, I think, will reveal to you. Forget you! When the blood shall cease to course in my veins I may forget you. Until then the joy of my being lies in remembering you; the crown of my manhood is the knowledge that *you* cannot forget *me*.

"You may succeed in immolating yourself upon the altar of a mistaken duty; you may even, in time, crush and trample the reaching tendrils of your nature, until they will cease to rise above the stunted trellis that, by some strange irony of fate, they have been cheated into accepting; for O, my love, there is a stern grain of truth in those words:—

> "As the husband is the wife is,
> Thou art mated with a clown,
> And the grossness of his nature
> Shall have weight to drag thee down.

"Do you smile, and shake your beautiful head incredulously? That is because you are young now, with all youth's sweet, free impulses upon you. You cannot foresee what time and constant repression will do for you. Darling, it is a wooden yoke you wear, and wood

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is not elastic; you cannot lift him up, therefore he will drag you down. And when all else is dead, memory will live to torture you, for

> "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

"Gladys, do you think that any human mistake ought to be regarded as irrevocable? I ask the question solemnly, dear, and trust that you will answer in like spirit, when you have pondered well. This life is so short, and we have so little assurance of anything beyond it, that it cannot be right to wear out our brief span of years in misery, because of one false step. O, I could make you so happy, darling! With you to live for, life would take on new meanings for me, and I would be a new man. Even *he* would be happier after a time. Have you thought of that? Do you believe it is within your power to make him happy? Have you ever done so? Can the skylark descend to the barnyard fowl, and meet the wants of his nature?

"But there—I desist. What am I, that I should undertake to guide or influence you? All I can do, darling, is to love you and long for you, and strive to be a better man than I have ever been before, for your dear sake.

"ALLAN RIVERCOURT."

Among all the perils that lie in the path of womanhood, none is greater than that embodied in the man who knows how to string fairest sophistries on the golden wires of beautiful language, and pass them current for pearls of truth.

Gladys locked that letter away in the drawer where its briefer but no less effective predecessors lay. It was read and reread many times, and finally it was answered.

## VI.

MONTHS had passed, bringing in their train that fair young season when

> A fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast.

It was then that Allan Rivercourt, having paved his way with letters that might have touched the soul of a saint, came suddenly to Portland, and seeking Gladys unannounced, took her impetuously in his arms, and held her, flushing and trembling, to his breast, while he pleaded, with all the power and passion of a strong nature in the throes of a mighty love.

And Gladys? Well, she loved him; let that be borne in mind. Every pulse of her being throbbed responsive to his lightest touch; and all the sweetest harmonies of earth and heaven seemed to her to center in the low, thrilling tones of his voice. She swayed before his power as the willow bends to the gale, and all her arguments were kissed from her lips ere they could take form in coherent utterance.

"Say yes, darling; just breathe that one blessed little word, and ere another sunrise we will be far from this, and — *together.*"

Would she have said it? None can ever know, for Deane's voice sounded at the door, and the spell was broken. Releasing herself from his unwilling arms, she whispered hurriedly: —

"Go, go at once! I will write to-night, and —"

The door burst open, and Deane, closely followed by the nurse, danced in. Gladys caught the child in her arms, and a look came into her eyes that went to Rivercourt's heart,— a gleam of mental anguish that he could not bear to see. Bending, ostensibly to bid the child adieu, he murmured: "Of course, darling, he goes with us."

Then he went away, and Gladys, standing by the window and watching him go, felt her heart sink strangely as she told herself that the supreme hour of her life was at hand.

Deane came to her and looked up wonderingly into her face, seeing without comprehending something of the troubled change at work there.

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"'Ou's cheeks is 'ed, mamma; an' 'ou's eyes is shinin'; 'ou's my pitty, pitty mamma."

All the rest of that day she kept the child with her, and sometimes pressed him to her tortured heart, exclaiming, half under her breath: —

"O, my boy, if you were older! if you could tell poor mamma what to do!" And he would look at her with questioning eyes, and pat her cheeks softly with his tender little hands.

"Deane 'oves his pitty mamma," he would say, with a piteous little note of appeal in his voice, as if vaguely upon his baby brain was dawning a half knowledge that there might be some want in mamma's soul his love could not wholly supply.

"Father! dear old father! if you were here you would tell your poor girl what to do. You would sift the right from the wrong, and make all clear."

She was alone in her own chamber, kneeling with bowed head, when that cry broke piteously from her. She had been trying to pray; but she was not habitually a praying woman, and had not the simple, unquestioning faith that helps the Christian to feel that his appeal is heard. So at last, like a friendless child, she cried out in agony to the faithful father she had known on earth, and straightway it seemed to her that a quivering hand was resting upon her bent head; where all had been darkness and chaos, there was now light; and though no actual sound broke the solemn stillness, a voice in her own soul spoke to her and made all clear.

Rivercourt, going to the postoffice early on the following morning, drew from box 504 a slender envelope, and impetuously tore it open. This is what he read: —

"Allan, if your love is the noble sentiment worthy to bear that name, you will not again subject me to such an ordeal as I have passed through today. O, my love, my heart has battled desperately for you, but in the end conscience has won the victory. If I could believe that the spirits of our peaceful dead can know our sorrows here and come to us when we call, I should tell you that my dead father has been with me today,—that his hand has been on my head, and his tremulous old voice in my soul, telling me what to do. He has seemed to say to me, 'The honor of the dead is in the hands of the living.'

"Allan, have you thought what it is you are asking of me? For myself, if I were all, I might not care; but for my dead father, for my living child, and for the man who has done everything for me and never wittingly injured me, I *do* care.

"This is my farewell to you. O, love, it is like death to say farewell to you, yet I have said it. GLADYS."

Rivercourt's face grew dark as he read, and the germ of evil within him pushed itself suddenly upward through the soil of better impulses, and spread its baleful branches over all.

"If not by fair means, *then by foul,*" he muttered between his white teeth, as he left the postoffice and walked swiftly away.

## VII.

IT was perhaps a week later that, as Gladys sat alone one morning, trying to fix her attention upon a book she held, a card was brought to her bearing the unfamiliar name of "Joel Sharpe," beneath which was written, in an almost illegible pencil scrawl, "*Business of the utmost importance to yourself.*"

She half smiled as she read the words.

"Jane," she said, "does he look like a book canvasser?"

"No'am, I can't say as he does."

"A sewing machine agent?"

"No'am; fact is, I don't know what he does look like; he's an uncommon odd-looking one, ma'am, an' his eyes go through and through a body."

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Gladys remembered the last clause in Jane's description when she entered the parlor, and met a slightly-built, wiry-looking man, who arose and bowed politely enough, but scrutinized her with a pair of the smallest and keenest gray eyes she had ever encountered. She felt at once that his errand was of no ordinary nature, and that it portended something unpleasant for her.

"You wished to see me?" she said, with a glance at the card she held, as she seated herself.

"Yes, madam; and I will add that my business with you is of a strictly private nature. Are we alone? and are we likely to remain undisturbed for a few minutes?"

Gladys bowed, and rising, went to the door and gave a quiet order to Jane; then reseated herself, and turned her calm, beautiful eyes full upon the stranger.

For an instant his keen gaze wavered, and he cleared his throat before speaking. In one hand he held a closed note-book, and in the other a pencil, and he tapped the former nervously with the latter, as if thus to aid the collection of his wits. His manner of speaking was rapid, and his voice hard and metallic.

"Allow me to say, madam," he began, "that my profession is that of private detective, which will explain to you how I came to be connected with the matter in hand. A week ago I received this dispatch from a well-known person in San Francisco. Will you oblige me by reading it?"

Gladys's manner was an admirable blending of hauteur and politeness as she took the brief document he held out to her, and read:—

To JOEL SHARPE, Esq.,
Portland, Oregon.

Find man named Allan Rivercourt, and arrest him for embezzlement of $5,000 worth of diamonds. Have sent photograph by mail.

LUCY P. WESTERMAN.

*San Francisco, April 17, 188—*"

For a moment Gladys's face grew white, and the hand that held the paper trembled visibly; then a sudden flush of indignation displaced her pallor, and she said, haughtily:—

"Either this is a calumny, sir, or there are two Allan Rivercourts."

The man merely bowed slightly, and handed her a photograph. A glance was sufficient to show her that it was a remarkably fine likeness of the man she knew as Allan Rivercourt.

"You recognize in that your friend, Allan Rivercourt, do you not?" demanded her visitor.

"Yes."

"Very well. Now, Mrs. Dilway, allow me to explain that, in obedience to the message, I made a thorough search of the city, and failing to find my man, telegraphed the result to Mrs. Westerman. Here is her reply."

He placed in her hand a second dispatch, which ran thus:—

Find woman who has been taking letters, addressed to Agnes Deane, from P. O. box 504. Hold her for complicity until you get Rivercourt.

There was silence for a full minute, while Gladys gazed at the paper, her very lips growing pallid, and a strange, dizzy, whirling sensation taking possession of her brain. Finally she handed the paper back to him with a single word, uttered interrogatively, "Well?"

"Yes, madam, it is well, from the detective's standpoint, at least," he answered promptly; "for I have found the woman who takes letters from box 504, and I am here today to learn from her the whereabouts of Allan Rivercourt."

Gladys slowly arose. If she hesitated at all, it was for a scarcely perceptible instant, and now she turned full upon him, and said with cold decision:—

"Then allow me to say, Mr. Joel Sharpe, that you have called at the wrong house; the information you seek you will never find here. I wish you good-day."

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She turned to quit the room, but he sprang up, and with a cat-like movement in perfect keeping with his appearance, placed himself between her and the door.

"For heaven's sake, madam, pause, and think what you are doing!" he said excitedly, though in carefully modulated tones. "Reflect, that if you refuse to answer me you leave me but one alternative; I must arrest you."

"You dare not; I have done nothing to warrant such a proceeding," she answered proudly.

"That is nothing to me," he rejoined with a shrug; "I am acting under orders, and the responsibility is not with me. But for your own sake, will you not alter your hasty decision? Why force me to drag you before the public, and make your name the subject of street gossip? Madam, I am sorry for you; I have taken you by surprise, and you are not prepared for so important a decision. I will be generous,—I will give you a few hours for reflection; at this hour tomorrow I will call again for your final answer. Meantime, ponder how well you would like to have such a letter as *this* read in open court, and published in the morning papers, with your name attached."

As he spoke he held before her eyes for an instant a letter addressed to Allan Rivercourt, and the writing was *her own.*

A flame of indignation leaped into her eyes, but ere she could speak he had bowed and slipped away in the noiseless, feline fashion that characterized his movements.

On the rug, by the door where he had stood, lay a folded newspaper. She took it up almost mechanically, and her eyes at once caught a heavily marked paragraph, running thus:—

**We learn from a most reliable source that a scandal is brewing, in connection with one of the fairest ladies of Portland, wife of a well-known manufacturer. We refrain from giving names until further developments.**

Gladys sank into a chair, and buried her hot face in her hands.

"A scandal!" she murmured hoarsely, "a scandal connected with *me!* O God, I cannot bear it!"

For some time she sat still, trying to think,—trying to determine what course to pursue. But at last she started up excitedly, exclaiming aloud:—

"Am I a fool, that I sit here taking everything for granted without investigation? How do I know that paragraph in the *Mercury* refers to me? How do I know that man is not an impostor,—a common blackmailer? Allan Rivercourt a thief! I will not credit it from any lips but his own. I must find him, and hear from him that it is a lie."

Meantime, in a comfortably furnished room in a hotel not a dozen squares distant, Allan Rivercourt was sitting in an attitude of restless expectancy. At the muffled sound of every footfall in the carpeted corridor outside, he would start and fix his eyes eagerly on the door and when at last the handle turned, and it swung open to admit Mr. Joel Sharpe, he sprang up with an exclamation of relief.

"Heavens! Fred, you've been an eternity! I was just beginning to suspect you of saying one word for me and two for yourself."

"Jealous?" said Mr. Frederick Mills, *alias* Joel Sharpe. "Well, I can't blame you, old boy, for she *is* a glorious creature; and clear grit, too. Lord! I can see yet the flash of those magnificent eyes, as she said, 'You have called at the wrong house, Mr. Joel Sharpe; I will bid you good-day.'"

"Begin at the beginning, and tell me every word that passed," interrupted Rivercourt impatiently, whereupon the "detective," whose professional air had vanished mysteriously, complied, and repeated almost verbatim the interview that had just taken place between himself and Gladys Dilway.

"So you see," he said in conclusion,

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"the dispatches went down all right, just as I predicted they would; and she turned forty colors when she saw that envelope with her own writing on it. But all the same, my boy, she 's gritty, and I would not stake an immense sum on your chances of success."

Rivercourt's face darkened, but he only said, "Now, Fred, find me a trusty messenger to carry a letter to her."

Half an hour later Gladys received a message of the following purport:

"Darling,—I am in trouble, and *must* see you at once, yet for gravest reasons I cannot go to you. Will you meet me at the entrance to the City Park at two o'clock this afternoon? Believe me, I would not ask this of you, were it not a matter of the most vital importance to yourself, even more than to me. Something has occurred that renders our situation desperate. Do not fail me.— A.R."

The chill clutch of apprehension tightened about Gladys's heart, as she read.

"Heavens! If it should be true!" she thought. "I *must* see him at any cost, and learn my true position."

As the city clock struck three that afternoon, and the sound of its brazen tongue rolled out over the busy metropolis, and died away in fainter reverberations against the western hills, a man and woman arose simultaneously from a secluded seat in the park, startled by the sound into a realizing sense of the flight of time.

"There," exclaimed Rivercourt, "our time is up; and now, Gladys, you must decide. I have tried to make the situation plain to you, and I think you understand that while I am guiltless of any crime, I am the victim of a scheme concocted by a jealous, unprincipled woman, with whom unfortunately I was at one time too well acquainted. Do not look at me so, darling; it was before I ever saw you,—before I knew what a pure and holy thing a woman's love may be. All the past fell away from me in the first moment that your lips touched mine, and I stood before heaven a new man, with new thoughts, new impulses, and clearer perceptions of life's grander possibilities. You are my safeguard, my inspiration, my love, my life. The past is dead; the future is living and warm with untasted joys. Come with me, my darling, my queen, and resist the tide of fate no longer."

He would have taken her in his arms, but she put him gently from her, and her eyes, full of the anguish of an awful perplexity, looked past him, out into the hazy distance, where the city lay beneath them, and the peaceful Willamette wound away like a steel-blue ribbon, to lose itself in the wooded hills and questered vales, "where rolls the Oregon."

"O, Allan, it is an awful thing you ask of me. I *cannot* decide; you must give me more time,—give me till tomorrow."

Just here the masterful force of Rivercourt's character came to the surface, recognizing a crisis, and rising to meet it. There was a perceptible straightening of his tall figure, a lifting of his fine head, and his voice, when he spoke, sounded to his trembling listener like a knell of fate.

"No," he said, "I cannot give you another hour. It is now three o'clock; at four the steamer A—— weighs anchor for Victoria, and I go with her. It only remains for you to decide whether or not I go alone. Twenty-four hours hence the city will be ringing with a scandal as foul as it is unfounded, and your name will be the pivot upon which it will revolve. Can you bear it?—*will* you remain here to face it? That is the question; or will you come with me to a home of security, love, and peace, far away?"

He paused, but never removed his steady, searching, pleading gaze from her face; and though the anguish in her

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drooping eyes and white, drawn features went to his heart, he gave no sign of relenting. In a moment he went on: —

"If you go with me, dear, I give you my word that you shall have your child, —he shall be in your arms before the vessel sails."

She started at the words, and there was a flash of something dangerously akin to scorn in her eyes, as she answered: —

"Even dishonor and degradation may have their limits, I suppose. I may desert my husband, destroy his home, and stain his honest name; but I will not rob him of the child he loves, even though my own heart break for my baby."

Rivercourt hazarded no reply, but after a moment's silence, drew out his watch, glanced at it, and said: —

"Darling, the decisive moment has come. We will walk slowly down the hill. At the park gates a carriage awaits us, and when we reach it I will open the door. If you enter it I will follow, and clasp my precious love to my heart. If you pass on, I will know my doom; I will enter the carriage alone, and— God help us both!"

He turned away slowly; and Gladys followed at his side, though at each step it seemed to her that her trembling limbs would sink beneath her; her head swam, and the broad white road, that wound in zig-zag fashion down the hill before them, mingled oddly with the shrubbery on either side, and resolved itself into an endless blur of green and gray. She tried, in a frenzied way, to think and decide, but her reeling brain defied her efforts.

When they came at length to the park gate, she passed through it unconsciously; for there, just before her, loomed the waiting carriage; closed, and black, and grim, it seemed to her, as the relentless car of the Juggernaut.

A wild impulse came upon her to cast herself beneath the prancing feet of the impatient horses, and thus, with one keen thrill of physical agony, end all the torture of her soul.

Whether she obeyed the mad impulse and flung herself forward, or whether she reeled and fell fainting, she never knew; but she was conscious of falling, — of lying for an instant in the dust of the road,— then of being lifted tenderly and placed upon soft cushions. After that came a rocking, lulling motion, and she knew no more.

## VIII.

It may have been a mere chance, but it looked afterward like the intervention of a pitying Providence, that suggested to Joe Dilway on that momentous afternoon the advisability of personally superintending the shipment of some metal castings that were to go by the steamer A—— to a northern port. It was seldom that he found it necessary to undertake a duty of that kind, but on that day his shipping clerk had met with a slight accident, by which he was temporarily disabled and forced to quit work; and there being no one at hand to take his place at a moment's notice, Joe stepped promptly in, took charge of the shipping bill, and went in person to see that the castings were shipped in proper shape and time.

After all, there was some unlooked-for delay; the final business on board the steamer was only completed at the last moment, and the vessel was about weighing anchor when Joe came hurriedly on deck to go ashore. Glancing neither to right nor left, he was hastening forward, when his steps were suddenly arrested by a man's voice,— a not unfamiliar voice,— saying in a low but intense tone of entreaty: —

"Gladys, dear, come; let me take you below; you are not fit to be here; and we may be seen and recognized from the wharf."

"O that we might be! It might not

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yet be too late!" responded a woman's low, tremulous voice; and in the brief instant before he turned his dazed eyes upon the speakers, Joe vaguely wondered how there could be *two* women in the world possessing that name and that voice.

Then in an instant the stroke had fallen; he saw *his* Gladys, his own wife, the mother of his child, coming towards him, supported by another man's arm, — another man's voice sounding in her ear in accents that could have but one meaning.

They were not looking at him. Gladys's eyes still scanned the busy throng on the wharf, with the strained, despairing gaze of a shipwrecked man as he sees the last sail drift away and dip below the distant horizon; and Rivercourt's eyes were fastened upon her face. They passed him so closely that he could have put out his hand and touched his wife's dress, but they did not see him, and he stood still and made no sign. He was dazed, stunned, and for a full minute after they had vanished down the companion-way he was incapable of moving or uttering a sound. Then somebody touched his shoulder, and a voice that sounded oddly far away urged him to hasten ashore, as the vessel was about to sail.

He started and took a step, blindly, dizzily; the whole deck, with its maze of masts and cables, seeming to spin crazily around with him; then he staggered backward a step or two, and just as a voice called out in hoarse warning, "Take care, there!" he fell through an open hatchway into the hold of the vessel.

When consciousness returned to him, some hours later, he found himself in a bunk, with the ship's surgeon bending over him, and the gray light of a foggy dawn creeping into the little stateroom.

It took a minute or two to make out where he was; then recollection came upon him like a sudden deluge, and with a deep-drawn breath and never a word, he turned his bruised and bandaged face to the wall and lay still. But the surgeon could not leave him thus.

"We are lying at Astoria now," he said, as he bent over his silent charge. "In an hour we start to cross the bar. Would you like to be taken ashore here, or shall we transfer you to one of the river boats bound for Portland?"

For a long minute there was no reply, and the surgeon thought that he had been unheard; but at length Joe spoke.

"Doctor," he said, "leave me alone for half an hour, please, then I'll tell you what to do with me."

What the poor fellow's thoughts and feelings were during that half hour of lonely, agonized reflection, no pen can express; but at the last his hard pillow was wet with anguished tears, and a prayer was on his lips.

"God pity and forgive her," he pleaded brokenly. "I should n't ever ha' married her; she 's been miserable with me always; I ain't fit for her; but *he* is, an' I don't well see how she could help lovin' such a man as that. O God, she ain't to blame; I 'm the one that 's to blame; an' if my poor girl comes to harm, let me answer for it all. An' O, God, help me to do by her now as if she was my child, instead o' my wife; help me to be just, an' gentle, an' tender, with her; for, oh, no man can tell what sorrow may be waitin' for her just ahead."

When the surgeon returned, his patient said to him: —

"Doctor, I want to be left just where I am. I think a trip to Victoria 'll do me good, after such a shakin' up as I 've been treated to. Please ask the captain to come to me for a minute; I want to send a dispatch to Portland, so they won't be uneasy about me there."

The dispatch he sent merely stated that his wife and he had taken passage for Victoria, at the last minute, on unforeseen business of pressing importance. As to all the rest, he held his

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peace, and not even the captain dreamed that there was any connection between him and the pale, lovely woman whose rare beauty was already arousing universal comment among his passengers.

The Columbia bar was rough that morning, for a storm was brewing, and the steamer's progress across the strip of sullen breakers was slow and laborious. It was almost noon when at last she swept out into the calmer waters of the Pacific, and dropping the tug steamed away on her northward course.

Joe remained in his berth throughout the day, because there alone was he absolutely safe from the eyes he most wished to avoid. There must be no scene on shipboard, he told himself. Gladys must not be startled by a sudden discovery of his presence there. To shield her must be his first thought. But when the day closed in with an early and black nightfall, and storm clouds hovered low, he ventured out for a breath of pure air, and found his weak, uncertain way on deck.

There, in a secluded nook between two enormous coils of rope, he lay back and watched the forked lightning that ever and anon split the inky dome above; and there, listening to the moaning of the winds among the rigging, and seeming to hear in it the voice of his own sorrow, he finally yielded to exhaustion and fell asleep. Just as he drifted across the borderland that lies between waking and dreams, an old and weather-beaten tar bellowed out to his mate:—

"I don't like the look of things, Jimmy; an' though an April storm is an uncommon thing, I reckon we'll get it this time, an' 'fore dawn, too."

The camera of Joe's throbbing brain caught just enough of the prophecy to keep its menace revolving through the network of his feverish dreams, and for hours he battled with angry waters, in a frantic but vain attempt to get close enough to Gladys to whisper to her that it was all right,—that he only was to blame, and that he was praying for her happiness.

But her face,—white, drawn, and wretched, as he had seen it in that one brief glimpse, was always just beyond his reach, on the other side of an impassable, foam-crested wave, that towered high, and dashed, and glared at him with myriads of flaming eyes like those of Allan Rivercourt.

Finally he awoke, just as a terrific shock ran from stem to stern of the vessel. He sat up, and found the roar and chaos of a fearful storm raging about him. The black gulf of the heavens seemed to be yawning wide, and pouring down sheets of rain; while the winds, instead of moaning now, were shrieking and tearing among the rigging like hosts of maddened demons, and lashing the ocean into a continuous roar of fury. In the midst of it all the dread cry went up: "The ship has struck; *we are sinking!*"

The scene that ensued was, unfortunately, too old a one to need description.

Joe staggered to his feet, and fought his way inch by inch through the panic-stricken throng to the cabin below. But the location of Gladys's stateroom was utterly unknown to him, and while he sought her in one place, Rivercourt had found her in another, and leaped with her into the first lifeboat that put off from the doomed ship.

An hour later, when the storm was abating, and the chill light of a new day was pushing its way up through the barricade of clouds that had settled along the eastern horizon, the occupants of that lifeboat, drifting at the mercy of the waves, and straining their eyes for a last glimpse of the almost submerged wreck, suddenly caught sight of a dark object floating in the water not far away.

"What is it?" they asked of each other breathlessly as they watched.

"It is a man," said Rivercourt, whose eagle eyes had made out the head and shoulders of a human being, clinging to a floating box.

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"O, poor soul! We must save him! We must not leave him to such a fate!" cried Gladys wildly, for the terrible experience of the night had unnerved her, and the composure natural to her was overthrown. Rivercourt pressed her hand reassuringly.

"Yes, men," he said; "we have room for another; we must pick him up."

There was no demur, and forty pairs of eyes watched intently, while the distance gradually lessened between the boat and that lonely, drifting object. But at length, when but a few yards intervened, Rivercourt suddenly sprang to his feet, and cried in a tone of strong, excited command:—

"Pull off, men, pull off! We cannot take him in; we are too full already; we shall be swamped. Pull off! Pull for your lives!"

But the men, taken by surprise at so sudden a change of tactics, and not recognizing the authority of their self-constituted commander, simply rested on their oars and looked at him in amazement. In a moment the castaway had put out a desperate hand and grasped the boat's gunwale.

"For God's sake give me a show, friends!" he gasped in a voice so weak that many in the boat failed to catch the words.

It was in that moment, in the midst of a scene that touched the hearts of his roughest fellow-voyagers, that the power of evil in Allan Rivercourt's soul expanded all at once into appalling proportions, and the man was, for the moment, swallowed up in the devil.

Snatching a knife from the belt of one of the men, he brought it down with a sickening crash upon the poor brown fingers that clung to the boat's edge.

There was a gasp of agony from the defenseless victim, a united cry of horror from the occupants of the boat, and Gladys, who had sprung to her feet at the fiendish act, and fixed a horrified gaze upon Rivercourt, caught one glimpse of a haggard face and despairing eyes looking up at her from the dark waters, and with a piercing shriek of "Joe! My husband! O my God!" she leaped from the boat and sank from sight.

Only for a moment was she left to her fate, for in that supreme instant a new light dawned suddenly in the desperate eyes of the castaway; a thrill of new life ran through his chilled and weakened frame, and reaching out wildly, he succeeded in grasping her garments and drawing her to the surface. To do this, with one hand maimed and bleeding, he was forced to relinquish his hold of the box that was his only support; and in his crippled, weakened state, he would soon have sunk with his precious burden. But a dozen pairs of strong and kindly hands reached out to save him, and but for his interference the same hands would have summarily tossed Rivercourt overboard.

"No, no," said Joe, "let him live; for, my friends, two wrongs cannot make a right."

Then he turned his back upon his cowering enemy, and with Gladys's unconscious form in his arms, sat still, in silent thanksgiving, while kind hands wrapped blankets about him, and ministered in all possible ways to his relief and comfort.

Gladys, opening her eyes presently, only crept a little closer to him, and putting up a trembling hand, touched his bearded cheek in mute appeal. For answer, he took the little hand in his and pressed it to his lips, and looking down into her swimming eyes, saw something there that rolled the burden of years from his patient soul.

"O Joe!" she murmured, and the two little words, bursting from a full heart, told him more than volumes of eloquent language could have done.

"Never mind, dear; it's all right now," he whispered, drawing her tired head again to his breast.

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A few hours later the boat was sighted by the lookout of a homeward-bound steamer, to whose hospitable decks its drenched and shivering crew were quickly transferred and made comfortable.

Rivercourt, suffering from the first real defeat of his life, and finding himself the target for scornful eyes on every hand, sought refuge in the seclusion of his stateroom throughout the short run to Portland. It was only when she stepped upon the crowded pier at the end of her eventful voyage that Gladys beheld him once again, and then only for a brief instant, as he slunk swiftly past them and lost himself in the throng.

Joe felt the shudder that ran through her frame, and tenderly pressed the hand that clung to his arm.

"Never mind, dear," he said, "he will trouble us no more forever."

"O Joe, I shall see him day and night, for years, I think, with that cruel knife uplifted, and that demoniac look in his face," she answered tremulously. "I can never cease to think of all I have made you suffer for him; nor the depths from which your faithful, noble love has drawn me back. You have forgiven me, bless you, but oh, you would be more than human if you could ever forget."

Ere he could reply two sailors paused just before them in the pressure of the crowd, and one was saying to his mate, in nautical parlance: —

"She did n't quite break loose, you know; but she dragged her anchor."

Joe caught the words, and bending his head, whispered: —

"That is it, dear; it is n't as bad as it might have been; you did n't quite break loose; you only dragged your anchor."

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

[THE END.]

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## THE GREEK AND THE RUSSIAN CHURCHES.

ALL Russian history shows that the Church in Russia has been a political instrument, subject to the objects of state aggrandizement; the religion has become Russian, rather than that Russia has been converted to the religion. Vladimir, the first Christian prince, would not at once be baptized, but went with an army to Constantinople, as Karamsine says, "to conquer for himself his religion."

At the time of the Crimean war, Western Europe was startled by the mention of the God of Russia, and wondered what deity they possessed peculiar to themselves, circumscribed to their country. Karamsine first mentions this deity in 1380, after the battle of Koulikoff, and mistakenly attributes the words of the conquerors—"The God of the Russians is powerful"—to the defeated Mamaï, Khan of the Tartars; a speech which it was impossible for him, who was a Mussulman, to have made, or for his historians to have written.

This phrase gives the measure of their notions of spiritual things, and the way in which they are made to subserve national pride and aggrandizement. The phrase is, however, a remnant of the old paganism as much as a sign of national vanity.

The present Russian Church is a near approach to Buddhism, the Czar being the normal Delai Lama. The name of Nebuchadnezzar, which is translated in modern Russian—Ne Bugh na ta Tzar—means, "*There is no God but the Czar.*" If the Russian and Assyrian people are not identical, the system at least of St. Petersburg today closely resembles that of Babylon at the time of the handwriting on the wall.

The following is from the Russian Catechism which was published by special order of the Russian government, and printed at Wilna in 1832, for the use of schools in the Polish provinces:

Q. What duties does religion teach us, the humble subjects of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, to practice toward him?

A. Worship, obedience, fidelity, the payment of taxes, service, love, and prayer, the whole being comprised in the words worship and fidelity.

There never was a more gross imposition than the representation of the Emperor of Russia as being the Head of, or even in communion with, the Church of the East. The Church—if I can so prostitute the word—of Russia stands, in reference to the Church of Constantinople, as that of the English Reformation does to the Church of Rome; or would do if, in addition to denying the spiritual authority of the Pope, it substituted for High Priest, or for God, the King or Queen of England for the time being. Supposing such to have been the character of the Reformation in England, what would have been said of the Queen of England interfering to protect the Protestants of France? And supposing that England should, by any strange circumstance, grasp at the dominion of Europe, would not the danger arising from her ambition be infinitely greater for the communities of Protestants, from whom she would require the surrender of their faith, than for Catholics, from whom she could only wrest political supremacy?

This hypothesis represents the state of the case in reference to Russia and the Greek Church.

The Church of Constantinople separated itself from that of Rome under Photius. The metropolitan church of Kiof, the daughter of Constantinople, became the primate and mother of the

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churches of Russia; but from the ninth century Constantinople became the Rome of the East, and its spiritual authority remained undivided. The endeavors of the Popes never ceased to regain Constantinople; and when the Byzantine emperors were endangered by the progress of the Turks, they sought by reconciliation with Rome to purchase the military support of the Western Christians. But the Greeks detested the Azymites more than they dreaded the Mussulmans; and the fall of Constantinople may, in a great measure, be referred to these weak endeavors to coerce the consciences of the people. The Greeks of the present day do not hesitate to acknowledge this truth, and even hold the Turkish conquest to have been a special interposition of Providence for the maintenance of the true faith.

At the time that Kiof became the religious metropolis of Russia, it was in like manner the political metropolis. The line of its princes was that which succeeded ultimately in uniting the dukedoms; and as they proceeded to incorporate and to extend their power, their seat was successively transferred to Vladimir and Moscow, in the center of the proper Muscovite race.

The geographical structure of this region facilitates, to a degree unknown and inconceivable elsewhere, the institution of slavery. Mountains are, in our minds, always associated with freedom; but the contrary idea is not connected with plains, because the Kirghis and the Bedouin, the freest of tribes, live on plains, or wander over steppes: but those plains in the center of which are placed Vladimir and Moscow differ from the others in soil and in climate. The wastes of Arabia and the steppes of the Kirghis are not fitted for tillage; they present a scanty subsistence for flocks and herds; there are no cities and no fixed habitations; the people roam and circulate, rather than dwell. They are hardy and enterprising, and rendered by nature bold and free. The products are not such as to make despotism profitable, and the children of the soil are not such as to make it possible. A people of tents is a people of nature; institutions are simple, and men sharp-witted. They can no more be overreached than overawed by a governing system.

The plains of Muscovy are a rich alluvial soil; the people is, consequently, essentially agricultural and fixed. The dead level of the land is paralleled by an equally deadening uniformity of circumstances; the body is inured to toil, and the mind immersed in torpor. The productiveness of the soil facilitates the accumulation of riches, and the governing power is unrestrained in its action by physical impediments: insurrection finds no protection in mountain gorges, patriotism no immunity in impassable wastes.

Beyond this there is the long duration of winter; the people, shut up at home, are exposed to the visits of the executive force, traveling by snow almost as easily as by the railway. For their hibernation, preparation has to be made by storing the abundant harvest, which ripens with extraordinary rapidity during the summer months. The granaries are the pledges of the people's fidelity. The Russians have never known the art of secreting grain by burying it in the soil,— that unobserved protection of the independence of man under all the great systems of antiquity, and in the East at present. Thus it is that the plains of Muscovy afford a peculiar and natural basis for the erection of despotic power. Of this edifice we have seen the plan laid as a diagram, attempted as an experiment, and obtained as a result. There the people have neither means of resistance nor opportunity of flight. Like the Egyptians under Joseph, they dispose of birthright against food on a tacit contract renewed every twelvemonth. Elsewhere, the throne of des-

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potism balances on a sword; here it reposes on the buttresses of hunger and cold.

One support alone remained to popular rights—the Church. That support, too, vanished when the center was transferred to this cradle of subjection from amongst the pastoral and patriarchal tribes of the South, ennobled and humanized by association with the friendly horse and the dutiful camel. Amongst populations themselves reduced to the condition of beasts of burden, and inured to unvarying and cheerless toil, servitude must be religious no less than political. The Church so transplanted has lost its franchises and its rights,—its faculty of defending the people or itself.

In the early contests between Rome and Constantinople, Kiof had endeavored to escape from the supremacy of either; and in like manner the new Church of Moscow endeavored to escape from the supremacy of Kiof. These dissensions were comparatively insignificant whilst the Tartar yoke weighed on the land. The Church was then held in the highest reverence by the Grand Dukes, because it was held in respect by the Tartars; and it fact it served as the protection of the people, and finally became the chief instrument for their emancipation. It consequently rose to a position of the greatest influence and authority. As the power of the Tartars was broken, that of the Church took its place, and the Grand Dukes had no sooner relieved themselves from the former than they applied themselves to undermine the latter; and with this view supported the usurpations of the Church of Moscow.

The first prelate who entitled himself "Metropolitan of Moscow" was Theognost, in 1330, but without denying the supremacy of Kiof. In 1462 the title was first assumed of "Metropolitan of all Russia," on the ground that Kiof had a distinct metropolitan subject to Lithuania. Under the Grand Duke Basil the Blind, Moscow was erected into a Patriarchate, on the plea that Kiof and Constantinople had both yielded to Rome.

Religious dissensions now became embittered, both by these internal measures and by the reaction of the feuds of the East and of Europe, when a new element was thrown in, in the form of a translation of the Scriptures by the Patriarch Nicon, in which passages bearing upon church government were translated to suit the purposes of the court, and became the basis of the new system of servile theology. The priesthood, not of Kiof only, but of all Russia, was indignant; many refused to use the volume, or permit it to be used; its adoption was enforced by penal laws. This was the first religious persecution in Russia, and the recusants holding to the old faith against the new interpolations were called *Starovirtze*, or "old believers."

These old believers consider the Czar to be Antichrist, and between them and the government a struggle has been carried on ever since the time of Peter, consisting of religious persecution on the one hand, and martyrdom on the other. This malignancy, originating in religious belief, has extended to political affairs, and they have held the attempts of the Russian cabinet on the independence of foreign people in no less horror than the pretensions of the Czar to divine honors.

The seat of this faith is Malo-Russia, including the Cossacks; but its ramifications extend throughout the whole empire, finding at times entrance even to the highest offices, and within the precincts of the court. Externally, the leanings of this body are towards the Porte, who in the year 1846 preserved for them the continuation of the apostolical succession of their priesthood.

The Starovirtze operations are not confined to the interior. The provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the king-

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dom of Servia, together with Montenegro, a third of Bosnia, the Bulgarian inhabitants of the line of the Balkan, and the Greeks of Constantinople and the cities of European Turkey, *are all Starovirtze.* The Bulgarian Church joined the Church of Rome not many years ago. The Bulgarians, amounting to above five millions, are of Turkish origin. They were the original Tartars of the Volga, whence they have derived their name.

Ivan the Third, on the capture of Casan (1482), took the title of "Czar of all the Russias," a title not of new invention, but of common use from the earliest times, and implying a sacerdotal no less than a religious supremacy. It was under this prince that the seed of the present Russia was sown, and indeed, that the germ expanded itself. By his marriage with the Princess Sophia, and although she had brothers, he assumed to be legitimate successor to the empire of Constantine, and quartered its arms. She was given to him by the Pope, whom he encouraged in the hope of effecting a reunion with the Eastern Church. He excited Germany by the prospect of the decay of the Ottoman power, offering himself as a providential instrument for the accomplishment of its destruction. By the expulsion of the Golden Horde, he likewise pretended to the inheritance of the Tartars in the East; and under his successor we find communications opened with India and China. On the fall of Constantinople he gathered in the remnants of that state, and pretended to the headship, for Russia, of the Christians of the East, presenting her to them as their future deliverer.

Under his successor, Ivan the Fourth, great strides were made in the same direction. He extended the limits of Russia by the capture of Astrakan and the subjugation of the Nogai Tartars. He finally extinguished the rights of the free cities, sacking the last of them,—Pskof. He reduced the nobles to the lowest condition of servitude, and in his reign, appropriately designated one of terror, every vestige of internal independence was swept away.

Under Theodore, the deposed Patriarch of Constantinople, Jeremiah, came to Moscow. He lent himself to an inauguration of the Patriarch of Moscow, and declared his independence of Constantinople. This occurred in 1588. Jeremiah received a large sum of money for this purpose.

Peter having left this Patriarchate vacant, (as, of course, to the Czars belonged the filling up of an office they had created,) was at last called upon by the high dignitaries of the Church to fill it. It was then he rose, and striking his forehead with his fist, uttered the memorable words, "It is here that there is for you a Master, a Patriarch, and a God." On this, he himself officiated at the altar.

Thus by a sacrilege was effected the fusion of temporal and spiritual power, and another Jeremiah, Patriarch of Constantinople, was found to give to it such sanction as the venal adhesion of a displaced prelate could afford. These measures affected solely the Church of Moscow, which henceforward came to be designated as Antichrist by a large proportion of the nation, which would not conform, including nearly the whole of the populations of the South dependent on Kiof: the distinction was drawn between the *Official Church* and the *True Church.*

From that hour the Russian state contained in its breast an ineradicable wound; the knowledge of the sufferings endured and the blood shed has, by the system of government, been concealed from the eyes of the rest of the world; but the facts connected with the revolt of Pouzatcheff could not be concealed, however much its causes may have been misunderstood. It was a Starovirtze insurrection, and with the slightest management on the part of its leader it must have upset the throne of the Czars.

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The Church property was now confiscated; the clergy received pay from the state; a military organization was given to it; the priests took army rank, and received decorations; and the Holy Synod was instituted to discharge functions of the Patriarch, under the directions of a general officer. Its duties were now restricted to the inculcation of abject obedience. The Czar, not in his quality of Patriarch, but of Prince, was declared the Vicegerent of God upon earth; his name was printed in the same form as that of God the Father and of Christ, and his subjects were taught that virtue and religion consisted in the sacrifice of their substance and their lives to the fulfillment of his decrees. The oath administered to the army was not, as with the rest of the world, to obey lawful orders and to *defend* the frontiers, but to obey every order and to *extend* the frontiers. This superstition was not, as in similar cases (if there be a similar case) of human corruption, engendered by oppression, but based on imposture; it was proposed and accepted as a means of advancing the pretensions put forward by Ivan the Third, to the succession of Rome in the West, and of the Tartars in the East. The Russian Church is not Erastian, in the sense of sanctioning acts of government; it invests the governing power with the ecclesiastical attributes, transferring to the chief of the state even those of the Lord of the Universe. It does not trouble itself with psychological disputations respecting emanations of the Divine Essence, and its manifestations in the flesh. A Czar is not a living Buddha, adored on account of a supposed spiritual abstraction; but the Czar, as a monarch, and because reigning, is the center of faith and the object of worship; believed in for what he *does*, worshiped by executing his decrees.

This is not the first time that such blasphemy has been witnessed. The Assyrian monarchs so seated themselves upon the altar, and required the prostrate nations to worship them, not as one of the humble array of gods amongst whom the Cæsars were enrolled, but as God upon earth. Nor are these pretensions advanced under the secrecy of priestly instruction; they are loudly asserted and ostentatiously proclaimed in the face of Europe, in a work published at St. Petersburg, in 1840, and entitled "Civilization and Russia": —

> The will of the Emperor is the most literal expression of Divine Order transmitted to the earth, whose Imperial person is recognized as the living head of the State and of the Church, and whose decision no written word of the past can bind.

It might be supposed that a people thus deprived of all incentives would sink into a political sea of mud, and that there would result a condition utterly unresisting, but capable of nothing. However, that wonderful thing, the human mind, is always working out for itself unanticipated results, and placed in new circumstances ever develops new features. Political prostration has, by discipline, become military strength; and religious prostration, through fanaticism, is transmuted to ambition. Thus has the Muscovite race, by the deprivation of all the objects that brace the arm of nations, or raise their spirit to heroic deeds, been filled with an unparalleled energy, and a desire to assert their lordship over the human race. "The Muscovite," says a remarkable writer, "pays himself for his present degradation by the hopes of his future supremacy."

The chief occasion is afforded by the existence of co-religionaries in neighboring empires, subject, in the one, to the rule of the Mussulman, and in the other to that of the still more detested Catholic. These populations do not know that the Church of Moscow has denied God, and put the Czar in His place. They look, besides, to the Czar as their *political* protector, and are glad to find that he has the support of a Church which they imagine to be identical with

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their own. What the Russians apply to him as Head of the Church, they understand as Head of the Christians; and to them Russia is identified with faith, as in Russia faith is identified with the Czar. The Russian Church is announced to them as the Oriental Church, and by it is to be conferred political emancipation. The writer who speaks to the Russians of the will of the emperor in the words I have quoted, thus addresses himself to the Oriental Church beyond the frontiers of Russia:—

In the East, as in the West, for the whole communion of the Greeks (*subjects of foreign powers*), for the Serb, for the Armenian, for the Montenegrin, for the Georgian, Russia is the Spiritual Life, the Image of God in her Church,—the Social Life, bringing Emancipation, Regeneration, and Perfection. In the bosom of the Russian Church, Faith has endured united and pure, and it will sustain and retemper the faculties of humanity. That Church alone, amongst all others, has remained in harmony with Order, Hierarchy, and Government; alone has it preserved its Unity, while all others have lost it.

Here Russia is presented to them as the personification of the Church; she is there personified as their Church. There the emperor is visible head of state and Church; that Church and its law are called in to give authority to the living and the reigning head, or be itself instantly annihilated, for his decisions are not to stand upon any law, or to be bound by any. For the Greeks, Russia is to be truth in this world and salvation in the next; all other professions were heretical or infidel. The thousand emissaries of Russia are always repeating the same thing. The Mussulmans are the "Empire of Hagar"; the Catholics profess a "dog's faith." But on the borders of the White Sea (the Mediterranean), where England is chiefly apprehended, the art is peculiarly observable. There there is no rancor of contending creeds; the object is effected by epithets.

If there were subjects of the Russian crown who abhorred and repudiated this blasphemy, there were those also who equally detested and abjured the external ferocity and internal prostration with which it was associated. We find both characters in the Starovirtze, adherents of the original faith. They are reformers of the public immorality; they combat the general corruption by their life and conversation. If a prisoner is relieved in his want, if an accused person is aided in his defense, the helping hand is sure to be that of a Starovirtze. With them have taken refuge freedom and charity, expelled elsewhere from the land; and the apparently triumphant progress of the system furnishes daily increasing occasions for the trial of their faith and the exercise of their benevolence.

They have also their partisans, for they have many favorable who do not belong to their body. These partisans are to be found amongst the burghers of all the cities, amongst the merchants of every class; in all the branches of industry, and even in the army; they are not wanting in the general administration, and they have had a representative in the supreme government. From the comprehensive nature of their tenets, every class and every department may at one time or another be reduced to seek their support, and by the total dissimilarity of their ideas from the opinions of the West, that support has no character of a conspiracy. Opposing the present union of Church and state, they are in turn the allies of each of the bodies whom that union may oppress; seeking the restoration of the ancient rights of the Boyars and of the prelates, objecting to foreign conquests, they are, so to say, the born protectors of each class as it is oppressed, and a living protest against every violence as it is committed. Being destitute of all character of confederacy, and of all organization for action, it cannot be compromised into acts which would enable the government to extinguish it in blood.

There being nothing similar in Eu-

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rope,—there being, indeed, nothing similar to the government, by antagonism to which it subsists,—it is but natural that it should have escaped observation. It is equally natural that the Russian Cabinet should have taken every care to conceal this its great secret. One of the methods which it has most successfully employed to that end is the publication of works hostile to itself, where every other possible charge is brought, save this. I take, for instance, the work of Turgeneff, where, through three volumes of vituperation, not a word is said respecting the Starovirtze, and the whole question of religion is excluded, except in the last paragraph, where the truth is entirely perverted.

Russia has also taken care to stock the reading public with materials. There is the work of Mouravief — a general officer — on the Church! This book is a careful adjustment of the circumstances, so as to prevent the past facts from being understood. The Greek Christians of Turkey are Starovirtze; they are under the Patriarchate of Constantinople, and not under that of Kiof; but if the Russian sway were established at Constantinople, the position of both would be identical.

The Cossack country was the stronghold of the Starovirtze; it was the extinction of that sect that the government had chiefly in view, and while it showed itself disposed and able to resist administrative innovation, it was judged to be more vulnerable in matters of religion. Between the official and the old Church there was no dogmatic difference; a new profession of faith was not required, and if the one priesthood could be substituted for the other, the assimilation was complete. This was then the scheme adopted, and it apparently presented great facilities for execution. Hitherto it had been a constant practice to impose one of the official priests upon a parish, but the result was that the church became instantly deserted. It was now resolved to convert the siege into a blockade, and to starve them out by the denial of the offices and consolations of religion. The priesthood of Malo-Russia was recruited from the monasteries of the interior; the government seized and deported the monks and bishops, especially those of Saratov and Kramenchuk, and enrolling them as a regiment, sent them to die in the marshes of Lankeran, on the Caspian. As the priests died off, the marshes remained without the means of baptism, confirmation, marriage, confession, extreme unction, and burial, and were placed irrevocably between the alternatives of absolute infidelity or submission.

There were, however, Cossacks high placed in the Turkish government, who cast about for a remedy. In the first instance, their views extended no further than to the Cossack colonies in Turkey; but circumstances soon gave to them an unexpected development. The Porte entered into their views, and communicated upon the subject with Vienna, which was at that moment very cordial towards Turkey, and where the Porte knew, though the Austrians did not, that this sect existed.

At the same time (1771) that the Kalmuks, the followers of the Dalai Lama, fled to the Red Sea, a body of Starovirtze had penetrated into Galicia, where under the name of Ruthenians they remained undisturbed and unnoticed till the year 1845, when the discovery of them was made by the Archduke Ferdinand, in the center of his government, with as much surprise as if they had been red Indians. Troops were sent to drive them out, but bribing the officers, they gained time to appeal to Vienna. One of their priests, Milaradoff, found access to Prince Metternich, and explained to him the real circumstances of the case.

Just at this time the communication above referred to took place with Con-

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stantinople, the object of which was the establishment of a Starovirtze bishopric in the Austrian dominions, as Turkey would not venture on so bold a measure herself. The Austrian Arch-Chancellor felt all its importance, and did not refuse his consent, but on the condition that the Porte would find an already consecrated bishop of the Constantinople Church, who would conform in all points to the Starovirtze faith. In such case the Galician district would be converted into a bishopric, and a prelate inducted. Such a bishop was found for the consideration of 200,000 ducats. He was despatched to Vienna, received the Imperial *exequatur*, repaired to his new diocese, and in the month of June, 1846, laid hands on eight priests, consecrating them as bishops, and on three hundred laymen, who had repaired from all parts to await their consecration as priests.

The Russian government was no sooner informed of the step than it addressed indignant remonstrances to Vienna, but it was too late. She demanded the extradition of the refugees; but the new bishops had repaired to Constantinople, and she was constrained to be satisfied with the abolition of the bishopric (the bishop was sent in September, under surveillance, to Cylli, in Styria), and the engagement was taken to permit the entrance of no more Ruthenians, and several who afterwards passed the frontier were seized and given up.

At the period of the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, the dependence of the Church of Russia on that of Constantinople was considered by both parties as affording powerful means of action to the Sultan in Russia. At that period there was no religious jealousy between Mussulmans and Christians. The Church at Constantinople, far from suffering by the Mussulman conquest, acquired prerogatives and authority such as it had never known under the Christian emperors. It was interfered with neither in dogma nor in ceremony, and moreover, power was vested directly in its hands. The priests everywhere became municipal officers; the prelates became judges in many civil and in all ecclesiastical cases; and the Patriarchate was erected into a supreme court for its nation, the sentence of which was executed without pretense to revision, except in capital cases, by the Turkish authorities. It had, moreover, administrative functions, and apportioned the taxes between the provinces. To actual power was added dignity and respect. The conqueror Mahomed II. himself held the stirrup of the Patriarch when he came to visit him. Nothing then was more natural, than an alliance of the Church with the Mussulman government, and the Russian Czar had justly to apprehend the political action of the priesthood sent from Constantinople throughout his dominions. In applying himself to ward off this danger was commenced that system of cajolery, and framed that scheme of perfidy and corruption, which in after times succeeded in reversing upon Turkey those very dangers. But the system has been worked to excess and pushed beyond endurance, so that now the wheel has completely gone round; and the fourth century, at present completed, brings us back exactly to the position of 1453, when the churches of Russia were supplied from Constantinople with priests whose sympathies were with the Sultan and against the Czar. This is one of the necessities which force Russia into action, and which render the destruction of the Ottoman Empire a condition of her own existence.

The creation of the official Church in Russia might be conducive to the ends of internal despotism, but that very despotism had itself its end in foreign conquest. The official Church was therefore an instrument forged for the conquest of the Byzantine Empire. By bringing Church and government into one line,

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adhesion to the faith became equivalent to allegiance to the prince. The Patriarch of Moscow was to be substituted for that of Constantinople (possessed by infidels); and when the Patriarch was merged in the Czar, the sovereign of Russia was the legitimate sovereign of the professors of the Greek Church, subject to the usurpation of the Mussulman Sultan.

So long as the administration of Russia did not touch those provinces, the suppression of the Church by the state was not observed; and in the disorders of Turkey the Christians naturally turned to a foreign prince, who, in claiming their spiritual allegiance, offered them political protection. Under this illusion the whole country was opened to the propagandism of the priesthood. The Patriarchate of Constantinople fell into absolute dependence on the Russian embassy. The Greeks, insignificant indeed by numbers, but of real importance by intrigue, show, and volubility, invaded all its offices and filled its prelacy. They appeared everywhere as Russian agents and creatures.

The twelve millions of the Greek Church in European Turkey, of Turkish, Roumanian, and Slav blood, detested the Greeks as a race; so that the association alienated those populations from Russia. This explains the simultaneous and unremitting endeavors made during many years by Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Servia, to emancipate themselves, not from the Patriarchate of Constantinople, but from the Greek prelacy, and to substitute natives for these adventurers. This was effected in Servia soon after they had acquired their independence. A similar change was made in Bulgaria, as one of the reparatory measures of 1851.

But it may be supposed that if the other populations were alienated by this preference of the Greeks, the Greeks themselves must have been conciliated. The Greeks are far too astute to work for Russia save for their own individual benefit. No population knows Russia so well; none detests her so thoroughly; none would suffer more by the triumph of the Russians or the fall of the Turks. I cannot better illustrate the universal defection, in a religious sense, from Russia, than by the Church measures adopted by independent Greece, so soon as that state was constituted on its own basis.

Russia, of course, expected to establish there her official Church; it was impossible that it should remain dependent on Constantinople; an independent Church of the Morea was a pretension too visionary for a moment to be admitted. She consequently despatched from Odessa, by a frigate through the Dardanelles, a model sacerdotal establishment, to be set up in the Russian embassy.

The Greeks had, from the very commencement of the War of Independence, been especially jealous of her interference; their first appeal to Europe, through England, was for protection against that interference; they declared through the then minister, Rhodios, that they would rather perish to a man than submit to any conditions dictated by her; they said that they knew her purposes and her perfidy, and preferred to her protection the despotism of the Turks. The same opinions were energetically expressed by Mavrocordato, in an anonymous letter published at the time in the *Courier de Smyrne*. England, however, as usual forced that protection upon them, enabled the Russian faction to establish itself, and sanctioned for Europe the belief that Russia commanded the affections of the Greeks.

With this knowledge there will remain nothing enigmatic in the fact that the Greeks should resolve to anticipate the plan of uniting them to the official Church by instituting an independent synod of their own. King Otho had not yet arrived, but his place was occupied

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by a regency of four members, one of whom only (Armansberg) was Russian; the majority, struck by the representations made to them, hastened to pass a law for the creation of the synod.

The exasperation of Russia knew no bounds; the majority of this regency, constituted by a European treaty, was expelled by violence, troops being landed from the Russian squadron to enforce the decree in case they had offered resistance. As usual, the order came from London, and the pretext that was employed was, that they were "Russians." At the Revolution in 1844, the Greek Church was reunited to the Patriarchate of Constantinople.

Having thus, I trust, effectually disposed of the revolutionary element afforded in Turkey by religion, in so far as it can be handled by Russia, I now come to the condition of the dissidents internally.

A revolution may be made without any reason, but the religious constitution of Islam never could afford a reason for the revolt of its subjects of another faith. They are, indeed, rayahs; but the condition of rayah is not one of disqualification or dishonor. In point of social etiquette there is a great distinction, but this one belonged to the habits of the people, and you might as well attempt to attack caste in India. The Mussulmans are a superior caste: they have become so practically, not having been so by the original constitution, for to this day those social distinctions do not exist among Arabs of different creeds. The Christians, as Churches, possess in Turkey privileges unknown to any Church in Europe; whilst in religious matters the congregation is in possession of rights of which they have been deprived in Christendom. Here alone is to be seen today the constitution of the apostolic times; here the flock elects the pastor, and the Sultan confirms invariably the election: no monarch has ever usurped, from either the consistory or the laity, the nomination to bishoprics; and no king or pope by concordat has disposed of them to each other. The Christians may, in evil times, have been subject to misrule and to oppression, but it is not as Christians that they have suffered; when animosity has been aroused against them by acts of foreign powers, or their connection with them, again they have suffered as traitors, not as Christians.

Men are not by nature informed and wise, and it does not follow that a people should be content because it has reason to be so. Men may enjoy benefits without knowing them, and still more, be ignorant of contrasts that would make them doubly dear. The Christians of Turkey are not aware that they enjoy the benefits of toleration, because they have never belonged to a European government; they do not know that they have the benefit of being free from taxation to a dominant Church, nor that they have the enjoyment of any privilege in the fact of electing their pastors: the clergy are not aware that they are in possession of singular power in their judicial and administrative functions: but how is it that Europeans do not see those things? How is it that they do not enlighten them regarding these contrasts? However, there are those who are neither caught by such fallacies, nor backward to expose them.

What I am now about to relate ought to be easily apprehended by Englishmen, since it is no other than a similar act to that which was designated a papal aggression, by which this great empire was for the space of a year agitated, distracted, and convulsed.

A papal rescript similar to that of 1850 for England, partitioned the Catholic Armenians into six bishoprics, appointing bishops thereto. Turkey, like England, submitted, but only in consequence of the coercion applied to it by the French government: but observe the difference of sense of the people.

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The usurpation of the Pope was not denounced by the Mussulman as an attack upon the sovereignty of the Sultan, and it was not received as a boon by the Armenians. The Sultan resisted it as an oppression of his Catholic subjects, and the Armenians resisted it as a usurpation of their own rights. There was no animosity between Christian and Mussulman; no grand vizier published inflammatory letters, no ministry was displaced; no absurd or imperative bill was carried for a prerogative that never was touched, and the injured party was not left unprotected and vituperated; no greater triumph was given to the Pope, beyond all his other triumphs, in a triumph over the mind and the Divan of Turkey. This common sense resulted from the natural position in which the Christian churches in Turkey stood, and from their possession and exercise of ancient and immemorable rights. No man could there be deceived with reference to the nature of the Pope's rescript; it was clearly the abrogation of the right of the community to nominate its own religious officers, and the subversion of their corporate authority. Who, then, could have imagined that a regulation touching titles could affect the wrong, or touch the matter in any way at all? Who could be so insane as to suppose that the Sultan's authority was compromised therein, except in so far that a particular class of his subjects might be injured?

A Roman Catholic bishop in Turkey does not stand in the same position as one in England; he is not a nominee of a foreign priest whom the government does not choose to recognize, but being the elected of the people and their administrator, he becomes thereby a functionary of the crown.

The Porte has no concordat, and no treaty with the Pope, but it does not say: "Do what you like with your spiritual subjects, for I do not profess your faith"; but it says to its subjects: 'Write to the Pope what letters you like, and read, if you are disposed, what letters he sends; but no prelate is to rule you, except when he has received my firman of investiture, and that firman is granted only on your own election."

Consequently the rescript of the Pope fell just as dead a letter as if it had constituted so many pashalics or nominated so many pashas. But when the French government was known to press the matter, and it was apprehended that the Porte would yield, the Armenians interposed by petition, praying that the firman might not be granted. France, however, persevered. Simultaneously, a fictitious quarrel was got up between her and Russia, on the subject of the Holy Sepulcher. The instruction to M. Lavalette, received from the Pope himself, was to yield on the latter question, and to press the former. The Russian government, who certainly had as much interest in the one as in the other, dropped the one and pressed the other. England then, in the midst of the full frenzy of its "Papal Aggression Bill," recommended a "temporizing policy." But all this would not have sufficed, had not an Armenian primate (Artim Bey), to whom that people had entrusted its care, and who belonged to the hollow system of Egypt, at the last moment turned round, misleading the Porte by that very authority entrusted to him to oppose the measure.

Thus was extorted this fatal concession, not by infatuation and fanaticism, but by art and intrigue, in which Russia nowhere appears, having her work done for her by her tools. Turkey may arouse the fanaticism of her Christian subjects, but it is only in so far as she yields to the threats and counsels of her European protectors, or degenerates into a resemblance to them.

Shortly after the papal rescript above mentioned, another one was issued to the papal legate at Antoura, in the Lebanon, which is the stronghold of Catholicism in the East, the effect of which

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would have been to transfer into the hands of the Roman authorities the complete control of the conventual and other religious funds, in a country where a very large proportion of the public property belongs to the convents, which may be considered rather in the light of industrial associations than of ascetics. Here, however, the resistance of the people was successful, and France did not interfere. There were sufficient local grounds to prevent her from attempting it: the ill-will of the Catholic Armenians was to her a matter of no importance; not so the ill-will of the Maronites, which she must have thereby incurred. The Lebanon has always been to her a source of trouble and vexation; it is termed, in the Paris Foreign Office slang, *la Bouteille d'Encre.* To avoid the recurrence of similar troubles and dangers, the consulate of Beyrout had been removed from the list of political consulates and placed on the commercial, and the *personnel* had been changed to give effect to this alteration.

Had the matter been pushed in the same way as that of the bishops, the Catholic body would have been simultaneously convulsed in every portion of the Ottoman dominions. At the same time, the Maronites were exasperated by the measures taken for pushing Protestant proselytism, through the instrumentality of the American missionaries. In the north, the Armenian Catholics threatened to relapse to the old Armenian Church, or to join the Greek. The old Armenian Church is now under the patronage of Russia, and the Greek Church is of course her church.

The Pope, in the plenitude of his power in ancient times, never attempted such measures as these. In later times the direction of his policy has been quite the reverse, and Europe was astonished to behold a legate of the Pope at Constantinople, and an ambassador of the Sultan at Rome. Matters had gone so far, that it was a question of instituting a diplomatic college at Rome, and directing the studies of one of the most powerful of the religious corporations to the mastering of the policy of Russia, and to the means of upsetting it; and Rome possessed for this end opportunities not only immense, but seductive. It might have made itself the director of the Catholic governments; it might have created in both houses of Parliament in England a body of protectors of English rights and of public honor; and while securing itself against the deadly blows leveled at the faith of Poland, and securing its own station as a Church in opposition to the Greek Church, might have given to itself a claim for the respect and veneration of mankind. The power of Rome would have revived in a new fashion, a moral character conferred on its action, and an intellectual aim given to its pursuits. No greater danger menaced Russia in this or any former age: but then came the revolutions of 1848.

So early as the month of February, 1848, the cabinet of St. Petersburg thus addressed itself to the court of Rome:—

> It is beyond doubt that the Holy Father will find in His Majesty the Emperor a loyal supporter in effecting the restitution to him of temporal and spiritual power; and that the Russian Government will apply itself to all the measures that may contribute to this end, seeing that it nourishes in respect to the court of Rome no sentiment of rivalry and no religious animosity.

The papal rescripts for England and Turkey have therefore to be referred to the influence which had now gained the ascendancy at Rome, and in consequence of the revolutionary movements that England had fomented; indeed, during the discussions on the Papal Bill, it was on all hands admitted that the aggressions sprang from a political, and not a religious source. The English Prime Minister spoke of a conspiracy acting from Rome and threatening Europe. This was after all the religious topics had been exhausted. The con-

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spiracy that ruled at Rome was not France, but Russia. She it was who had an object in setting Protestants and Catholics by the ears; she it was who had to convulse Turkey by a religious hatred, and to make the Catholics, no less than the Greeks, turn to her as their sole hope and protection. France's object in protecting the Catholics was to gain influence. Was it to be secured by openly forcing their own Sultan to oppress them? The Pope sought to extend his flock by proselytism. Could he have devised an innovation, the unmistakable effect of which was apostasy?

This leads me to a matter that ere long may attain a painful and noxious importance, and that is the union of the Greek and Latin churches. Whenever the Czars have had a point to carry with the Pope, they have flattered him with the hope of conformity,— a hope utterly vain, because then the Greek Church would have become Catholic. The altered position of the Pope and Czar would now make the Catholic Church and the Catholic body Russian; the Roman Catholics would no longer then be filled with abhorrence of the chanting of the first Greek mass in St. Sophia, but would be the first to sing hallelujahs or pæans on the event. If such an idea does exist in the thoughts of the Russian cabinet, we will doubtless observe traces of it in their conduct, and preparations for its execution. Such symptoms are to be observed, and they are of a nature to render any other explanation difficult.

So soon as the Russian cabinet had taken its measures to render a revolution in Italy inevitable, the Emperor repaired thither to lay the seeds for the after-game. It was a dramatic performance: he, the "head of the Greek Church," knelt to the Pope for his benediction; he kissed his hand and ring; he then repaired to St. Peter's, and laid himself at full length upon the tomb. Meanwhile, his minister narrated to the public the circumstances of the interview; promised the papal government every concession in respect to Poland; and used every means, social and diplomatic, to make the Romans believe that the Muscovites were their only friends on earth. One of the avowed organs of Russia, meanwhile, following one of her religio-military authorities, pointed out the necessity of a union of Rome and St. Petersburg to combat immorality, infidelity, and Protestantism.

The question of mixed marriages had hitherto been one of the great differences between Rome and Russia, as it had also been with the Protestants. From the month of March, 1848, the Greek popes abstained from requiring in such marriages the conditions, hitherto rigorously enforced, respecting bringing up the children in the Greek faith. The form in which they expressed themselves was that of deferring the settlement for a year, sometimes remarking, to the surprise of their auditors, "In a short time we shall all be of one Church."

From the same period all persecution has ceased against the Catholics in Russia, and the prelates in that Church have been treated with the greatest consideration and distinction. The most significant incident, however, was the publication of a ukase on the subject of Purgatory, assimilating in that respect the doctrines of the Greek to that of the Roman Church. To judge of the possibility of such a union, we must turn to those doctrinal points upon which the project has hitherto been apparently shipwrecked, and which had consequently been supposed to present insuperable obstacles; they will be found to be exceedingly tractable.

The first point is the procession of the Holy Ghost. A solemn anathema had been denounced against whoever should add or take away from the Creed. The Pope added the "Filioque," and the Greek Patriarch, not denying the doc-

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trine, denied the authority, and declared that the Pope had incurred the anathema. The authority that has prostrated the ancient Russian Church, submitted the prelacy to military discipline, and made a layman chief priest, the Czar, today found no difficulty in introducing the "Filioque," and in raising the anathema.

As regards Purgatory, the objection is rather for the ignorant than the learned. The Greeks admit prayers for the dead, and thereby recognize a place of durance for the soul. The Latin Church has used the word as expressing St. James's idea of the purifiying of fire, which separates the good metal from the dross; while, as the body is not exposed to it, the fire must be metaphorical; and such, in fact, was the declaration registered in the Council of Florence, under Eugenius IV. A later ukase disposed of the obstruction.

The only other point not purely one of discipline is the supremacy of the Pope; but all the Pope pretends to over the Patriarch of the East is the appellate jurisdiction, the presidency in general councils, and the right of calling them. The Patriarch of Constantinople yields to him the place of honor, holding him *primus inter pares;* the Patriarch of Moscow, who may be re-created for the nonce, will question neither. Every other distinction in discipline has already been conceded by the Church of Rome to the members of the Eastern Church who have entered her communion under the name of *United Greeks*, just in the same way as she has adopted the national peculiarities and original liturgies of the Copts, Jacobites, Maronites, and Armenians. The clergy of the United Greeks are married; the eucharist is consecrated in leaven bread; the Greek, and not the Latin language, is used in the liturgy; sculpture is excluded from the churches. On the other hand, in the Greek Church the names of the Popes canonized previous to the separation are venerated as saints, and spoken of as successors to St. Peter; and a Catholic at the hour of death would have no difficulty in sending for a Greek confessor, if a Catholic one was not at hand.

Thus, then, the difficulties of every kind, in so far as doctrine and discipline are concerned, are smoothed down, and the objection which hitherto prevailed in the independence of the Pope has disappeared.

The point, however, which we have chiefly to consider is the effect on Turkey. I speak not at present of indirect effects produced in Europe, but of her direct relations with the two creeds. Passing by the period of diplomatic action from a distance, during which the professors of the Eastern Church appear to be, and act, as her partisans, and coming to that of actual possession,—a possession that in the first instance would be confined to European Turkey, and that would be accompanied by the retreat into Asia of the Mussulman Turks,—let us see in what predicament Russia would find herself.

The suppression of the Mussulman government, the retreat of the Mussulman population, at once sweep away all the grounds of favor that she can possess at the present moment, and every means of conciliation and association that she can use. Down on the native population, taught by herself, filled with the most extravagant sense of its importance, and exultation in its triumph, would come the crushing weight and the exasperating features of the Russian administration; instantly the religious question would appear; she would find herself placed between two organizations,—the one Catholic, her bittter foe from olden times; the other Greek. Here let us pause.

At the period of the Treaty of Kainardji, in 1774, M. de Thugut, then Internuncio of Austria at the Porte, addressed to his government a memoir,

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reviewing the treaty and its effects, anticipating, under misapprehensions then universal, the downfall of the Ottoman Empire, in consequence of the religious adherence of the Greek Church to Russia; but with a discrimination seldom equaled, showing to the Austrian government that it could compensate for those acquisitions by none on its own part, and that the neighboring fragments of Turkey which it might incorporate could only hasten its own subjugation. "Such aggrandizement," he says, "of the Austrian territories would not excite the jealousy of Russia, for those provinces [Bosnia and Servia] are inhabited almost entirely by Mahommedans and *Schismatic Christians;* the former would not be tolerated as residents there; the latter, considering the close vicinity of the Oriental Russian Empire, would not delay in emigrating thither; or, if they remained, their faithlessness to Austrian power would occasion continued troubles; and thus an extension of territory without intrinsic strength, so far from augmenting the power of his Imperial Majesty, would only serve to weaken it."

This statement applies to Russia herself; those Christians, "schismatic" to Austria, would be no less schismatic to Russia. If, as the price of their having expelled "the accursed Empire of Hagar," according to the terms of the publication of the Holy Synod of Moscow, they were required to receive the emperor as vicegerent of God upon earth, and to acknowledge as patriarch a general officer and his colleagues, they would very soon remember not only that the Mussulman caliph had respected the name of Christ but honored His people, their priests and prelates.

With the fickleness which we must admit as the cause of the event above contemplated, they would soon invite a sultan from Broussa or Iconium, as they had invited a czar from Moscow or St. Petersburg; in this invitation they would be earnestly joined by the Latins; the fourteen or fifteen millions of Eastern Christians, suddenly become Starovirtze, would make common cause with the eight millions Starovirtze of the Russian Empire, with the fourteen millions of Latins in Poland and Turkey, and all these would look to the descendant of Osman as their protector.

In prospect, therefore, of a practical occupation of Turkey, some means must be devised for changing the present religious arrangements of the Russian Empire. The Czar cannot reveal himself to the new subjects he expects to acquire under an aspect which, in their eyes, will at once stamp him with the character of Antichrist; and he is placed in the alternative of surrendering a power that he and his predecessors have labored during five centuries to obtain, or by some such compact or composition as that to which I refer to break the concert of religious opposition, which otherwise will infallibly be directed against him the moment he assumes the direct administration of the Ottoman Empire. That empire the Ottomans acquired, because they were not Christians; that neutrality which they have maintained in matters of religion, and absolute toleration, they have taught as a habit to their subjects. Russia has promised them something better; they will forget neither lesson. If the power of Turkey fall by itself, its European dominions will present a frightful scene of rage and persecution; but if the head of the official Church of Russia presume to replace it, then will be opened an era from the contemplation of which imagination shrinks; the darkest scenes of the most barbarous ages will be reenacted; English, French, and German blood will now be mingled with Russian, Turk, Slav, and Greek, in the Danube and the Euxine. They shall be called to that field not as protectors, but as gladiators; and Russia, if she does not in the end acquire a second empire, will at all events acquire the best thing next to it—she will leave a desert.

*Andrew T. Sibbald.*

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# THE SWORD OF LUIS GONZALES.

FRESH and bright was the morning when Clara Gonzales stepped out on the broad veranda of her father's white adobe house. It was her twelfth birthday, and the world seemed full of joy. The bay of Monterey, deliciously blue, lay before her. Far across the water were the hazy, purple Monterey hills. Behind her were the dark-green wooded ravines and rugged ridges of the wild Santa Cruz mountains, the home of the Indian and the grizzly bear.

The sun was just rising over the dark, rounded summit of Loma Prieta. The bells of the old Santa Cruz mission rang joyfully. Down in the garden, bright with flowers, and sweet with the perfume of Castilian roses, stood a tiny chapel, built of fragrant wood brought from Mexico. Thither Clara went to offer up her morning prayer.

She came forth with a happy heart. Smoke was rising from the little detached kitchen where old Josefa was preparing the morning meal. Mateo, the hale old soldier who had followed her father from Mexico, was on horseback driving the horses to the corral. He waved his broad hat to her gayly.

Then she saw a horseman approaching from the mission, and presently she clapped her hands with joy as she recognized her dear young friend Mauricio Gil. The boy sprang from his horse and entered the garden, with his bright young face aglow with pleasure.

"*Buenos dios*, Doña Clara," he said. "I have come early to offer my congratulations, and also this little box, which I hope you will do me the honor to accept."

Clara took the box and opened it, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. Inside lay a beautiful fan of white feathers, with a handle of silver curiously wrought.

"How beautiful!" she cried with delight. "How can I thank you, dear Mauricio?"

"Come," he cried gayly, "pick a rose and put it in my buttonhole; and then I must ride back, or my uncle will think I have run away."

She laughingly complied; and their voices were merry, as they walked together through the garden and plucked the sweet pink roses.

At last the lad mounted his horse, saluted Clara gracefully, and galloped away. She watched him admiringly.

"My little Clara," said a deep voice behind her, "have you a rose for me also?"

She turned and sprang into the arms of her father, Don Luis Gonzales, who had approached unperceived from the house.

"Yes, dear father," she said. "I will give you twenty roses. See what Mauricio has brought me for a birthday gift. What a lovely perfume it has." She took her present from the box and playfully fanned him. The pretty trifle contrasted oddly with his bronzed face and gray hair.

"Yes, my dear," said Don Luis, "it is very pretty, and has a pleasant scent. But come, let us go into the house; there is something I wish to say to you.'

They entered the deep doorway. On the wall, shining in the sunlight, hung a sword,—one of those matchless weapons made at Toledo in Spain. Don Luis took it down and drew it from its sheath. The blade glittered as he held it up. There was an intricate design in black and gray damask on its polished surface.

"I am a soldier," said Don Luis proudly, "and my father and my grandfather were soldiers before me. This sword



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has been handed down from father to son for generations. It has been borne on many a battlefield, both in the Old World and the New, and always with unblemished honor. I hoped that my son, too, might grow up strong and brave, and take this sword from my failing hand, and wear it proudly. But that hope is dead. His little fingers never grew large enough to grasp this hilt. He lies beside his mother, far away in Mexico. Their pure souls are with the angels and saints in heaven.

"My daughter, you alone are left to me. Life is opening before you. But it is not in woman's nature to wield the sword. Yet, some day there may come a brave cavalier, and offer you a true heart and strong hand. Not a perfumed dandy; not an idle boy; but a gentleman, noble and brave. Into the keeping of such a man will I gladly give this precious heirloom,—my sword. But I did not mean to drive away your smiles by speaking so seriously of the future; but something impelled me to say what I have said. Come, let us go to breakfast, and be merry again."

Not long after Clara's birthday the mission of Santa Cruz and the neighboring pueblo of Branciforte were thrown into intense excitement. A party of marauding Indians had come in the night and stolen a number of horses, and escaped with them into the wild recesses of the Santa Cruz mountains. A party was formed at once to pursue the Indian horse thieves. Don Luis Gonzales was chosen captain, on account of his well known bravery and the fame he had won in the Mexican war of independence. Mateo, his faithful follower, who had served under him with distinguished bravery during that war, also accompanied the party. Well armed and in high spirits, they rode away to recover the stolen horses.

The days that followed were days of loneliness and dread to Clara, and old Josefa found it impossible to comfort her. A week passed away, and there was no news of the pursuing party. Many others besides Clara began to suffer anxiety.

One night she awoke suddenly, with a feeling of fright. The moon shone brightly through the iron bars of her little window. She heard a low voice outside. It was Mateo at the door, talking to Josefa.

"It was far back in the mountains, in a dark forest. The Indians built a fire on a ridge to make us think they were getting dinner. Then they came back and hid along a little stream. We had just begun to cross, when the arrows poured in upon us. Several men were wounded. An arrow cut my head and knocked me down. Don Luis shouted his battle cry and charged over like a lion; but the other men retreated, and left him alone. I saw him kill an Indian with his sword; then he was shot with arrows. My strength was gone; I crawled into a burnt log. The Indians pursued the other men a little distance; then they came back and went on their way. When they were gone, I came out and drank water; and when I felt better I went to find Don Luis. He lay just as he had fallen. The Indians had not touched him, but they had carried away his sword and the Indian that he had killed. I covered him up with logs and rocks, and then I came home."

At that moment Mateo was interrupted by a low, sharp cry.

"Silence!" muttered Josefa in a tone of fright.

She left the door, hastily lighted a candle, and hurried to Clara's room. The girl lay senseless on the floor.

The next day the remainder of the unfortunate party arrived, sick, wounded, and footsore. They had lost their way in the mountains, and had suffered great hardships. One man had died of arrow wounds; another had been killed by a grizzly bear. It was a sorrowful day in Santa Cruz and Branciforte.

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The men all asserted that the Indians did not belong to the bands of the Santa Cruz mountains, but to one of the tribes inhabiting the San Joaquin valley and adjacent hills. They had evidently made the expedition with the express purpose of stealing horses and taking them away to their own country.

Mateo, in spite of the deep wound on his head, at once set about raising a party to return to the scene of the fight and bring home the body of Don Luis. The first one who, volunteered was the boy, Mauricio Gil, and after that the men could not hang back. A party of eight were soon ready to set out. It was a difficult undertaking, but it was accomplished at last, and Don Luis was buried with solemn rites in the little chapel in the garden.

Clara was desolate. She heaped her father's grave with flowers, and watered it with tears. Young as she was, she felt that the joy and brightness had gone out of life, and that she could never be happy again.

While in the depth of poignant grief, another thought tormented her,—the loss of her father's sword, that precious heirloom worn by heroes, and handed down from generation to generation. How could she endure the disgrace of having it carried away in triumph by a band of prowling savages?

But there were others whose cheeks were reddened and whose hearts were fired by this shame, and they were resolute to act. One day Clara spoke to Mateo on the subject, and besought him with bitter tears to endeavor to recover the sword. Mateo drew himself up proudly.

"I have been faithful to Don Luis through storm and sun," he said. "Unlucky man that I am, that I could not have fought and died by his side yonder in the mountains. Don Luis can never rest quietly in his grave while his good sword is in the hands of those heathen beasts. Do you think that I can sit at home and let the pagan savage have it? No,—by the blessed San Pedro, my patron, whose aid I implore; I start to-morrow, Doña Clara, and I never shall return without the sword. Mauricio Gil is going with me. He is a fine lad, full of courage and fire, and with a head on his shoulders. He teased me until I consented. But I shall see that no harm befalls him."

"Mauricio—going!" cried Clara with astonishment and anxiety.

"Yes, Doña Clara," replied Mauricio himself, who had ridden up, and was just entering the garden. "I desire to share the honor of restoring to you your father's sword."

Clara gazed at him with eyes brimming with tears. He no longer seemed a gay, careless, pleasure-seeking boy. He had the spirit of a soldier, and this sad occasion revealed it. She gave him her hand, unable to speak a word. The next morning Mateo and Mauricio rode away on their perilous quest.

Three months passed away, and nothing was heard of the two adventurers. Every day Clara spent hours on her knees in the little chapel, praying for their success and for their safe return; and at last her prayers for their safe return outnumbered all others. She had become pale and emaciated, very unlike the bright, merry girl that she had been on her twelfth birthday. Josefa was very anxious about her.

One brilliant moonlight night Clara was lying awake as usual, when she heard the sound of horses' hoofs. She sprang up, dressed herself hurriedly, and went quietly out to the veranda. Josefa was sleeping soundly.

A man was just dismounting in front of the house. He came along slowly and silently through the garden. Clara shrank back in fear; but as the man came out of the shadow something caught her eyes and held them with a strange fascination. The bright moonbeams fell on the shining hilt of *her*

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*father's sword*, which the man bore in his hand. In his other hand he carried a bag. As he drew near she recognized his walk.

"Mateo!" she cried, springing forward.

The man started back nervously. He was silent for a moment. Then he said in a hollow voice, "Yes, Doña Clara, I have come home at last, and I have brought your father's sword."

She clasped it to her heart, and reverently kissed the cross-hilt again and again.

"Don't thank me for it, miserable man that I am," continued Mateo, "but thank Mauricio, the bravest lad that ever trod the green earth. If it had not been for him, you would never have seen the sword or old Mateo again."

"Where is he? Where is Mauricio?" asked Clara breathlessly.

"In Paradise, where dwell the souls of brave men," replied Mateo solemnly.

She staggered back as if she had received a blow, and leaned faintly against one of the pillars of the veranda.

"It was not right," ejaculated Mateo in a tone of agony. "I was the one to die,—I was the one, I tell you. What have I to live for? Mauricio ought to have come home." He wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and continued: "We had a terrible time, but Mauricio would never give up. At last we got the sword. The Indians pursued us, and we fought them and tricked them; but they trapped us at last. Then Mauricio played a trick on me: he sacrificed his own life to save mine. I had the sword, and he told me to go on over a high mountain, and that he would follow; but, instead, he staid behind and kept the Indians at bay, so that I might escape. I did not see the trick until it was too late. I left the sword safe at a rancho and went back to rescue his body. I failed even that, but I tasted revenge, —I met two Indians and slew them. I was only wounded, miserable old man that I am. Will death always pass me by?"

Suddenly he stooped, and began to untie his bag, talking meanwhile half to himself and half to Clara.

"I have not come back empty-handed. Don Luis and Mauricio are avenged. They can now rest in peace. I was the one to die; Mauricio should not have played me such a trick. The bravest lad that ever— See, Doña Clara, see!"

He emptied his sack upon the ground and looked up; but Clara had glided noiselessly away. He saw her just entering the little chapel, and caught the gleam of the sword as she pressed it to her heart. It was well that she did not remain to witness the unburdening of the sack, for those were ghastly trophies that rolled out of it into the pale moonlight.

"Ah, she has gone," muttered Mateo. "I must wait till she returns. I was the one to die. Mauricio ought to be here, —the bravest lad that ever— that ever —" He had sunk down upon the veranda; his head fell over against a pillar, and he dropped into a leaden sleep.

Clear and bright was the morning when old Josefa awoke, but her kind heart was soon filled with sorrow. In the little chapel she found Clara sitting beside her father's grave. Her cheeks were hot and red, and her eyes were shining and wild. She was talking incoherently and fondling the sword. That day a gaping crowd gathered around the grim Mateo, as he stuck up two ghastly Indian heads in the plaza. For many days Clara lay at the point of death, and when the fever left her she was very pale and weak. Josefa and Mateo watched her with tender and sleepless care.

She used to lie in a hammock in the broad veranda, where she could gaze on the blue waters of the bay, and on the road that led to the mission. By turning her head she could look into the deep doorway, and watch her father's

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sword shining on the wall; and often her cheeks were wet with tears, as she thought of the happy days of the past, when her father's noble companionship blessed her life; and when Mauricio used to ride over from the mission and cheer them all with his merry words and laughter.

One day Clara said to Josefa: "Dear Josefa, I notice a great change in you today. Why are you so merry and smiling? It is the same with Mateo. He really looks like himself again."

Josefa laughed, and said, "People are merry when they hear good news."

"Have you heard good news?" asked Clara wistfully.

"Yes, very good news," replied Josefa.

"Tell me what it is," cried Clara with excitement.

"Ah, that will never do," said Josefa. "Already there is a red spot on your cheek. No, tomorrow I will tell you, if you will wait patiently and calmly."

Clara sank back with a sigh, and waited patiently till the next day. Then she eagerly asked Josefa to tell her the good news.

"You must be quite calm," said Josefa. "The doctor will be very angry if he finds that you have been excited."

"I will be calm, if you will only tell me," said Clara imploringly.

"My good news is this," said Josefa: "Indians sometimes take prisoners."

A deeper pallor with a look of perplexity came over Clara's face. She breathed quickly.

"Prisoners sometimes escape," continued Josefa anxiously.

Suddenly a wild hope sprang up in Clara's heart; the fresh color flew to her cheeks; her eyes sparkled; she sprang up with fresh strength and caught Josefa by both hands.

"Mauricio is alive!" she cried.

"Be calm,— the doctor,— how glad I am," gasped poor Josefa, laughing and crying both at once, and hugging Clara to her heart. Then Clara's new strength gave way, and she felt dizzy and faint. Josefa bore her to the hammock on the veranda, and gave her water to drink, and fanned her with the fan that Mauricio had given her on her birthday.

"Where is Mauricio?" asked Clara.

"Why, dear heart," said Josefa, "look yonder where the road disappears towards the mission. What if that horseman should be Mauricio himself, riding over to see us just as he used to do."

Clara sat up and watched the approaching rider earnestly.

"It is he," she said.

And soon Mauricio had sprung from his horse before the house, and with quick steps was at Clara's side. They clasped each other's hands joyfully. He too was pale and thin, and his hair hardly covered a deep scar over his temple; but his smile was merry, and his voice frank and cheerful as ever, as he said: —

"I am glad to be at home again. This is like old times. It is worth a journey around the world."

Clara rose, still holding his hand, and led him to the doorway. She pointed to the sword shining on the wall.

"If my father were alive he would know how to thank you," she said. Mauricio reverently took off his hat, and bowed low to Clara and the sword.

There was a footstep behind them. They turned and saw old Mateo standing before the veranda. He drew himself up with a military salute.

"Mateo! Comrade!" cried Mauricio, springing forward and shaking the soldier's hand.

"Ah," said Mateo, "you played a trick on this old man, but it was such a trick as brave men play."

*Charles E. Brimblecom.*

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# LETTERS FROM PITCAIRN ISLAND.[1]

## I.

In submitting these letters from Pitcairn Island to the readers of the Overland, a short history of what I know of the inhabitants may not prove uninteresting. In 1878, a young lady, a friend of mine, went around the Horn to New York, on the Ocean King, Captain Freeman. They anchored off this island when about six weeks out from San Francisco. I will give you the account of what occurred, as given in her own words in a letter to me soon after reaching New York. The Captain's wife and daughter were also on board, and they were a pleasant party.

*Dear E——:*

I am too indolent to reread what I have written, and begin where I left off, so will transport you at once across the Equator, where old Neptune forgot to christen me, to Pitcairn's Island, a rock in the midst of the ocean, about 26 deg. S. Lat. and 130 deg. W. Long.

All one day we drifted around within twenty-five miles of it. Land did not look as extraordinary nor as acceptable as I had anticipated, although the excitement was quite a relief. We arrived about five miles off land at about four o'clock in the afternoon of Jan. 31st, forty-five days out. Captain hailed us with the welcome news that a boat had put out, and was nearing us; and soon, despite the shower which needs must have come just then, we were on deck, anxiously watching the fast approaching little boat.

It contained nine men, all strong and stalwart, not nearly as brown as we expected, and all looking quite intelligent. After asking and obtaining per-

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[1] Bligh, William, an English admiral, born 1753, celebrated in connection with the mutiny of the Bounty. Having made a voyage round the world under Captain Cook, he was sent out December 23, 1787, by the British government, as commander of the ship Bounty, to Tahiti, there to collect bread fruit plants, and thence sail with them to the West India colonies, where government was anxious to introduce them. The ship arrived at her destination in October of the following year, and in six months after was ready to sail for Jamaica with 1015 plants on board. Partly on account of their demoralization by their lengthened residence on so charming and productive an island, and partly owing to tyrannical treatment from their commander, a part of the crew mutinied, after they had been 24 days out, on the 28th of April, and forced the captain and eighteen men into the ship's launch, which they cast adrift, turning their own course back to Tahiti, and ultimately settling on Pitcairn's Island.

The captain and his companions, who had very little provisions, and no sextant or map, arrived after most incredible hardship at the Island of Timor, on the 14th of June, a distance of 3,600 nautical miles from the point where they were abandoned. To the skill and prudence of Bligh the fact that not a single life was lost is chiefly to be attributed. On Bligh's arrival in England, a man-of-war, under Captain Edwards, was sent at his instance to capture the mutineers. Some of them were seized; the rest had escaped to Pitcairn's Island, with Fletcher Christian, the leader of the mutiny. Their place of refuge, however, was not discovered until 1808, when an American ship accidentally touched at the island. At that time drunkenness, debauchery, and unbridled passion, had left only one of the mutineers, John Adams, remaining. Their fortunes here were made the subject of a poem by Byron, entitled, "The Island; or Christian and his Companions."

In the French revolutionary war, Bligh commanded a ship of the line, but again exciting the disaffection of his men by his harshness, they mutinied, and ran the ship into a French harbor. In 1806, Bligh was appointed governor of New South Wales, but his conduct here was so tyrannical as to cause universal dissatisfaction; and in 1808, unable to tolerate his rule, the civil and military officers of the colony summarily terminated his government by arresting him. He died in 1817.

*Chambers' Encyclopedia, condensed.*

Pitcairn Island, a solitary island in the Pacific Ocean, lying at the southeastern corner of the great Polynesian archipelago. Its length (2¼ miles) is about twice its breadth, and the total content is approximately 1¼ square miles. It would be too insignificant to deserve notice, were it not for the manner in which it was colonized. The island is wholly surrounded by rocks; it has no harbor, and its soil is not very fertile. It was occupied in 1790 by the mutineers of the Bounty, who after touching at Toobouai, sailed for Tahiti, where they remained for some time. Christian, the leader of the mutineers, however, fearing pursuit, hastened their departure; and leaving a number of their comrades, they brought off with them eighteen natives, and sailed eastward, reaching Pitcairn Island, where they burned the Bounty. They numbered then nine British sailors,—for sixteen had preferred to remain at Tahiti, and of these fourteen were subsequently captured, and three of them executed,—and six Tahitian men, with twelve women.

It was impossible for concord to subsist in a band of such desperate character; and in the course of the next ten years all the Tahitian men, all the sailors with the

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mission, the magistrate came aboard, and soon the rest of the boat's load were rapidly passing up baskets of fruit, sweet potatoes, squashes, and whatever other commodities could be hastily gathered. Such romantic names,—Russell McCoy, the leader, Stanley, Rosalind, and Maynard Richard Young, etc. Before telling you of our party I will abandon you to your curiosity, and try from what we gleaned, and from the *Epitome*, to tell you a little of this island.

It is twenty-five hundred feet high, and two miles long in its longest extent. It was settled by the mutineers of the Bounty, which left England in 1790, and was not heard of for more than twenty years afterwards. It is under English protection (though they like Americans better). Its inhabitants now number ninety-three [in 1879], of whom over thirty are under age. The village, consisting of twelve houses, wooden, one-story, and thatched, lies on the N. E. extremity of the island. They raise all tropical products, have fowl and goats, and dress with clothing procured from passing ships, have a school and church combined, are very religious, rather inclining to the Methodist Episcopal persuasion, [they have recently been converted to Adventism by the Seventh Day Adventists,] possess an organ and an organist, and have quite good voices. They only leave their island home to board ships and occasionally to go to the other islands.

A people so isolated one would imagine nearly savages; judge, therefore, of our surprise, when we found a people not so dark as Spaniards, quite well educated, and very prepossessing in appearance. They were quite liberal, bringing off bananas, which lasted us seven weeks, and formed a very acceptable addition to our stores, guavas, pineapples, several species of tropical fruits, oranges on which we are still feasting, though they are as sour as lemons; no cocoanuts, as there was no time to gather them. For the ladies they brought flowers, pieces of cloth pounded from cocoanut husks, a hat and several baskets of home manufacture, chains of immortelles, which they wore around their hats, pressed ferns, and wonder of wonders, some spatter work.

My thoughts flow faster than the ink on my pen, and I am making these details very dry, so I will hasten on to our party in the middle of the Pacific Ocean at midnight.

After one trip to the ship, then five or six miles from shore, they returned for more stores, and promised to bring off a young lady of whom Clara had heard [Clara was the Captain's daughter] from a mutual friend. We waited and waited, until at about eleven o'clock a light was seen coming over the water. We girls — we had been allowed the privilege of sitting up — were of course out on deck, greatly excited, and all impatient to see and talk to some of the inhabitants, for the former interview had been too brief to glean many items.

As the light drew nearer, a song ran clear through the quiet of one of those warm tropical evenings,

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exception of John Adams, and several of the women had died by violence or disease. From the time of their leaving Tahiti nothing had been heard of them, and their fate was only known when an American, Captain Folger, touched at Pitcairn Island in 1808, and on his return reported his discovery to the British government; but no steps appear to have been taken by the latter.

On September 17, 1814, a British vessel, the Britain, called at the island, and found old Adams still alive, commanding the respect and admiration of the whole little colony by his exemplary conduct and fatherly care of them. Solitude had wrought a powerful change in Adams; and his endeavors to instill into the young minds of his old companions' descendants a correct sense of religion had been crowned with complete success, for a more virtuous, amiable, and religious community than these islanders had never been seen.

They were visited by British vessels in 1825 and 1830, and the reports transmitted concerning them were fully corroborative of the previous accounts; but in 1831 their numbers (87) had become too great for the island, and at their own request they were transported to Tahiti by the British government. But disgusted at the immorality of their Tahitian friends and relatives, they chartered a vessel, defraying the cost of it in great part with the copper bolts of the Bounty, and most of them returned to Pitcairn Island at the end of nine months.

In 1839, being visited by Captain Elliot of the H. M. S. Fly, they besought to be taken under the protection of Britain, on account of the annoyances to which they had been subjected by the lawless crews of some whale ships: and accordingly Captain Elliot took possession in the name of her Majesty, gave them a union jack, and recognized their self-elected magistrate as the responsible governor. He also drew up a code of laws, some of which are amusing from the subjects of which they treat, but the code was of great use to the simple islanders.

In 1855, finding their numbers again too great for the island, they petitioned government to grant them the much more productive Norfolk Island, to which they were accordingly removed in 1856. In 1859, however, two families, numbering in all seventeen, returned to Pitcairn Island, reducing the number on Norfolk Island to two hundred and two; and others have since followed.

From their frequent intercourse with Europeans, the Pitcairn islanders have, while still retaining their virtuous simplicity of character, and cheerful, hospitable disposition, acquired the manners and polish of civilized life, with its education and taste. They are passionately fond of music and dancing, the latter evidently a legacy from their maternal ancestry.

Pitcairn Island was first discovered by Carteret in 1767, and was named by him after one of his officers; but it was never visited by Europeans till taken possession of by the mutineers. When Admiral de Horsey visited Pitcairn in 1877 there were in all 16 men, 19 women, 25 boys, and 30 girls on the island. See the account published by him in 1878. *Ibid.*

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sounding as music always does on the water, like a chorus of nymphs, whose modulated tones rose and fell with the plash of the oars and the soft swash of the water against the ship's side. You can imagine how it sounded to us, who had seen no outside faces for six weeks. Soon they were alongside,—the lady, Miss Young, was helped over the side, and our party began.

We asked every question we could conjure up, obtained Miss Y's autograph, and then devoted the rest of the time to music. Miss Young is a plump, rather brown, young lady, well educated, daughter of the minister, and is the school-mistress. There are nineteen in their family, all living under the same roof. She and her brothers joined in some of the Moody and Sankey hymns, and quite amazed us by their flexible and clear voices.

A heavy rainstorm came up during the time, and hastened their departure, so that at a little past two we were again alone, our party a thing of the past, very tired people, glad to lay our heads on our pillows, though not till some time afterwards did our tongues go also to rest.

One of the gentlemen was very fine looking, well built, broad-shouldered, with a frank, merry expression, and indeed all seemed above the average.

Their fruits were delicious, especially the pineapples, and we girls reveled in bananas and sweet potatoes for weeks. In return we sent them some clothing, stationery, and little things that we could pick up. Clara and I added our photos, and Captain gave them a barrel each of beef, bread, and flour, besides small stores: tea, nails, knives, etc. They get a great deal from ships in this way, though they also barter, and I believe have some money.

The whole letter is to me extremely interesting, but the above is all in regard to the island and its inhabitants. At its conclusion my friend asked me to send for her to Miss Rosie Young some California flower seeds, which I did in the fall of 1879, shortly after receiving the letter.

For three years I never heard a word from them, although I wrote a letter, and gave my address. Then I saw in the paper that Richard M. Young, of Pitcairn, was in the city, and stopping at the home of a lady whose son he had saved from a wreck off Pitcairn the year previous. The name and number of the street were given, and I said to my mother, "There's a chance to find out if those seeds ever reached Pitcairn."

Mother said, "Write to him and ask,"

So I did, but received no reply.

A week later my bell rang one evening, and the gentleman who lived around the corner (our back yards joined) introduced himself as Charles Burckhalter, and said that Richard Young, who was his guest then, had received a note from me in regard to the flower seeds. He said that Richard was very bashful,—that he had brought him as far as my gate, when he bolted. However, Mr. Burckhalter promised to bring him around on the next Thursday evening, which he did, and we soon put him at his ease.

He was one of those who were on board the Ocean King at the party described in the letter above, and had seen my friend.

Now one strange thing in connection with my writing to him was, that at the time I wrote he was within speaking distance of me, and I had already noticed a dark stranger stopping with the Burckhalters. Mr. Young told me that of fifty letters he received, mine was the only one that did *not* ask him to come and see the writer.

He told me the seeds and note were received; the seeds were planted, grew, thrived, blossomed, and went to seed,—thus giving every one on the island California flowers. One of the letters below acknowledges the receipt of them, and says that she wrote to me, but I have never received her letter. Some captains were not very good about the Island's mail, and much has been lost.

Richard tried to get home,—he sailed from here in August, 1882, but a storm prevented his landing, although in sight of his island home. Arrived in England, and learning that a vessel was to sail from Callao for the Island, they loaded the Alex. McCallam with merchandise for Callao, and arrived there just two weeks after the vessel had gone. He returned to Havre, and then sailed for San Francisco. After arriving here he made one or two trips to the Sandwich Islands, and then going north on

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a vessel was wrecked off Cape Mendocino, and barely escaped with his life, losing everything else. Then he quit the sea, and worked in the *Pacific Press* (Adventist), in Oakland, until his illness and death, in March last.

He became a convert to the Seventh Day Adventists' doctrines, and was a zealous member of their church. He was engaged for two years to marry a beautiful girl of Oakland; their wedding day was set for March 10, 1890,— and on March 9, 1890, he was buried.

The Adventists fitted out a schooner, and last October she sailed for Pitcairn, and for missionary work in the South Sea Islands. Had Mr. Young lived, he would have commanded the vessel. His aged parents at Pitcairn begged the captain of each ship that stopped to send their wandering boy home, but it was not to be. Mr. Burckhalter has letters from the mother, and from Sarah and Rosie Young, since they received the news of Richard's death.

Shortly before Richard died he heard from his home, and they sent him, among other things, some dried bananas, which to me were quite a curiosity. They were cut in slices, dried somewhat like figs, and packed in husks securely bound at each end. They looked something like Chinese bombs at first sight. As they were steamed or preserved in some such way, they tasted very like bananas, and poor Dick said they tasted so good because they were from home.

These letters bear different dates, and are many months apart. Any one desiring any further information may address the writer.

*Mrs. Nelson Page.*

II.

Pitcairn Island,
August 14, 1880.

*Dear Nettie McFarland:* —

I have a long time wished for an opportunity of sending you a letter, across to San Francisco, and hope that I may be able to do so today. I sent you a short note on receipt of your letter of January last, and have often thought of writing you a long letter, but did not like to send it all the way to Europe.

I will never forget your visit, nor the pleasant hour we spent on board the Ocean King. We have had the pleasure of seeing dear Clara again, but sincerely regretted that her stay on shore was so very limited, as her father called in on purpose for her sake, and could not wait longer than a given time.

Are you as busy as when you wrote last, and is the dictionary completed? I have thought I would like to know what name it is to be called.

We have had a new organ sent us as a present from our Queen, of which you have doubtless heard. An inscription is written on a heart-shaped silver plate above the keyboard. This is the inscription: — "A Present from the Queen to her Loyal and Loving Pitcairn Island Subjects, in Appreciation of their Domestic Virtues." It is a gift of which we are justly proud, and the instrument is a splendid one.

I received a letter two days ago from a gentleman, the Rev. J. H. Jones, in Massachusetts requesting me to write an account of this island from the time of the first returned families to the present time. He writes that he would have the account put in some of the magazines, and if successful would use the proceeds in procuring goods for this island.

I am going to send you my photograph, which is just like a monkey sitting among ropes. It was taken at sunset on board H. M. S. Opal a year ago, and was sent to us by way of San Francisco, reaching us the day before yesterday.

I am keeping the penholder you gave me as a keepsake, and shall always do so. I scarcely use any other.

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As I have some other letters to write, you will excuse my bringing this to a close. Should like to hear from you whenever you find it convenient to write, as I count you a dear friend.

So, with every good wish to you and yours, and very much love,

I remain, yours affectionately,

*Rosie Young.*

PITCAIRN ISLAND,
February 21, 1881.

*Dear Nettie:*

I am writing this out on my parents' farm. It is quite a small place, as you will doubtless think. I will describe it to you. Leaving home, I walked out with several men and women, who have gone reviewing old landmarks (I came out for that purpose, as the older people think it necessary for younger people to do so), but getting tired of climbing a *not* high hill, came on at once to mother, who is here with me writing to a Christian friend in New Zealand. The name of this place is Outy Valley. "Outy" is the Tahitian name of the plant from which native cloth is made. It is properly spelled *Aute.* Now after this digression I will go on.

After leaving the rest of the company I came on alone, through an *avenue* of banana trees,—China plantain, we call them here. They are all of the same height, about eight feet, and almost all of the trees are bending under the weight of their large and heavy bunches of fruit. After a walk of about five minutes, the little house can be seen. It is an unfinished place, but contains three beds, a rude table, some plates and cups, etc., as my parents often spend the night here, and with them my two little brothers, John and Arthur.

The little cottage is surrounded with a few gay coloured flowers, nasturtiums, geraniums, balsams, "bachelors' buttons," and a few others. You will see that there is not a great variety, but they make the place bright and cheerful. All the flowers, nearly, have been sent from San Francisco by kind friends there. Father and mother have a noisy family of chickens here, and some pigs are in their pen. They raise sweet potatoes, Indian corn, yam, sugar cane, a row of Irish potatoes, bananas of different kinds, and a few other things, here. I wish you could see their pineapple patch, in the richness of their golden fruit. The season for them is nearly over, but there are a few left yet; and are *so* delicious. Nowhere on the island are pineapples raised of finer flavour than here. Everyone says so. Mother and I have just enjoyed a meal of fresh young Indian corn, and cakes made of green bananas, which are very nice indeed. We had bananas also, and some nicely flavoured tea. I think you could enjoy yourself here in this rural simplicity, especially as the day is perfectly lovely and bright, and the gentle wind fanning the tops of the trees is so pleasant, and makes gentle music.

Your letters, dear Nettie, written in '79, reached me just a week ago. They have been travelling around for some time, before they got here. I have only just made the acquaintance of your earlier days, and of your family, and was really interested in your description of yourself, family, and the spending of your time. I have had two letters from you since you left; one reached me a year ago, and the last one I got on the 18th ultimo. I, like yourself, hope that "the friendship begun so pleasantly may be permanent," and often think how happy we would be to have you here for a day, or at least a few hours. Everybody on the island is acquainted with Nettie McFarland. Perhaps you would be shocked to hear yourself spoken of familiarly as "Nettie," Miss Freeman as "Clara," and so of all the young ladies, unmarried, who have visited us. But everyone here, man or woman, addresses the others by their Christian names. For that matter, we are like

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one family. Thus, my father is Simon, my mother Mary, and so on. How do you think you would like to live in a place like this? All are like brothers and sisters.

You would like to know how we pass our time here. Sunday is spent thus: After family prayers, all the young people prepare themselves for Sunday school. The teachers are five in number, viz: My father, another young man, Mr. V. Young, Miss Mary Ann McCoy, Mrs. Sarah Young, my sister-in-law, and myself. Father has a class of the oldest of the young people, and V. Young the larger boys, and Miss McCoy the young girls in their teens. Mrs. S. Y. has the younger boys, and I have the youngest children, boys and girls. It was only lately I assumed charge of them, as the class that had been mine for years have some of them gone into father's, and the others have separated into different classes; one other is now married. The average attendance is about forty.

Of the work on week days: The men are usually employed in field work,—planting, weeding, and supplying the food thus produced, for home. When the weather has continued for a long time dry, and after the rain has come to water the ground, the women generally help their husbands and brothers in field work, as that is sometimes heavy, and also it is necessary to have your crops planted before the ground becomes dry again. Such work is always healthful, invigorating, and mostly pleasant, though for truth's sake I must say I seldom do it. I am generally employed assisting father, and sometimes alone, in our simple school work; besides which I do the family washing and ironing, and most of the sewing,—all hand-work. My sister Mary Ann does the sewing for our boys; and I for our girls, mother, Mary Ann, and myself. That is, I make up most of our dresses. Our women employ their time doing housework,—sewing, washing, ironing, cooking,—and everyone likes to spend a day fishing now and then. Do you ever fish? If you do, it is not like here, where we go on the rocks fishing with hook and line, or sometimes catching little fish in nets. I like to make a good draw with the net, as well as pulling up a fish on the line. If you want to be properly tanned, the most effectual way to do it is to spend a day on the rocks fishing in the hot sun, and having a salt-water bath after you have done. Sleep after a day so spent comes so naturally, and is so refreshing.

In one of your earlier letters, lately received, you said you would like to know our people's names. I shall tire you this time, dear Nettie. Come ashore with me, and let us go up the hill from the landing-place. It is an ascent of about two or three hundred feet, somewhat steep, but not an unpleasant walk, as the pathway is all well shaded by trees. The house you see at the top of the hill was built for the purpose of storing cotton for sale. Well, we will go on. You will find this pathway pleasant and delightful, as it winds through the cocoanut grove. When you are about half way through the grove, turn around and look at the peak above the landing-place. Do you see the exact representation of an old man's head? That is what we call the "Old Man's Point." He is a most venerable looking gentleman, and is really so, having been there since the formation of this island.

We will go on again; the road is wide and clean just now. After we have gone on for a few minutes longer, we will see the first dwelling-house on the way. In front and around it looks gay with scarlet geraniums, acacias, and other flowers. Our garden fences are made of pineapple plants. As the plants, which are about two feet high, are so prickly, each leaf being furnished on both sides with little stiff, sharp thorns, they afford an effectual barrier against the invasion of the fowls, which sometimes prove very troublesome.

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This house is a very fair specimen of all the others. It is a plain little cottage, gable-roofed and thatched. The interior is divided into four rooms. The house being small, the sleeping rooms are mere nests. Now I shall introduce you to the occupants. That tall, well-formed girl, whose complexion is dark olive, (as are most of us,) is called Maud. She is about your age, and is an easy-tempered, good-natured girl, an orphan, and with her other sisters, owns the house and place around it. The next sister is Maria, aged nineteen years, good-looking and tall. She is lively and talkative. The next is Beatrice, sixteen years old, and quite dark. Miss Mary Ann McCoy, their step-sister, is the other young woman,—short, and rather stout. She is thirty years of age.

Leaving them, we shall go on a few steps, and then enter our unpretending little church. Only the three windows on the east end can boast of being *glass*. On this end also is the Queen's organ (as we call her gift), and reading table and desk, enclosed by railings. In the enclosure sit my father, Miss McCoy, and myself. Just beyond the reading desk, on the same end of the house, is the church library, well stocked with books and other reading matter, so abundantly bestowed on us by kind friends in distant parts of the world, as well as those in passing vessels. Within the church are twelve family seats; the walls are painted white, are simple, and the only ornaments it possesses are Scripture texts, on illuminated cards, also sent by kind friends. The house is about seventy feet long by twenty wide On the west end is our school room, separated from the church by a thin partition of wood.

Beyond the church house, and on an incline, are two other dwellings. One is occupied by Mrs. Warren, the widow of an American man, and their family of eight children. The next family below them number eleven,—the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Christian, and their nine children.

Now we will walk down hill toward my home. Before arriving there we must call in and see my uncle Robert, who is now fifty-one years old, and his wife, Lydia Buffett. They are childless. With them lives aunt Lydia's mother, whom we call "Mamma." She is the oldest person among this people, being now ninety years of age, and is the only one now living of the generation that succeeded the mutineers of the Bounty.

Now, then, a few steps more, and we are at my home. You cannot fail to admire the view, especially when the golden sunlight tinges the feathery leaves of the cocoanut grove on your left, in the early morning. How often have I exclaimed, "How perfectly beautiful!" as I gazed on the surrounding trees and plants; and surrounding the view, like a picture frame, stretches the beautiful blue water of the vast Pacific. I wish you could have seen it as I saw it this morning. Now we will step inside. Under the eaves of the thatched roof hangs an empty cage; the dear little birdies all died last year, over whose death I shed many a bitter tear. Now for an introduction to our family. This dear, noble-looking man, with snowy beard and hoary hair, is father. Mother is this lively old (no, not old, only growing in years) lady, who is so very glad to see you, and make you welcome. Her hair is very black still, with a very thin sprinkling of silver in it. She is a hard-working woman, as her hands betoken. This pale-complexioned, quiet girl is my sister Mary Ann, two years younger than I; and the other young woman of my own age is Holman, my brother Ben's wife. The little children, five in number, are theirs. These two young girls of about the same age are my sister Sarah and mother's adopted daughter, Gussie, who is a tall girl, like her other sisters, Maud and Maria, mentioned above. In the cottage below ours

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live my brother Ned (who sang tenor that night on the Ocean King) and his wife, Sarah, and little fair-haired boy Austin. My other brothers are Alfred, a young man, and two others — John, eleven years, and Arthur, eight.

As you have seen our family, we will now visit the others. Our path lies through a valley, and as we go, you will see how richly the coffee trees grow; they are hanging with their burden of green berries, which will ripen ere long. The Big Tree, or Banian, overshadows part of this valley. Ascending the little hill, we come upon a small grove of noble old orange trees, embedded in which lies the cottage of my brother-in-law, Russell McCoy, and his wife, my sister Eliza. She has a large family of fine-looking children. Your namesake, Nettie, whose christened name is Sarah Nelmes, was eleven years old three days ago. She has a pleasant, good-humored face, freckled, and is a roly-poly little woman. The color of her hair is something like yours, if I remember aright. She is a dear child, and you would like her much. I never fail to kiss her for you. There are nine children in all.

There are three other cottages below my sister's. Her husband has gone on a voyage with Captain Mills, to Liverpool, and will, if all is well, go to San Francisco, and from thence home. But I am digressing. In the first cottage, as above mentioned, live Elias and Elis, his wife, and their eight children. Next door live the oldest man on the island. Thursday October Christian, and his wife and three remaining children. T. O. C. is a grandson of Fletcher Christian, of the Bounty, and is now about sixty-two years old. My own father ranks next in age. The last house on the hill is the home of Moses Young, our present magistrate, and his family. There are two other houses on the opposite ridge, as we call the little hills.

There is one more cottage, and I have done. It is that where lives Mrs. Butler and her three children,—the eldest, Berta, by her former husband, my brother Robert Young; and the other two, twins, charming little children, named Lily and Rose. Doubtless you have heard of her husband leaving this island, now nearly three years ago; and after all this while we have heard nothing of him till a week ago, when a sailor in a passing vessel told us that Butler is now in San Francisco, waiting an opportunity to come here. His account seemed correct,—he says they two had been together for some time in Tahiti, and only lately did they find a passage to San Francisco.

I hope you will not find my lengthy description of this island prosy and uninteresting, but you must tell me if you find it tiresome or not. I have endeavoured to give you a fair account of the manner in which we spend our time, and also of the people. As regards the furnishing of our homes, we do it in the best manner our limited means will allow, but some of the cottages are bare, and totally devoid of any pretension to beauty.

This island is full of hills and valleys; the trees are not many in kind, but are so in quantity. Flowers are not many, and what we have were mostly sent to us. I received Miss Woolley's gifts, and have already written her an acknowledgement, although at so late a day. But "better late than never."

You need never be afraid of your letters possessing no interest for me. I am always glad, and ever will be, to hear from you.

The papers we frequently receive from passing vessels, sometimes a little over a month old, give us a fair idea of what passes in the outside world. Our life is indeed one of quietness and peace, as compared with the noise and bustle of the world at large. It is indeed unruffled and quiet. The arrival of a ship is usually a holiday time, that is, if strangers from the vessel land among us.

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I forgot in the former part of this to tell you that the people here go barefoot, and so cases of taking cold never occur, and we are hardened to all sorts of weather. Any case of dangerous sickness is seldom known here. Contagious diseases do not prevail, so you see we have every reason for gratitude for mercies temporal. And the favours we receive so lavishly call for our highest thanks.

I wish I can tell you that our young people are fonder of their books and studies than they are. I sometimes think how thankful I would be to have the advantages you possess for the improvement of the mind. But perhaps that is a selfish thought, and I should not indulge it. Do you know that I often think I should enjoy a trip around "to the main land," but do not suppose father would ever consent to my doing so. I have several times mentioned the subject to him, always receiving for answer, "I think you are better where you are." I do not know, but perhaps he thinks if I should go, I would not be satisfied on my return.

I will not extend this already lengthy epistle any further, as my paper is nearly full. I received a short time ago a letter from Clara, sent all the way from Newcastle-on-Tyne.

As I write, several of the girls around me are making wreaths of "bachelor's buttons," for ornamenting picture frames. I wish I could send you some.

I have several times tried to persuade some of the other girls to write to you. Mary Ann always tells me you are too learned a lady for her simple pen to address, to which I invariably reply, "Nonsense."

My love to yourself, and best wishes for your conjugal happiness when you enter the double state.

Goodbye, dear Nettie, and with affection to yourself and all yours, I remain as ever your sincere and loving friend,

*Rosie Young.*

In the bunch of dried ferns are two varieties like what we have here.

PITCAIRN ISLAND,
August 4, 1882.

*Dear Nettie:*

I am only just now answering the last letter of yours that I received, written nearly a year ago, and I am afraid you will not think me very prompt in writing a reply, as the letter reached me on the 12th of January. But do not for a moment think that the neglect has been occasioned by foregetfulness on my part, for ever since I had your letter there has been a sense of unperformed duty with me.

Whenever a mail comes in I look for a letter from you, as you write so pleasantly about all you do, and make your letters so charming as to make it a real pleasure to read. I have in imagination traveled with you through the ever varying and delightful scenery you so vividly describe, and have thought that the novelty of your mode of life, as compared with restricted city life, must have indeed possessed a charm for you. I have felt while reading your letter,—as I often do,—that I should just like, of all things, to travel a bit, with you for a companion to tell me all that I required to know concerning the various places and objects of interest that abound everywhere, for I do think *that* to be the most interesting way of gaining knowledge and improving the mind; for however clear an idea one may form of persons, places, and things in general, it is scarcely to be expected that the idea would exactly correspond with the reality.

Although my home is situated on such an isolated spot as this, and although the scenery never varies, still it has never lost its charms for me. I should not have said "never," for the waters of the grand Pacific are constantly changing its aspect, and that in itself is an unfailing source of pleasure. Then,

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too, the old gray peak, known as Goat House, possesses for me an attraction that never grows old; indeed, to my eyes it is perfectly lovely when it is shrouded in a clear light blue mist, and when heavy fogs envelope the top; it always reminds me of a living volcano.

Did your husband ever try to fish again after the day when the fish refused to bite? If so, I hope his after efforts were rewarded with better success. Your pity for the fish takes away any pleasure you may anticipate in going after them; for my part, I do not like to see any creature in pain, but I do like to feel a fish pulling at my line, especially if it is a large one, although I do feel sorry for them as I witness their struggles in the attempt to get free.

In your letter you ask if our "climate is so marvellously healthy that our children escape all the ills of childhood?" Perhaps your question can be best answered by my telling you that "measles, whooping cough, croup, scarlet fever," and the long list of diseases incident to childhood, are names to us, of which we scarce know the meaning. Once a year we usually have some sort of fever, or bad cold, which most of the people suffer from, more or less. This year we have had it worse than at any other time, but through God's mercy it has never in any one case been fatal all these years. Our island being so high, and surrounded as it is with the purest air blowing from the ocean, render the climate peculiarly healthy. It is now twenty-three years since this island was re-inhabited by the first return of the two families from Norfolk Island, and in all those years, of children, there have been five deaths of little infants, and two other little boys, each eight years of age; their deaths were occasioned, one by a fall, and the other had his back injured. Poor little lads! It is often a wonder to me that there should be such good health among so many children (for there are many), especially as cleanliness is not a cardinal virtue with many of them.

I have been quite interested in your way of arranging your time for work and study, and if you feel quite "prepared to crack the tenth commandment" with me in regard to our fruits, I am sure I am just as bad with regard to your well-arranged hours for mind improvement, and all the advantages you possess for gaining useful knowledge. You cannot think how I should rejoice if your plan for us could only be carried into effect, viz., having a trip around for a year or so, but am afraid that is one of the impossible things; it is certainly most improbable. Yes, Nettie, I feel that truly a kind Father has us shielded in His hands from many of the trials, sorrows, and sufferings that many in the world endure.

I am so sorry that I cannot carry out your wish to send you some insects, as there are really none here that could be sent. I believe that cockroaches, which I would not touch, are the largest we have; of the other insects, there is a numerous tribe of them, so small that one would scarcely think they are possessed of life. Of these, the wood-lice are the largest, and you know how small they are. Occasionally a brilliant fly of some strange family would flit across you, and the kind vulgarly called "devil's darning needle" is sometimes seen.

My time is so constantly taken up with my many and various duties, and school work, that I do not have much leisure, and not half enough for reading. We often speak about you here, and we all enjoy your letters, as everybody hears it who can. Goodbye until the next. With kind love and good wishes to yourself and family, I am most sincerely yours,

*Rosie Young.*

PITCAIRN ISLAND,
Dec. 31, '83.

*Dear Nettie:*

Your letter of September last, with

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another of earlier date, reached me on on the 14th inst., and you may guess how glad I was to get them. You will see that your good wishes and kind greetings came just right, and this being the last day of the old year, I will wish you a very happy new one.

I am writing this to send today, as fortunately a ship is here today, bound direct to San Francisco, thus affording us a capital chance of sending letters. What a pity it is that we do not have a more certain way of getting or sending letters. But we have much to be thankful for,— indeed everything; and I am glad that, if all goes on well, this letter will not be a year in getting to you.

I need not tell you how interested I have been in reading your letters; indeed, a letter from "Nettie" is a treat to us all. How I would like to see you, and speak instead of writing. I have learned quite to love your little boy, for your sake, dear friend, and I know I would for his own. We were quite amused with his toys, viz., "four nails, two old letters, and a box." It was only yesterday that a darling little nephew of mine, just a year and two months old, made me laugh to see how cunning he can be with tools. Nothing delights him more than to be handling carpenters' tools, and yesterday he found a saw, and taking up a mallet he began sawing away. He was led out to his mother, and when she was absent from the house for a few minutes, he worked away at his little chair, and when "mamma" came in she found that he had nearly sawed off his little footboard. Is your little Edmund so mischievous? I am glad that is your baby's name, as my eldest nephew's name is Edmund, too, and my sister's husband's is Albert. You seem to be so happy in your home and family that it makes me long to run up and see you. If our bodies can travel as fast and easily as our thoughts could fly, how quickly would I get to you, on a visit. If ever I leave this island, it will probably be in about a year from now. My sister Mary Ann, who is married to an Englishman, may leave here to go to England, and I think father and mother would let me go with them. The mother in England writes so often to beg her son to return, that I think he will no longer resist her pleadings. But oh, how we shall miss them, and most of all dear little Percy!

As regards reading matter, we have a great variety, and not religious books only, but I do not think we have any of Thackeray's or Charlotte Bronte's, but there are several of Dickens's works here. There have been about three or four volumes of Scott's works, the "Waverley Novels," but they were given away to somebody on a whale ship some time ago.

In your letter you say that "in a few years the Isthmus canal will cut us off from the track of ships." That is something I often think of. But perhaps what to us may now seem such a hardship may, in some way or other, prove a benefit. At any rate, it is best to look at the bright side of things, and make the best of whatever happens.

As I have several letters I wish to write by this opportunity, I shall think of closing this.

Now, dear Nettie, I wish you and your family every joy and happiness in and throughout the coming year, and with much love to yourself, believe me ever to remain your sincere

And affectionate friend,

*Rosie Young.*

PITCAIRN ISLAND,
June 19th, 1885.

*My Dear Nettie:*

It will soon be a year since you received the last letter I sent you. The cause of its long delay in reaching you can be explained, I think, when I tell you that the ship on which it was sent ran in collision when going into port, and I suppose matters of far greater

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moment had to be attended to before letters could be thought of.

I need not tell you how very glad I was to get yours of last December. It came safe to hand last February, with some others. You can readily guess what interest we all take in reading and listening to letters from far distant friends, and, situated as we are, the arrival of our always uncertain mail is ever a source of general rejoicing, and I am sure we all know the truth of the wise man's saying: "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Your letter of course received its due amount of attention, and I must say that you do manage to get a great deal of news in the compass of one letter. But I enjoy greatly your descriptions of your household duties, maternal cares,—extending from the two precious little specimens of humanity to the tiny, downy chickens, cats, etc. How motherly you have grown! From the tone of your letters, I gather that you are not only charmed, but grow really enthusiastic over the pleasures of country life.

Clara wrote me a nice long letter, which came at the same time with yours. Dear girl, she will soon, if she has not already, tread the to her hitherto untrodden path of a new life, and oh, how earnestly my heart prays for her happiness, and I am sure she will receive it.

You mention about your recent elections. So far, how does President Cleveland proceed in his administration? Satisfactorily, I hope. Perhaps you will smile to think that in this little secluded world of ours, this mere dot on the earth's broad surface, we are taking considerable interest in the doings of the world outside. I am sure we all were most sorry that the Republican party failed to win in the last electional contest. I wonder if I ever told you that I first heard of James Garfield from a letter of yours to me? Since then I have read so much about him, and learnt so to admire and love the truly noble man, that even yet, when I think of the cowardly act of the assassin, I feel that such a loss to the nation is one which will need years to heal over.

Just now, the all-engrossing theme among our people, the young men principally, is war. All the papers that have reached us lately are scanned eagerly, read and re-read with unabated interest, to find out everything concerning the wars and rumors of wars with which the papers teem.

It seems to me that England is never to be free from some trouble or other, and whoever prophesies her downfall, I hope the prophecy may never be fulfilled. When you next write, I hope to hear more of your interesting bits of opinion concerning Russia, England, the Panama canal, etc., etc.

July 22.—*Dear Nettie:* I have let almost a month slip by before taking up my half-finished letter again, but will hope to get it off my hands soon. I fear that you will find it lacking a great deal in interest. As regards the works of Scott and Dickens, I believe they have all been given away to various persons who have paid us a visit for a few hours. Scott's were the "Waverley" novels, in three volumes, and Dickens's were: 'Little Dorrit," "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," and—really I forget the other.

I wonder if you are as fond of reading any little article on Darwinism as I am. The theory of evolution seems to me such an absurd one, but if the different representations of Mr. Darwin's face that I have seen are correct likenesses, one can scarcely find fault with him for coming to the conclusion that man is only a perfectly developed animal, evolved from others far inferior to him in his present state. I remember that the first time I ever read and understood anything about the Darwin theory, I was astonished to think that any one, pos-



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sessing even only a small degree of intelligence, should not receive with implicit faith and trust the description contained in the first chapter of Genesis of the creation of the world and all things therein, as the one true account of man's origin.

Looking over a volume of the "Leisure Hour" one day, I came across a parody which amused me so much that I thought I would send you a copy, venturing to think that you would enjoy it too. But you might have seen it long ago.

How I wish it possible for me to accompany this. But as yet, I do not see any way by which my long cherished dream may be realized. However, I will still dream on, and at the same time strive to fulfill the duties of my station in life faithfully, as I am certain that *that* much is required of me.

Now I will say goodbye for this time, and my sincere wishes for you and your husband and children's health, prosperity, and happiness, and may favoring gales speed my letter, and my love and affectionate regards to you.

As ever, your loving friend,
*Rosie Young.*

III.

[THE latest date in the above letters being 1885, it may be interesting to add one of 1890, printed in the course of that year in the *Boston Transcript*, by a Massachusetts clergyman, Rev. C. H. Wheeler.]

PITCAIRN ISLAND, Jan 10, 1890.

Ten days of the year 1890 have come before I have had sufficient time to write you as I would wish. My time has been so fully occupied for many a month before Christmas, chiefly in working for others, and preparing for a gigantic Christmas tree, or rather two trees, for everybody contrived to have something on it for everybody else. They were set up in the school-room, and we were one o'clock in the night before putting the finishing touches, so as to be ready after the early morning service. Every one looked so fresh and cool [our cold Christmas is Pitcairn's midsummer] in their white and light-colored dresses, for the young girls had been busy beforehand in their preparations, and the one sewing machine, lately brought from Tahiti, was going almost incessantly night and day.

The principal feature of the Christmas morning service was the singing of the Christmas jubilee, which we had learnt in about five or six lessons, the week before. I wish you could have heard it as it was sung, each three classes taking up their parts, and where the other children's voices, soft and clear, took up their question,—

> Does He love the little ones,
> Will He hear our call?
> He might pass in silence by,
> We're so very small.

First, and again,—

> Yes, we'll join your chorus,
> Little though we be,
> And in songs to Jesus
> Waken melody.

But the full chorus was grand, and the whole was successfully sung in our early morning service. But I suppose you have heard it sung, and more grandly, too, long before we knew of its existence. Nevertheless, we enjoyed it heartily.

The collection taken up on Christmas morning was very small, amounting to only $15.25, not half the sum contributed a year ago.

Service over, all adjourned to the school-room, where the first object that attracted the sight was the hideous head of a ram killed the day before; his big, twisted horns helping to support a basket, on which was embroidered a grinning face of a negro, underneath having the motto: "Merry Christmas, sah!" Overhead, printed in large letters, were the words, "Sambo's Greeting."

The ram's head, with its staring eyes, being disposed of, Harry Christian [many

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of the islanders have the surname Christian, this often preceded by the day of the week on which they were born, e. g., George Thursday Christian] was the amused possessor, we proceeded to strip the trees of their burden. These were only the lighter articles. It would amuse you to see the gifts brought,— huge bunches of bananas, baskets of cocoanuts, bottles of sugar-cane syrup, brooms (these were contributed by the children mostly), many bundles of dried bananas, wash-tubs, baking-pans, men's and women's hats,— my thimble was nearly worn out sewing the last named articles for my nieces to give away to their friends,—baskets, some of which were very prettily embroidered, bits of coral, wreaths, and numberless parcels done up in paper, containing articles of clothing from those who are better off in that respect to those more needy.

It required six of us to strip the trees, and four of the young men were busy walking up and down the aisle distributing the gifts to their several owners. Altogether, we had a most enjoyable time, and at the close all rose to conclude the delightful season by singing the doxology with its hallelujah chorus.

Oh, I forgot to tell you of my contribution to the Christmas tree. It was a string of rag dolls, nine in number, which made the little hearts of the children who received them very happy indeed, with one exception. The ninth was made for my little nephew, Theo, who was very fond of playing with his sister Ida's dolly, calling it "Oh, da't baby." For fun, I made his of black cloth, and stitched in the eyes, nose, and mouth, of white thread. It was rather hideous, but it made much laughter for all except Theo, who dived into his mother's arms, screaming with fright. But the laugh all round soon reassured him, and in a very short time he was enjoying his "nidder baby."

On New Year's, praise service was held in the open air. Nearly all our community met in the road leading to Maud Young's house, where, with the rising sun in view, we sang first "Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun," followed by the Christmas Jubilee, then the Doxology, concluding with the first, sung to a different tune from the opening one. The sight was a very pleasing one,—the men, dressed all in black, and looking splendidly, standing in a long row, while we of the other sex stood just in front of them, and all around us lay the cultivated fields, smiling in their dress of pure green, each leaf being pearl-tipped with drops of dew.

It was so thoroughly delightful to begin the morning of the new year that way! One cannot help thinking that the Heavenly Father looked down and smiled approval.

Do you know that on the 23d of this month we will meet, if God spares us, to praise His goodness for the guiding hand that has led and upheld us as a people for a hundred years? Our centennial will be an occasion of humble gratitude to God that He has lifted us from the depths of crime, which was the origin of our being. Oh, what have we not to thank God for! We might have been idolaters, degraded to the lowest depths to which human beings can sink, —but what has been our history but one long record of goodness and favors shown! Blest above all peoples in the number and faithfulness of earthly friends, and enjoying, oh, in how large a degree, the bounteous mercy of God's love and kindness, we owe him a debt of gratitude which only eternity alone is sufficient to render. Much has been given us; of us much shall be required. What shall our answer be in that day when God shall demand it?

Two days ago I wrote some verses, which will be sung in our meeting on the twenty-third. There are eight stanzas, too long, but the two or three hours that took me to compose them did not leave me time to put all I wish to say in

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fewer words. I am not satisfied with them, but shall leave them just as they are.

A Song for the Year 1890.

Our Father, God, we come to raise
Our songs to Thee in grateful praise;
We come to seek Thy guiding hand,
By which, supported, still we stand.

To this fair land our fathers sought
To flee the doom their sins had brought;
In vain—nor peace nor rest was found,
For strife possessed the unhallowed ground.

Darkness around their path was spread,
Their crimes deserved a vengeance dread,—
When, lo! a beam of hope was given,
To guard their erring feet to heaven.

Thy Holy Word, a beacon light,
Had pierced the shade of sin's dark night,
And poured a flood of radiance where
Had reigned the gloom of dull despair.

We own the depths of sin and shame,
Of guilt and crime from whence we came;
Thy hand upheld us from despair,
Else we had sunk in darkness there.

We, their descendants, here, today,
Meet in Thy house to praise, and pray,
And ask Thy blessing to attend
And guide us to life's journey's end.

Oh, that our lives henceforth may be
More consecrated, Lord, to Thee,—
Thy boundless favors to us shown,
With gratitude we humbly own.

Thou knowest the depths from whence we sprung—
Inspire each heart, unloose each tongue!
That all our power may join to bless
The Lord—our Strength and Righteousness

Very few ships come this way now, and our mails are more uncertain than ever. We should not complain.

*Rosalind A. Young.*

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## AN EPITAPH.

Breathe not *nil nisi bonum* o'er my dust;
A manly soul would ever take to task
The charity that stifles truth, and ask
That what thou sayest be severely just.

If all my virtue be a hollow crust,
My heart a devil's shrine, my face a mask
Of Christian love, that living I may bask
In men's approval, then dispel their trust.

Nor do I crave for studied praise of wit
And wisdom that I never have possessed;
should go hence content if on the bit
Of stone that tells my dates of birth and rest,
In truth and soberness there might be writ,
*He was loved best by those who knew him best.*

*Wilbur Larremore.*

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# VERISIMILITUDE.

## I.

In certain valleys of the Andes the sun seems very tardy in getting about his daily business. And so it was that the river and narrow strip of land between the steep mountain sides lay in a cold shadow, about seven o'clock of a still morning in the Peruvian Sierra, some fourteen years ago.

*Cholitas*,[1] clearing away the remnants of their husbands' early breakfasts,—those husbands already busy toiling on the airy line of the fast-growing railway above,—clung closely to the poor, primitive out-of-doors fires that had served to aid their as primitive cooking. Tiny transparent icicles hung from the jagged edges of rocks, whose broad sides were washed by the mountain torrent, in its swift downward course. The hardy flowers that bloom and thrive at those altitudes seemed to droop and close their delicate petals, waiting in patience till their great life-giver should again shine upon them. Dogs that had ceased not to make the whole valley resound with their sharp barks and penetrating howls during the long night, now dumbly sought sheltered nooks and the open doors of village huts, waiting as well for the warm friend of all animate and inanimate nature.

About the only creatures that seemed indifferent to the cold half-brightness of the early morning, were a group of stately llamas standing near the roadside, each one pressing close up to his companion in front, and all at intervals cropping the short herbage, while their leader constantly rung the mellow bells that adorned his gay red head-dress, as he moved impatiently, in the expectation of his forthcoming burden and slow march down the *quebrada*.[2] As for the mules standing saddled before the balcony of a long adobe house but a stone's throw from the water's edge, it seemed as though all the snap of the icicle itself had entered into their never-too-wild dispositions. For the way they laid back their long, smooth ears, and switched their bush-broom tails, executing sudden flank movements on their nearest neighbors, boded ill to the tranquility of the riders, who were even then lingering over their light "first breakfast" in the dusty eating room within.

Among the score or more of civil engineers gathered there from half as many countries, all united in the common purpose of stretching the great iron band across the Andes, were three female figures, looking in their modern, ladylike attires a trifle out of place in their present surroundings. Wifely devotion—it may be not quite unmixed with an unacknowledged desire to see this strange land to which their lords had expatriated themselves—had brought them to the point of defying alike seasickness and homesickness, and now the monotony of an existence in this secluded spot.

It was an experiment, of course; and many of the bachelors long banished from female society prophesied no small amount of mischief and misery as its result. One went so far as openly to assert his intention of being "moved on," if it were possible, while he depicted with much feeling the gloom that the restraining influence of *ladies* would cast over the small community.

But after he had witnessed, one bright day, the labored descent of three long-skirted women from their weary and uncertain seats on the backs of the

[1] The *Cholo, Chola, dim. Cholita*, is of mixed Spanish and Indian blood.

[2] The valley between the mountain ranges.

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steady mountain steeds that had brought them from the last station of the railway, he felt an unfamiliar sensation of pity enter his *blasé* nature, and forthwith he ceased all objurgations, and was soon even heard to admit that it was n't really half as bad as he had expected, though an unheard of thing, to be sure, you know.

And this same changeable being was cousin to the husband of one of the unwelcome trio,—and as the old ladies used to say in his boyhood, "as like him as two peas." But the old ladies manifested in this a rather superficial judgment of the traits of the two Johns. Being children of twin brothers, they had been made to bear the same baptismal name, more firmly to cement the bond of union between them. There was, indeed, to a casual observer a great resemblance between the two men, both being unusually favored in the matter of good looks. But a close look would soon reveal as great differences in their appearance as had thus far been shown in their characters. The married John, though a little the younger, had always worked, worked, worked,—through his student days, and afterwards in his professional life, seeming not to care much for anything beyond business, and the homely comforts that had come to him through his early matrimonial venture. Bachelor John, on the contrary, had seldom worked, and consequently was far below his cousin on the rounds of the professional ladder they were both climbing. He often laughed at his plodding namesake, telling him that life was far too short to be given up so; that he would be an old fellow before his time, if he continued in that way. No danger of *his* overstraining himself in any such fashion,—not he! He would rather be an assistant engineer all his days, and get some little pleasure out of existence as it passed.

So they could now agree, those two so closely united by blood, and each had long ago gone his own way, letting the other for the most part severely alone.

But to return to the company of which the two Johns formed a part (the older being familiarly called, both by way of distinction and on account of a considerable inferiority in height, as compared with the younger, John Littlejohn),—the strong coffee being duly swallowed, and the triangles of buttered toast consumed, as well as the dainty *œufs à la coque*, which "did set forth" the early morning meal, there was a sudden clinking of spurs and jostling of chairs, as the men hastily rose to seek their several lines of work. After various gentle urgings, and a few ungentle ones, the mules, some of which seemed firmly persuaded that their way lay quite in the opposite direction from that of their riders, started on, and soon both men and beasts were lost to view beyond one of the numerous sharp turns in the bridle-path down the valley.

As the sunshine broadened, the women left their post of observation on the narrow balcony above, whence they always waved an adieu to their departing lords, and each smothered a sigh at thought of the long, uneventful day before them.

For a time they busied themselves about the few household cares their peculiar life demanded, and then sought the cosy sitting-room, which the tender forethought of their husbands had, with a fair measure of difficulty, prepared for them. Here, in one corner, near a tiny open stove, glowing with English coal, brought up hither, after its long sea trip, on mules' backs, was a genuine American rocking chair, which, dissected, had made its mountain climb in the same manner. A Viennese cousin, quite different in style, and equally comfortable and inviting to a weary back, stood close by; and further on, an ingeniously contrived leather-covered folding lounge, from a workshop in far-away France. Bookshelves of a rude con-

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struction, suggestive of the native carpenter, lined the opposite wall of the low room. Other articles as oddly neighbored were scattered over a bright English carpet.

Here were, naturally, some feminine adornments, a few pictures — mostly, it must be confessed, rather bad — and as many "banners" and the like, brought hither by these women from their old homes, when the fever for *chiffons* had not, however, reached its later, dreadful height. Altogether, as one stepped across the threshold, the room afforded a little surprise, so different was it from any in the house,— or, indeed, from any in the *quebrada.*

And here between those four low walls the greater part of each day — so marvelously like the one preceding and that coming after — was passed by Mary Elder, Caroline Colvin, and Hetty Hemphill.

"Heigh ho," sighed Caroline, over whose married life less than a dozen months had passed; it had been quite defrauded of the usual honeymoon, in whose contemplation all after moons grow dull. For how could there be any honeymoon for a girl whose lover had rushed from her at the very altar, to seek his duty at the other end of the world? And now, in that husband's temporary absence, she openly sighed and chafed at her restricted life. Her ennui was indeed great, now that all the charm of novelty in her surroundings had sometime passed; now that her pretty wardrobe had been duly exhibited to the motley household; now that she had no more worlds of toilet to conquer. Beyond having a pretty, well-attired person, and, perhaps, a gift of saying sharp, audacious things, Caroline, as Americans are wont to observe of offensive nobodies, to the great derision of English critics, "amounted to very little." The burden of her days was mostly supported by the expectation of the gayer evening to follow, when most of the household gathered around the social lamp, to pass the time in pleasant games and lively conversation.

Of the other two women, one sat near the fire, with her small daughter at her side, stringing bright beads, later to adorn the fair neck of a favorite doll; and not far from her, the last of the group, engaged in the essentially feminine occupation of crocheting.

All of Hetty Hemphill's waking moments seemed to be passed either in crocheting or in flirting in a harmless sort of way. She would keep that slender needle moving in her small hands under the most adverse circumstances. And Caroline had more than once observed, in her absence, that she firmly believed, were Mrs. Hemphill suffering agonies of hunger and thirst in crossing the Great Desert, she would calmly crochet on till relief came. Not even glimpses of sundry unoccupied button holes in Ben's clothing would move her to change her employment; that is, not until Ben himself rose in wrath, and demanded instant reparation.

Her own toilet, womanly coquetry prompted her, however, to keep in order; and she really made no unattractive picture, as she sat by the low casement that morning, crocheting. And this delicate mode of passing away the time by no means prevented her other one, of which I have spoken; for during the social evening, as her fingers moved, her spirits grew higher and higher, while she furtively watched the scowl growing deeper and deeper on poor Ben's face, pinched, as he evidently was, in the claws of a small, stinging jealousy.

After the visible barriers of doors and locks had shut her and her sulky husband from the rest of the household, an invisible veil would rise between them, which would at last be torn aside only by coaxings and caressings from Hetty's part, joined with ridicule of irate Ben as a "goose."

"What — shall I — do — all day?'

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drawled Caroline, and then, with the words hardly well out of her mouth, and with an entire change of manner, "O! I know! It is nearly steamer time. I will spend the day in writing home."

She seemed, however, in no great haste to start, but sat on, tapping her plump fingers on the arm of her chair, as she listened to a listless conversation going on between the others.

And what talk could be else than listless, whose only topics were the humdrum events of an everyday life, shut away from all outside society? Topics which indeed received a temporary change and brightening, with the daily home-coming of the male members of the household.

An interruption came presently, in the shape of a low knock at the outer door.

"*Adelante!*" called out Mrs. Elder, thinking it one of the house-servants, who never entered here without permission.

Thereupon a young *cholita* stepped hesitatingly forward.

A rapid glance passed from Hetty's eyes to those of Caroline, but was intercepted on its way by Mary, who was about to say something reassuring to the timid visitor, come, doubtless, to inquire after employment from the *gringas*. This woman, however, as soon as her roving gaze had settled upon Mary, at once found voice, and raising her arm from under her bright *serape*, pointed towards her.

"Yonder is the *señora* I seek!"

"And what can I do for thee, my good woman?" pleasantly inquired Mary, in her slow but fair Spanish.

For answer, the *cholita* shot a meaning glance in the direction of the others, which Mary correctly interpreted. Motioning her visitor to follow, she quietly opened the door of her bed-chamber, and passed in.

It was a dainty place, even though ten thousand feet above the coast, and in a narrow, remote valley. An inviting place, in spite of its low ceiling and heavy-jambed, dwarf doors. The one deep, broad window with its swinging sashes lighted a brightly carpeted retreat, with curtained brass bedstead, a gayly painted chest of drawers adorned with the knick-knacks of the toilet most delicately reared women love, no matter how simple their surroundings, and a large baize-covered writing table, bestrewed with the orderly litter that more betokened a woman's presence than all the rest of the room.

In a far corner, also, stood a wee white bed, little Helen's nightly place of rest. To this latter the strange guest's glance soon turned, after taking in the other, and to her untutored eyes, luxurious, furnishings of the sleeping apartment.

"You have a child?" she suddenly asked.

Mary bowed in assent.

"I knew it not."

Wondering what possible interest the fact of her daughter's existence could have for the *cholita*, Mary civilly waited for her to begin to state her business.

"Is that your child yonder, *señora?*" persisted the woman, pointing in the direction of the room they had quitted, "The child of Don Juan?" she added, in a still lower tone.

Mary again assented, wondering still more at the other's speech and manner.

While she waited to hear the woman's business, Hetty Hemphill, who for once had forgotten her crocheting, had started from her chair, and hastened to knock at the closed door through which Caroline had just passed, to write her letters. She hardly waited for the "Come in," before she rushed into the room, almost a facsimile of the one we have just left, and cried, "What do you think of Incarnacion's coming to see her?" jerking her elbow with an ill-bred motion in the direction of the Elder family's bed-room.

"What do you suppose she wants with her?" she continued. "Do you suppose she is going to *tell* her?"

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"I don't know, I am sure!" answered Caroline shortly, and in a tone as if she might say, "or care either." She had been interrupted in the effort to commune with her mother in the only way now possible to her, and might be excused for feeling some annoyance,—which, however, she took small enough pains to conceal.

She absently scratched with her waiting pen on the margin of her blotter, and then traced thereon, in small characters, while Hetty's tongue ran on, "One's house is one's castle,"— and as quickly erased it, before it could meet the other's roving eye.

"There is, at any rate, one thing pretty certain; and that is, that it is none of our business," she finally remarked with a decided air. "It is too bad that Mrs. Elder should be bothered so, by such a worthless baggage, who without a doubt has come to beg, but I don't see how, under the circumstances, we can help it, in one way or the other."

Thus rebuffed, the unwelcome guest left the room with some offense, shutting the door sharply behind her. But even in those few minutes the pleasant room beyond was darkened to its quiet occupant by a just-repeated tale of weakness and sin.

The dark, handsome face of the *cholita*, full of passion and pleading, but bearing no trace of remorse or humiliation, was bending over the fair, and how much more beautiful one, now white to its very lips.

"Ah, but my *señora*, you cannot know what it is to be neglected, to be forsaken, to have the hunger, to have the cold, and to see your little one once cry for bread! For a long time all went well, and after the child came I was made more happy and comfortable than I had ever thought to be in this hard world; but alas! now, since —"

An expressive silence, which Mary broke by bitterly ending the unfinished sentence, "Since *I* came, perhaps."

The other nodded bluntly, and continued vehemently:—

"Since some months, Don Juan has given me nothing. And my parents tell me that as I did prefer a *gringo* to a husband of my own people, he alone must care for me and my child. They cannot do it, *pobres*, as they are, and I also full well know it. My God! why did he ever seek me out, and make me mad with love for him, to become the jest and jeer of my own people? But now, my *señora*,"—her manner changing at once to a whining, wheedling one,—"now that I see that you were the first, the *verdadera esposa*, - he never told me, never! the base perjurer! that he had a *señora* of his own country,—a *señora* beautiful as the gracious Madonna; never, never!—and I who only since a few days knew aught about you, did not dream of the little daughter. Believe me, I did not, or Incarnacion would have suffered long, long, before she could have troubled the pretty *señora* so,—the *señora* whom Don Juan loves!"—with a purring murmur on the soft Spanish word which we call "love,"—then wildly again, "And me, Incarnacion, the *pobre*, he loves no more, no more!"

She had gradually wrought herself into a perfect frenzy as she went on.

Then with another of her sudden transitions of manner, she said almost quietly: "But now that I am come,— now that I have humbled myself before you, will you not assist me? Ah!" sharply, "I leave my child, but now, hungry and crying. I have naught to give him, and have the hunger myself, as well. I say I cannot longer hear him cry! And I come to the good *señora* for help. And as I come, I pray to the Holy Virgin to soften the *señora's* heart, to heed the poor *cholita's* prayer. Will she not do it? See! she does!- she does! *Ave Maria purisima!*"

Her velvet eyes glowed with a curious mixture of pious gratification and cupid-

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ity, as she saw Mary silently draw a purse from her pocket.

"There, my poor girl! take that," placing a piece of money in Incarnacion's brown hand; "and when thou hast further need of help,—let me know. I can bear that, but, oh! I cannot have thee come here again,— here, where —" She fell a-sobbing here, and Incarnacion was at once overcome by the sight of the unlooked-for emotion, and fell down on her knees, and began chafing the cold hands of the sufferer.

"God knows Incarnacion would not hurt the *señora! Ay de mi, señora!* do you love the *Norte Americano* so much? —love him who has so basely deceived two trusting women!"

Strong shudders passed over poor Mary, as she heard herself placed in the same shameful category as that poor creature, and she said passionately:—

"Thou dost not know, thou canst not know, what it is to have a woman's— a wife's — honor thus assailed! But, pshaw! why do I thus talk to one who cannot for a moment fathom the depths of my misery? O, woman, if thou hast mercy,— thou sayst thou dost not wish to *hurt me!*— only leave me now! I cannot stand more!"

As the excited visitor rose to obey, she quickly motioned her away from the door by which she entered, and silently let her out by one that gave directly upon the balcony, which ended in a long flight of stairs down to the village street.

From her own window she watched her departing guest on her homeward way, till she saw her enter the doorway of a thatched cottage almost within ear-shot of the engineers' house.

Here she now remembered having often seen a handsome, ruddy child playing on the rude doorstep,— never dreaming! No matter! She wiped away the fast flowing tears of humiliation and angry grief, and wondered, as who does not under the immediate pressure of an agonizing sorrow, how she was ever to bear it.

Then of a sudden the thought of her own fair, sweet child mingled with the bitter flood sweeping over her, and for the first time in her life she fell to the floor in a complete swoon.

*Sybil Russell Bogue.*

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# A PIONEER'S FIRST LETTER HOME.

[Written to De Witt C. Clarke, then Editor of the Burlington Vermont *Free Press*, afterwards Secretary of the United States Senate.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
June 14, '49.

*Friend Clarke:*

Here I am at last in the far-famed and far-felt town of San Francisco, seated on a camp chair under a tent, surrounded by about one hundred and fifty others, with one foot in a pail of water and my paper spread on a trunk, endeavoring to while away the hours of convalescence from the effects of the steerage of a crowded vessel, by communicating to my friends at home some account of affairs,—social, political, commercial, and religious,—presented just now by this remarkable place.

I left New York on the 24th of February last, as a member of the "United Pacific Gold Company," under the escort of Captain Innes, late of the New York Volunteers. This company was intended to have comprised one hundred members, but, notwithstanding all the efforts of the three speculators who got it up, but fifty could be obtained,—each of whom paid Captain Innes $15 for his future services in crossing Mexico. We chartered the brig Isabella Reed, Captain Rogers, and embarked after a detention of two weeks from the first day advertised for sailing.

We were for the most part entire strangers to each other and to our captain, who proved only a burdensome and useless member of the company, and hence we soon found that the union likely to attend our movements was to exist in our title. Ten different nations were represented on board, and every variety of character and profession was of course included. We managed, however, to associate ourselves in clubs of ten or fifteen each, all of which adopted "constitutions" (how common they are nowadays!) which lasted about as long as such things generally do,—to wit: till they inconvenience the members. These clubs also promised each other to march together, and defend each other on all occasions,—all of us agreeing to be controlled by Captain Innes.

On landing at Vera Cruz, which we did on the 22nd of March, after a very pleasant trip, one of the clubs exploded with great violence, though without injury, save in reputation, to any of its members. The others, strengthened by the accessions of its members, purchased wagons and mules for the baggage, of which we had altogether too much, and took up our march on foot for the city of the Montezumas.

We had been much alarmed by the account of Mexican robbers, and had on that account armed ourselves to the teeth; but though we heard of outrages committed by the "greasers," and especially by the American deserters along the entire route and in our immediate neighborhood, we lost nothing by their means, nor ever had occasion to fire a shot in self-defense.

The road between Vera Cruz and Mexico passes through the most delightful scenery. The mountain ridges are all ranged north and south, so that on our east and west road over them the scene is constantly changing. A Vermonter thinks Camel's Hump and Mansfield to be enormous mountains, but what would be his emotions to see them rise to four times their present height, and covered in midsummer half way down with snow and ice? Yet this is the description of Popocatapetl, Orizaba

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and the White Lady. The road (once a magnificent work, but now much ruined) passes over several mountains, from which the views are sublime; but the eye of the American misses, among the volcanic rocks and parched valleys of the scene, the grassy covering and the forest shades of his native land.

In many places the prickly pear (toad cactus, here used for fences) is the only plant found; in others, the chaparral covers immense districts. Large trees are few and far between, and plains frequently occur (though not on this part of the road) where not a bush, nor blade of grass, nor a drop of water can be found on the iron-bound surface for a hundred miles in extent. Agriculture is unknown between Vera Cruz and Jalapa, a distance of seventy miles, the whole of which belongs to the now unpopular Santa Anna, by a grant from government in former days. He probably does not derive one cent of revenue from it, nor does any else.

Our party traversed this region in safety, and arrived, after sixteen days' march, at Mexico, 280 miles from Vera Cruz. Here we sold our wagons at a great loss, having found it better to *give* away our baggage than undertake its further transport over a road so bad that the men had to work as hard as the mules in order to get up the hills and out of the holes which constituted it.

We remained there a week to dispose of our teams and useless effects, some of which we sent round by the way of Acapulco, and to purchase horses for the remainder of the journey. Seven men of Section C (mine was Section A) took sick with a fever and ague here, which, as well as our captain's attempt to run away with money that had been entrusted to him by two unfortunate members of the company, occasioned some delay. This gave us an opportunity to examine this celebrated city, in whose appearance we were much disappointed. It is, indeed, a great and populous place, but still there is something barbarous in its magnificence,—something that argues decay rather than progress in its institutions and public buildings,—and a lack of the commonest cleanliness on the part of the people, which renders it an unpleasant residence to an American.

I was pleased to meet here (who is not pleased to meet a countryman in a distant land?) with the brother of Solomon W. Jewett, Esq., of Weybridge, Vt., who keeps a hotel, and was very particular in his attentions to us, and in his inquiries about "home." I heard also a good report from him of our Burlington company, who passed through about two weeks ahead of our party, and had put up with him.

At Mexico our organization died a natural death, and we proceeded on horseback in parties of five or ten, as inclination or accident directed.

We reached Guadalajara, a distance from Mexico of 475 miles, in about fourteen days. Some of our beasts gave out on the road. Some of us, including myself, spent some days on a sick-bed, and all were very much fatigued with the journey and want of accommodations at the hotels, or *mesons*.

Perhaps a description of a *meson* would be interesting to your townsmen, Messrs. Odell, Hart, etc. They are all very similar in construction, built mostly of adobe, or unburnt brick, around a square courtyard, and one story high. The entrance is in the middle of one side, and on the two sides of *that* are the host's room and the *fonda*, or eating house, which last is often a separate concern. The side opposite the entrance is the stable,—or a door through it leads to stables in the rear. The other sides contain rooms without windows or ventilation, save by the door, floored with stone, clay, or rough-hewn planks, and without beds or other furniture, except dust, fleas, and lice, with which they are generally well stocked. Every traveler

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here carries his own blanket, which serves to cover him as he lies on the bare floor, and his saddle bags make his only pillow. Should he not have brought also his own provisions and cooking utensils with him, he must needs apply at the *fonda*, which is frequently entirely without provisions of any kind, and where he must wait till the filthy cook, with breasts exposed and hanging down to her waist, goes and buys what is ordered, and cooks it before him; while the dogs, hogs, and babies, are running about and smelling the dishes, placed on the floor before being served up. As to their quality I cannot say much. Good beans and tortillas (a cake made of corn stripped of the husk by steeping in lime water, and ground up by hand, and baked without any seasoning, on a dry griddle) can always be had. Tolerable beef, pork, and mutton, may sometimes be procured. The coffee in the best city houses is excellent, in the country *fondas*, abominable. Mexican chocolate is *always* good; the bread is always sour; the salt as large as peas; the cheese like Dutch skim cheese, and the butter, *lard*.

On such fare and on such beds as these did we refresh ourselves from the City of Mexico to the shores of the Pacific, passing through a desolate and fruitless country, not indeed without husbandry, but yielding very little to the barbarous cultivation of its Indian inhabitants. Of Mexican agriculture I may hereafter write you some account, as Yankee farmers — much as *they* might sometimes improve — would be somewhat amused at the description.

From Guadalajara, a fine city, where we at last unshipped our scoundrel captain, we scattered along towards San Blas and Mazatlan, where we expected to await the stragglers, and re-embark for San Francisco.

I arrived at San Blas so late that the vessel had left her berth when I reached the shore, but as the wind was light I boarded her in a canoe before she had cleared the mouth of the harbor. In five days we reached Mazatlan, where we met many others of our countrymen who had preceded us on the same route, or come by that of Brazos and Durango.

As many as one hundred and fifty were on shore at the same time on the day of our arrival, mostly unarmed, — when a fray occurred, which resulted in some damage to our party. An American armed with a sword was boasting of his prowess in a grocery among many Mexicans, whom he defied to procure three men in the city who could fight him. One of them — a negro — accepted the challenge singly, and as they went out to fight a crowd soon gathered around them. A stone from the mob broke the American's sword-hand before he could draw his weapon; his antagonist rushed upon him and wounded him terribly. A shot from an American killed him in turn, when the row became general. Two Mexicans and three Americans were quickly wounded, the military were called out, and the Americans required to go on board the vessels.

This they did, and having changed our vessel for one offering better accommodations, we left the same evening without waiting for our comrades. Nothing remarkable occurred on this voyage, in the way of storms or bad weather. The vessel, "Johanne and Oluffa" from Denmark, was a good sailer, and well managed; but the provisions being nothing but mouldy rice, wormy bread, orange leaf tea, jerked beef (which is about as palatable as boiled rawhide), and beans, the passengers took matters into their own hands. They invited the captain on deck one morning at breakfast, and threw the entire provisions overboard before his face, and ordered him to bring out the best he had, or they would blow his brains out. This was done by a "committee of the whole" company on board, being one hundred Americans, all resolute men, and the captain, fright-

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ened out of his wits, altered his course on the instant. Good beef, pork, duff, coffee, and bread, were at once produced, and continued throughout the voyage, so that on the whole we fared well, for men in the steerage of a foreign vessel on this inhospitable coast.

We arrived at San Francisco on the morning of June 8th, twenty-three days from Mázatlan and 104 from New York. Only twenty of the original company of fifty were together, though the rest have since arrived. We were all greatly deceived in regard to the expenses of the trip, having left home with the assurance of our captain and others that $200 would be more than enough for *outfit and expenses through;* whereas we found $300 not too much to cover the *traveling expenses alone.* We were also told that the trip could be made in fifty days, whereas it took us one hundred and fourteen, and in our mode of travel cannot be made in less than one hundred. A traveler by this route need fear nothing from robbers if he has six resolute and watchful companions, and all armed; but he needs to be very careful in his *trading*, as the people, one and all, ask of an American three times the prices for which they will sell to a Mexican. He also should not bring more than twenty-five pounds of baggage, as he will need only one change of raiment and a blanket, and can buy everywhere at reasonable rates. But if he has too much baggage he must dispose of it, and that at a merely nominal rate.

We have reason to believe, from comparing notes with other adventurers since our arrival, that we have come by the cheapest, quickest, and most comfortable route to California, except that by the steamer, so that by this brief sketch of our privations and difficulties you may imagine what an undertaking it is. I met the party from Burlington here, who were all well, and have gone up to the mines, whither I may or may not follow them, according to my success in finding occupation here. The water is yet too high at the mines for profitable labor,— the average product of which is one ounce per day,— while though the influx of emigration has reduced the great price of labor within a few days, there is a great demand for it, and it is the elysium of speculators. The prices of real estate are enormous. If your American Hotel were at San Francisco, it would be worth $10,000,000. An establishment of about the size of Soragen's, on Water Street, rents at $80,000 per annum, and all else in proportion.

Gambling is carried on to a frightful extent, money being bet literally by the pailfuls; but no other vice is more prevalent here than at home. Theft is almost unknown, though a million of money and property might be carried off in a night, on account of the want of secure buildings.

More than half the houses and stores are mere tents, some of which are very large, and pay a high ground rent. Our *hotel*, where I stopped, occupies a lot 48 by 25 feet, for which the tenant pays $2,000 rent. Two miserable sheds, used for storage, command $900 rent per month. Clothing is not more than fifty per cent above New York prices,— provisions about one hundred per cent.

One hundred vessels are now in the harbor, and none of those via Cape Horn have yet reached us. The market is already flooded with some articles, and what the state of affairs will be next winter, after the ten thousand diggers now in the mines shall have returned to town,—after the twenty-five thousand emigrants now en route for the same point shall have arrived,—and after the three to four hundred vessels now steering hither shall have discharged their cargoes,—God only knows!

The village now covers an area of about one-half mile square, which is sparsely covered by all manner of shop buildings. So many tents and shanties

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line the street, so many piles of bales, barrels, and boxes of goods, packed and unpacked, meet you at every turn, that the place resembles a country village on a fair day, rather than a regular city. The spot on which it stands is a small valley, already nearly all occupied, but which will undoubtedly be soon filled up from the three hills that surround it. The character of the buildings now going up is of the most flimsy description. Lumber is from $300 to $1,000 per thousand. Carpenter work $12 per day, so that the hotel above referred to, which is nothing more than a large tent stretched on a light frame of scantling, 48 by 25 feet, and 8 feet to the eaves, cost $275 per day. Those who have tents and cooking utensils of their own, and whose funds are short, encamp on the neighboring hills, and those hills look more like a military encampment than the abode of peace and industry.

There are here five missionaries—a Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Romanist—each of whom holds forth to full houses three times on Sunday.

Among those who have sought these distant shores are many who have been the pillars of the church at home, many who gladly improve the few religious privileges which the place affords. I should think that ministers need only to come here to meet a liberal, though somewhat unsteady support. Education is ahead of the demand for it, there being three schools, yet hardly children enough to fill them. Sundays are observed universally at the mines by cessation from digging, and the substitution of washing clothes, dividing profits, exploring, learning the news, and gambling, which is the vice of California.

The political aspect of affairs here deserves a chapter by itself, and I feel that the deep interest which Vermont, as well as other States, takes in whatever concerns these loved ones who have moved to this distant region, will justify me by extending this letter beyond double the usual length. I had the honor of attending the first political meeting held by the American citizens in California. This meeting took place on Tuesday, June 12th, having been called by the military governor of California, General Riley, for the purpose of taking into consideration the project of establishing a State government, and applying at once for admission into the confederacy. Already two parties have been formed here. There is, on the part of the American citizens, a very strong aversion towards the Mexican laws, and the military government established by the treaty until Congress should have time to substitute a territorial government. This feeling, which is cherished and promoted by a few demagogues who are anxious to merit the first offices by their officiousness in establishing a different *regîme*, has become the prevailing one, and consequently an assembly was constituted some time since,— nobody knows how, —calling themselves the "Legislative Assembly of the District of San Francisco," who undertook to issue proclamations forbidding obedience to either the Alcalde or General Riley, and levying taxes on the property of the place. These taxes were paid in spite of the counter proclamation of General Riley. Furthermore, the news having arrived by the last steamer, of the neglect of Congress to grant a territorial government to California, new fuel was added to the flame. All the citizens, even those who were opposed to the unauthorized action of the "Assembly," have been convinced that they must take matters into their own hands, if they wish anything to be done. The Governor (Riley) seeing the popular tendencies, called a meeting to take the matter into consideration, which came off as above narrated, on Tuesday last. The first speaker, Judge Peter H. Burnett, of Oregon, made a very inflammatory speech, in which he tried to convict Congress of

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oppression and injustice, and exhorted the people to resist it with the knife, even as their fathers of the Revolution had resisted the tyranny of Britain. He represented that our revenue was an important item to the United States, and that Congress was aiming to secure *that*, while it was determined to deny us any voice in dispósing of it. He was followed by Hon. T. Butler King, member of Congress from Georgia, who in an eloquent and able speech did much to convince the audience of the necessity of the proposed measure, while at the same time he vindicated Congress from the charges of "oppression" and injustice laid against it by Judge Burnett. He showed that the reason why Congress had not come to any conclusion was on account of the contest maintained between the "principles of the North and the honor of the South," on the subject of slavery, which motive had tacked to every bill brought forward for the benefit of California some slavery or anti-slavery clause, to which the other party could not agree. He appealed to the knowledge of Northern and Southern character, which all possessed, to bear him out in the prediction that such would always be the case, and that therefore some other resource must supply the wants of this region. He showed that the cry of "tyranny and oppression" was foolish and premature; — that the revenue thus far collected, and to be collected at present rates, was just the interest of the purchase money paid for California,— that the steamers, now running, — the railroad contemplated across the country,— the lighthouses, customhouses, fortifications, and officers that the future safety and prosperity of the country would demand from Congress, would leave Uncle Sam creditor on the books for many years to come, while the warmest and most anxious feeling for California's prosperity now pervaded every corner of the older States. All this and much more to the same effect was powerfully urged by Mr. King, and as his efforts in Congress for the establishment of the steamers have made him here the most popular of men, he was heard throughout with the most respectful attention.

He was followed by several others, and among them one of the "Assembly," who was disposed to apologize for his rashness and audacity in the part he had taken in that body. But when the resolutions expressing the sense of the meeting, and appointing the committee of correspondence for arranging the preliminaries of the convention, were read, a dissension at once arose. One party wished the same day and place named in General Riley's proclamation be fixed upon by the committee, so as to produce no confusion, that of General Riley having had the previous circulation through the province. The other party was perfectly furious at the idea, and a rush was even made to gag the speaker who advocated it upon the stand.

But after a disgraceful contention among the people, the chairman at last obtained a hearing, and the question being called, the popular, or Democratic party, had a great majority. Their committees, of whom Judge Burnett is one, were nominated, and by consequence we shall probably have two conventions, two constitutions, two sets of officers, etc.

The result is very much dreaded by thinking men, especially when they remember the impotence of the very defective law which now prevails, and the ease with which desperate men can excite dissension among so inflammable a community. Though now at perfect peace, and enjoying the most enviable security, it requires but a spark to set the whole community into a flame. Should the thousands of Americans now on their way hither find on their arrival that the hordes of foreigners who have preoccupied the ground, have also preoccupied their fortunes, will it take

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much to induce them to drive them out of the country? And will not this state of things be hastened when the provisions for the population of twenty to thirty thousand men who will congregate here next winter to spend in idleness and dissipation their summer earnings, shall fail,— as it is expected they will,— when all the nations of the Pacific shall be crowded together with the rightful owners of the soil, whom they have injured, and who hold them in utter detestation,— when words and blows will be daily exchanged by parties so exasperated against each other, and having no authority to restrain them?

I hope these fears may prove groundless, but if they do, it will only be through the paramount influence of our law-abiding countrymen, whose dealings here now are governed by the utmost honor and fidelity. If difficulties of this kind do not occur, the majority are now clearly wrong on the other subject, and that from passion rather than opinion; and whether Congress will acknowledge the action of the people who defy the only legal authority set over them, is more than doubtful. However, it will make great business here for lawyers of the next generation.

Whether you will see fit, Friend Clarke, to publish the whole of this very long communication, I know not. Perhaps your subscribers (some of whom, I remember, dislike long articles) will not relish it. You may rely upon my information as correct, and believe that most of it will be interesting to those whose friends have taken quarters among us.

Does anyone want advice in regard to coming to California? I would rather discourage him than otherwise. It is a lottery, in which peace, health, morals, and life itself are risked for gold. You may lose on one side; you may gain on the other; and if you have a good living at home, *stay there by all means*. Many have come here, who have returned poorer by their expenses, and perhaps by their ventures. Thousands have come to find but a grave; other thousands have been ruined by their precipitation and extravagance. Should time and opportunity occur, I will endeavor to keep you informed of the progress of events. Meantime I remain,

Yours truly,

*C. T. H.*

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## AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

"I ASK thee not for fame," he said,
  "I would not wear that weighty crown,
Nor yet for riches would I pray,
  But, God in Heaven, bend thee down,—
    I pray for peace," he said.

"From my poor life, grief's stormy sea
  Hath tossed my fairest hopes aside;
I ask not for return of these
  Upon some fair incoming tide,—
    I pray for peace," he said.

He turned his head,—beside him stood
  A man whose face was pale but fair;
Whose quiet eyes like starlight shone
  From out his dark and misty hair:
    "Thy prayer is heard," he said.

"But thou art Death,—thy name is writ
  Upon thy still and smileless face,—
I prayed for peace,—why art thou here?
  What bringeth thee to seek this place?
    I prayed for peace," he said.

"Thy prayer is heard," the angel said,
  "Men pray for peace, yet Death would shun,
Not seeing, with their blinded eyes,
  That Death and Peace are ever one.
    Thy prayer is heard," he said.

*Jean Kenyon.*

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# JUSTICIA'S NOTIONS.

## I.

SOMETHING unusual was agitating the quiet countryside. A buggy was driving furiously up and down the dusty roads, now here, now there; men and boys, mounted and afoot, were plunging through the cornfields, and hoarse shouts came faint and undistinguishable to the ear. "Some stock got loose, probably," thought Justicia, who sat sewing in a pleasant farmhouse sitting-room. "And at this rate they'll trample down more corn trying to catch them than they could eat in all day."

She was quite alone in the house. Uncle and Aunt Rayburn and the children were in town. The distant activity seen through the windows was something like company, only Justicia was never lonely.

Presently, happening to glance up at a mirror, she saw not merely her own thoughtful face, but the reflection of a man's form stealing softly through the open door behind her, across the corner of the room, and into the dining-room. A moment later the pantry door closed, but so softly that but for that glimpse she would not have noticed it.

"Well, I never! If that is n't a little the coolest!" thought Justicia, more amused than alarmed. Of course it was a tramp. She had n't seen the face, but the torn and disordered clothing, the dusty shoes in his hand, the battered hat and hair full of dust, left no reasonable doubt.

Well, he might demolish considerable food, but there was nothing in the pantry worth stealing. The Rayburns were not overstocked with plate; so Justicia waited quite calmly. Some one would come within call soon, and the man was probably in no hurry, while he fancied his presence unknown. She was not afraid of one who took such pains not to attract her attention.

In fact, Justicia knew very little about fear. She had "queer notions," the neighbors said, though surely strict adherence to Bible rules and sturdy independence of thought ought not to be "queer." Yet, quite possibly, but for that fearless independence this pleasant-faced girl need not have been still single at five-and-twenty.

She half arose to hail the next man that rode past, then hesitated, for it was McCoy, the deputy sheriff, one of her decided antipathies. He was brave and energetic, but his character was not of the highest, and many people thought him fit for his position only on the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief." But he rode in without being called, and reining at the door asked for a drink of water.

Justicia brought it, hesitating whether to tell or not. She hated to have anything to do with the man.

"Seen anything of a man around?" McCoy asked, returning the glass.

"Lots of 'em, all through the fields," Justicia answered dryly.

"And I'll be bound you're fairly devoured with curiosity to know what we're after, like a real woman," leering down at her from his saddle. McCoy firmly believed in the frivolity of women, and few things could have incensed Justicia more.

"I have n't asked any questions," she answered tartly.

McCoy laughed patronizingly. "What should you say, my dear? A thief, or a counterfeiter?"

Despite his insolence, Justicia showed some interest. If the object of pursuit was a man, he was probably the one now

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in her pantry. She was about to say as much, when McCoy launched his thunderbolt: —

"A murderer, ma'am. A cold-blooded murderer; who can't be more than half a mile from where we are standing!"

"My goodness!" Justicia gasped.

McCoy surveyed her consternation with delight. Her sturdy independence was a standing challenge to him, and he would have enjoyed seeing her thoroughly unnerved,—"feeling the need of her natural protectors."

"Yes, my dear, a red-handed murderer, who only last night went to the house of Redman, the merchant, demanded to see him, and shot him in his own parlor, with his wife and children in the next room. How do you like the notion of having such a fellow at large?"

Justicia glanced at the pantry window, hardly ten feet away. Despite the closed blinds, the man inside must hear every word. Perhaps he was armed. But for that insulting "my dear," she would have drawn McCoy beyond earshot, and told him. Now she wavered, and only asked coolly, "What was it about?"

"O, a woman!" McCoy answered, vexed at her composure. "There 's always a woman at the bottom of every trouble. They are the mischief of the world."

No reply from the girl's disdainful lips, and the deputy went on familiarly: "She was Clinton's wife, and like most of her sex, more pretty than discreet, — left her husband for Redman. So Redman 's dead, and Clinton will be hanged,— all for a pretty face."

"Any reward offered for his capture?" Justicia asked calmly.

"Hundred dollars. 'T ain't half enough, though," McCoy grumbled.

"It 's more than you 'll ever pocket by my help, you insulting bully," Justicia said to herself, as she turned back into the house.

McCoy galloped away with a lowering brow.

The girl stood smiling oddly at her own pleasant face in the glass.

"If I were a man," she said, half aloud,—"and I'm glad I 'm not, if men have to associate with such fellows as that one; but if I *were* a man, and had a wife, and loved her as a man should, and somebody came along and killed her, just out of pure meanness, I don't know but I might forgive him some time, if he was sorry enough; though I believe it would n't be till he was just going to be hanged. But if somebody coaxed her away from me, and ruined her for this world and the next,— I 'd shoot him as quick as I would a rattlesnake. And I believe that 's Bible, too."

She turned to her own irreversible court of appeal, the big family Bible on the stand, and consulted it.

"'Then they shall both of them die, both the man . . . and the woman.'" she read aloud. "That settles it. To be sure, it does n't say the husband shall do it; only, 'they shall die.' The law ought to do it, but if the law won't, and the husband will,— and *I* would, if I were in his place,— why, I don't see as I 've any call to interfere."

She stepped outdoors, to make sure no one was within earshot, then passed through the dining-room and opened the pantry door.

"Mr. Clinton." She tried to speak calmly, but her voice *was* strained and unnatural. She rather expected to face a pistol, but her quick glance met nothing unusual anywhere.

Surely he could not have slipped away unnoticed. A second, third, keen scrutiny, then she made out the shadow of a hand behind the flour bin, and breathed freer. For even Justicia, who prided herself on her self-possession, liked to know where the danger lay.

"There is no one in hearing," she said, coolly. "I will bring a chair, and then you can rest comfortably."

When she returned with it, he was standing there, torn, dusty, and desper-

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ate, like a stag at bay. Justicia quietly set the chair in the darkest corner. The pantry was large, cool, and clean,— no bad place to rest, but the hunted man stood regarding her with keen anxiety.

"You are very dusty," she said calmly, not seeming to see his desperation. "Would you like a chance to wash? and a clothes brush, perhaps?" and without waiting for answer she brought them.

"I don't understand this," he said suspiciously; "who are you?"

"Justicia Worth; I live here," was the quiet reply. "Would you like a cup of coffee? I can have it in ten minutes."

"Have you got me fast? Are you working for that hundred dollars?" he counterquestioned, still suspicious.

"I'm not," said Justicia shortly; "I'm not in the man-hunting business. Now, I'll have the coffee ready by the time you make yourself presentable."

For her swift scrutiny had assured her that the man was young, and a gentleman, half maddened by wrong, and suffering, perhaps, but neither coarse nor brutal.

Ten minutes later she came back, to find him washed and brushed, scarcely the same man in appearance, but for that hunted, suspicious expression.

"Are the officers here now? They seem to be taking their time," was his greeting.

"If they don't come in till I call them, they won't come for some time yet," Justicia answered curtly, as she spread out a tempting meal on the low, broad shelf, thinking none the less of her guest that her quick glance assured her not an edible had been touched. Nor did she resent his suspicions, natural enough with the shouts of the searchers coming ever and anon to his ears, and McCoy riding furiously past at that moment.

"Are n't you afraid of me?" he asked, keenly.

"No," said Justicia; "I never harmed you, and you are n't a fool. You know well enough you would n't gain anything by killing me. Seems to me I've seen you before. Were n't you a clerk in town?"

"Yes, I was a clerk,—at Redman's." The last word seemed almost to choke him. Then, with a reckless laugh, "Did you say your name was Justicia? That's rather ominous for me, is n't it?"

"Most men meet justice sooner or later," she answered, tersely, and felt somehow reassured by his nervous shudder. Justicia was far from timid, but even she felt a strange chill in the contact with one whose hand had taken human life,— that mysterious dread which all but the most stolid must feel at first. It was a relief to know he was not hardened or indifferent.

She brought in the coffee, and finished setting out the meal, then remarked: —

"Your coat's torn pretty badly; if you'll let me have it, I can fix it while you eat your supper, or dinner, whichever you call it."

"Might as well call it dinner, I guess, seeing I have n't eaten anything to speak of since yesterday morning."

Justicia looked at him in pity. No wonder he was so white and haggard.

"Could n't you get anything,— somewhere?"

"I did n't think of wanting anything till about ten this morning. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that I was faint for want of food. But the chase was too hard on my heels, so I have been getting more ravenous every hour since."

Justicia nodded, and added more substantial viands to those already spread out.

"Well, take all you want now. Give me the coat, please; then you won't look so much like a tramp."

She took it, and went back to the sitting room, seating herself near the open window, and humming a song as McCoy rode by again, dark-browed and uneasy. For there is an exhilaration in audacity, and Justicia's heart beat high as

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she stitched away. It is n't every day a woman gets a chance to cheekmate an insulting man without stirring from her own doorstep, or outraging a single womanly instinct of justice or propriety.

When the coat was mended she took it back, and found that her guest had done ample justice to his meal. Yet he scarcely looked the happier. It was a stern and somber face when the reckless defiance faded out. Justicia glanced at him curiously from time to time, as she went about her evening work.

Twice men rode by from the unsuccessful hunt for this fugitive, and one stopped to call to Justicia that she must come over to his house for the night. It was n't safe for a woman to be alone with murderers running at large in the country. Justicia thanked him, and said she would come.

When she returned to the pantry the fugitive regarded her curiously.

"What sort of a woman are you, anyhow?" he asked abruptly. "Did you know all about it?"

"You heard what McCoy said," Justicia answered. "That 's all I know."

"Then I don't understand. I thought perhaps you had known *her*."

"I knew another girl once," Justicia answered grimly. "She died. I 'm not excusing her; but she was a thoughtless, tender-hearted little thing. The misery of it broke her mother's heart, till she died, too, and her sister came near following. And the man that caused it all went scot-free. Her sister was my dearest friend, so I knew the whole. Then I looked in my Bible, and it did n't say everybody should stone the woman, and let the man go free. Not much!"

"She was such a little thing, and hardly eighteen yet," Clinton said, as if sure she would understand and sympathize. "She was thoughtless enough, and fond of dress; but she never would have listened to that scoundrel if he had n't deceived her,—sending me off on business, and telling her I had a girl in the next town; leading her into imprudence while she was so jealous and thoughtless, and then frightening her out of her wits,—telling her she was eternally disgraced, and I would kill her if I knew, and heaven only knows what fiendish lies! Poor little thing, so young, and no mother!"

"Where is she now?" Justicia asked involuntarily.

"Dead! Did n't you know? She sent for me yesterday morning, when she found out that she was dying. I never knew till then who had tempted her away,—he covered up his tracks so well. He had abandoned her in one of those hell-holes decent women know nothing about; and there she was dying. I stayed with her to the end. After that—of course I shot him! What else could a man do?"

"I 'm not saying it was right," Justicia answered tremulously. "But I believe I should have done it." Then more steadily, and with seeming irrelevance: "You 'd better stay here tonight. I 'm going over to Marlow's. Your best plan will be to take a good sleep, and start out early. Between two or three and five in the morning there is n't one chance in a hundred of your being seen. The room to the right up stairs is mine. You sleep there. There is an alarm-clock you can set as early as you please, and I will leave something on the table in the kitchen for your breakfast. The doors will be locked, all but the kitchen door, which is bolted on the inside. I 'll be back before sunrise—so it will do no harm if you leave that unfastened."

"I 'm not going to turn you out of your room," he protested. "I 'll go as soon as it is dark."

"You do as I tell you," Justicia said firmly. "I 'm going to Marlow's for the night, anyhow, whether you go or stay." And she carried her point. All was done that night as she arranged.

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II.

But it still lacked a quarter of three the next morning when Justicia let herself in at a side door, and made sure, by inspection of the kitchen door, that her strange lodger had not gone. Then she proceeded to start a fire and boil the kettle, silently as might be. But when the little alarm-clock up stairs sounded, she went up and tapped at the door of her room. Only dead silence answered; but understanding the terror that must paralyze the man within, she spoke at once.

"It is only I—Justicia. I thought perhaps you did not hear the alarm. Breakfast will be ready in ten minutes," and Justicia turned back, down stairs.

The coffee was boiling, and the bacon and eggs giving most appetizing odors, when he entered the kitchen ten minutes later. Washed and brushed, and his dress rearranged, he certainly looked more gentlemanly than yesterday; but his expression was even more haggard and despairing. He answered her bright "good morning" in a tone of suspicion, and made a circuit of the house without, looking and listening keenly, before he seemed able to breathe freely.

"He looks as if he were half out of his head," Justicia muttered to herself, peeping nervously into a drawer where Mr. Rayburn kept a loaded revolver, in case of emergencies. "And no wonder, either. Blood is n't a pretty thing to have on one's hands."

"I thought you were not coming back till sunrise," he said, still suspiciously, as he warmed his cold hands over the glowing fire, and looked nervously at the close-curtained windows.

"I did n't mean to," Justicia answered. "But our chore boy forgot to shut up the chickens, and they 'd have been all over the neighborhood. Besides, I wanted to have a few more words with you."

"How am I to know you are not watching and working to detain me till the officers come and arrest me?" he said sharply.

"You might use your sense," Justicia suggested quietly. "I 'm not a bloodhound, nor yet a fool. If I 'd been working for that, I 'd have sent the officers hours ago, and I would n't have come within your reach myself."

"I beg your pardon," he said in a more gentlemanly tone. "I did n't mean to be rude; but I am almost wild. You are very kind indeed."

"Did you sleep well?" Justicia asked politely, as she poured coffee.

"No; and I suppose I never shall again," he answered moodily. "Waking or sleeping, it is nothing but torture,—enough to drive a man mad. How I am to stand it for months and years, when less than forty-eight hours have almost worn me out, heaven only knows."

He drank his coffee, but pushed away his plate after the merest pretense of eating.

Then Justicia, who had been regarding him closely, said quietly: "I have something to tell you."

"Bad news?" in sudden alarm. "But of course it is. No chance of anything good now. Out with it anyhow; might as well know the worst."

"Have you any idea where you are going or what to do?" she asked irrelevantly.

"No, I have n't had time to think of anything beyond the present minute,—until last night,—and good heavens, there was enough to think about. It all whirled through my head till I could n't keep my mind on anything."

"Then if you had that day to live over you would n't do just the same?" Justicia asked solemnly.

"What 's the use of asking that? The Almighty Himself can't undo what is done, or stop the consequences," he exclaimed wildly. "I 've thrown away my own life,—yes, and my soul, too,—for I can't repent. He was an incarnate fiend. He lured her to perdition, and then

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abandoned her to begin the tortures of hell here on earth. He deserved a hundred deaths. And yet — Mrs. Redman's scream and her white face, as she ran toward him, have haunted me all night. She was always kind to the clerks,— had a pleasant word for everyone when she came into the store. And when Nellie disappeared she was very kind to me,— never dreaming, poor woman, any more than I did then, that she was as much wronged as I. And now she is heartbroken, and cursing me for her widowhood. He deserved it, if only for his faithlessness to her; but she will never believe it. He is dead — and perfect — and his wife and children will mourn him as one of the best men in the world. And I am a hunted fugitive for the rest of my life, and lucky if I escape the rope! I've half a mind to give myself up. I'm worn out already, and if I'm to hear that woman's shriek and see her face — and *his*, as he fell — all the rest of my life, it might as well be a short one."

Justicia had been watching him closely. Now, as he buried his face in his hands, she spoke slowly and distinctly:—

"It's odd how differently we see things, when we stop to think them over. Now yesterday, when I first heard the story, the only bit of Bible I could think of was, 'They shall both die . . . the man and the woman,' and I almost thought you did just right. But, come to think it over, there's lots more that applies even closer. There's 'Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath,' for one; and 'Be ye angry and sin not,' for another. And there in James, as if it was meant on purpose for folks tempted as you were, it reads, 'For he that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law.' (Sounds a little queer, putting it that way, but folks did n't think as much of killing a man then as they do now.) And again: 'For he shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy.' That man deserved to die, fair enough; but I don't see as you've left yourself any plea to urge why you should n't be punished, too. You had awful provocation,— and I believe I'd have done the same in your place,— but that does n't make wrong right. You had trouble enough, but you were in the right. You could claim the 'Blessed are they that mourn,' and pray God to deal with him according to his works. You had everybody's respect and sympathy, and an honorable and useful life before you, with perhaps more happiness in the future than you ever dreamed. And you've thrown it all away, put yourself in the wrong, and forfeited all chance of everything. You might have trusted in the promise, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' But you were so afraid the Lord would forget, or would be more merciful than you were,— maybe give that scoundrel time to repent,— and so you went and turned it against yourself. And worst of all, you've turned the very Lord's prayer into a curse for yourself, and 'Forgive us as we forgive' will always make you shiver—"

The fugitive sprang up with a smothered exclamation. "Hush, for heaven's sake! Are you determined to drive me mad? I thought you were kind, but this is only the refinement of cruelty. As if it could do any good to torture me like this now!— Now, when it is done past all undoing!"

He strode toward the door, but Justicia sprang before him.

"Wait!" she said earnestly. "I had something better than that to tell you. That is what you have been tempted into doing. But the Almighty Father is so much more merciful than we. He can and does show mercy when we ***have n't*** any claim on it. Tell me, if He should extend His mercy now, would you be mad enough to reject it because He

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saw fit to show mercy to your enemy also?"

"I don't understand," Clinton gasped, a vague hope struggling through his despair. "*He*," shuddering violently, "is beyond all mercy now."

"No," Justicia said, looking straight in his eyes. "Mr. Redman is still alive."

"*Alive!*" Clinton breathed, falling back in his chair. "Alive! Thank God!"

Justicia relaxed her guard, though still on the alert. "He is in mortal terror that you will come and try again. He does not stay alone day or night."

George Clinton actually laughed, in the nervous reaction of intense relief.

"He may breathe freely for all me. There is n't wealth enough in this world to pay me for such another day and night of torture as I 've gone through. I 've had enough of it. Let him live in peace. Thank God, I can breathe again. I am not a murderer."

"Legally," said Justicia dryly.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. In law, the fact that your bullet did n't go so true as you meant it should, makes a difference; but before God and your own conscience, you are every bit as guilty as you thought yourself a moment ago."

"That may be," he admitted. "But others — Mrs. Redman, for instance— will not suffer so much."

"No. *That's* solid satisfaction. Now, better try your breakfast again. I guess it 'll taste better."

"You are quite sure?" he questioned, as Justicia poured her own coffee. "How came you to hear?"

"Well, Marlow told me last night that the doctors had extracted the ball, and found less damage done than they had supposed; so there was a chance for him. But to make sure, I borrowed a horse, rode into town and inquired,— like dozens of other folks. He is about out of danger now, unless something happens."

"He will live," Clinton repeated slowly. "But Nellie is dead. There 's no mercy to bring *her* back. But that may be for the best, poor little motherless thing! There 's no place in the world for her, and no one to comfort her. And perhaps her repentance was as sincere and thorough as it ever would be. She was miserable enough, God knows; and to live on would only be more sin and misery, probably."

"God knows," Justicia gravely answered. "And I don't believe He has shown mercy to the man and condemned the woman utterly. He knows best; and there 's justice as well as mercy. Let it go now. It is n't for us to judge the world. We 've only got to keep our own lives straight. Now, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know. But you may rest assured I 'll not try to take vengeance into my own hands again."

"I was n't really afraid you would," Justicia answered simply. "But it seemed to me I ought to make sure." Then, after a thoughtful pause, she repeated: "What are you going to do now?"

"Get away somewhere, and begin over again, I suppose. The chase will tire out sooner now, and I can have some heart to work."

"I suppose,"—Justicia spoke slowly, —"the *right* thing to do would be to go back and give yourself up to the officers."

Clinton set down his cup, and stared at her. "That is your advice?"

"No, I 'm not advising. It 's your life you are deciding, not mine."

"But you think that is what you would do in my place?"

"I don't pretend to be always right, and may be I 'd run away as fast as anybody. And perhaps it is n't really wrong. Does n't seem as if it was hurting anybody. But it is n't just the bravest and manliest thing."

"No," Clinton admitted, "but still —' and broke off doubtfully.

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"'T is n't as if your life were at stake," pursued Justicia, thoughtfully stirring her coffee. "Of course, life counts before everything else."

"It's State's prison, though," he answered in the same tone.

"Yes. Well, I don't know. Perhaps better not. Still, running away always seems like a confession of guilt and cowardice both. It's giving Redman and his friends a chance to tell any story they please, and brazen it through, throwing away all the reputation you've built up, and the friends you've made. And you won't find it so easy beginning over again. Full grown men don't spring out of nothing. They come from somewhere, and if nothing's known about them, folks generally suspect something ugly. And besides, there's always the chance of being tracked, and having your new life knocked to pieces by an arrest after you've taken time and trouble to build it good and true. If you could be sure of a fair trial, and nothing but justice, I don't know but you'd be better off ten years hence to go back and have it over now."

Clinton was silent, mentally calculating the chances. Justicia rose abruptly.

"Well, I must see to the chickens. But one thing I do advise — and that is, think it over. It is n't four o'clock yet, — and they've searched the country so sharp they'll hardly look round here again. It may be the turn of your whole life, and you can afford ten minutes to think it over. Then if you decide to go on, I'll put you up some lunch and say God speed."

She went out, and Clinton sat gravely considering. Should he return and take the consequences of his madness, or should he endeavor to escape them? No pleasant question to settle, but when Justicia re-entered he met her inquiring look bravely.

"I have decided, Miss Justicia. I am going back."

"Good!" she said heartily. "That puts you back in the right again. Of course it does n't undo what is done, but it's the next best thing. And it gives your friends a chance to stand by you, and from what I heard last night, I think they'll do it."

"We'll hope so. And now I must be going. If I am to surrender myself, I don't want to be captured."

"No, you want all the credit that is rightfully yours. Anyhow, don't let McCoy get that hundred dollars reward that Redman's brother offered."

"Not if I can help it. Well, goodby. You have been very kind to me, and I thank you. I suppose we shall scarcely meet again, but I wish you all happiness."

"It is n't such a very big world," Justicia answered, cordially grasping the hand he had hesitated to offer. "And I think it quite likely, if neither of us goes off, we *shall* meet again sometimes. I expect to see you a prosperous man yet, honored and happy. God speed to you."

So they parted, and Justicia went about her work more excited than she cared to think. Very soon the country was surprised by the report that George Clinton had walked quietly into the sheriff's office in the gray of early dawn, and given himself up.

It dismayed Redman and his friends, who had been thinking what story would seem most plausible, and soonest smooth matters over. A trial must mean no end of scandal and ugly stories. Clinton's friends, however,—and there were many among them,— rallied around him, vowing he should have a fair show, and matters should be sifted to the bottom before he was convicted.

But next to the intricacies of "English as She is Spoke," about the most incomprehensible thing extant is American Law as She is Administered. There was scarce a man or woman in town but knew all about the shooting, but somehow it mysteriously happened that the

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Grand Jury which met some six weeks later remained in utter ignorance of it, and took no action.

It was very odd, but sometimes grand juries *do* remain in ignorance of things everybody else is morally sure of. Law can't be expected to enforce itself, and if nobody wants to push it, why, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." Why did n't Mr. Redman do it? He was up and around again then, but he acted as if he had forgotten. Rumor said Mrs. Redman had a hand in his quiescence; that she had been fiercely indignant on discovering the truth, had ordered her own trunks and her children's packed for instant departure, and told her husband that she would lose no time in securing a divorce; that the guilty man, utterly cowed by her indignation and his own helpless and suffering condition, had abandoned all attempt at self-defense, and begged abjectly for forgiveness; and that she had answered sternly, "Will you forgive the man who shot you? If you will, I may possibly forgive you; not otherwise."

Perhaps rumor exaggerated, but it was generally believed that Mr. Redman knew any farther misconduct on his part would cost him his wife and children. At any rate, neither he nor his friends went before the Grand Jury,— nor anyone else, so far as George Clinton was concerned. No doubt it was forgotten in the press of business.

And strangely enough, few seemed inclined to grumble. Justicia remarked: "Most folks have a rough sense of justice, and don't object to having something like it done, so long as it does n't hit them, and they are n't bothered to do it themselves."

The district attorney, among his cronies, gave a rather different wording of the same facts: —

"Well, nobody wanted the thing pushed, nobody has from the first. Consequently everybody left it for somebody else to see to and record. There has n't been anything done. Of course I might have prosecuted, but what 's the use of making one's self unpopular, and spending thousands of dollars of the public money, in prosecuting a man who would probably escape on the ground of emotional insanity or some snch, or at the very utmost be pardoned out before he had served a year? It would n't pay."

It was a week or two later that Justicia, entering a dry goods store, was greeted by McCoy's familiar coarseness.

"Hullo, here 's Justicia. Look out, Clinton. Justice herself has come for you at last."

She forgot to be indignant in her pleased surprise on recognizing George Clinton in the clerk who came forward to wait on her. But McCoy was not to be ignored, and rather spoiled the effect of her pleasant greeting by his loud whisper, "Beats all how civil folks can be to a fellow that just missed of a hemp cravat."

"Are you much annoyed in that way?" Justicia asked, under cover of the calicoes.

"Considerable," Clinton admitted briefly, and glancing at his flushed face Justicia knew that he had not escaped punishment altogether, and that the banter and jeers to which he must submit in silence were sometimes almost maddening. Which was only what might have been expected, she knew, but somehow despised McCoy none the less.

"How do you like the way things have turned out?" Clinton asked in his turn, regarding her curiously. "It is n't what we expected, is it? Are your strict ideas of justice outraged that I am allowed to to go free?"

"Well, it is n't *right*," Justicia answered gravely. "But perhaps it comes as near right as one can make a thing that was all wrong to start with. Setting one wrong against another is n't making things right, though. The fault was at the beginning. There ought to be law to deal with such scoundrels, and

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then honorable men would n't be tempted into madness. I don't often wish I was a man, but if I were, I 'd try to have the laws come a little nearer justice."

"One man can't do much," Clinton said, "and I don't see that I can do anything."

"No, you 've tied your own hands. All you can do now is to make your life straight enough to talk for you,—but that ought to be more good than anything you could say," she added thoughtfully.

"Then you are not sorry I was not tried and convicted?"

"O no! I don't know when I 've been better pleased than when the news came, right or no right," she added brightly. And then McCoy came lounging up with his insolent leer, remarking in impressive undertones that it was odd how irresistible the ladies found Clinton now, and once more raising Justicia's wrath to boiling point.

"Would you be offended if I came over to see you?" Clinton asked in a low tone, as he put up the last parcel.

"Why, no! Only I did n't think you would want to. I should have thought you would rather not remember!"

"I can't help remembering. And you were my best friend and adviser."

"I only tried to follow Bible rules. They 're best always. Yes, come if you like. I shall be glad to see you," and she hurried out of the store, feeling her heart beat unaccountably fast. What was there in his look or tone to bring such a flush to her cheeks?

On the steps stood McCoy with one last jibe. "Were n't you woman enough to ask him where he was hid that day when we were hunting for him the country over?"

"I knew," Justicia answered shortly.

"You did? Well, where was he?"

"Within sound of your voice when you stopped to scare me," Justicia answered. "I started twice to tell you, but you were so busy insulting me, and showing off your smartness about women that you did n't listen, and I made up my mind I 'd just as soon not make you a present of that reward. I hope you enjoyed your sneering. It didn't cost you but a hundred dollars."

For once McCoy was fairly struck dumb, and amid his companions' loud laughter, Justicia was allowed to ride away in triumph.

"Confound these women!" growled the outraged deputy. "They have n't the remotest notion of reason and justice!"

*Ada E. Ferris.*

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# ETC.

LOWELL too is gone. How much poorer it leaves America to be thus deprived of the great names, one after another, that made our golden age of letters, we who grew up under their luster do not like to think. Whatever our country has grown better in, — and doubtless there is much,— there are no more poets and scholars like these. There are no more coming in any future now to be foreseen, any more than the New England conditions that produced them will come back. However James Russell Lowell is mourned as the diplomat and statesman, the representative to foreign eyes of our best scholarship and social grace, yet the element in our loss that doubtless comes most penetratingly home to most of us is that it is one more step in the relentless onward movement of death that is taking from us Longfellow, and Emerson, and Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes, and the New England of such men. It is the passing away not merely of one man and another, however revered, — it is the passing away of an era. For some time it is probable that American achievements will be more conspicuous in other fields than in letters,— perhaps in science, perhaps in the solution of social problems; but even when a new literary era as great as that now closing comes to us, it will necessarily be of a different type and spirit.

FROM one point of view it might be said that American letters had gained immeasurably since the days when Lowell and his friends laid the basis of our present magazine and review literature: but the gain has been in a higher average of writing, a vastly increased quantity of good and critical work, over much of the country; measuring the best work against the best, no critic can rank the poetry and essay writing of the new generation with that of the generation now passing away. In the matter of fiction, there would be room for difference of opinion.

LOWELL always stood apart from the rest of the great coterie to which he belonged in one respect: he was more a man of the world than any other of them, even than Dr. Holmes, who has much of the same quality. From Walden woods to the Court of St. James reached their span of adaptability; from the hermit-like shyness of Whittier to the inexhaustible social geniality of Holmes,— a striking tribute to the wide sufficiency of the common stock and conditions from which all these men grew. He was always a man of affairs, who had his voice and pen in civic matters, however his immediate occupations might be those of a tranquil, scholarly retirement. He did not descend from the level of a refined scholarship for these forays into public affairs: he raised what he touched upon to the level of calm, historic criticism,— and this more and more as he grew older; yet even the political satires of his youth, written in the height of bitter controversy, stand the test of time wonderfully well. This is what culture is,— the old-fashioned culture, which we esteem lightly nowadays, and which lingers in our universities mainly in the persons of the elder men, who would be at a disadvantage if they had to enter into competition with the young specialists; the culture of "belles lettres," that saturated itself with Hellenic thought, and knew the literatures of the Continent, as a matter of course, and thought much of human affairs, and much of the soul, and used a fine and delicately effective English that there is no shorter cut to the attainment of,— and was, doubtless, less impressed by modern science than might be required for ideal and perfect culture. And now that modern science colors all our study, and we can never think again just as we did before Darwin wrote, are we not likely to lose as much as we gain, unless some university manages to preserve to us also the "belles lettres" that trained such minds as Lowell's?

THE most vivid thing in many minds about Lowell just now is, that he was, as one says, "the darling of the two Englands." The unbounded enthusiasm of old England over him was a thing in which, on the whole, Americans took a good deal of pleasure and pride. Some few did not like it that any American should seem to fit in so comfortably in a court society, and there was probably some personal exclusiveness and social fastidiousness about him, which individual Americans may have felt; but that any one should ever have seriously questioned his patriotism, or his fixed faith in America and deliberate choice of the American way, seems preposterous. Perhaps no man ever came so near to being of that united English-speaking race which ardent dreamers prophesy, a citizen of their sometime-to-be "Anglo-Saxon" federation; but pending the coming of that joint empire, the author of "Jonathan to John," and of "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and of "Democracy," should have been the last man to be suspected of not being a sound Yankee because he loved England too. As for England, it is certain she never would have liked him nearly as well if he had not been so American.

By what enchantments, what alluring arts,
Our truthful James led captive British hearts,—

it is Holmes, of course, that writes,—

Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,
Or if his learning found their Dons at fault,

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Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Or if his wit flung star-dust in their eyes,—
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;
But that he did it, all must needs confess.
England herself without a blush may claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman came.

And in the same poem of home-welcome Holmes says:—

Not Cam nor Isis taught you to despise
Charles, with his muddy margin, and the harsh,
Plebeian grasses of the reeking marsh.
New England's home-bred scholar, well you knew
Her soil, her speech, her people, through and through,
And loved them ever with the love that holds
All sweet, fond memories in its fragrant folds.

### James Russell Lowell.

Died August 11, 1891.

How more than all his art
This man's large mood! — his heart
Sun-lit in subtlest part;
Who Love's sweet counsel hath
In e'en his mirth, — his wrath.

Not truths — poor shards — but Truth
Loved most; nor alms but ruth;
Today's glad Faith, nor wraiths
Of yester-even's faiths.

Yet gave he alms untold
Of all he felt and knew;
And hallowed he the old,
Uncouth, that once was true;
Yea, — oft in graves' deep mould
His Easter lilies grew.

*William H. McDougal.*

WRITTEN IN HER EIGHTIETH YEAR.

### Passing Away.

I'm passing o'er the slender bridge
That spans a dark, mysterious river;
At every breath I feel it sway
And 'neath my trembling footsteps quiver.

What lies beyond I cannot see,
I know not whither I am wending;
No pilgrim has come back to tell
The secret of his journey's ending.

I may not pause, nor e'er return
To sunny paths long left behind me;
The withered flowers upon my breast
But of the phantom past remind me.

The comrades of my early way
Have gone before or sadly tarry,
A-weary of the weight of woe
Or burden of the years they carry.

Bright eyes, like early stars, have set;
Warm hearts that throbbed with love's endeavor,
Are in the tomb untimely laid,
Or, bleeding, torn apart forever.

I gaze on heights I failed to climb,
As backward turn my lingering glances;
Though loving arms entreat delay,
Unstayed my fateful step advances.

*Mrs. J. M. Sanders.*

### Napoleon at St. Helena.

Proud, wounded eagle left to die alone,
Caged on a rock amid a watery waste,
All bitterness of life, there doomed to taste,
Long ere death's sweetness thou couldst call thine own!

Monarch of men, where is thy mighty throne?
The blood of millions has its pomp effaced.
Where the fond wife thy youth and glory graced?
Abandoned, when thy pride had love outgrown.

Ah, what Promethean pangs thy heart had rent,
A prey to vultures of remorse and shame,
Couldst thou thy spectral dynasty have viewed!
Thy sun quenched quickly, like a meteor spent;
Thy ruined race subdued; its last high name
A by-word for the mocking multitude.

*Mrs. J. M. Sanders.*

### Fragment of Archilochus.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

O soul of mine with helpless cares distressed,
Arise! defend thyself.
A stout heart to thy pressing foes oppose.
Amid the hostile darts
Stand firm; and if thou conquer, glory not
Too much; nor if o'ercome
In strife, cast down at home bewail thy lot.
Rejoice in happy days,
And be not over-sad when sorrow comes;
But understand thou well
What measured law controls all human kind.

*Estella L. Guppy.*

### English and American Mispronunciation.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY:—In a recent number of the *Critic* there is a very suggestive and interesting review of Mr. Henry Sweet's book, "English as Pronounced." The distinguished Oxford scholar takes the upper English classes of London and its vicinity to task for their erroneous pronunciation; and he does it more emphatically than would be considered warrantable in any other than an Englishman, and a scholar to boot.

As an American, and one who has made the study of the art of utterance a profession, I cannot but think that Mr. Sweet is too hard upon his country-

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men. That is to say, many of the errors of speech that he ascribes—and it may be with justice—to the upper classes in England, are quite as common among the best educated of Americans, and indeed, wherever the English language is spoken.

For example,—he intimates that the sound of the letter *h* has disappeared from the words *when*, *which*, *what*, etc., and that these same higher classes say *wen*, *wich*, *wat*, etc. So, generally speaking, do the best educated classes in the United States. And why? Because it requires a special and trained effort to sound the letter *h* in that conjunction. Then, too, most persons are afraid of being considered precise or affected if they succeed in the effort. Moreover, faults of pronunciation are greatly on the increase in this age, because the school teachers have crowded out the study of elocution by what they consider more important studies.

Mr. Sweet complains of the frequent disappearance of the sound of the letter *r*; and that *horse* and *flower* are pronounced *hawss* and *flowah*. These words are so pronounced, or nearly so, by our best educated classes,—seldom with any recognition of the letter *r*. More than twenty-five years ago, Mr. Richard Grant White foretold the almost entire loss here of the sound of that letter, except when it opens the word spoken. Even the cultured New Yorker is apt to say "New Yawk."

If, as Mr. Sweet intimates, the educated Londoner says "we shl mish shoo" instead of "we shall miss you," the educated American is apt to do likewise. Indeed, the sentiment of that phrase would be lost by absolute deliberation. Any one who tries the experiment of uttering with entire correctness the phrase "we shall miss you" must acknowledge the truth of my observation.

As Mr. Sweet hears in England "the lahs time," instead of "the last time," so do we hear it in America, with the exception of the broadened *a*. To sound the final consonant of a word, and then to utter the same consonant if it opens the next word, requires a special and trained effort; and moreover, it subjects one to the unwelcome charge of being over-precise.

And again: if the English speak of their good queen as *Victawria* making no use of the letter *o*, so do we, almost invariably.

If the reader will turn to Mr. White's essay in the *Atlantic Monthly* (January, 1885), entitled "The H Malady in England," he will see that there has been very little recent discovery on the part of Mr. Sweet. In that very essay Mr. Sweet is shown to take much the same ground then as now. Mr. White was not only a scholarly man but a trained musician. He had a highly cultivated ear, and he wrote that, notwithstanding the errors he found among the English, "their speech is on the whole far pleasanter to the ear than that of the 'average American,' with his generally stricter conformity to the normal standard of English pronunciation."

Why did Mr. White say this? Because, to my mind, he thoroughly detected the widespread existence of nasality among the educated classes of his countrymen, and the absence, generally speaking, of that disagreeable trait among corresponding classes of Englishmen.

Purity of tone is to be found, of course, among Americans individually, but none the less nasality is a national fault. And this was so long before the recent frequency of catarrhal diseases made a show of excuse. National faults, in all countries, often arise from sympathy, and not from ignorance. We catch what is in the air. It is not for me to say how far New England is responsible for the existence and spread of nasality, nor how much of the article was hidden in the cargo of the Mayflower; but I do object to Evangeline being rendered through the nose.

If I may be allowed to suggest the existence of one glaring fault among the best English speakers, it is this,—the frequent dropping of the sound of the final letter *g* in participial words; e. g. *droppin'*. The eminent English philologist, Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, can be cited as witness to the prevalence of this fault, even among the highest English classes. As Mr. White points out, Walker's Dictionary, (edition 1807,) acknowledges this widespread error, Walker making, I think, a lame sort of excuse by saying "a very obvious exception seems to offer itself in certain verbs that end in *ing*, as a repetition of the ringing sound would have a very bad effect upon the ear; and therefore instead of *singing*, *bringing*, and *flinging*, our best speakers are heard to pronounce *singin*, *bringin*, and *flingin*." Certainly, such sounds of the "best speakers," have a very bad effect upon the American ear, and Walker's reasoning is incomprehensible.

To quote Mr. White again, and when he would seem to differ from Mr. Sweet, he says of that English class which he considers the most perfect in speech: "This body is numerically large, but comparatively small, including about three tenths of the upper classes, and the best bred of the literary class. From them we hear *home*, *hotel*, *humor*, *hospital*, etc.; *what*, *which*, *whip*, etc.; *being*, *seeing*, *singing*, etc."

According to Mr. Sweet, "The H Malady" is greatly on the increase among the educated English, and probably he is right.

Examples of incorrect pronounciation in the ordinary talk of those who would shrink from writing bad English are very common. It would look odd to see the following sentences on the blackboard, but no sensation of wonder is experienced when we hear them:

"You expect im today?"
"No suh! we expect im tomorrow."
"And wen does he go way?"
"Dunno!"

It woudl be very well if English and Americans

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were to cease gibing each other about national faults of speech, and work in unison for the eradication of such faults.

It is a sad commentary upon the neglect, both in England and in the United States, of the study of the art of utterance,— a neglect affecting more branches than ordinary speech,— that the old-fashioned accomplishment of reading aloud acceptably at sight is a lost art. But a few years ago, and how much pleasure experienced in greeting the old poet and the new was heightened by the wide extension of this accomplishment. Indeed, it is poor encouragement for our living poets, if their music is to have only a silent interpretation.

*John Murray.*

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# BOOK REVIEWS.

### Teaching Patriotism.[1]

In the legislature of Washington, this year, one of the senators introduced a bill providing for flying the American flag on school-houses, which began, "Whereas, every boy born in the United States is a prince, and every girl a princess." It is somewhat the same feeling that animated Colonel Balch in the preparation of his address. His plan of inculcating patriotism is to use the emblems of the United States — the flag, coat of arms, and Declaration of Independence — as rewards of merit. The scholars distinguished for good conduct receive badges and small flags, the best scholar in the class carries the class flag, which is given to the best class in the school, etc. The ceremonies attending the presentation and surrender of the flags and badges are surrounded with as much buncombe as is seen in the proceedings of secret societies.

Colonel Balch might accomplish some good by associating in the pupil's mind the emblems of the nation with the reward for good conduct, but there would always be danger of the whole thing becoming ridiculous, should there be any children present with a good sense of humor. The fact is, Colonel Balch has reversed things. The flag inspires him with patriotism because it is associated in his mind with scenes in which his patriotic feelings were excited to the utmost. But the patriotism was there first, and was not inspired by the flag. Patriotism can best be inculcated by making the children understand what their country does for them, and how much they have to be proud of in its possibilities and its achievements. Logical patriotism is far better than emotional patriotism.

[1] Teaching Patriotism. By Colonel George T. Balch. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company: 1890.

### The Question of Ships.[2]

These two monographs, published at a price to bring them within the reach of all, will undoubtedly do much good in bringing about a correct understanding of the question that has been experiencing one of its periodic stages of agitation. The fact that we have practically no ships engaged in the foreign trade, while we have an extensive commerce with other countries, has been attracting attention recently even from those who, with a sentimental ultra-patriotism, decry all commercial intercourse with foreign countries. The book contains little that is new to the student of the subject, but it presents many wholesome truths for those who know all about the matter without studying it, and it mercilessly exposes the absurdity of the remedies that have recently been suggested for legislation.

[2] The Question of Ships. I. The Decay of our Ocean Mercantile Marine, its Cause and Cure. By David A. Wells. II. Shipping Subsidies and Bounties. By Captain John Codman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1890.

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THE
# OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. (SECOND SERIES.)—OCTOBER, 1891.— No. 106.

## THE LELAND STANFORD, JUNIOR, UNIVERSITY.

Photo by Taber.

LELAND STANFORD.

I.

SEVEN years ago a wave of very honest sympathy went through California at the cabled news that Mr. and Mrs. Stanford had lost their only child. Such a loss in any case touches the sense of common human fellowship deeply, and Mr. Stanford had kept, in spite of the isolations of great wealth, and the antagonisms that had grown up about the railroad, a good deal in touch with the people; he had been a friendly man among the argonauts, and had kept these early-day friendships in the main; he had been war governor, and was remembered by the men of that critical era for conspicuous and efficient patriotism; he had al-

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ways been held the chief power in the building of the transcontinental road, an achievement hailed at the time with a popular enthusiasm that fairly crowned the men who accomplished it; and later he had seemed still to care for the good-will of the people more than is usual among men of so great wealth. He had been approachable in behalf of the higher public interests,— educational, and literary and scientific. He was regarded as the foremost citizen of the State; his happy and dignified domestic life pleased the public,— as it always pleases them in their eminent men,— and there is no doubt that they were prepared to feel a warmer interest in his personal joys and sorrows than in those of any other of our very rich men.

It was almost a matter of course that Mr. Stanford, left childless, would become the founder of an institution. In a land of title and entail, where fortunes are rather a family trust than an individual achievement, a man wishes his estate held together in private hands, even of remote kindred; but in America it is harder to see why any childless rich man should deny himself the consolation, the compensation, of beneficent immortality on earth, than why so many should seek it. Indeed, in the grant founding the university, Mr. Stanford says expressly that a large part of his fortune would probably have gone to some such purpose in any event, in accordance with the wish of his son, whose bent was strongly philanthropic. But when the announcement followed soon after Mr. and Mrs. Stanford made their sad return from Europe, that the bulk of the fortune would be given, and that the gift would be made, in part or in whole, during their lifetime,— would be begun almost at once,—a profound sense of admiration and gratitude moved the people of this State, and there has been from the first a strong enthusiasm for the future university.

It is impossible to say how much of the account of Mr. Stanford's intentions that appeared in the papers during the following year was authorized, or how much mere gossip. He himself neither asserted nor denied anything of the intentions attributed to him in interviews, oftener with friends than with himself. He secured, however, the passage of an Act in the next Legislature (March 9, 1885) that authorized the founding of public institutions along certain lines afterward followed almost verbatim in his grant of endowment. It was understood that the institution was to be a university, but not certainly till the following November, when Mr. Stanford named twenty-four trustees, and called them together in the library of his San Francisco home, to receive the grant formally founding the university. The substance of this grant is as follows:—

Mr. and Mrs. Stanford convey to the trustees three tracts of land (comprising, it is elsewhere said, some 85,000 acres), the land to be held forever inalienable, the rents and profits to go to the maintenance of the university. This trust, however, is not to take effect before the death of both donors. Until that time they, or the survivor after the death of either, reserve absolute dominion, free from all accounting or liability, over the rents and profits of the land, and over any personal property they may hereafter give, and over the real estate, except that they cannot sell or encumber it. They also reserve the power to alter the terms and conditions of the deed, even to the whole "nature, object, and purpose of the institution founded." They are to "perform during their lives all the duties, and exercise all the powers and privileges," given by the grant to the trustees.

After the death of both grantors, the trustees are to enter upon their charge. They are then to perform the usual duties of managing the lands, (except that they must farm or lease them, as

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Photo by Hill & Watkins.

THE QUADRANGLE.

they cannot sell them,) expending and investing moneys received, etc.; they are to prescribe terms of admission, to fix salaries, (it is expressly stipulated that these shall be as high as may be necessary to secure the best men,) to appoint or remove the president, and to appoint professors. They are to make annual reports, including a financial statement, to the Governor of the State. The grantors fill vacancies in the board, but after their death it becomes self-perpetuating.

The president is to prescribe the duties of the teaching force, remove professors at will, lay out the curriculum, and the mode of teaching; and in general to have responsible control.

The university is to include mechanical institutes, museums, galleries of art, laboratories and conservatories, agricultural and mechanical schools, and the studies of liberal culture.

Its object is "to qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness in life."

It is to teach primarily reverence for government "based on the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." There shall also be taught there "the right and advantages of association and co-operation," and "the immortality of the soul, the existence of an all-wise and beneficent Creator, and that obedience to His laws is the highest duty of man." Sectarian instruction, however, is prohibited.

The institution shall grant equal privileges to the sexes.

The students are to be caused as early as possible to choose their future calling, and their course of study is to be directed toward preparation therefor.

The site is to be at Palo Alto; the name that of the son, from whom, the deed states, the suggestion of the institution came. The buildings are to be plain and substantial, built as needed, no faster, without unnecessary expense. A farm for agricultural instruction is to be maintained on the Palto Alto farm, and homes built there to be leased to parents or those connected with the University.

This, with omission of minor details,

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is, I think, a correct summary of the instrument on which, unless Mr. and Mrs. Stanford should desire to revise it after testing its working, the university will be based. It is hardly conceivable that the privilege reserved in the grant, of changing the entire nature of the institution, will ever be carried out now.

In a brief address made in delivering the grant, Mr. Stanford added that he and his wife had by last will and testament devised to the trustees additional property, but that this was done as a security against the uncertainties of life,—they hoped to make over the full endowment during their lifetime. No additional grant has yet been made, but large sums have been spent on the buildings, and will necessarily be spent from now on in the maintenance of the university. A newspaper interview quoted Mr. Creed Haymond, Mr. Stanford's lawyer, as saying that the "full endowment" was likely to be $20,000,000. It is probable that no one, not even Mr. Stanford himself, knows just what it will be, but no one doubts that the major part of his fortune will go to it.

Mr. Stanford proceeded slowly—as a busy man could—with the preparations for the university. On May 14, 1886, the cornerstone was laid, with prayer by Doctor Horatio Stebbins, and an address by Judge Lorenzo Sawyer. For about four years the buildings grew up slowly, and last spring the selection of a president was made, and it was formally announced that the institution would open in October. Since then the buildings have been pushed rapidly to completion, a faculty has been selected, terms of admission and curriculum have been announced, and examinations have been held.

II.

THE buildings of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University lie in the midst of a beautiful tract of 8,000 acres of lowland

Drawn from Photo by Townsend.
THE MAUSOLEUM.

and foothill, about 30 miles south of San Francisco. This is the estate known as Palo Alto; there is as yet no village or station by that name. The nearest stations are Menlo Park and Mayfield, about a mile and a half on either side, and outside the estate. Between Mayfield and the university site lies the portion of Senator Stanford's famous stock farm devoted to running horses; on the Menlo Park side, the part devoted to trotters, and also the home of the Stanfords, a comfortable and unpretentious country mansion, surrounded by many acres of lawn and trees, threaded by a labyrinth of well-kept drives. The trees of this park are still too young for full beauty, but no one can drive by without being struck by their rare and interesting variety. The way that trees from the world over—pine and palm, orange and fig, oak and chestnut and beech, Japanese, Chinese, Australian, and Indian trees, African, English, Norwegian, Hawaiian trees,—will thrive side by side in California, has been noted by tourists many a time, and Mr. Stanford has been probably the most diligent collector of these various species. I know of no place in California that equals this Palo Alto arboretum in number and variety of trees; certainly there cannot be more than two or three that could compare with it.

Ten acres adjoining the residence grounds are set apart "as a place of burial and of last rest on earth for the bodies of the grantors and of their son, Leland Stanford, Junior, and as the board

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may direct, for the bodies of such other persons who may have been connected with the university." Here stands at the end of a straight cypress avenue, leading from the university site, the mausoleum of the Stanfords, white marble, a small Greek temple in form, but guarded by sphinxes on either side the entrance.

The university buildings lie where the plain rises up toward the foothills. They are not impressive as one approaches, but this is in great part because they are not finished. They will probably never be striking from a distance, for the architecture — Romanesque in type — follows the suggestion of the old Spanish missions, with their low adobe buildings ranged round a plaza, only the church rising to any height; but at present they are lacking all the features that will give external effect. The twelve heavy, oblong, one-story buildings, connected into one by an arcade running about the great inner court, are to be crowned with a beautiful chapel, and enclosed in another quadrangle, two stories high, whose arcade will face outward, and this outer one will have have a great Romanesque arch at the end opposite the chapel. The arch in the illustration is the principal one of the inner quadrangle. The plan also includes another one-story quadrangle, much like the one now complete, on each side of the great double one.

Once passed through the arch, and standing within the court, or under the arcade, the visitor begins to realize the great beauty of the building. It is something satisfying and noble. I do not know whether people learned in archi-

Photo by Morris & Mershon.

THE ARCADE.

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tecture all agree with me; but speaking as a lay observer, I should think it hard to say too much of the simple dignity, the calm influence on mind and mood, of the great, bright court, the deep arcade with its long vista of columns and arches, the heavy walls, the unchanging stone surfaces. They seemed to me like the rock walls of nature; they drew me back and made me homesick for them when I had gone away. If the Leland Stanford, Junior, University should never succeed in anything else, it would deserve much of the gratitude of California for these buildings alone. It is impossible that they should not exert an influence on the minds of the students, and do much to attach them to their college home, to train them in serious and solid ideas of art, and to imbue them with a bit of that reverence and modesty toward the institution itself that is deficient in California youth. It is not considered true university policy to spend much money on buildings: I have more than once heard President Gilman, for instance, hold up for imitation the university that saved the most money from housing itself to spend on great teachers, perfect laboratories, endowment of research, and the infinity of costly educational demands. Mr. Stanford himself outlines this policy in the grant, when he directs that the buildings shall be "plain and substantial . . . the trustees bearing in mind that extensive and expensive buildings do not make a university; that it depends for its success rather upon the character and attainments of its faculty." It is likely he, like most other people that have built, was lured deeper in than he meant to go by the charm of the plan, — on which, once it was adopted, money could not be saved in any way without spoiling its whole intent. But one cannot regret that in this one instance it should have turned out so. It could not have been done in any other way than by a rich man building his own university; no board of regents spending trust funds for the State or for a private endowment, would have ventured to put so much of the money into buildings.

It must be added that it seems likely that convenience and practical use has been somewhat sacrificed to architectural beauty. The one-story buildings, distributed about so great a space, are quite at odds with the compactness and convenience of access, room from room, sought in most college buildings. The thick walls, with their deep, narrow window spaces, may not prove as comfortable in winter as in summer; the architects were Boston men, and the Mexican type of building has never been as well-beloved by American settlers in California as Eastern artists think it should be; and this may be because the Eastern artists have an exaggerated idea of the heat and brilliancy of a "semi-tropic" climate. There is abundant provision for warming the buildings at Palo Alto by steam; the difficulty will be only as to sufficiency of sun and light during the cloudy weather. But it is impossible to walk under the colonnades and not feel that the result was worth some sacrifice of convenience. And as it has been from the first a cherished idea with Mr. Stanford that the university should ultimately include art training, expensive architecture is not without a rightful place there.

The dormitory for young men is built in keeping with the quadrangle, and in the same buff-colored Almaden sandstone. It is four stories high, but the stories are so low that it does not seem out of accord with the main building. It can accommodate nearly four hundred persons. It is provided with elevators, and with bathrooms on each floor, and the university circular of information announces that each room will have electric lights, hot and cold water, and steam heat. The rooms are sunny and convenient,— though without closets,—and

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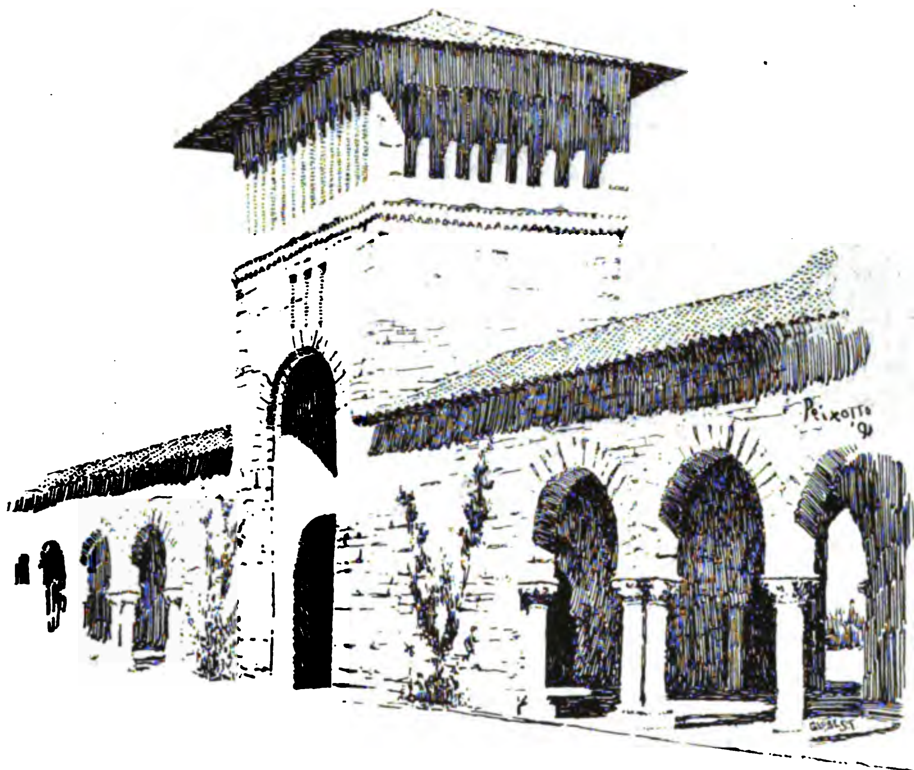
there is a very beautiful great dining hall and stairs.

The plan of the quadrangles and dormitories was originally that of Richardson, of Boston, and is said by those familiar with his buildings to be strongly characteristic of him. He died before it was completed, and the actual architects were his successors, Shepley, Rutan, & Coolidge.




AN ENTRANCE TO THE QUADRANGLE.

The smaller dormitory for women, planned in similar architecture, is of smooth artificial stone, instead of the rough sandstone; and it has not the elaborate equipments of the one first built. It is scarcely completed, as the first intention seems to have been to begin the institution with men only, opening it later to young women; and when it was decided to invite both this fall, the building had to be pushed with the utmost haste.

The fine museum building also is artificial stone, and will barely be complete externally in time for the opening of the university, while it cannot be finished and filled till later. It is Greek in its general type, yet so managed as to harmonize well with the Romanesque quadrangle. It promises to be a beautiful and satisfying building, and one especially well adapted to its purpose. The architects are Percy & Hamilton, of San Francisco, who are also the constructors of the girls' dormitory and the minor buildings. It is the especial gift of Mrs. Stanford, and is to contain a fine collection of art and antiquities, of which the nucleus is a collection made by her son. Mrs. Stanford has since been greatly increasing this, and has agents still collecting for her. Brugsch Bey, director of the Boulak museum, has given her much aid with regard to the antiqui-

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ties. Perhaps the most important collection, however, will be that of copies of great paintings, which, it is said, will be very complete, and will include some that no artist has ever been permitted to copy before.

Besides these principal buildings, there are an engine house for steam and electric power, and two for shop work,— good stone buildings; but there will have to be several more, with more special adaptation to machine work, before the equipment of this sort will be complete. The buildings now on the grounds are about a million dollars in value. It seems impossible that the other quadrangles, with arch and chapel, can be built for much less than another million and a half; and considering that there are buildings, perhaps to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars, that must be built for specific uses, outside the quadrangles, and that the amount of space provided by the complete plan will not be needed till long after the funds have become trust funds, it is doubtful whether it will ever be carried out. From an educational point of view, it would be an extravagance; but from an architectural, it would be well worth the money.

THE MUSEUM BUILDING.

There is a plan for the improvement of the site, by F. L. Olmsted and J. C. Olmsted, which will call for another great expenditure. At present there are no grounds about the university,— only the bare soil, littered and torn with the hasty building. Meanwhile, the Stanford grounds on the one side, and the hills behind, with their fair prospect across the bay to the Contra Costa range, afford alluring room for Saturday rambles; and still beyond, outside the Palo Alto domain, the forest-clad mountains, with trout streams and lumber camps, are an ideal goal for all-day drives, or over-night camping trips.

At a little distance from the university, a row of ten pleasant cottages,— looking rather too row-like and undividual to be altogether attractive,— supply homes for the professors. These homes are not perquisites, but are all rented at fair current prices. In another direction, at easy driving distance from the buildings, is the cottage the president has chosen to occupy. It is a fascinating and foreign-looking littleaffair,and it has a history. It was built by a Frenchman (who called himself Coutts), in imitation of the Petit Trianon, the cottage built for Madame de Pompadour's rustic outings, and occupied by Marie Antoinette when she played at dairying and haymaking; and it looks much in keeping with the little play shepherds and shepherdesses on Pompadour fans. Mr. Coutts built him a quaint brick library close by, and here he is said to have brought wonderful store of Elzevirs. It seems, however, that the pretty home in the far-away West was a hiding-place, and "Coutts" a refugee, who had fled from Paris with lawless spoil from the

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last Commune; and the day came when he was traced or recognized. Then he was suddenly missing again, leaving the cottage as it stood, with all its furnishings. Mr. Stanford afterward met him in London, and bought the place, and added it to the Palo Alto farm. In memory of which episode the present occupants have named the pretty hiding-place "Escondite Cottage." The brick library, stripped of Elzevirs, held for some time one of Mrs. Stanford's kindergartens.

III.

THE Act of Legislature that was passed at Mr. Stanford's wish to enable him to carry out his plan of endowment, provided for "a university, college, school, seminary of learning, mechanical institute, museum or gallery of art, or any or all thereof," and there is no doubt that Mr. Stanford's mind, from the first, dwelt upon all these. The deed of gift, as noted above, provides that the university shall include "mechanical institutes, museums, galleries of art, laboratories and conservatories," with schools of agriculture and mechanics, and the studies of liberal learning. In his accompanying address, Mr. Stanford said, "We do not expect to establish a university and fill it with students at once. It must be the growth of time and experience. Our idea is that in the first instance we shall require the establishment of colleges for both sexes; then of primary schools, as they may be needed, and out of all these will grow the great central institution, for more advanced study." On another occasion, in private conversation, he mentioned grammar schools, or academies, for either sex, as a part of his idea, adding that it was still unformed, however, and he should feel his way along to a complete plan, from step to step.

The interview with Mr. Haymond, already quoted, attributed to him the plan of establishing at Palo Alto a complete system of education, the best of its kind in the world, in the three lines of art, technics, and liberal culture, from the earliest kindergarten work to the highest graduate special training. This scheme the public mind fastened on, as it fastened on the figure of $20,000,000, and it probably stands to more people as the idea of what the Leland Stanford, Junior, University is going to do than any other. Of the applications for admission that have been received, a great number are from young children, who expect to enter one or another of departments that do not exist, and are in no sense university departments. Very few knew enough of the expenses of education to know that (taking the assumed $20,000,000 as the endowment) anything so extensive would be utterly out of reach The latest report of Harvard University shows that without tuition fees, twenty million dollars would about meet its expenditure, but no more. The medical school and hospital alone at Johns Hopkins will cost five and one-half million. The observatory and astronomical department alone of the California University cost about a million. To rival these and other universities, each in its strongest department, and

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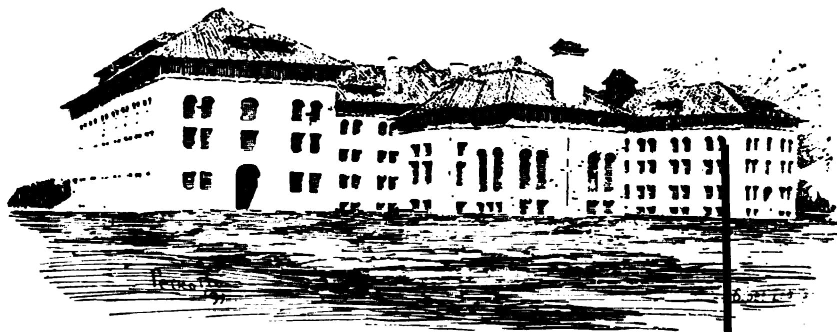
then add the whole series of art schools, and again of primary and secondary schools, trade and industrial schools, would be far beyond the possibilities of Mr. Stanford's utmost munificence.

How far he himself entertained any so far-spreading plans, before he had thoroughly "priced things," I cannot say. But a year and a half later, in the address at the laying of the corner-stone of the university, the late Judge Sawyer said: "It contemplates preparatory and academic instructions; collegiate instruction in various colleges, such as colleges of letters, law, medicine; technical colleges and institutes for instruction in the various mechanical and fine arts; and the pursuit of post-graduate studies, and research appropriate to a university proper, of the highest grade." He speaks of the possibility that this may become in the future the first university in the world; then goes on, however, to point out that even when the expected "full endowment" shall come to the university, "the large amount so nobly given to this university may become wholly inadequate to its wants," and it will be the duty of the trustees to seek additional endowments from other public-spirited citizens.

If the original plan of a sort of universal educational system, grouped around a university, is carried out, it must be by the means suggested by Judge Sawyer,—the addition of other great endowments to Mr. Stanford's. If the public clearly understands that any such expansive plans are of the far future, and that even of what Mr. and Mrs. Stanford can do themselves, the development will be gradual,—a new professor, a new department, a new building, being added from year to year, as the demand arises,—it will be saved unreasonable disappointments. So great has been the vague and impossible expectation about it, that this warning must needs be given before going on to say what the university now is, in extent and promise.

It will consist, at opening, of a faculty of nineteen professors and instructors, besides the president, and three hundred regular students and one hundred partial ones. Three more professors are to come in 1892; and there are four non-resident lecturers or teachers, who will be at the university from one to three months in the course of the year; and the librarian, registrar, superintendents of the shops, and dormitory and gymnasium officers, add nine more to the staff,—thirty-six in all. All the ordinary and indispensable subjects of undergraduate college work are provided for more or less fully,—language, literature, mathematics, history and political science, natural and physical science,—besides civil and mechanical engineering. Tuition in all departments will be free. The general type of the institution will thus be at first that of the smaller State universities. Its peculiar features I shall speak of later.



MEN'S DORMITORY.

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Under the conditions of the grant, the president is to a greater extent than usual the university. I understand that Mr. Stanford has thus far carried out thoroughly his theory of selecting a man in whom he has confidence, and leaving him free. At present the great question concerning the future of the university seems to be what sort of a man David Starr Jordan will prove to be.

PRESIDENT JORDAN.

He is farm-born and bred, on a farm that, in his words, his father won from the forest; he was educated at Cornell, after a picked-up preparation, but made a good record there and was an instructor (in botany) while still a student; he taught for a few years in several small colleges and schools in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana, and took a medical degree in Indiana. During these years he also studied and taught in the Penikese and Harvard summer schools of science. In 1877 he became connected with the United States Fish Commission, and has been ever since; and he has also been naturalist of two State geological surveys, and special census agent for the marine industries of this Coast. In 1879 he became professor of zoology in Indiana University, and during the next two years spent some time as a student of ichthyology at the British Museum

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and the French Museum of Natural History. In 1885 he became president of Indiana University whence he was called last year. He has been a prolific writer, mainly of scientific monographs, and his standing is good among scientific men.

The impression that he has made here corresponds well with the opinion expressed by those who have long known him and his work. He seems to be a man of force and of sense, with little of the fine New England scholarliness that, added to force and sense, makes the ideal university man, but probably with all the essentials that underlie that consummate result; with an easy and unhasting energy, good nature, directness, and courage. He seems a man likely to have shrewdness in the selection of men, and a sort of broad, off-hand, open tact in getting along with them,— not a man that is likely to quarrel, or to have suspicions and rivalries going on about him His addresses on educational topics that I have read are sensible and high-minded. From a literary point of view, they are good,—perfectly clear, forcible, and with a touch of honest eloquence. They are without the beautiful sequence and ordered unfolding of the best addresses, and have an off-hand, disconnected structure from paragraph to paragraph, which lessens their value for reading and keeping; but they would all go unusually straight to the mark in delivery to an audience. They make President Jordan's position clear on the point as to which the lovers of learning here have held their breath with most anxiety: he places himself distinctly as a believer in the higher and broader ideals of education, which have to make their fight with narrow and utilitarian misapprehensions in any democratic community. His desire and aim will be to make a true university. It is said that he materially raised the grade of the Indiana University while he was there.

The faculty are young men, comparatively unknown, most of them Western in origin and early education, with higher training in the great Eastern and foreign schools. Of the regular, resident teachers, more than sixty per cent are graduates of such colleges as are called on the sea-board "fresh-water,"—Moore's Hill, Carthage, Butler, Lehigh, and the smaller State universities. One (Professor John Stillman) is a graduate of the University of California, one of the University of Michigan, and three of Cornell. Two only have the first degree from an old or strictly Eastern institution. Almost every one has taken advanced course, doctor's degree, or fellowship, at Cornell, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, or the European universities. Professor Todd was Associate in Romance Languages in Johns Hopkins University; Professor Marx had been Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering in Cornell, and was called here from Wisconsin University; Professor Griffin from an instructorship in German in Cornell; Mr. Elliott from an instructorship in English at Cornell; Professor Pease from a chair of Latin at Bowdoin. The others have taught only in the smaller State universities and colleges

FERNANDO SANFORD, PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS.

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of the middle West, excepting Professor Stillman, who had been in California University. Several of them have been, from the West, contributors to leading Eastern journals.

Such a faculty as this is not the very best that any university could have,—but it comes near to it. The best faculty would be composed of the ripest and most proved men, in the prime of their powers. But the next best is composed of young men of promise and enthusiasm; and one who has from limited early opportunities made his way to the highest is so far forth likelier than another to be a young man of promise and enthusiasm. It was the only faculty for the beginning of a university, in a remote State, and with experimental features. Here, again, the uncalculating talk of enthusiasm has led people to unreasonable expectations. The newspapers made out for Mr. Stanford a faculty which should include such men as Huxley, and Tyndall, and Matthew Arnold, and E. A. Freeman. High salaries, it was hastily concluded, would uproot such men from their own places, and bring them to a new soil. It was out of the question from the first. Money counts far less with a great scholar than the environments of an old center of learning, the priceless libraries, the colleagues, the opportunities for intercourse with many other scholars. Young men coming here with the pioneering zeal will grow into the work and the community, and may stay after they have become great and sought for elsewhere, — until in the fullness of time this State, too, shall be an old center of learning.

There is a spirit and hope about this little knot of eager young scholars at Palo Alto that is irresistible. They are like a crew of argonauts launching their galley for an untried adventure,—a company of young knights

"Waiting to strive a happy strife."

They and the university are new together. They have been selected by President Jordan on his personal judgment, and their aptness to work together

JOSEPH SWAIN, PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS.

easily and genially in such an enterprise has confessedly had its part in the grounds of selection. Indeed, they are in part old friends, tested with each other and with President Jordan: of the whole staff about half have been in some way connected with Cornell, and half a dozen are directly from Indiana University. The confidence of tried acquaintance is joined with the zest of new; and the joyous good-will with which they start in together cannot but be a fortunate contagion to the students.

Besides this faculty, ex-President Andrew D. White and Professor Comstock, of Cornell, are each to give three months to the university, the one in European history, the other in entomology; and ex-Professor Daniel Kirkwood, of Indiana University, and Professor Jacob Schurman, of Cornell, lecture each for one month, on astronomy and ethics respectively.

Contrary to expectation, the technical

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bent is by no means the leading one in the staff, so far, but that toward natural science. More than a third of the faculty will be engaged in teaching some branch of natural science; and language and the social group of studies come next, with four men each. There is the least possible systematizing of the work, and although in some sort the essential ground is covered, it is with small attention to proportion. Such subdivisions as cryptogamic botany, vertebrate zoology, claim each a man, while there is no one in English philology, no one in general botany.

Of course, this is to a great extent temporary; things are to shape themselves, and departments to adjust themselves, as the work goes along; and the names given in registers to chairs are inexact renderings at best of the actual scope of the teaching. But it is in part President Jordan's theory of work to "gather in a lot of able men and let them teach what they choose." It is a plan that may have its drawbacks as a method of training boys and girls, but there is no doubt that it is inspiring and delightful to the professors, and must add greatly to the sense of freedom and hope with which they are beginning work.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON, PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE.

There are no heads of department, with assistants; each professor and instructor is supreme in his own work, save for his subordination to the president. This may or may not make the adjustment of all the complex system of a university more difficult and less effective; I am not competent to say. Certainly, it can work no confusion until the university grows large enough to require several men in each subject; and President Jordan believes that the department system subjects the younger men to tyrannies and discouragement. But the authority of the head of a department over assistants is less than the grant of endowment gives to President Jordan himself over departments.

Theoretically, the student also is to have unusual freedom in his work. President Jordan does not believe in early specialization in the narrow and utilitarian sense; but he holds that the undergraduate, while getting a general culture, should get it mainly in the lines most to his own taste. There are some of us who believe that the lad of seventeen, with no foreknowledge of how this or that study is going to please him, knows little of what his own serious and permanent taste is going to be, and would make himself out a curriculum by the merest accident and conjecture. But as far as I can learn from a comparison of printed requirements, the effect in practice of the "group" and elective system proposed at Palo Alto is not very different from that of the system now usual in universities. Taking the State university as a type for comparison, and taking both matriculate and undergraduate requirements into account, the difference in the effect of the course system (full of electives after the first year) at Berkeley, and the elective system limited by the "group" arrangement at Palo Alto, comes to merely this: That at Palo Alto a man may so choose

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his studies as to get through to his degree with a minimum of mathematics and of English literature equivalent only to the maximum amount given by our best high schools, making up the deficiency by an increased allotment of some

CHAS. H. GILBERT, PROFESSOR OF VERTEBRATE ZOOLOGY.

favorite study; whereas no degree can be taken at Berkeley without a little more mathematics than this, and at least a year more of English. Moreover, this minimum of mathematics and English required at Palo Alto may all be taken in the high school, and the student never have an hour of university training in either subject. This seems to me certainly a mistake. On the other hand, the system is in some ways more rigid than the course system. It requires that the student, beginning with his freshman year, shall take "the entire course given by one professor" as his "major subject," and for minor subjects such other things as that professor shall direct, from one third to two thirds of his time being left free for electives. The purpose is to give a sort of core to his work, and prevent him from being discursive; and for advanced students — graduate work, certainly — it is an unequaled method. Whether it is in all ways the best for undergraduates is too large a subject to discuss here; and close comment on the course, in its present state, is premature in any case. It will this year "be adapted to the needs of the students actually in attendance," and will doubtless be experimental and temporary.

The admission requirements by examinations, though adjusted somewhat difently, to meet the different after methods, are the same in extent as those of the State University. Or, to measure by a more widely known standard, they fall short of Harvard's to an extent that I should judge might be measured by six months' work of a diligent student; I cannot judge how rigidly they are administered there. The admission from other colleges and accredited schools is much less guarded than at Berkeley. It is to be hoped that this leniency is only temporary. Indeed, it is evident that everything this year will be highly inchoate and experimental; nothing is planned out yet; they are simply going to start in as they are, and shape out the university as they go along.

## IV.

What is to be the future and rank of this so eagerly awaited institution?— and,— a question much asked in this State: What will be its relation to the State University?

Let us first make all deductions. Its present position as the absolute personal possession of its founder,— its revenues from his pockets, its teachers his personal employees, its very existence in his power to annull,—is unprecedented; and wisely and magnanimously as Mr. Stanford has carried and seems likely to carry the relation, independently and self-respectingly as the university may carry it, it has its dangers and difficulties, if only in misinterpretations the public may be led

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OLIVER PEEBLES JENKINS, PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY.

into. The unusual power given to the president will add to the natural difficulties of drawing eminent men away from the East; and however the personal tact of the first president makes all pleasant with the present faculty, a successor might make this provision a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense. But all such troubles will be outlived or adjusted somehow, as all universities have to adjust their troubles.

The endowment and income are uncertain. It will be hard for a board of busy trustees to get the full value out of land that they must either farm or keep leased in ten-year terms (the maximum allowed in this State); while a future endowment in railroad shares would be liable to such calamitous shrinkages as overtook the Johns-Hopkins endowment. No one — probably not Mr. Stanford himself — knows just how much "the bulk of his fortune" will be. Nor has the public any right to fix at twenty million, or any other sum, the amount he is to give it, and regard him bound to that. He has made the public no pledges, nor taken it into his confidence.

Bearing these things in mind, the probability remains that the university will soon or late have one of the highest incomes in America, — about equal to Harvard's, that is, somewhere about a million dollars. This is not far short of the income of Cambridge University, England. If tuition fees should be charged, and the number of students should grow to thousands, it might far exceed this sum. But Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other Eastern institutions, receive a steady shower of gifts that bring their wealth up by the million every few years. No one can prophesy how much help the Stanford endowment will receive thus. Mr. Stanford's personal relations with men of wealth, and those of the influential board of trustees he has chosen, will go far to obtain such additions. An addition of a few millions to an endowment of $20,000,000, if the whole is kept in good, productive, safe shape, would certainly carry the institution ahead of all others in America in wealth, even without tuition fees; and this will be a great invitation to re-enforcements. On the other hand, millionaires are loth to sink their own endowments in another man's; each man will have his own ideas of organization, as

ERNEST M. PEASE, PROFESSOR OF LATIN.

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Mr. Stanford had; and the same reasons that kept him from uniting his forces with the State University will keep other men from uniting theirs with him.

There is, of course, nothing in the State to be compared with this university, even at its present stage of development, except the State university. For the present, that is the larger and more important institution. It has nearly eight hundred students to the four hundred at Palo Alto; severer matriculation tests; a staff of one hundred and thirty-seven, to the thirty-six at Palo Alto, sixty of these in the colleges at Berkeley. Its principal men are older, more tried, and more eminent among scholars. Its library has about 50,000 volumes, and that at Palo Alto 5,000. Its income last year was about $225,000, which I should say at a guess is from twice to three times what will be paid for the regular expenses at Palo Alto this coming year. The latest report places the total property at over seven million, but I am told that this is more or less over-valued. It is steadily rising, however. But without the addition of now unforeseen endowments, the older university will in all human probability soon be overtaken and passed in wealth by the younger. The young men at Palo Alto may develop into more eminent scholars than its faculty, and the present relation be in all ways reversed.

This will depend a great deal on the management the two institutions receive. Both have good boards of trus tees. Those of the State university, being appointed by the governor and confirmed by the Senate, and for sixteen-year terms, are almost as completely removed from political coloring and as conservative as a self-perpetuating board; and, as a matter of fact, have never been influenced in their action by political considerations. They have the advantage of experience, and that is worth much. On the other hand, the new board has the greater advantage of being able to profit by their experience without bearing its scars. The State university has borne the brunt of the battle for the university idea in a new State, and has settled some things, once for all, and not without receiving deep wounds in the process. It had, in the first place, — as did the other State universities, — to work out the adjustments for an institution of a new order, amid the blindest and most conflicting ideas. When it began, twenty-three years ago, graduate special training scarcely existed in this country; there was no force of qualified young men to be drawn on for teachers, no regular channel through which to learn of men and their qualifications. There were but two high schools in the State, one of which gave a minimum college preparation. The community was so little in sympathy with the broader university idea that it was chiefly the generous policy of the old College of California that led to the creation of a university at all, instead of a simple school of agriculture and mechanic arts; and the carrying out of this wider idea was often in the face of actual antagonism from press and public. Now there is a good corps of high schools, rising bravely to the rising requirements at Berkeley; and what with the university's own direct work for twenty-odd years, its six or seven hundred alumni scattered through the State, and the general advance in the country, the university idea has been fairly caught by the community. The new university can enter at once into the harvest of the pioneering work that has been done.

Will it enter into this by taking it away from the sower?— the question has been asked. It will take some students that would have attended the State university; it may take some gifts that would have been given there. It ought certainly so to re-enforce the State university in increasing the numbers that desire to attend college, and the disposi-



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tion to bestow endowments, as to more than make up.

Would it have been better, had Mr. Stanford been willing to unite forces with the State university? It might easily have been done under some form of affiliation which should carry out the essentials of Mr. Stanford's ideas. The combined endowments, if the Stanford one is to reach the amount expected, would have easily given the largest income enjoyed by any university in the country, and the money spent on duplication of buildings, libraries, apparatus, and many other things would have been saved. The tendency of a great single institution to draw additional endowments would have been stronger than either one alone will have,—an imposing object lesson would have been given in the concentration, instead of scattering, of endowments. Probably the early feeling of the friends of higher education was that it was a pity that this had not been done.

But since this was out of the question, they have found many reasons for thinking it best as it is. A weak university could not live and grow stronger through the difficult first years unless the educational force of the community were centered on it: but when it has grown sure and strong, a neighbor to consult with, to back and be backed by, in the campaigns against ignorance and apathy, is a great thing. The duplications in the matter of professors, at least, are worth more than they cost, for they bring to the community an invaluable re-enforcement. If the spirit is honest and disinterested on both sides, the ideals inflexible, the emulation that will take place will be a common benefit,—not so much to the teachers, for they are constantly in touch with the intellectual activities of the world, and these are stimulus enough to keep scholars who care for their work up to their best pace; but governing boards, students, and alumni respond readily to that sort of spur.

Doctor Le Conte said at the last Commencement at Berkeley that, from an evolutionist's point of view, the best possibilities of an organism depended upon its first being isolated until its individual type was sufficiently "set" to persist, and then to be thrown into intercourse with others in time to prevent its becoming too rigid; and that he regarded the university at Berkeley as having had this fortunate fate in its first phase, and now the promise of the second. It has reached a point in wealth, in learning, in dignity, and in traditions, that gives it fixed and permanent place. The day is in sight when its income and property will represent an endowment of ten millions,—a sum that will make a good and strong university; as good, if it choose, as the few wealthiest ones, but with less expansion into various departments.

There is but one way in which the new university can be an injury to the old, and if it take this way, it will go far toward being an injury to the State as well. If it make a better university than that at Berkeley, so much the better for everybody. If it make as good a university, there will be two instead of one, and they will help each other. If it make a worse one, and people know it, there will be small harm done. But if it make a worse one, and people do not know it,—if by expensive show and active canvassing, rigid requirements on paper and lax ones in practice, it gives the impression of being something greater than it is, students will be diverted from better places, the high schools will slip back from the point they have been lifted to, and much of the gain of years of hard effort will be undone.

I have before me one of the newspaper articles I have spoken of, given out in such a way as to bear a "semi-official" air. It promises, "in the near future," "an educational center that will obviate the necessity which now compels the ambitious students of this country to go to Europe to complete their

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education"; that will draw "the most famous and talented professors on the globe"; will offer "the highest standard of excellence in technical learning known to our civilization." It will include the greatest college of medicine in the country; art advantages "such as now draw students from all parts of the civilized world to Munich"; "the best musical education in the world," under "the most famous masters of Italy and Europe"; and so on through the catalogue, all with indicative verbs, and a tone of authorized announcement.

The enthusiasm of impulsive gratitude joined with little knowledge of the cost of these stupendous things so lightly enumerated, was the source of much of this; the brag of State patriotism, which has accustomed itself to large superlatives, had its share; and it has been impossible not to recognize here and there, the unmistakable tone of the courtier, whom no man as rich as Mr. Stanford may hope to escape, striving to please with the largest superlatives of all. It rang the name of the proposed university fairly around the civilized world; it prepared the community, as a whole, to greet the new university with an eagerness of interest unprecedented in educational matters here, and sent its name to corners where a university had never been heard of before; it arrested the attention and compelled the awe of the Philistine, who had small respect for universities, but much for anything associated with twenty million dollars. But it provoked reactions and distrusts, invited disappointments, — and did unquestionably, to some extent, chill the warmth of interest with which those who cared most for universities, and knew most about them, had heard of the proposed endowment. If there was a chorus ready, whether the new university adopted high ideals or low ideals, did thorough work or showy work, to declare that its ideals were the highest in the world, its work the greatest,— how was it possible to hold against such an influence the ground gained for higher education?

Such forebodings tend now to melt away and disappear before the bright zeal, and sincerity, and high purpose of which the young faculty gives promise. If I could be writing history at the end of even a single year of the university's work, instead of impressions and conjecture before the beginning, I might be speaking of them as almost forgotten. If — the temporary arrangements of a first year past — it shall become as hard to get to Palo Alto as to Berkeley, or harder; if the real be steadily chosen, and the attained held small beside the greater unattained, — then California will enter indeed on a new and most hopeful era of progress in the higher things of life.

*Milicent W. Shinn.*

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# THE FRUIT CANNING INDUSTRY.

THOMAS STARR KING spoke of California as "The Benjamin among States," whose sack of corn had in its mouth a cup of gold. But what would Starr King have said, could he have seen the day when California's sack of wheat was to dwindle before the great horn of plenty that holds her fruits? That this day has come is shown by the figures. In 1890 the wheat crop of California was valued at $19,857,826. The fruit crop for the same year was worth $19,327,166.[1] And every year the acreage of orchards is increased at the expense of the wheat lands. More than this,—land that has been seeded to wheat for many years, till it has begun to decline in productive power from continuous cropping, is set out to fruit trees, and in a few years may be producing crops in a single year worth more than the previous fee simple of the land.

Now, one of the prime causes of this change is to be treated of in this article. The great and unfailing demand that the canneries have made for California fruit has been largely a moving cause of this change from wheat fields to orchards, for the canneries take the very cream of the crop. This demand has been heavily supplemented, it is true, by the system of shipments of green fruits

[1] These figures are taken from a report by General N. P. Chipman to the State Board of Trade. It is true that, in 1890, wheat was lower and fruit much higher in price than it is in 1891. Nevertheless, in quantity, the fruit crop is continually growing,—has increased thirty fold in the last ten years,—while the wheat crop advances at a much slower pace. This makes it likely that the fruit crop will again surpass the wheat crop in value this year.

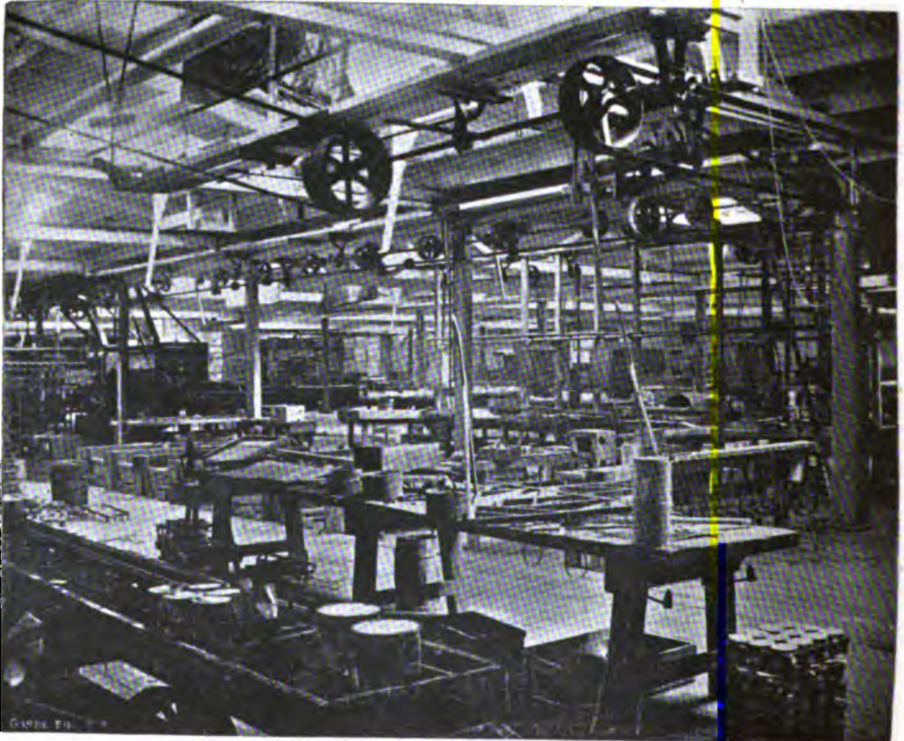

Photo by Hobbs.

A CANNERY PLANT.

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to Eastern markets, and by extensive operations in drying fruit of many kinds. Yet neither of these factors has so influenced prices as has the demand created by the canneries. They keep the market steady, prevent gluts and waste, and as a result of their activity place the product of our orchards in extremely palatable shape on the table of rich and poor alike, at all seasons of the year, not only all over this country, but all over the world.

And the growth of the canning business has actually increased the price of fruit. Twenty years ago plums ruled at one cent a pound, and Bartlett pears at fifty cents a box, prices that are a third less than those of the present year, when many orchardists consider themselves ruined by the low prices.

An industry so valuable to our State, and so invaluable to the world at large, is surely worthy of a place in the OVERLAND'S descriptive industrial articles.

The principle of preserving by excluding the air is no new discovery; it must have been understood by the Egyptian embalmer, when he swathed his mummies in fold on fold of cerements and shut them up in wooden cases. But the practical application of this to food for household use seems to have been slow in making its way. The first record I have found of it is quoted in an essay by William Gray Knowles, in a volume, —"The Recent Development of American Industries,"—in the Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. There he gives the credit of first hermetically sealing food for preservation to François Appert, in 1809, and the first American doing it, he says, was Thomas Kensett, in 1824. But there was little or no preserving for any commercial purpose till the rush for California in forty-nine made a demand for goods that would stand the long voyage around the Horn. So California, now so large an exporter of these goods, created the demand that established the industry. But the California demand, which was mostly for goods in glass, and that of ships bound on long voyages and fearing the scurvy, was not increased by any general use throughout the country of goods in tin till war times. Then the feeding of armies in the field, and the general stimulus to production of all kinds, made a great and lasting development of the canning business. The Eastern supply to California was suddenly cut off by the war, and there was still a great number

MAKING CANS. THE CIRCULAR SHEARS.

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Photo by Sidney M. Smith.

MAKING CANS. FEEDING THE MACHINE

of men at the mines demanding a supply of fruit. But almost the only fruit then grown in the State was that grown around the Bay.

So about this time, the industry was first tried in California. In 1860 a San Francisco firm that had begun on pickles in 1858 ventured to can a few tomtoes. The cans were made by hand, and the man that made them, working at the bench, came to the canner's every evening to solder the caps on those that had been filled during the day. Now he is one of the city's solidest merchants. The whole year's output of those days would be a short half-day's run for the same canning company today.

In 1861 peaches were tried, and the next year Bartlett pears, though this last was so violent an innovation that it was difficult to get people to eat them.

But the continuance of the war, and the vast demand it created, soon developed the business into considerable proportions. There was profit in it in those days. As an instance of this, though not just in line of the subject, a thousand cases of canned oysters were shipped to San Francisco in war times, and they sold for eight and nine dollars a case, of two dozen cans. This, with gold at 160 premium, made the returns to the Eastern shipper $21,000 on the lot.

But the war did not last forever, fortunately, and as fruit grew more plentiful in the State, canneries were multiplied, and as always happens in the long run, the business grew close, and it required good management to make a success. The local consumption of cannery products now is not large, because it is so easy to get fresh fruit here. Any one of the twenty or thirty larger canneries could alone meet the home demand.

Turning now to a description of present methods and appliances in the canneries, I begin with the making of the cans. In a few establishments these are still made by hand, but far more use machine-made cans.

To show how cans are made by machinery, I take the reader to a factory

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Photo by S. M. Smith.
MAKING CANS. PUTTING IN TOPS AND BOTTOMS.

that does nothing else but make cans of the three or four standard sizes. This company can make two hundred and fifty thousand cans a day, and has storage capacity for twenty million. As we enter, the first impression is of a maze of machinery, and of rows on rows of bright, new cans traveling around the room, and mounting to the upper story all by themselves, and apparently in the most intelligent manner.

We go first to the warehouse, where the tin plate is stored in boxes as it comes from the Welsh makers.

"But why don't you use American tin plate?" I asked the president of the company, who was with me.

"Well, because we have n't seen much of that yet, and even at the same price it is better for us to use the Welsh."

"And why?"

"Because so much of our product is exported, and on exporting we get a drawback of the amount of the duty originally paid."

"Did the McKinley tariff affect the price of tin plate much?"

"I should say so: before the agitation the price of tinned plate was $4.65 a box, nominally 1 lb. to the sheet, really about 108 lbs. to the box of 112 sheets. When the McKinley bill was passed, about a year before the tin plate provisions of it went into effect, the Welsh manufacturers advanced their prices the full amount of the tariff,—up to $6.60 and $6.70 a box. The ruling rate today is $7.00. On the 1st of July, this year, when the tariff went into effect, the price in Wales at once dropped back to its normal figure. The old duty was 1c. a pound, the new is 2.2 cts.; the original price of tin plate in Wales is about 3 cts. a pound."

But in order to be through with this vexed matter of the tariff, with which, of course, the only concern this article has is to give the facts and figures as they appear in this market, without argument, I mention here that last year the price of standard cans, two and one-half pounds, was $27.50 per thousand. This year the price is $32.50, an increase of five dollars a thousand, or of a half cent on a can.

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WATCHING THE TESTER.

But on the other hand, the price of sugar last year was six and one half cents per pound, while it is but five cents this year. It takes about four pounds of sugar to the gallon of syrup such as is used on standard fruit, and a gallon of syrup fills a dozen cans. This makes the decrease in the cost of sugar on standard fruits just a half cent a can, the exact balance of the rise in tin plate. Of course in some varieties of fruit the sugar used is less, and there is none in meats and vegetables; but on the other hand, all fruit packed in glass and the jellies use much sugar. So, roughly speaking, the two items balance each other, surely so nearly so that the consumer buying at retail will find no difference in price fairly attributable to the change in tariff.

But to return to can making. The boxes of tin plate are opened, and the tin is handled sheet by sheet by a workman so trained by practice that a little rapid shake given each sheet shows him whether it is over or under weight, or flawy.

After passing this inspection, each plate is trimmed to exact length by a circular shear machine, and then by another cut into strips, whose width just equals the height of the can to be made. These strips are fed into the can-making

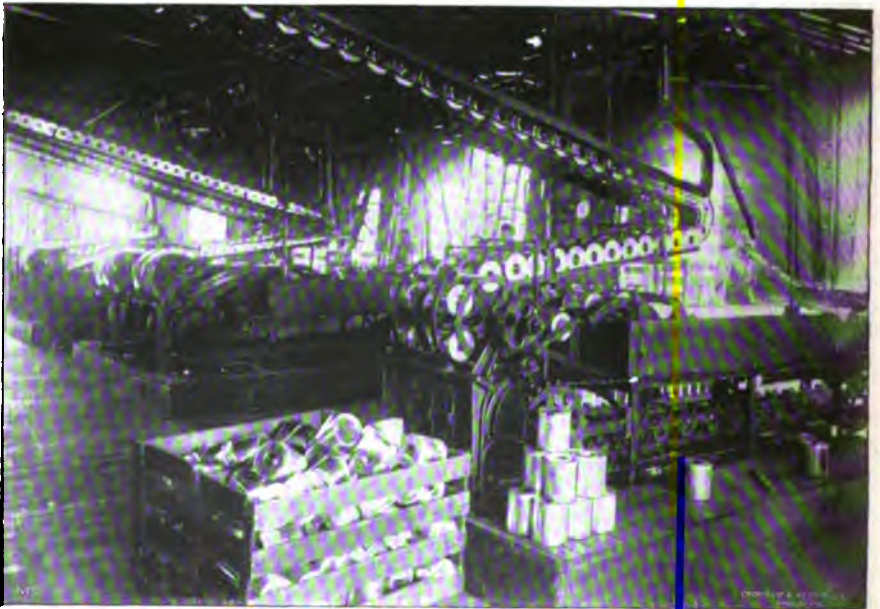

Photo by S. M. Smith.

MAKING CANS. THE TESTING.

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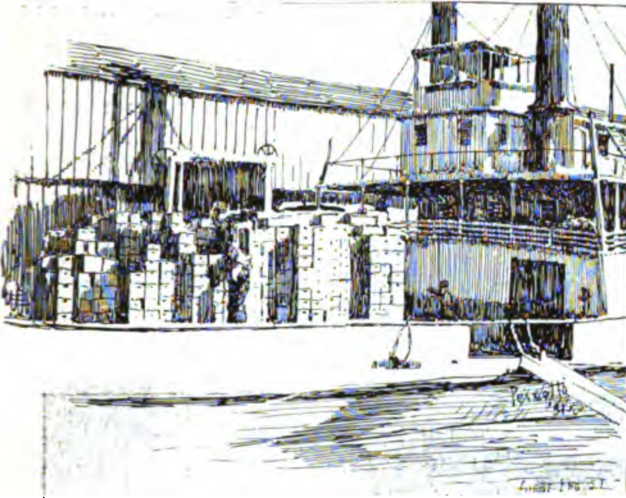


A RIVER STEAMER UNLOADING FRUIT.

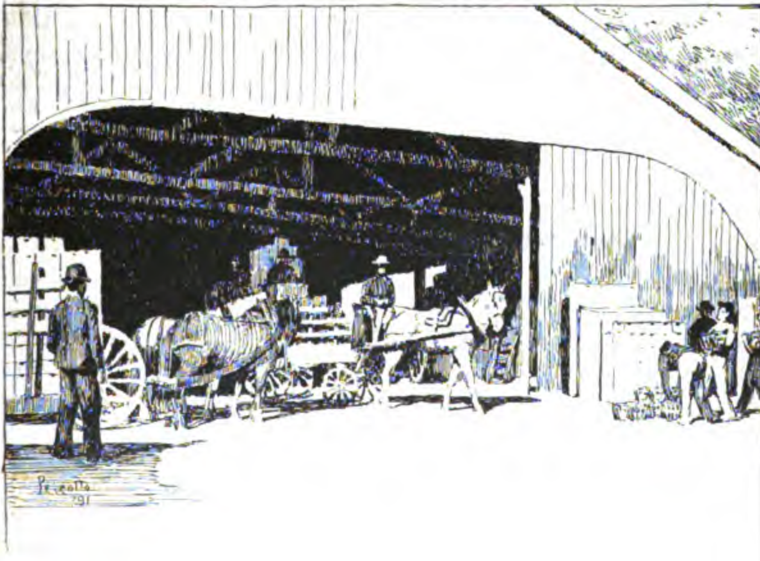
and pass them on to an endless carrying frame.

This frame arranges the tin cylinders seam down, and carries them first through a little trough of non-acid flux, just deep enough to moisten the seam, and then through a similar trough of solder, kept molten by Bunsen gas heaters. Then two furious little wipers made of asbestos give a sharp and decisive rub to the soldered seam, inside and out, and the can passes on ready for top and bottom.

machine proper, not to be touched by hands again till the completed and tested can is ready to put into crates or stacks up in the store-room.

The first thing that this human-like machine does is to turn the ends of the strip over, bend it round a cylinder, hook the bent ends together, lock them by a slight spread of the cylinder, clamp them by a blow of an automatic hammer,

The tops and bottoms are stamped out of tin sheets by powerful six-die presses, and drop clattering and shining into a receiver. From this they are taken by little girls and dropped into a slot at the side of the can machine, tops on one side, bottoms on the other. The children have no other care than to keep a sufficient supply in the slot, and to drop them in facing the right way. Then the



A QUIET DAY AT THE WHARF.

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machine takes them one by one as needed, fits them to the cylinder as it comes along, and clamps them on. From this point an endless belt carries the cans up through the ceiling to an upper floor, and delivers them to a new part of the machine, where they are rolled along obliquely, so that the edge is rolled through another little trough of flux and one of solder, thus making tight the top seam. Then the can passes round to the other side of the machine, and the same process repeated solders the bottom on.

The can is now complete, and it only remains to test it. As it comes from the machine it is caught on another belt and carried across the room to a testing machine. This grasps each can between two jaws, on one of which is a rubber pad that closes the opening at the top of the can. So sealed, the cans pass through a vat of hot water. The heat expands the air shut in the cans, and if there is the least leak or weakness about them, it is plainly shown by the bubbles of air that rise from it. The tester watches closely for these bubbles, and removes every defective can as soon as released from the jaws. The defectives are mended by hand if the trouble is slight, and again put into the tester. In one contract I know of, the can-maker is allowed five defectives in a thousand, and is required to pay the loss occasioned by all in excess of that number.

Photo by S. M. Smith.

THE FRUIT CUTTERS.

From the tester the cans pass on another belt to a chute that rolls them across to the storage warehouse, where they are stacked up or put into crates for immediate delivery. This is frequently made by piling them in regular piles in the freight cars that stand by the door.

The caps are made by dies similar to those that punch the tops and bottoms, and by an ingenious machine they are rimmed with a hem of solder, just sufficient to fasten them on by the applica

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tion of a soldering tool. This machine is also tended by little girls, often not over ten or twelve years old. The advantage of the solder hem is a uniform amount of solder to each cap, preventing waste at the canneries, and the solder is in such a shape that it is not easily stolen. Solder is worth sixteen cents a pound, and is always a source of temptation where much of it is used.

The solder is made on the premises, of lead from Salt Lake, and pig tin from Straits Settlement, Australia, or Banca. Few people think of a tin can as composed of so many and so far-fetched materials, but three quarters of the globe contribute to almost every can made. The solder is rolled into thin ribbons about a foot wide on great spools, which are taken to feed the solder baths at the can machine. This feeding, as everything else about the machine that seems to call for judgment and intelligence, is purely automatic.

It has not been possible to describe the process in detail so that a machinist could understand it, nor even to speak of the countless little devices about it employed to do particular services; for every time the cans turn a corner, or are required to be in a certain position, it calls for some such bit of ingenuity. They are automatically counted, too, at every stage of manufacture. The result of the process is a standard-sized can, perfect in every respect, and far more satisfactory than the hand-made product could be. Standard sizes are: the two and one-half pound can, holding about a quart, the gallon can, the one pound can, and the little half pound or buffet can.

The same principle could be applied, no doubt, to the making of many kinds of tinware, but it requires an enormous demand for just one thing to make it pay to build so elaborate a machine, and the company has resisted all temptations to make anything but standard cans.

A PACKING TABLE.

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MAKING SYRUP.

Since the machine does so much, the greater part of the labor about the factory is very light, and most of it is done by girls, and often by very young girls. Men are needed at a few points, mainly in feeding the heavy die presses, but children can easily do most of the things necessary. They are a good class of girls, too, that do this work. It is more steady than most employment about canning, and certainly cleaner and pleasanter, and a little care has resulted in collecting a superior class of employees.

Now that the cans are ready, the next thing to consider is the supply of fruit that is to fill them. The larger canneries, generally speaking, contract for their fruit supply in advance. They send their agents into the fruit growing districts, and buy on the trees the entire crop of the orchardist, stipulating that the fruit shall be merchantable and up to a certain standard size. The country canneries are often run in connection with an orchard, and make the most of the advantage of ripening the fruit on the trees to perfection, a thing which cannot be done if it is to be transported any distance before canning.

Fruit that is not contracted for in advance is often shipped to San Francisco, consigned to one of the commission houses. Every night, in fruit season, the river steamers come down, piled high with boxes of fruit, and haul up at Jack-

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son Street and other wharves. There in the early morning go the buyers of the canneries and other dealers in fruit, and a very lively market is kept up on the wharf from daybreak till seven or eight o'clock. It is a case where the early bird has decidedly the advantage. At eight o'clock Jackson and Washington streets are often choked up as far as Montgomery with a struggling mass of fruit wagons carrying away the fruit.

The lower price of fruit this year compared with last year causes some friction between canners and growers. In 1890, it will be remembered, the Eastern crop was in many places a failure. This made so large a demand for California fruit that prices went up to high figures. This year the Eastern crop is abundant, and canners were naturally slow to make contracts for fruit at last year's rates. But the grower that has shipped his fruit, without contract, to his commission merchant, in high expectation, and in return has received only the laconic item, "Dumped,"— showing that a temporary glut has caused it to spoil before finding a purchaser,— is apt to seek for other causes than the true ones for this result. He finds it a relief to swear at the "cannery combine" for artificially "bearing" prices. But this "cannery combine," as it is called, a corporation of leading canners, has never had much more than half the pack represented in it, and has as yet done very little. It has had no meeting, I am told, since the fruit season opened, and its members bid as actively against each other as before the combination.

The method of preserving is essentially the same in all canneries, and the great difference in brands and product is caused by differences in selecting fruit, in judgment in processing, in the quality of syrup used, and in the cleanliness and discipline of the works. In all successful canneries, city or country, the most unremitting care and exact

SOLDERING. THE SPOOL MACHINE.

methods are used in every detail of the process, and only so can "Extras" be produced. "Extras" are the highest grades of canned goods, made of the most select fruit, with heavy syrup, and they command a corresponding price. The next grade is "Standards"—the great bulk of the product. Below this are the "Seconds." These are all the grades of "table fruit," but there is, beside, the "pie fruit," as they call fruit put up for cooking purposes, where water is used instead of syrup.

The order of work in California canneries is to begin the season with asparagus, as soon as it becomes abundant, and follow in order with peas, cherries, apricots, peaches plums, pears, the berries, muscat grapes, second crop of strawberries, tomatoes, and so on. In the winter they put up meats, fish, and most of the jelly. In the currant season, for example, the fruit is pressed, and the juice stored in five gallon cans, until leisure offers to complete the making of jelly.

By far the greater part of the pack is contained in the three items of apricots, peaches, and pears, and in the season of these the canneries run long hours and

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take on all the help they can get. Apricots, especially, are growing in favor.

This is the best time to visit a cannery, to get an idea of the work at its height. Let me take the reader to a typical one. Teams are arriving constantly, loaded down with boxes of fruit. The boxes are unloaded and checked, and pass into the hands of the sorters. There are two methods of sorting, by hand and by machine. In the most careful cannery I have seen, one where only extras were packed, this sorting was all done by hand. Great care was taken to put in the different piles fruit of exactly the same size and the same degree of ripeness. Below a certain measurement the fruit was rejected altogether, and sent to the dryer.

"But why are you so particular to have the fruit precisely the same size, when it is all large enough and all equally good?"

"Simply to please the eye. It looks better so; and the eye is harder to please than the taste."

It is important, too, that the same degree of mellowness shall obtain in all the contents of the same can, because on that depends the length of the time it should be cooked. The machine sorter does its work with greater accuracy, as to size, than is possible to the hand sorting, but cannot distinguish in the equally important matter of ripeness.

Ripeness must be determined by hand, and it is surprising how quickly a trained sorter can do his work. A pear is ripe enough to can when it is soft close around the stem, a peach when it is soft on the higher ridge that follows down the edge of the pit. This is the test rather than color or general softness, for it means that the fruit is mellow at the center, though the skin may yet be green.

The sorted fruit is given by the basket or box to the women at the cutting tables. If it is apricots, five cents a basket is paid for splitting them and removing the pit. If it be pears or peaches, ten to twelve and a half cents is the pay

Photo by S. M. Smith.

READY FOR THE PROCESSING.

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THE PROCESS VATS.

for paring and halving. Cling peaches are pitted as a separate operation before going to the cutters. "Operation" is a good term for the extraction of the pit from a cling peach. It is done by passing a curious-shaped forked knife around the stone, which, true to its name, refuses to come out by any gentle means. A fortune awaits the man that invents a satisfactory and rapid cling pitter.

In some factories the fruit is peeled entirely by hand; in others the revolving parer is used on many kinds of fruit, the same machine apparently that began to make its way into New England kitchens of twenty-five years ago, as a new-fangled Yankee notion. Here, too, there seems to be large room for improvement.

When pared, the fruit is dropped at once into pans of cold water, to prevent the change of color that air soon gives pared fruit, and to wash it as well. These pans are thoroughly inspected before they are taken to the packing tables.

The packing is a very critical and responsible part of the work, and it requires the closest supervision.

"Some of the girls," a foreman said to me, "think that anything they can put into a can, and so get out of sight, is all right. A careless bit of packing may pass unnoticed, and not be heard from for a year, and then there may come a kick from one of your customers."

At one cannery, the orchard cannery mentioned before, the superintendent told me he had succeeded in getting up a great spirit of pride and emulation in his packers. Every packer had her number stamped on the can, with the mark indicating the kind of fruit in it.

"Three or four times a day I go to the pile and open a can or two at random. If there is anything wrong with it I take it back to the packers' table and show it to all the girls. They all know from the number whose it is, and I have often known a girl so cut up over a thing of this kind as to go out and cry about it. I don't have to say a word."

The packers put the fruit, carefully grading it as to ripeness and size, into the cans, just as it comes from the pans of water from the peeling table. Then it is washed again in the can, and passes on to be syruped.

The syrup is made, in all good fac-

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tories, out of the best refined white sugar, and is clarified and strained at every stage. Its heaviness varies according to the quality of goods desired, and according to the fruit. Pears require less sugar than plums or apricots. Extras are packed in very heavy syrup.

"I'll show you how we test our syrup," said the superintendent before quoted. "It 's pretty heavy, as you may know, when I tell you that several times when we have allowed it to cool in the pipes, we have been greatly bothered by finding them full of rock candy."

He then filled a large test tube with water, and showed us how the saccharometer sank to the zero point in it; then he filled it with syrup from the vat, and cooled it by immersing it in water. When it was cool he dropped the saccharometer in the tube, but it refused to sink in the heavy syrup below the point marked seventy-five on the stem, indicating, supposedly, a seventy-five per cent solution of sugar. I say supposedly, because there are two standards of saccharometry, one indicating twice as high a degree as the other, and I did not learn which was used in this case.

Photo by Harris.

THE KITCHEN. JAM MAKING.

Few packers equal this, however, and the standard syrup is four pounds of sugar to the gallon of syrup, — about a thirty per cent solution. A gallon of syrup fills twelve or thirteen cans.

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The syrup is mixed in a large vat, and piped to smaller reservoirs over each syruping table. The packers have arranged the cans as packed in iron trays, a dozen to a tray. These trays are placed one at a time under the syruper, a cock is turned, and a dozen streams of syrup fill all the cans simultaneously. When they overflow the cock is shut, the tray tilted to a fixed angle, to pour off the surplus syrup, and the cans are whisked away to have their caps put on. Meanwhile, the overflow of the syrup drains into a tub, whence it is pumped back, to be strained and clarified before it flows into the general vat again. One syruper can fill 25,000 cans a day.

When the caps have been arranged on the cans, there are several methods of soldering them. In that shown by the illustration they are ranged on a row of revolving iron spools, and an iron rod held in place by a frame above, not shown in the picture, is set on each cap to press it down and hold it steady. The solderer, unless the caps are solder-hemmed, puts a little cube of solder on each can, or melts off a little from his stick of solder, and then holds his hot soldering tool, which is shaped in an arc of just the right curve to fit, in the groove where the cap joins the can top, and the revolving motion given the can by the spool makes the circle complete and the joint uniform.

The soldering tools are made of copper, which is found to hold its heat better than any other metal. The copper gives a beautiful green hue to the flame of the soldering furnace the instant it is plunged into it. This vivid green flame, the red of the coals, and the clouds of bright white steam rising from the vats, give to this part of the cannery a touch of very attractive color.

Each can cap has a little vent hole in the center of it, and that is left for the purpose of allowing the escape of air in the next operation. The cans are now in the hands of the "processer," next to the general superintendent the most responsible and best paid man in the establishment. On his judgment and accuracy depends the success of the result. Every little while he makes the round of the cutting and packing tables, to note the condition of the fruit they are about to send him.

The cans, as they come to him, are ranged in trays holding a dozen each (standard size), and set in large trays holding three dozen. They are hooked to a tackle on a sliding frame, and carried to the cooking vat. The frame is plunged in the boiling water of the vat, and soon the heat expels the air and any gas of fermentation there may be in the fruit in the cans. This preliminary cook is for this purpose only. The frame is raised and swung to a runway, and the solderers close the vent holes.

Then comes the cooking proper. The processer notes the time when the cans are again plunged in the boiling water, judges the time necessary to cook that particular tray of fruit, and sets to the time it should be taken out the hands of a dial on that particular vat. He keeps tally, too, on his tally board, of all the work that passes through his hands.

When the cans come out of the cooking vats the second time, they are carefully washed off by a spray of water, to remove any stickiness there may be about them, and are stacked up to cool.

In three days they are ready to be tested. This is done by tapping each can with a stick of solder, a large nail, or any similar rod of metal. Any hollowness of sound at once betrays a leak, but even where there has been no loss of contents there is a false ring to a can with a hole in it,— a different musical tone,— that even an untrained ear can usually catch. The tester detects it every time, and rejects the defective can. A leaky can in the middle of a stack of goods makes a deal of trouble. It ferments and swells, and sometimes bursts, demoralizing all its neighbors. The



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tendency to swell is always a suspicious sign in canned goods; it is far wiser to choose cans that show a disposition to "buckle in," as the technical phrase goes. The packers usually insure their customers against "swells," and agree to credit all such returned to them before the end of a year.

Packing fruit in glass jars is much the same process, with the exception that at some canneries the glass goods are cooked in chambers of live steam instead of in vats of boiling water. The pack in glass is generally of extras and fancy fruit.

There is but little more to tell of the mere process of fruit packing, though some rather important things to the packer remain to be done. By this I mean the labeling and casing the goods in an attractive way to help their sale. Some of the cans are lacquered before labeling, by taking each can in a pair of wide forceps and plunging it in a bath of lacquer. Then it is set on a frame of bars to drain and dry. This is done to improve the looks of a can, and to prevent it from tarnishing and rusting.

Labels are no small item in a canner's expense account. It is recognized by most of them that here is no place for economy, and many of them have very beautiful and attractive labels in design and coloring. It must be confessed, too, that an alluring title and a picture of luscious fruit on a label are not always a just index to the contents. Seconds are not always so proclaimed on the outside.

The labelers are generally the deftest fingered girls about a cannery, and the speed with which they can paste labels is a surprise to the visitor.

So we leave the cans stacked in the warehouse, and return to the packing room to pick up some unmentioned matters there.

The pits, cores, and peelings, are generally thrown away in California canneries, carted away as garbage, with the defective cans and fermented fruit. In the East, however, it is not uncommon to grind up the parings into a pulp, and make from it an inferior quality of fruit butter.

The making of jellies and jams is by no means as important a part of the industry as the packing of fruit, and yet a good deal of it is done. The jelly making is very similar to the housewife's method, and the pressing and canning the juices in five-gallon cans for working up at slack time has already been spoken of.

The machine used in crushing fruit for pressing and for jams, resembles a large horizontal revolving churn in shape; but the bottom is made of a coarse wire netting, and the dashers in their swift turning rub the fruit through this into a receiver below.

Jams and jellies are cooked in large copper cauldrons, holding twenty-five gallons each, heated by steam. This part of the cannery is called "the kitchen," and justifies the name by the greater variety of operations for which the cauldrons are used, and the near approach to ordinary housewifely methods. In this department also the glass goods are prepared.

Another machine that should be spoken of in the manufactory is a contrivance for scalding tomatoes. This is a machine consisting of a receiver, into which the "toms" (canner's term for them, as "cots" is for apricots) are poured, to be caught by an endless belt, and carried up through a hot water bath into a steam chamber, and discharged at the upper end, with their skins well loosened. It is claimed for this machine that it will scald a ton of tomatoes in four minutes, but that seems rather a large story, and I have not seen this wonder in operation.

I have spoken of discipline as one of the distinctions between factories. The visitor will notice great difference in this matter. In one place everything is quiet, and the work goes on like clock

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work. The advent of a stranger produces no effect here. The workers hardly lift their eyes from their duties, and there is no unnecessary moving about. At another place everybody seems to do much as he pleases; instead of the fruit being carried to the women at the tables, they leave their seats and crowd and push round the place where the fruit boxes are given out. I asked permission for the artist to take some photographs at one factory, and the proprietor hesitated, "because it upsets the help so." I hardly appreciated this, till I heard the commotion and clatter that resulted from the production in the cannery of the familiar box on three sticks. There was an instant cessation of work. The women wiped their faces on their aprons and smoothed down their hair with their hands. One woman hastened to remove the bandage that had soothed her toothache. Even a Chinaman was seen to take off his hat and rewind his queue. There was a rush to get into the range of the lens. The "forelady," as the superintendent called her, insisted on claiming the benefit of her title, by planting her bulky figure well in the foreground of the group. The excitement grew instead of subsiding, and the operator, since an absolutely instantaneous picture could not be taken in an interior, cut his exposure as short as he dared,—"a kiss and a squeeze" was his technical name for it. Of course the result was a failure,—movement everywhere blurred the plate beyond redemption.

A response to an appeal from a consciously pretty peeling girl, "O, mister, come take this table," would have resulted better, had not, at the critical moment, an arm been thrust across the table to get a completed pail of fruit, which made a fine representation of a waterfall across the plate.

At another cannery the camera produced not a murmur, hardly a second glance.

We went also to a Chinese cannery to get photographs there. The first visit resulted only in, "Boss not here. What you want?"

A second visit brought the verdict: "Can take outside if you want; nobody come inside; don't want picture."

The worst discipline that I saw in any factory was at a Chinese cannery in a smaller city. As it seemed, full two thirds of the workers were not Chinese, but whites of various shades, both sexes and all ages, a strangely cosmopolitan

A CANNERY GIRL.

crowd. The work seemed to be running itself in helter-skelter fashion, and after a short tour of the place the ladies that were with me refused to stay longer, and departed vowing that they would thereafter shun the goods bearing the brand of that company. It is not to be supposed that this was quite a fair judgment; doubtless some of the work turned out at that factory may be of good

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grade. But unless great pains is taken in the matter of cleanliness, and all bad fruit and refuse portions are at once removed, there soon comes to be an unpleasant odor and an appearance of mussiness that are anything but appetizing. The best canneries are scrupulously clean, and in the busy season are thoroughly hosed out every night.

At the height of the season help is in great demand, and all persons that apply are taken on, but as the work slacks the poorer workers are discharged, and the permanent force is a picked lot. The women make from three dollars to fifty cents a day at piece work. "It 's a poor woman that don't make a dollar and a half a day," said the foreman. Often there are several workers from one family; and where these are good workers, such a household will draw quite a sum of money on Monday night.

"Why do you choose Monday night for pay time?" I asked, thinking that some reply would be made about helping the people to save their money, instead of spending it on Sunday amusements.

But the answer was: "Well, Monday is usually a slack day. No heavy shipments come on Monday morning. And Saturday night they are busy, being obliged to clean up all the fruit on hand, so that it won't spoil."

I watched one girl, apparently about thirteen years old, counting out her piece checks behind some boxes, before joining the line at the pay desk. When she knew she was observed she blushed prettily.

"How much can you make in a day?" I questioned.

"Dollar," was the short but sufficient answer.

Many of these workers in the busy season are girls of a very good class, some of them using school vacations to put themselves in pocket money.

"We are very strict with our help," a foreman told me. "At the least approach to vulgarity or profanity, we throw 'em right out. Have to do it that way, for that makes mothers of the better class willing to let their daughters work for us. But excuse me, I want to go and punch some of 'em off at half-past five."

And away he went, pulling out his punch, to mark the time on the time-cards of those that were leaving.

I watched the line at the pay counter one Monday afternoon, and saw many of the four or five hundred people there employed file by and take their weekly wages. It varied from twenty-three dollars down to five or six dollars, or even less, — this last for people that had worked only part of the week. But seeing this weekly payroll of several thousands of dollars going thus directly in hard coin into the pockets of hundreds of people of the working class, gives a good sense of the benefit of a cannery to the community in which it is placed; for probably two thirds of that money was in general circulation again in forty-eight hours.

In the matter of cannery labor the last few years has seen a great change for the better. Fifteen years ago almost all the canneries, city and country, employed Chinese, because they could not help themselves. Now the city canneries have no difficulty in getting all the white help they need, and employ very few Chinese; the best, none at all. How it stands in the country is well shown by the fact already noted, that at a country cannery run by Chinese two thirds of the workers were not Chinamen.

On this point I quote, from rough notes, the statement of a country cannery proprietor, who in the season employs five hundred hands at a time.

"When the apricot time began this year I feared help would be short. I drove round in my buggy, and visited fifteen or eighteen dryers in the neighborhood. They all had local help, from twenty to fifty and seventy-five hands

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each. Here we took on from three hundred to four hundred hands. I saw that the labor problem was solved. All the young people, boys and girls, were working like beavers. We got through the crop surprisingly without any help from outside the valley. Three or four years ago help was so scarce that apricots went to waste, but new people have been coming in because they can get work in the canneries. They are people that cannot do heavy work.

"I believe that in the near future Chinese will not be needed for horticultural work at all."

"Do you employ any?"

"Only a few pickers. All the factory people are white."

"But they tell me there is a Chinese cannery not far from here."

"I 'm not at all afraid of that sort of competition; but I do think that it ought not to be permitted that our young people shall go into Chinese canneries and work side by side with Chinese; I think it is demoralizing."

As to the honesty of Chinese, a city canner told me that in the days when he had to employ them, he suspected one time that there was a good deal of pilfering of fruit going on. So one day, as they were about to leave the factory, he had the Chinese, three hundred or four hundred of them, formed in line, and got two policemen to stand at the gate and search each man as he went out. As soon as word went along the line of what was going on the air was alive with fruit. Fifty or sixty baskets of peaches were picked up, worth from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents a basket.

A similar experiment was tried some years later on the women then employed, with a result of recovering fruit of about one tenth the quantity. Solder is often stolen, and sugar is a temptation, but there is no great amount of fruit carried away. In all my visiting of canneries I saw but one piece of fruit eaten, though I fancy no strenuous objection would be made to it on the part of overseers. Seeing and handling so great a quantity of fruit takes away the appetite for it.

The president of a leading packing house gives me these figures for the pack of 1891. It will be seen that his estimates vary a little at points from those from other sources already quoted; for instance, he allows but 2½ lbs. of sugar to the dozen cans, instead of 4 lbs.; but he includes vegetables in his estimate, which accounts for part of that difference.

PACK OF 1891.

1,500,000 cases, mostly containing 2 doz. 2½ lb. cans each.

COST OF THREE MILLION DOZEN CANS.

| | Quantity per doz. cans. | Av. Cost per doz. cans. | Total Quantity. | Total Cost. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fruit or Veg. | 22½ lb. | .34 | 67,500,000 lbs. | $1,012,500 |
| Cans | 1 doz. | .39 | 3,000,000 doz. | 1,170,000 |
| Sugar | 2½ lbs. | .12½ | 7,500,000 lbs. | 375,000 |
| Labor | | .20 | | 600,000 |
| | | 1.05½ | | $3,157,500 |

Sundries, such as cases, labels, solder, fuel, water, rent, insurance, selling expenses, taxes, and the numerous other outgoes common to all manufacturers, added to the above, leave a margin of profit so diminutive as to excite the cupidity of few who have any practical experience in the business.

Nevertheless, new canneries have been started at several points this year; but on the other hand, nearly as many have discontinued. It may be stated positively that in this, as in all kinds of business in this State, the old, loose, two-bit methods have no longer any chance. An enterprise to be a success, must be conducted on exact business principles, with intelligence, experience, and abundant capital.

But what will become of these three million dozen, or thirty-six million cans, of California manufacture? Judging by the last half year's shipping reports, as given by the *Journal of Commerce*, there is hardly a port in the world they will not reach. The larger part of the pack is consumed in the Eastern States, but

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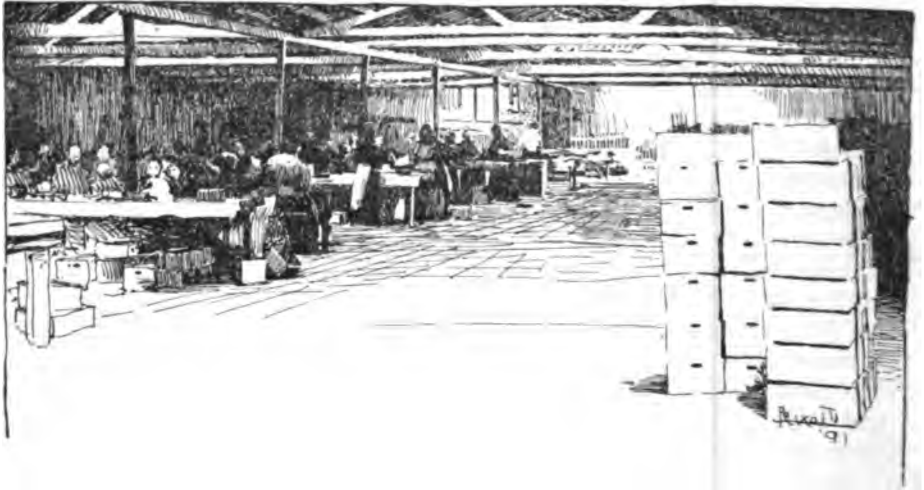
a large quantity goes to England, and there are shipments of canned goods noted to Apia, Asiatic Russia, Australia, Batavia, Bombay, Butaritari, Central America, China, Flint Island, the Fijis, Germany, Hawaii, Marquesas, Japan, Marshall Islands, Mexico, New Zealand, Padang, Pekalogan, Penang, Raratonga, Tahiti, Samarang, Singapore, Sourabaya, United States of Columbia. So the miners on the Yukon and the dwellers in Siberia, the inhabitants of the Indies, East and West, and the South Seas, and indeed all the world, will be glad that they make canned fruit in California.

*Charles S. Greene.*



## AFTER DEATH.

Is this the couch where she lay yesternight,
With awed, pale face, and fleeting, painful breath,
And great, sweet eyes that would not shrink from Death?
Is this the pillow, soft as down, and white,
On which her dear face lay, turned from the light?
I downward lean, and lo! could almost swear
I feel the old, soft goldness of her hair!
Kind Heaven! if but for one dear time, I might
Again press trembling lips upon her cheek,—
Her slim pale throat,—her whiter brow,—her hair,—
Her tender eyes wherein the love-light shone!
But once—*but once*—to hear those sweet lips speak!
I should be glad that she is free from care,—
But O, this first and awful night alone!

*Ella Higginson.*

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# FOR MARY'S SAKE.

"Listen! George, do you hear that?"

"Hear what?" I asked sleepily, and doubtless with a touch of resentment in my tone, for a fellow does n't relish being aroused from his first nap after a hard day's travel, just because his traveling companion chances to be of the nervous, imaginative type, and hears "sounds" in the forest around camp.

"Don't you hear that dog howling, up there somewhere among the crags?"

"Dog!" I echoed incredulously. "Pshaw, Fred, there is no dog nor any human habitation within a hundred miles of this. I hear the wind moaning among the pines up there, that's all. Go to sleep, can't you?"

Linlow made no reply, and I was dimly conscious, as I dozed off again, that he was still propped up on elbow, in a listening attitude. Hence I was not greatly surprised when, probably half an hour later, I awoke with a start and found him bending over me, a lighted lantern in his hand.

"What now?" I demanded.

"I just wanted to tell you that I am going up there a little way, to see what ails that dog. I feared you might awake, and be alarmed at my absence."

"I tell you, Fred, there is no dog; it is only the—" Wind, I was going to say; but I did not say it, for at that instant I, too, heard the dog. A gust of wind came tearing down the mountain side, and close in its wake followed a long, wailing howl, faint with distance, or weakness, but altogether unmistakable.

"The poor thing is in distress of some sort, and I can't sleep; so I'd just as well go up there and try to find it," said Linlow, who, bless his big, tender heart, never could turn a deaf ear to a sound of suffering, no matter how low in the scale of living creatures might be the sufferer.

"It is probably some Indian's cur, and you don't know what trap you may be walking into," I urged. "Don't go, Fred."

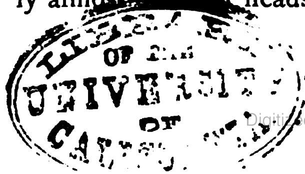
"Can't help it, George, I *must* go," he answered. "I've been listening for nearly an hour, and there's something so piteous in the sound that I can't stand it. I believe it is some prospector's dog, lost from its master, and probably hurt and starving up there alone." He turned away as he spoke, but stopped when I called after him:—

"Wait a minute, then. If you must go, I will go, too; but—drat the dog!" I added under my breath.

"Drat" was n't precisely the word I used, but it looks better in print than would the original, unguarded expression.

Then followed almost an hour of such climbing, stumbling, and scrambling about, among rocks, bushes, and pitfalls, as even I, old mountaineer though I was, had never before experienced. Linlow led the expedition with his lantern, and for some time we were guided by the mournful voice of the dog; but as we ascended an echo caught up the sound and tossed it back and forth across the gorge, until the one dog seemed to have been multiplied into a dozen, and the answering howls came from as many different directions. At last Linlow paused in perplexity.

"I am half inclined to think that we have come up the wrong side of the gulch, George," he said. At that moment the dog seemed to give forth a final, despairing wail, and ere the echo could catch it, we had located its source among the crags that hung threateningly almost [illegible] our heads.



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We started on at once, and though unguided by any further sound from the object of our search, we came upon him, ten minutes later, lying gaunt and prostrate on a ledge of rock that jutted far out over the depths below.

Just beyond him, nestling close against the perpendicular wall of the cañon, we discovered the dark outline of a rude log hut. While Linlow bent over the apparently suffering animal, I took the lantern and proceeded to reconnoiter the small edifice.

There was no sign of window, but a rough chimney of stones and sticks jutted from one end, and a low doorway, unguarded by any shutter, yawned blackly in the opposite end. After rapping on its jamb and receiving no response, I bent my six feet of manhood almost double, and stepped through into the hut.

I held the lantern aloft, and the first object my eyes fell upon was the seemingly lifeless form of a man, stretched on a low couch of skins and blankets in one corner. Naturally somewhat startled, I drew quickly back, and putting my head out, called,

"Fred, come here, quick!"

He came at once, and together we approached the silent occupant of the lonely abode.

Neither of us, I think, had ever beheld a more piteous sight, for the stamp of old age and extreme suffering was apparent at a glance. The long, unkempt hair and beard were white; the features were drawn and emaciated, and the hands that seemed to clutch the coarse gray blankets of the couch were shriveled and shrunken until the bones appeared almost to gleam through the yellow skin.

In the first moment neither of us doubted that we stood in the presence of death; but a near approach, and the utter absence of any evidence of dissolution, caused Linlow to bend over and place his hand on the motionless breast. He turned excitedly.

"The heart beats! he is not dead!"

Even as he spoke there was a quiver of the emaciated frame, the closed lids suddenly opened, and a pair of sunken eyes gleamed at us from their hollow sockets.

"Be yuh — *officers?*"

The words were gasped out in a terror that was pitiable in its utter defenselessness. We hastened to assure the poor wretch that we were only a pair of solitary wanderers, ready and willing to do all we could for him. He looked at us long and searchingly.

"It 's sort o' queer," he muttered, at length. "I 've ben here a many a day, an' no man ever kem here afore. If I did n't know 't God was down on me, I 'd mos' b'lieve He sent yuh. Mebbe He did,— seein' as I 'm on my last legs an' mighty bad off,— mebbe He did."

Then Linlow, in his tender way, his voice low and gentle, explained how we had been in camp in the gulch below, and were attracted by the mournful howling of the dog.

The old face brightened, and something that seemed like the ghost of a dead-and-gone smile hovered for a moment around the livid lips.

"I might 'a' knowed it was ol' Jeff," he murmnred, "he 's stuck by me through it all, an' he 'd starve to death 'fore he 'd leave me. For three days an' nights he 's laid out there on them rocks and howled, 'cause he knows death 's a hoverin' near; an' if he's had a morsel o' food in all that time I don't know of it. I 'm mighty glad to see yuh, strangers, fer Jeff's sake; I 'm most pegged out myself, an' when I 'm gone I 'll have hard enough time facin' God an' my little gal, without havin' to tell 'em I left ol' Jeff a starvin' here. Yuh 've got kind hearts, strangers, er yuh would n't be here, an' I b'lieve yuh 'll take care o' Jeff, won't yuh?"

We assured him that we would, and he sank back with a long breath of relief.

"God bless you," he muttered, you 've

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took a load off me here," touching his breast with a shaking hand. Then after an instant's silence he added, faintly :—

"'Pears like I'm all tired out with talkin'; I hain't talked so much in many a day ; must rest a bit now ; but if I fall to sleep yuh' won't go 'way, will yuh, strangers ? — 'cause there 's somethin' I must tell yuh 'fore yuh go,— somethin' that 'll make you understand all about Jeff, an' about me, too."

Linlow promised him that he should not be left alone, and with a tired sigh he closed his eyes, and soon fell into a slumber as profound and deathlike as that from which our entrance had aroused him.

"Now I 'll go to camp and return as quickly as I can," whispered Linlow to me. "You start a fire in the old fireplace, and put some water to boil ; we must have some broth and coffee ready when he wakens. The dog, too, must be fed ; he is starving."

Our little programme was carried out, and the broth and coffee were kept warm on the embers for a long time before the old man again opened his eyes. In fact, the sky was red with sunrise, and the morning light was pouring in at the low doorway, when we at last succeeded in arousing him to a full consciousness of his surroundings. His first look at us was, as before, one of terror, but it soon changed to a pleased and eager recognition.

"O yes, I know yuh now, friends," he said. "Yuh see I 've ben dreamin', an I sort o' forgot about yuh. I 've ben dreamin' that the officers — "

He paused suddenly, as if recollecting himself, and added : "But I hain't told yuh about it yet, have I ? I want yuh to come close and sit down, 'cause I can't talk loud, an' I want to tell yuh 'bout it 'fore I go to sleep again."

After we had prevailed upon him to take a few spoonfuls of broth, we complied with his request, and listened while he told us, in his own crude way, his pitiful little story of tragedy and remorse.

"Yuh 'll have to go back with me a good many years, friends, to a time when I was runnin' a truck ranch close by a minin' town in Nevada. I was forty years old, then, but I made jest as big a fool o' myself as if I 'd ben only twenty. I let myself git to carin' fer a little gal in a dance-house, a pale, pretty little critter, that had a way o' lookin' sad an' innocent like, an' next thing I knowed I was married to her.

"Of course I knowed what she 'd ben an' all that, but somehow she made me b'lieve she 'd ben unfort'nate an' was n't bad at heart ; an' my God ! I loved 'er so, it jest seemed to me she *must* be good an' true to me. She made me enough promises to pave a straight road to heaven, if she 'd kep' 'em ; but she did n't, an' so they 've paved *my* road to hell.

"We 'd ben married two year, an' had a little one 'most a year old, when she left me an' went off with a blackleg named Pierson. I 'd trusted her with all my soul, an' had n't never thought o' watchin' 'er, an' when she was gone I found out she'd ben foolin' me from the first, an' all the Gulch knowed it, too.

"I can't tell yuh how I felt then ; only it seemed like a million devils was turned loose in my breast, an' I kem near killin' 'er child, the little helpless baby she 'd left behind 'cause she did n't want the burden of it. But some people took it away from me, an' kep' it a while, an' soon I commenced to feel different, an' to long fer it ; so they let me have it ; an' when it put up its little hands an' said 'Daddy !' an' jumped to come to me, I jest begun lovin' it as mad like as I 'd loved its mother. There was n't nothin' too good nor too hard to git fer my little baby gal. I changed 'er name to Mary, fer my good ol' mother, who 'd ben dead many a year, an' I prayed that the name 'd have somethin' to do with 'er looks an' 'er character.

"I don't like to think o' the feelin'

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that kem over me when I first saw that she was growin' to look like 'er own mother; it made my heart feel heavy as lead with a sort o' forebodin'. By the time she was fifteen year old I could n't bear to hear 'er speak, or laugh, or to see 'er movin' 'roun', 'cause it was all jest as if that false one had come back to torment me.

"I never said nothin' to the child; I kep' it all shut up in my own breast; but how I watched 'er, nobody but the Lord A'mighty can ever know. The pore little gal used to look at me sometimes so wishful like, as if she was a wonderin' what ailed me, fer though I never had ben a saint fer temper, she 'd never seen me like that before. With constant watchin', an' thinkin', an' that burnin' spot in my heart, like livin' fire, I was that crankety an' mean sometimes that I did n't know what I was doin'.

"One day,— a day I can't ever fergit, — I was so mean that I ought to 'a' ben struck dead in my tracks. I kem home at noon an' found Mary with 'er eyes all red from cryin', an' no dinner ready, an' all 'cause o' her pet dog gittin' in front o' the mowin' machine an' havin' one o' his legs cut clean off.

"'Take the no-'count critter down in the gulch an' shoot his head off,' I said to Sam, my hired man, fer the devil was in me that day a little bigger 'n usual. I did n't mean fer Mary to hear me, but she did, an' she turned white as death, an' give me a look that cut me clear to the core. But I went out, an' did n't take back my order, an' next day the dog was gone. I did n't ask no questions, but I knew by Mary's pore little face that Sam had done the deed. I knowed, too, that I 'd done a thing to be ashamed of, but I would n't say so; an' so it went.

"Jest a little while after that, mebbe not more 'n two or three days, the whole gulch was throwed in an uproar by a stage robbery that happened only ten mile away, jest over the divide. The stage was stopped in open day by four masked men; there was a scrimmage, an' Wells, Fargo's man was killed, an' then the robbers took the express box an' everything, an' got away. But one o' the villains got a nasty wound in the leg, an' his mask slipped one side in the fracas, an' the stage driver he tol' how he saw his face, an' he was a sport o' the name o' Levison, as had ben around the Gulch most all winter. An' on account o' his wound he had n't ben able to keep up with the other robbers, an' had ben seen crossin' the divide, comin' towards the Gulch.

"The sheriff soon had a posse o' twenty or thirty men, an' was a scourin' the timber in all directions. In a few days a reward o' five hundred dollars was offered fer Levison, dead or alive. He was shot in the leg pretty bad; that 's what the driver an' all the passengers said, an' it was thought that he could n't travel, an' was hidin' in the heavy timber up the Gulch, an' waiting fer some o' his pals to come fer 'im.

"But when a week went by an' he had n't ben found nor heard of, I begun to think he 'd got clean away; an' when Sam kem home from town one day an' said that Levison had ben seen the day afore, not more 'n half a mile away, over by the north end o' my woods paster, I was downright su'prised.

"'Why, what 's he livin' on all this time?' I asked.

"Sam, he smiled kind o' queer, an' he says: —

"'Why, folks do say that he 's bein' fed by somebody on the sly. Yuh see, most o' the women in the Gulch are sort o' gone on Levison, 'cause he 's a handsome cuss, an' dances like a thistle-down, an' that 's all it takes to turn most women's heads. Seth Plover, one o' the sheriff's men, he tol' me that they all think some woman is a slippin' out o' nights an' carryin' things to 'im.'

"'The hussy that 's doin' it ought to be jugged along with 'im,' I said; an' then I went on eatin' my dinner an' think-

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in' about Levison, an' all at once a thought kem to me, an' says I:

"'Why, Sam, if he 's in my timber, mebbe he 's hidin' in the Jago cabin.'

"The words was n't more 'n out o' my lips, when *smash!* down onto the floor went a cup an' saucer that Mary was carryin' to the table, an' there she stood a tremblin' an' growin' red an' white by turns, as ef she 'd seen a ghost. But when she see me a lookin' at 'er, she got down on 'er knees an' begun pickin' up the pieces o' broken dish, an' she went out with 'em, an' kep' 'er face turned away from me.

"Mebbe that did n't set me a thinkin', an' mebbe my ol' blood was n't just a boilin' by the time night kem! But I did n't say nothin' to a livin' soul; I jest waited, an' kep' a thinkin'.

"Way over at the northwest corner o' my ranch, sort o' in the edge o' the timber, there was a low, swampy spot, an' a little lake that covered about two acres o' ground; an' close by the lake was a log hut, all gone to rack an' ruin. That was the Jago cabin.

"Of all the lonesome lookin' places yuh ever see, that was the lonesomest. 'T was said that ol' man Jago's ghost ha'nted it, an' there was mighty few people in the Gulch as had ever ben seen near it after sundown. The story was that a good many year ago an ol' man named Jago had kem there an' took up a claim an' built the cabin. Then he went to prospectin' round the Gulch, an' kep' it up fer nigh onto five year, but he never struck nothin', an finally one day he got a letter at the post office that 'peared to cut 'im up dreadful, an' he went home, an' a week later somebody went into the cabin an' found the ol' man a hangin' to a rafter, stone dead. He 'd hung himself, an' had ben dead a week. An after that they tol' all sorts o' yarns about the ol' house, an' nobody ever tried to live in it. They even said the cattle bellowed an' looked wild whenever they kem in sight o' it. But I never took no stock in their yarns, an' it struck me that if Levison was hidin' in my timber, the Jago cabin was the liekliest place to look fer 'im.

"But when I see that look in Mary's face I shet up an' went off by myself, an' waited fer night to come.

"No use tryin' to tell yuh, friends, how I felt that day. If somebody yuh loved dearer 'n life had ben bit by a mad dog, an' yuh 'd watched fer fifteen long year fer some sign o' the awful disease, an' the sign had kem at last, mebbe yuh 'd a felt somethin' as I felt then,— yuh 'd a knowed that the sign meant death an' that 's what I knowed. I had swore, when my little gal was a baby, that if she ever took one step in the track 'er mother 'd made fer 'er, I'd shoot 'er dead. An' now the time had come. No use tryin' to tell yuh about my feelin's; I 'll jest tell yuh what I *done.*

"I hid myself an' watched, when night kem, an' about ten o'clock I see Mary come slippin' out the back door with a white dish in 'er hand, an' go stealin' off down the meader path that led to the woods.

"That was enough fer me. I went into the house an' got my ol' rifle an' follered 'er; an' though I did n't catch sight of 'er agin, I kep' right on till I see the water o' the lake a gleamin' in the dim light o' the new moon. Jest across the lake, in the edge o' the trees, was the Jago cabin, lookin' black an' all as still as death. I set my teeth together an' I crep' around the lake an' right up to the hut, an' puttin' my ear to a chink, listened fer a minute, an' this is what I heard:

"'Goodnight, dear ol' fellow, goodnight; an' don't yuh fear that I 'll fersake yuh; I 'll be here agin tomorrow night, an' every night, till your wound is healed, if they 'll only leave yuh here in peace. If they don't, then, dear, I 'll stan' by yuh an' fight fer yuh. Goodnight.'

"It was Mary's voice, an' it was low,

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an' tender, an' caressin', an' O God! it set my brain an' my heart on fire! I heard the ol' door screak, an' I stood up, an' Mary kem around the corner, an' I lifted my rifle an' fired.

"She never uttered a sound, but jest dropped down in 'er tracks. An' I stepped around 'er an' went into the cabin to finish my work.

"It was pitch dark in there, an' I had to light a match, an' when it flared up, *what* do yuh s'pose I saw? Over in a corner, on a little bed o' leaves an' rags, lay ol' Jeff, Mary's dog, that I 'd condemned to be shot ten days before! His wounded leg was all bandaged up, an' he was eatin' off a plate on the ground'— the plate I 'd jest seen Mary a carryin'.

"Do yuh see, friends? I 'd shot my own little innocent gal, jest fer lovin' 'er ol' pet dog, an' tryin' to save 'is life!

"I think I cried out as if I 'd ben shot myself, an' I run out an' fell down alongside o' Mary, an' took 'er in my arms, an' begged an' prayed fer 'er to speak an' tell me she was n't dead, an' that she 'd try to fergive me. She opened 'er eyes at last, an' looked at me as if she was tryin' hard to understand it all; then she put up a little, white, tremblin' hand' an' stroked my rough ol' face.

"'Pore daddy,' she whispered, 'pore ol' daddy.'

"That broke me all up, an' while I was sobbin' an' prayin' my little gal was dyin'. She never spoke no more.

"Well friends, if I 'd ben a man, I 'd a put a bullet into my own brain then. But I did n't. I carried Mary home an' laid 'er on 'er own little white bed; then I went back to the cabin an' took the ol' dog she 'd loved so, an' him an' me 's ben on the tramp ever since, That 's more 'n twelve year ago. I hain't never seen my little gal's grave. If I 'd gone near the Gulch they 'd 'a' lynched me, fer they all loved Mary, God bless 'em, an' they knowed 'er little soul was— white — as — snow."

The closing words were gasped out with an effort, and the old man lay for some moments breathing heavily, greatly exhausted.

"'Pears like I 'm all tired out with talkin'," he murmured. "I 'm 'feared I 'm goin' to fall asleep agin an' dream: it 's awful to dream."

He gazed at us piteously, as if imploring our help in his battle with sleep and dreams; but the unequal conflict was nearly ended. A few hours later he drifted unconsciously into the sleep that knows not dreams nor waking. Very near the last he opened his eyes, and whispered anxiously, "Yuh 'll be good to Jeff, won't yuh, fer Mary's sake?"

And Linlow answered, with tears in his eyes, "For Mary's sake."

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

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## RETROSPECT.

THE moonlight falls over roof and tower,
Fair lies the town and stately,
The air is faint with the rose's breath
Where my lady stood but lately,
Where my lady stood by the pillared porch
And said goodnight to her lover.
(But oh for the scent of the orchard grass,
And the clover, the red, red clover.)

The wind blows soft up the long still street,
And out from my lady's bower
The wild sweet soul of music floats,
To break the heart of the flower
That leans to the glass. And down below
Listens my lady's lover.
(But oh for the song that the wild lark sang
From across the red, red clover.)

Drifting over the moon's pale cheeks
Her cloudy tresses hide her,
And bright in her shadow shines the star
That had grown so dim beside her.
My lady plays with a tender touch
And thinks, perhaps, of her lover,
(But oh for the white hands folded and still,
That lie under the red, red clover.)

*Maude Sutton.*

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# HOW I DID N'T CATCH THE TROUT, AND THEN HOW I DID.

## I.

We were at a lumber camp in the redwoods, about ten miles back from the coast, in Mendocino County.

One glorious April morning as we went out into the sunshine after breakfast, and stood about, smoking and talking, Ben Lawrence brought his hand down on George Guernsey's shoulder, and said, "Let's all go over into Bear Cañon, fishing."

"Agreed," answered George, and we all concurred.

Ben and George got out their flies, and began to select such as they wished to take, while the three others of us skirmished around after bait. We dug in different places after angleworms, but with poor success. However, we secured a few; and we all started off with our poles over our shoulders.

Leaving the camp, which was situated on a sort of plateau, we followed the ridge along for a distance, then striking off to the left, we went down through the woods and brush, pell mell, leaping, running, jumping, over the steep slope, starting up rabbits and quail, which flew affrighted at the approach of our noisy troop.

Reaching the bottom, we crossed the creek, which was formed by the drainage of the slopes above in the rainy season; but as it was only a wet weather stream we did not look for trout here, but sprang on, up the opposite slope, through the brush, under the leafy screens of the gnarled live oaks, beneath the towering redwoods standing on their carpet of brown fallen leaves, under the steeples of gigantic silver firs.

We gained the height, and paused a moment to catch breath.

A magnificent view lay before us. All about were mountains, ridge after ridge divided by blue depths of cañons. Looking out to the westward, between two spurs, we saw long billows of forest-clad mountain-tops, growing blue and ever bluer as they receded, until they met a dazzling plain. It was the great Pacific reaching out to the sunset land.

Again we plunged down into a great cañon's yawning depths, and again we scrambled up the opposite side. From the ridge thus gained we descended, not so far this time, climbed a correspondingly low elevation, and from here, away we went again, down the steep, rough sides of a cañon deeper than those just passed, and so steep that the sides below us were out of sight some of the time. George said they hung over.

Arrived at the bottom, we found a stream of limpid water, that sang and gurgled over moss-covered rocks, and eddied around great bowlders. It sputtered, and rushed, and roared, down the cañon on its way to the Pacific, leaving green pools here and there, where the trout found a home.

We prepared our poles and lines, and putting tempting bait upon our hooks, scattered along the stream, and proceeded to fish.

I stepped on an old log, and dropped my line into a quiet pool,—dropped it again, and waited. I could see trout flashing about my bait, but they would not take it.

Again and again I cast my hook. The poor worm wriggled, and died, and soaked, and no bite rewarded my waiting. I had in my bait box a grasshopper I had caught on the way, and carefully taking him out, I adjusted him to the hook and tried again.

I cast into the pool several times with no success; then giving up, I dropped

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him at the top of the riffle and let him float down,— still no bite. At the same time I saw trout flash their silvery way from the lower pool to the upper.

Hearing none of the others, I started up stream. I tried the riffles along, and at the next pool paused, and maneuvered in all the ways I knew. I tried flicking the bait over into the pool, myself unseen, as is necessary in waters where they are much fished,— no bite. Stealing noiselessly up above the pool, I cast the bait into the purling waters at the top of the riffle, and let it float down,— the ruse did not work. I took off the now dead grasshopper and substituted an angleworm, then tried the riffle time after time,— in vain. I crept up to the next pool and carefully whipped it, but with no success.

Then I came boldly out, took up my station over an old, half-submerged log, and dropped my bait into the pool. The saucy trout played around the brook, and looked up at me as much to say, "So you think we don't know a hook when we see it?" But they would not be lured.

They came close to the log and looked at me. They, dodged in and out; leaped upwards, showing their shiny sides, and sported in plain sight. I watched their movements and admired their beauty, but they would not be hooked.

At last, discouraged, I called the others. No answer. Again I shouted; still no reply. I put up my hands and shouted until the mountain gorge seemed filled with echoing calls; but no answer came back.

I went on up stream in the direction I knew they had taken, frequently calling as I went. Nothing answered but the echo voices. I followed up until the cañon closed into a narrow gorge, and the brambles and rocks filled all the space, making farther progress impossible; then I came to the conclusion that my companions were no longer in the cañon. To make sure, I shouted once more, long and loud, but no sound came back save the echoes, the shrill defiance of the bluejay, and the voice of a chipmunk, which sat on an old stump and chattered, as it regarded me with a saucy leer.

I strolled down the cañon some distance, and thinking I would wait for the delinquents, I seated myself on a fallen log that lay across the stream, and dangling my feet, watched, the trout play in and out, every now and then giving a throw, and showing their sheeny sides to the light.

A mocking-bird seated himself in a tree-top, high above me, and filled all the glen with mocking songs,— the linnet's gurgling song, the sparrow's sweet melody with its buzzing undertone, then the clear bugle notes of the lark. Stopping a moment, he went off into the screeching yell of the bluejay, then the saw-like barking of the ground squirrel was imitated, followed by the homelike song of the bluebird.

Glancing around, I saw on the sides of the stream some sort of tracks. I sprang down, and among many smaller ones I saw some that were large,— broad and deep, as if pressed by a heavy body. I thought they were bear tracks, and thinking his bearship might come again, I started for camp, not wishing to hunt bear with a fishpole.

I knew the others would find the camp without trouble, so I gave them no further consideration, but climbed the steep ascent, plunged into the next depth, up again, and so, with alternate climb and downward scramble, and a final steep climb, reached camp.

Coming up to the big shanty, I turned the corner, and was greeted by a chorus of loud ha-has! from the boys who had gone out with me. Finding the fish would not bite, they had stolen away, leaving me to fish and get home as I could, and thinking they had a grand joke on me.

"Where are your fish?" called George

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"Had too many to pack home," said Ben, with a wink at the others. All laughed, and I felt rather discomfited, but not for long.

II.

THREE or four days after our unsuccessful fishing trip, we had been out all the morning with the dogs after deer, and having had no luck, came back to camp about ten o'clock.

Ben said, "Let 's go over into Bear Cañon, and get some fish for dinner."

We all agreed, and getting out our fishing tackle, those of us who had no flies looked up bait. We secured some grasshoppers, and again we started off.

The hounds lay around under the big oak by the door. "Tie up the hounds," said George.

"O, let them come. They won't do any harm," replied Ben.

"Well, I don't care," said George, as he shouldered his pole. "Come on."

So away we went, rushing into great deeps, and crying to the dogs as they plunged into the misty depths below. Up again we scrambled to the high, sun-warmed ridges, with the hounds in full cry, our voices rising high as we called to each other, and to the baying pack. Brush snapped and crackled, stones were dislodged and sent flying downward by our scrambling feet, while the mountain sides sent back an echo of the din, which combined with our uproar to make a noise that was deafening.

On we went; the steeps were gained, the cañons crossed, and at last we took the descent into Bear Cañon, — down, down, rushing, shouting, calling, — we plunged into the twilight shades of the deep gorge, over whose mossy rocks and gleaming waters rose the primeval forest giants.

Arrived at the bottom we arranged our tackle, while the panting dogs thrust their noses deep into the cool waters, and then threw themselves down to rest.

We scattered along the stream to fish. I adjusted a grasshopper to my hook, and cast it into, or, I might more properly say, at, the pool, for no sooner did it near the surface than there was a flash, and a trout had my hook. I landed him with a quick jerk and saved my bait. Again and again the bait on the hook descended, and at every descent was met by the silvery flash of eager fish.

My bait was soon exhausted, and I looked about for something that would answer for more. I saw quantities of small moths hovering about the pool. I tried them, and found the trout took them well.

I walked out over the pool, and dropping the bait directly in front of me, saw the sparkling, silvery fellows come up with flashing, arrowy motion, and take the hook as fast as I could cast it.

The basket at my side, though a large one, was soon full. I did up my line and sat down, and waited for the others. They soon came along, saying we had more trout than we could possibly use, and wanted to go back to camp.

So back we went. We were somewhat tired, and did not go as fast as we had come; still we made pretty good time, and were soon back to camp, where we threw ourselves under the big oak's shade, and emptying our baskets, counted up. I had thirty, the others that had not flies had respectively eighteen and twenty-four. George had forty, and Ben led us all with forty-five.

But as a panacea for having to hunt bait while George and Ben dropped their flies, I had the largest one of all, a great beauty, whose sheeny, speckled sides reflected the light like silver.

*Imo. E. Johnson.*

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# IN THE WOUNDED WARD.

"DOCTOR,—Doctor Gray!"

The voice came low and tremulous,—so faint in tone that the surgeon, if he had been at all abstracted or inattentive, might easily have passed by, unregardful. But he was on his evening inspection of the hospital, with all his senses alert to catch every sound, to detect the merest sigh or whisper; and in a moment he was at the bedside of the patient, leaning over with kind, sympathetic expression, eager to give any comfort possible.

"What is it, my boy?"

He had scarcely spoken amiss. The sufferer was little more than a boy,—probably not much over twenty,—with smooth face, upon which, while he had been ill, had grown up a very thin, almost unnoticeable beard of light brown hair; with attenuated features, that seemed even smaller than need be, owing to the pallor of his complexion;—if not still a mere boy, at least too young, apparently, to be prostrated in that crowded hospital.

For a moment he gazed yearningly into the bent-over face of the surgeon, acknowledging with his own faint smile the sympathy that was extended to him, endeavoring somewhat to return the pressure of the surgeon's hand upon his own, afraid to ask the vital question that trembled upon his lips, yet at last nerving himself to do so.

"Doctor,—shall I live, do you think?"

"Certainly we must hope for the best, Charley."

The eyes of the other slowly lowered for a moment, and a wave of something like despair flickered across his wan features. The answer of the surgeon had not been as definite as it might have been,—was evasive, in fact; and what must an evasive answer betoken under those circumstances?



"That is not—not what I asked, Doctor. You can tell me, if you will; and—I think I am strong to bear it. Feel my pulse; it will not quicken much with what you may say, will it? And I think that I ought to know,—there will be so much to think of—and try to do."

"Well, Charley, I think that you are brave, and should know. It is hard for me to tell you; but I fear the worst."

"Not only fear, but are certain of it. Is it not so, Doctor?"

The surgeon could only nod assent. It gave him pain to do so,—perhaps more than in the case of any other patient in the hospital, so fully had this poor young fellow, by his patience under suffering, and gentleness of manner, won upon his regard. But the truth, if asked for, must be told. And what other answer could be given, or what possible hope could there be, where a bullet had made such an ugly hole in the lungs, and passing on, had gone where no probing could find it?

"And how long, Doctor, before—"

"I cannot tell, Charley. Perhaps a few days; perhaps not so long."

"Thanks. I can know now what to do,—what to give my mind to. After all, it must come to each of us some time," and yet his voice faltered a little as he spoke. It is very hard to hear one's death warrant read, and to listen to it with a smile. "If there were only someone here to whom I could tell something,—a message to be given. But I am so alone!"

"Can not I do that for you?" the surgeon said. It was a sudden impulse on his part, and for the moment he wondered whether he had not better have held back. But on the whole, he felt almost at once assured that he would never regret what he was doing. Queer too! Almost every day there were those

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who would have liked to bestow confidences upon him, and charge him with dying messages to far distant ones, and yet he must refuse, else his time — his whole life, indeed — would be overloaded with cases that would necessarily hinder the work that belonged to him to do. But in this case — somehow, he had become so much interested in that pale, dying lieutenant of the Seventeenth — he would put himself out to almost any extent for that.

"Do you think, then, that you could listen to me for a little while, Doctor? Your time is so valuable, I know."

"Go on, Charley."

Yes, the surgeon could give him a few minutes very readily. A week or two before, just after the battle, it would have been impossible. Then everything was pressing,— almost every moment worth a life. But now his labor had begun to be a little relaxed. The ward was full, every bed and cot occupied; but not as full as it had been, with almost every inch of floor room also taken. All urgent operations had been performed, and it was merely necessary to watch the results carefully from time to time. Each day two or more patients had died, and had been quietly removed. A few had been discharged cured, or at least able to get around into other quarters, their injuries being simply flesh wounds and not dangerous. During that day, at least, there had been no important operation, and the usual routine of examining dressings, changing bandages, and reducing fever, had been well performed by the assistants. The surgeon could now very well tarry beside a bedside for a few moments.

"There is someone at home, Doctor, you must know—"

"Your mother, Charley?"

"I have no mother. It is a girl—"

"Ah!" And the surgeon began already to feel an interest, and he sat down upon a low stool at the side of the cot.

"She lives about a mile from where I lived, in Kenosha. The name — well, you will find it written upon the back of this," and somewhat painfully fumbling in his bosom, the young fellow brought out a card photograph. "I wrote the name there myself, in case of accident. She is only nineteen, and I had known her but a few months. I was employed in the bank, and had n't much prospect before me, and for a few days after I had come to know her, I thought it prudent not to see her too often. I had so little to offer her, you see. But then chance brought us together again, and we fell in love, and so, of course, all prudence was thrown to the winds. We met, and walked together in the evening, but mostly talked over the garden gate,— it is the usual way, you know,— and it was not many days before we understood each other perfectly. I was to try and make my way in the world, and she— she would wait for me."

"Well?"

"All the while we were doing this secretly. She would not let me speak to her father, for she knew he would not consent; he would rather make trouble for us. So we must wait."

"But, Charley, how then did you come here? It was no way to rise in the bank."

"No, Doctor; and I suppose that if I had remained there, I might have gone up a step by this time, and after a year or two, perhaps, might have been cashier. But Lotty thought that would be very slow work; and on the other hand, there are so many opportunities in a war of this kind. By the end of the war, with good luck, I might become colonel,— who knows? And then it might not be hard to exchange for a lieutenancy in the regular service. That would be low down, of course; but then it would be for life, with everything before me, if I could only live long enough. And she thought she would so dearly like to have her husband in the regular army."

"Ah," muttered the surgeon; and

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already he began to feel a little distrustful; he checked any further expression, not wishing to let the appearance of it become suspected even from an intonation.

"It was for me, not for herself," the young fellow hastily interposed, perhaps somewhat instinctively aware of the other's dawning perception of evil. "You know, when a girl loves, she is eager that every good fortune should come to the person of her choice. And it must naturally have seemed to her that it would be so gratifying to me, being able some day to command a regiment, instead of being obliged all my life to rust away at that old bank counter. To attend Presidents' levees, you know, and so proud to take her there hanging on my arm. As for herself, I feel sure that she would have cared little what situation in life she held, if I were only at her side. And so I volunteered,— and here I am at last. A sorry ending, Doctor, is it not?"

"And what then, Charley, can I —"

"First, Doctor, I want you to look at that photograph. Take it to the light, so that you can examine it carefully. It may seem very foolish to you, but I want you to see just how sweet and lovely she is,—the person for whose sake one would willingly take any risk, and even lay down his life at the last. I have carried the picture next my heart for so many months. Do not look hastily, Doctor: I want you to study the face, and see how happy I must have felt myself to be, at being able to win such a heart."

As requested, the surgeon stepped to the nearest light, only a few feet away, and taking the little photograph from its enclosure, held it up close to the wick. At best it was only a dim light, yet in an instant he felt that he had gained from the picture all the knowledge he cared for. A face with rare beauty of feature, luxuriant, wavy hair, lustrous eyes, and a pleasant smile. But there all its winning attributes seemed to end. Accustomed as the surgeon was to look beneath the surface, watching the changes in the sick and dying, noting the slightest threads of alteration from one moment to another, he saw that, as usual, heaven's sun had told the truth, and had thrown out upon those soft, loving features the actual characteristics of fickleness, falseness, and self love. How could it have happened that this young fellow, even in his most love-deceiving moments, had not, in his contemplation of this little picture, read the truth? And yet, love is always so blinding; and though in her selfish fancy she had persuaded this poor boy to give up his career of competence, and take other and desperate chances, which in scarcely one case in a thousand could lead to anything wise or profitable, yet if even in that matter she had been faithful, why possibly —

"Well, Doctor,— so you must admit —"

"It is a beautiful face,— pretty in feature and smile, and—". He stopped there from further remark, and returning, seated himself again upon the low stool. "And I hope, Charley, that in her letters —"

"Why, there it is, Doctor, and there comes in the whole trouble of it. I have not heard a word from her since I left."

"No?"

"You see, as I have told you, her father would have been opposed, and for fear he should find it out, I must not write,— never a line,— I must simply trust to her affection. She, of course, would write whenever she could. But we have been so moved around,— from Pittsburgh Landing to Vicksburg, and then finally to this station, with a dozen places between,— it is not at all strange that I have failed to get any of her letters, is it? But still, it is very hard."

"It certainly is, Charley."

"Hard for me, and hard for her, too, Doctor. Perhaps sometimes she may have heard indirectly about me from some soldier going home on furlough,

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but I fear lest even that comfort may have been denied her. It would be such a mere chance after all; and women, you know, have to suffer so much more than men in uncertainty, for they can have so little to distract their thoughts. Poor Lotty! After waiting so long, to learn at last that it has only come to this! For now, of course, she must be made to hear the end, and how it has been brought about, even if others must hear it too. And it must be for you to tell her, Doctor,—and that is what I am about to ask you."

"Go on, my boy. Whatever you may think —"

"It is this. After — after all is over, you know, you will write to her, will you not? You will tell her that you were almost the last person to see me,— that I had opened my whole heart to you,— that my last words were for her. You will tell her, too, how lovingly I spoke about her to the very end. All this you can very well do, for it cannot matter any longer that her family should not know about it. No harm can any more come from it. You will find the name, as I have said, on the back of the picture, — Lotty Graham. And the place, Kenosha. Do you know, I thought at first that I could not bear to give up the picture? I meant that I should be buried with it on my heart, close to my heart. Oh! how sweet to go into eternity with that portrait clinging to me, and forever! And yet, it is better that she should have it, after all. It will not only tell her that after this long year of anxiety she need no longer wait for me, but that I thought of her,— was faithful to her through all. Otherwise, you know, I would have preserved the picture so tenderly. Tell her all you can that might bring comfort to her, Doctor. Poor Lotty! I am afraid she will be so broken-hearted. You will break it to her very gently, will you not?"

"I will do the best I can, Charley."

"Thanks. And so, goodby, and perhaps forever," and he stretched forth his thin, wan hand. "You have been so kind! And now I think I will take a little sleep."

He turned upon his side, the surgeon tenderly assisting him; sadly, too, for he felt it probable that the poor fellow was falling into a sleep that would soon become stupor, and a stupor from which there could be no awakening. And then, drawing the quilt carefully around the patient's shoulders, the surgeon gently slipped away, holding the little photograph in his hand; giving it another glance as he passed the nearest light; feeling still more disturbed in his mind at that glance, since more than ever it seemed to reveal to him qualities of discredit, which the poor, blinded lover had failed to see. Then he slipped the picture into his pocket book, and with a low whistle of attempted reassurance, as hoping that this time, at least, the sun might have failed in depicting the truth, and through some deceitful intervention of clouds have given a false imagery, and that possibly the young girl might be true and loving as imagined,— and in fact, all things as they should be. But for all that, the surgeon did not succeed in satisfying himself as fully as he could have wished.

But he passed on through the long ward,— there was no time for the indulgence of sentimentalities,— for there were many things that he must be attended to in that round of inspection. Thirty, forty, fifty cots to be visited, even in that little section of the hospital. Some of the patients were asleep,— peacefully for the most part, or, in the case of two or three, breathing very heavily, as in a sleep that gave no rest. One was already in the last stupor, but there was no pain or discomfort attending it; and so the surgeon, simply smoothing down the counterpane, more mechanically than from any real purpose of usefulness, left him to sleep away his life quietly. One was delirious, and

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would have arisen; but for him a strong nurse had been provided, and sat there alert and helpful. Several were awake, but calm in spirit and without pain; and towards each of those the surgeon turned aside for a moment, and spoke a word or two of encouragement. And so he slowly passed along, until he reached a division of the hospital partitioned off for those who were so far convalescent as to make it inconvenient as well as undesirable for them to be made to remain within sight and hearing of the more needy patients.

One of these, a short, thickset young fellow, with broad, unimaginative, altogether unintellectual face, sat curled up in a large rocking chair, and smoking a pipe. At the surgeon's approach he uncurled himself, arose, shook hands, and then resumed his seat.

"Getting along very nicely, eh, Major Smiley?" said the surgeon.

"Yes, Doctor. And upon the whole, I suppose I must consider myself very fortunate. It is perhaps a good thing for a man to be wounded, if not too severely. Sounds well, you know. And this little matter of mine,—a fragment of a shell tearing the flesh of my shoulder for an inch or two, not touching anything that could permanently injure or disfigure me,—well, that is just the thing for home-glory, is it not?"

"I suppose, Major, that you are pretty well recovered now, and perhaps within a day or two can be reported as ready to return to your regiment."

"Exactly, Doctor. But do you know I am getting a little tired of this sort of thing? Have done my share in the war, I think, and am very willing to let some one else take my place and go on with it. Never cared much about it from the beginning, perhaps; but all the rest were going, and so I thought that I ought to do the same. When a man has been married for less than a year, and even then has joined the army within a month after his wedding, why, it stands to reason, naturally, that he should want to see his wife again."

"Precisely. But you need not leave the service for that. Your wound, and the present inactivity of operations, surely should give you a furlough."

"True,—but it happens that Lotty—ever show you my wife, Doctor, by the way?"

"I don't remember, Major."

"There!" And the other drew from his breast pocket a little card photograph, and placed it in the surgeon's hand. At the first glance the surgeon started. How could he help it? For there was the same face that had already been shown to him,—a picture absolutely from the same negative. Beautiful in its perfection of feature, and in the abundant waving of thick brown hair, and the classical pose of neck and shoulders,—cold, calculating, and crafty, as it still seemed to the surgeon, in all else.

"You would intimate, Major, that she—"

"Don't want me to come home, as yet. In fact, she is a very peculiar girl, is Lotty. The most purely unselfish person I have ever seen,—always thinking for almost anybody else, rather than for herself. When I first met her, two years ago, we fell in love with each other at once. I know how I felt towards her, and I could see that she cared for me. But even in that matter she was purely unselfish. 'Do you forget,' she said, 'that you are a poor young lawyer, without practice or any prospect of it, and that I should be only a hindrance upon you? I, with my extravagant habits, that through long indulgence I cannot hope ever to control, so that in the end I should certainly drag you down to misery? No, Randolph, I must not think only of myself. I must have some regard for your prosperity and happiness.' Nobly put, was it not, Doctor?"

"Well,—ah yes, to be sure."

"So of course that ended it for a time.

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But it happened that in a few months my uncle Thomas died, and left me Thorncliff Place,— a fine old home that I would some day like to show you, Doctor,— and a good rent roll and stocks, to keep it up with. Then I came again to Lotty, and she was able that time to accept me, for of course there could no longer be any fear of dragging me down to what she called misery. But still she made a condition. She would marry me within the month, she said, but I must volunteer for the war and do my part in it. You see, she thought not a whit about herself,— she was only ambitious about me. It did not seem to her the proper thing that I should stay at home in Thorncliff, and live on my income, and give up all my time to dogs and horses: I must take advantage of the times, and as the people were doing, act so as to make myself great and distinguished. That, after all, is the kind of wife for a person; is she not? Not selfishly to settle down in mere connubial bliss, but to urge her husband to go out and gather fame, if possible, so as to become more respected wherever he may go."

"And so —"

"So we were married, and as she had suggested, within the month. And we moved at once into Thorncliff, and within a month after I joined the Twenty-third as second lieutenant. Have had a pretty rough time of it, for we have fought our way along in almost every great battle; but it has been to my advantage, for every officer killed has given me a step in advance, so that in ten months I have become Major. Ah! if you could see the letters Lotty has written me after every promotion!"

"But the furlough, Major?"

"Well, I wrote to her that I was going to apply for one, but she has answered me not to do so. Still anxious for my sake, you see; writes me to go on and be still more successful. Tells me how dearly she would love to see me again, but is afraid I shall lose some great opportunity by being away. It is true that they say we shall not have any great field operation for a while; but who can tell for sure? The very day I left for home there might be an attack upon our lines, with a great battle growing out of it, at which, if I were on hand, I might become lieutenant-colonel, or even colonel; and then, how I would regret having been absent! Some sense in that, is there not? Meanwhile I need give myself no anxiety about things at home. She is keeping up the place in fine order, and even having a little company at times, to try and cheer herself; and is never more proud than when telling them how bravely I am distinguishing myself. Yes, that is what she calls it. Ah, Doctor! what a great thing it is to have a loving, unselfish wife, who sacrifices her own happiness, and looks out only for her husband's interests, is it not?"

"It is everything, Major, of course. Well, I suppose I might as well report you cured, and we will see you on parade again in a day or two."

He handed back the photograph, and strolled slowly away, in deep thought, his head down, his hands clasped behind him. But there was not much time given him for reflection. Before he had reached the hospital door, one of his assistants hurried up and whispered to him.

"What 's that you say,— number 37? I knew he was dying; but I thought that he would lie for some hours yet in a comatose state."

"Went off suddenly," the assistant responded. "About five minutes ago. Just a little shiver, and that was the end of it."

"I 'll go back with you," said the surgeon; and he retraced his steps to the young fellow's bedside. He lay on his back, his hands crossed before him, just as the assistant had disposed them. A very sweet smile upon his face, as though

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his last thought had been a pleasant dream.

"Shall we remove him now?"

"Yes," said the surgeon. "Better now, while the other patients sleep, and before daybreak. Besides, what is there to wait for?"

Two of the hospital attendants were beckoned up; and lifting the poor light remains, carried them tenderly from the room, the surgeon and his assistant following. In an outer apartment stood a pile of rough coffins. One of these had been brought down, in readiness for the next man, whoever he might be. In this the attendants gently laid the body, and then one of them prepared to place the cover over it.

"A moment," said the surgeon, and he drew out his note book. "Have the name painted in full on its lid,—'Charles Gleeson, Second Lieutenant Seventeeth Wisconsin.' And wait still a minute longer," and he stood gazing down upon the pale calm face; and while doing so, with nervous fingers sought for the little photograph that had been intrusted to him, with such loving messages. Should he keep the promise made? Truly, the wishes of the dying should be respected; but might there not be circumstances to alter them? The dying man had said, at first, that he would wish the picture buried with him, and had only changed that direction from a mistaken idea that its receipt by another person would give peace to her mind, and serve also as a last message of fidelity and love. Were it well to carry out that wish, knowing now so well that the little token would be thrown aside by its heartless receiver with indifference,—even with relief, as bearing its assurance that she need no longer fear reproaches for broken vows?

"Let him carry his illusions with him to the grave," the surgeon said to himself, as he tenderly laid the picture upon the young soldier's heart, and bade the men close the lid.

*Leonard Kip.*

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## THE CHURCH AND MODERN THOUGHT.[1]

How should the Christian Church stand related to modern thought? By the phrase "modern thought" we do not mean, I conceive, any particular embodiment of recent doctrines, theological, philosophical, or scientific. We do not mean evolution, or the non-transmission of acquired characters, or probation after death, or the correlation and conservation of forces. These may be modern thought to me, and they may be very ancient thought to you. All the real thoughts of a man when he tries honestly to get to the bottom of something are to him modern thoughts. Even the most commonplace axiom of our times has power to kindle and burn in the heart of him by whom it has been newly discovered. A man who lives in our modern times, "while the winds of freedom are blowing," cannot fail to have thoughts which in some way respond to the influences about him.

The modern thought of each man is his own view of the ideas which have come from the new evidence which each day brings before him. New discoveries bring new ideas, or place old ones in a new light.

[1] Read before the Congregational Club, San Francisco, Aug. 18, 1891.

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The modern man has sources of ideas of which the ancients never dreamed. We are coming constantly nearer to the conception of immutable law. We are beginning to realize more and more what has so long been said in words, that the ways of God are "solid, substantial, vast, and unchanging." And as the conception of a universe of divine law succeeds the idea of a world of divine whim or half-directed chance, so the modern thoughts of men run in channels undreamed of by the fathers of science or philosophy.

There has always been a *Zeitgeist*, a spirit of the times, leading men to reconsider old judgments, to take new attitudes toward God, and Nature, and Humanity, with each succeeding age. This is a many-sided universe, and our view of it alters with each change in our varying angle of vision or in our varying light. In modern thoughts on religious subjects, most of various bodies we call churches have had their source. Many a spear point in the vanguard has caught the gleam of the cross. And this gleam has been the rallying point about which a church has been formed. Meanwhile, the body of the army has gone on perchance to higher vantage ground or nobler conquests. Thus each new church has sprung from the modern thought of its time, the latest and best word on the subject of man's duty towards God, and in these latter times, towards man also.

But each new Church in turn has found its mother Church intent on guarding the spot where the light once shone, — or, to change the figure, on preserving the crystallized thought of the one age, rather than in listening to the message of the next. We read in history that each new Church has been cast off and disowned by its mother. Very often this has been not without good reason, for not all that seems to be new is good, and nothing becomes time-honored without some sort of merit. Even the merit of durability is not to be despised.

But too often the Church has held fast to the husks of faith, while the kernel has escaped it, to germinate in other fields. The Church has clung to the ceremonies and sacraments, the successions have been held intact, but the spirit which once made ceremonies and sacraments vital is gone out of them, and is at work in places the Church knows not of.

The word Church, as we know, is used with many meanings, and with each new meaning its attitude towards thought would be differently expressed. Do we mean the Church aggregate, the Church universal, the Church invisible, the average church organization, or does our question concern simply the Church dominant?

The relation of the Church dominant to the thought of the ages has already passed into history. The story is a long one, and it is not one of which we as Christians may feel proud. The progress of knowledge in every field has been a long struggle against the *a priori* decisions of the Church dominant. On every line of human thought, every foot of advance has been contested by men speaking in the name of the Church, who have said to the human mind, "Thus far, but no farther. The limit has been reached; the rest is in our hands, who hold the only key to mystery." Not only in the Church dominant of each country of Europe has this been true; the same experience is repeated in all religions and in all civilizations. It is a fact universal, because it has its rise in the qualities of human nature.

But in no age has thought been confined by human boundaries. It has risen like the spring tides higher and higher, and no command of priest or king can check its advance. "Extinguished theologians," says Huxley, "lie about the cradle of every new science, as the strangled snakes lay beside that of the infant Hercules." Professor Morse has bitterly declared that to find the truth in any

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matter of science in which the Church has taken part, we have only to find out what the Church has declared, and we shall find that the exact opposite of its declaration is the truth.

This is a harsh statement, and by no means just in its implications,— yet who shall say that it is not true?

It is true as a matter of fact, and it is susceptible almost of mathematical demonstration that it must be true. All *a priori* decisions in matters of science must be at least partly erroneous. No conclusion can be wholly sound which rests on imperfect data. All data by which the human mind seeks to take the measure of its surroundings must be imperfect. Not a single generalization in science or philosophy can be free from some slight percentage of error. As knowledge advances, the partial error, unless corrected, becomes a total one. As the truth is gradually separated, the error is finally left in contrast to its diametric opposite. Any divergence from the truth becomes in time an infinite divergence. The approximate truths of today are the errors to be fought tomorrow. "A lie that is half a truth is ever the worst of lies," because the process of disentanglement is slow. But at last, with the progress of the ages, it is sure to be complete, and then between the true and the false there is no middle ground.

So, in a sense, we may say that the Church is not to be blamed for its attitude toward modern thought. That there has been a warfare of science is no especial fault of religion or religious people. It is not a fault at all, but a necessary result of the conflict between *a priori* generalizations and the inductions of experience. And any conclusion of science, if espoused by an organized body of men, must pass through the same experience.

The Church of the past has been the conserver of finalities. Its function has been to preserve unchanged the modern thought in which it it has had its origin. The truth in the creed of the Church will live, of course, and it will come in time to be axiomatic with all churches. The falsehood is carried along with it, by the strength of the organization, diverging farther and farther from the real truth, and perhaps by that very fact becoming more and more the distinctive badge of the organization itself. It has happened more than once, and will happen again, that a Church which through the ages has kept the faith, awakens at last to find itself the guardian of a lie. This result is inevitable, if the statement of truth in one age is long enough held by the next.

The Church has of necessity subordinated the individual to itself. His thoughts must be controlled by the average judgment of his fellows, or else by the traditional judgment of wise men before him. Otherwise the force of cohesion would be lost. The Church, not the individual, must be the unit, else the work of the Church cannot be accomplished. The power of the human mind to draw its own conclusions from its own data cannot be admitted by the Church dominant. The Church of individualism can never be dominant. The man or woman who takes all on trust, and neglects none of the appointed ceremonies, has been the ideal of the Church. Every unsettling of old questions tends to endanger the foundations of faith; and to conservative men, every age has seemed an especially dangerous time to reopen closed discussions.

For such reasons, the phalanx which has defended the Bible and has kept the human race from recession, has appeared as an obstacle to human progress,— a foe to modern thought. For thought is individual, and the diverse growths of individual units would interfere with the effectiveness of the general organization. The man who thinks has always been a disturbing element. Why should we question the wisdom of the fathers?

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Why open anew matters once happily settled?

Why should Lyell distress himself over the evidence of the existence of man in the Tertiary period, when the good Archbishop Ussher had decided, once for all, that 4,004 years came between Adam and Christ, and that before Adam it was but a single week backward into chaos?

Why should Galileo and Giordano Bruno concern themselves with the vastness of celestial space, when the Inquisition had told them that the earth is the immovable center, about which sun, moon, and stars, revolve every day?

Why need Agassiz puzzle over the nature of gravels and clays, and seek to make of them the rubbish of a vanished age of ice, when the Archbishop of York could tell him in a moment that these were left by Noah's flood?

Why should Darwin, the most insidious questioner of them all, because he was the first great observer who ever gave his life to the significance of small things,— why should Darwin inquire into the origin of men and beasts, when it had long been settled that living forms had no origin at all, except the fiat of the Creator? Why should Luther ask himself the reasons for climbing Scala Santa, in the church at Lateran, when the head of the Church dominant had declared this act to be the duty of the loyal disciple,— all the more a duty, that it had no visible purpose in itself?

"The just shall live by faith," was the mind's word to Luther, and he rose to his feet and walked down the holy staircase. "The thinker must be true to his own thoughts," said the Luthers of modern knowledge, and they rose and walked out of the Church dominant. For we must prove all things if we are to hold fast to that which seemeth good. Without the right of private interpretation, there can be no personal responsibility. When any Church, or Synod, or Convention, or Association for the Advancement of Science, does a man's thinking for him, he ceases to be a unit, and he ceases to have thought. Authority is no doubt often on the side of truth,— oftener right than wrong. But the spirit of the age forbids us to rest with authority. No tradition from past ages can answer our questions. No power on earth can give us beforehand the answer to the problems we are trying to solve.

The Church in the past has stood as the guardian of hard-won truths. As such, it has held a position of the greatest importance in human progress. More than once the strength of its organization has prevented the loss of ground the human race has been centuries in winning. If the strength of its organization has injured progress, it has prevented retrogression. Its slowness to move lies in the nature of things. An organized body is a conservative body. The more compact the organization, the more effective it is for the preservation of truth. It is not strange that bodies organized for such purposes should not respond at once to the influence of new ideas under wholly new conditions. The peculiarities of the individual are sunk in the general purpose, and as individual wishes, tastes, and aspirations, are suppressed, so must be individual thoughts. Unquestioning obedience is the motto of the Church militant, and in this spirit must its warriors go forth to battle.

But the mission of Christ, it seems to me, was not to hold the earth by means of a Church militant or a Church dominant. The world can never be redeemed by strength of arms or by strength of organization. There is no way of preserving truth so effective as to give it an open field with error. When the breezes blow, the chaff flies. When a barrier shuts off the wind from the grain, the wheat is never winnowed.

When two or three are gathered together in the name of Him who bore witness to the truth, the spirit of truth

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is with them. When a wall is built around them, outside forces are held at bay; but no walls retain the Holy Spirit.

In the ideal Church, it seems to me, the development of the individual must be the essential purpose. Mutual help in spiritual growth must be the purpose of coming together, and in doing good to humanity the function of its organization. Common creeds or common ceremonies may be bonds of union if they help to these ends, but their effects are only harmful if we mistake them for the purposes of Christianity.

The spirit of Christ is in the impulse of growth, and growth may leave behind all creeds and ceremonies as cast-off vestments. Christ broke bread and gave it to his disciples, but the spirit of Christ is not in the breaking of bread. It is rather in the breaking of bonds,— all bonds which fetter the mind or soul,— in the strengthening of all bonds which draw man and man together.

In the love of the man and the love of truth, is the bond of union in the Church which is to come. No Luther, or Darwin, or Bruno, can bring terror to the heart of this Church. Such a Church could stand in no relation of opposition to modern thought, for it should be the center of it,— of light, as well as of sweetness. It will stand not as the guardian of all knowable truth, but as the voluntary association of men and women to whom all truth is sacred, and who believe that each age is not without its own revelations.

*David Starr Jordan.*

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## A SINGULAR LAWSUIT.

[Translated from the French of Raphaël Lightone.]

Jean Renard was a poor tiler of Grenouilleville, who had a wife and two children. Jean was no advocate of polygamy he found one wife quite enough, for La Louise, as she was called often, led him a hard life.

Jean worked with a will from morning to night; he was full of courage and strength, and yet in spite of all the hours he spent on the roofs in company with love-lorn cats, he barely managed to eke out a living.

"The two youngsters, their mother, and me," said he, "that makes four, and four stomachs to fill is not a small affair; it means: to work, Jean!"

And work he did, poor man, and yet never knew what it meant to have a few spare coins laid by in the corner of a drawer.

The winter of 1879 to 1880, cruelly rigorous, as will be remembered, taxed the slater rudely. No work to be had; to warm his blood he was obliged, from time to time, to whip his arms back and forth; but work also would have kept his blood in circulation, and in addition would have brought in coin for dinners and breakfasts.

Often, at this time, Jean Renard looked up at the high steeple of the old church of Grenouilleville. In many places the ruined slates had fallen away piece by piece. What a lot of work there was to be done on that spire?

Of course, it was dangerous work.

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Jean knew that, but he knew his trade too.

Long ago, also, the cock that perched on the summit of this spire had been blown down during a storm. The curé had often been asked by his people to reinstate this cock in his high station, and had always replied that he asked nothing better, if he could manage to do so without its costing him anything.

Jean Renard had an inspiration: "Suppose I propose to the curé to put back his cock for nothing, if he will give me the work that is to be done on the steeple."

But the curé was a miser, and he replied that it made no difference to him if the steeple was leaky, as he did not sleep there.

"Repair as much as you want to," said he to Jean, "but I will not give you a cent."

The slater found this too little, and gave up the affair, keeping, however, a grudge against the curé.

At about this epoch the Mayor of Grenouilleville was revoked. The new magistrate inaugurated his rule by asking the curé to repaint the flag, covered with rust, which crowned the steeple.

"But, Monsieur le Maire," objected the curé, "you do not ask me if I have the money to pay for this work?"

"Do not bother yourself about that, Monsieur le Curé," replied the Mayor; "have the flag repainted, and the municipality shall pay."

"Very well, then, since you wish it," replied the curé, none too happy at seeing the national colors float over his steeple.

True to his principles, the curé beat down the price, franc by franc, in making his bargain with Jean Renard; and when it was concluded, the priest added, "And it is well understood that putting back the cock is included in the bargain."

"O, no," said Jean, "that is not understood at all. That, you know, sir, doubles the labor; and also, the cock has to be put much higher than I mount to paint the flag. Placing the cock is a perilous job, — so perilous that it is my life you are asking me to risk for nothing. No."

"Yes, my friend," said the curé, with an unctuous smile; "you will do that for the love of God."

"Do you say masses for the love of God, Monsieur le Curé? I consent to replace the cock, but you will add fifty francs to your price; it is worth that."

"Fifty francs!" cried the priest. "The deuce I will! How you run on! See here, Jean, once you are up there, it won't be much of an effort to go a few steps higher."

"But if misfortune befalls me, do you think you, for the love of God, will care for and bring up my children?"

"Come! come! No more talking. I'll give you ten francs."

"Ah, Monsieur le Curé, you take advantage of my poverty. You know I must earn a living, and so you get the better of me. In short, I accept for ten francs more."

The curé, delighted at his success, spread the good news through the town: At last the cock was going to be in place once more!

It was December, and the bad weather still persisted. Jean, therefore, was forced to wait several days before undertaking his dangerous ascent. At length the rain ceased; by night the clouds had gone, and next morning all the roofs were covered with frost.

"Clear weather," said the slater, "I can go to work today."

All the good folks of Grenouilleville were assembled in front of the church, in the large square, to see Jean Renard hoist himself to the top of the steeple. He had in his belt three bottles containing red, white, and blue paints for the flag, and to his back was attached the cock, resplendent in new gilding. He

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entered the church to pass by a window at the base of the spire.

When he appeared, throwing one of his ropes over the first hook of the steeple, there was a murmur of consternation from the watching crowd; but terror became paroxysm when Jean, near the middle of his ascent, almost lost his equilibrium by the breaking of an iron eaten by rust. The upturned faces were pale with emotion, but the dexterous slater quickly grasped a higher hook.

Nevertheless, he was long in mounting. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when he touched the base of the cross at the top of the steeple. He lashed himself fast thereto, feet and body, and began his first work,—the painting of the flag. In about half an hour cheers and applause broke from the crowd: the national colors floated over the steeple.

The hardest part, though, was yet to be done: the cock had to go up. Two feet more to mount; and to crown the danger, it was the cross that had to be climbed, that is to say, a mere bar of iron.

In December it is soon night; already the watchers saw but a faintly outlined form amid the mists of twilight, and they began to grow uneasy. How would poor Jean Renard manage now? He could no longer see to work, and now in greater danger than ever.

Suddenly a small light showed in the darkening night. Jean Renard, being a careful man, had thought to carry with him a candle. Soon nothing more could be seen but that tiny light, gleaming on high like a star lost in the clouds, and the anxious crowd began to disperse.

Jean continued working.

On the morrow, at dawn, the early risers of Grenouilleville saw a frightful sight.

Jean Renard hung, head downwards, from the top of the steeple, his feet still held by his ropes.

The unfortunate man had doubtless lost his balance, and in falling his work apron had turned backwards, thus concealing his face. He no longer moved; dead, probably, some hours since.

The curé, who was at once apprised, expressed his sentiments in intolerable form:—

"Unlucky fellow! Well, at least, he had put back the cock!"

"Yes," was replied, "but we cannot leave the corpse up there; it must be got down."

"That is true," said the priest; "it must be brought down, but who will do it?"

"That, Monsieur le Curé, is your business. Get workmen from the city, if you must, at no matter what cost; the body of Jean Renard must not remain up there."

Get workmen from the city,—that was very expensive, and the curé hesitated, but it had to be done. Just then it was learned in the village that the priest had pushed his avarice to the point of trying to get his weather-cock repaired for nothing, and feelings of aversion for him developed in the breasts of his parishioners.

A subscription was opened for the orphans of the tiler, and the same day a hundred francs were paid in; little, but the people of Grenouilleville were not rich. A man had gone to the city, but they asked two hundred francs, and the curé found that ridiculously exorbitant. So the next day, the corpse being still suspended from the steeple, funeral ceremonies were held in front of the great church door, draped for the occasion; and all Grenouilleville joined in the last prayers for Jean Renard.

But to inter the body, it had to be got down from its lofty perch. The fellow-citizens of the slater this time showed great decision. They would have the body, and if necessary, would force the curé himself to go and get it.

When that person left the church, he

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found himself confronted by a threatening crowd.

"No, Monsieur le Curé. He shall not stay up there; it is an outrage!"

"My good friends, I am quite of your opinion; so get him down!"

"You shall go yourself, since you refuse to pay some one else to go," and already the most audacious, the anti-clerical faction, pushed the curé backwards towards the church.

Thoroughly alarmed, he at length exclaimed: —

"It is impossible; I do not know how to climb on roofs. I'll pay! I'll pay!"

"They ask two hundred francs to come from the city," cried the men on all sides.

"Oh! — but I'll give them!"

"Stop! Stop!" cried a voice. "I'll do the job for a hundred francs," and a man forced his way towards the curé, through the amazed villagers.

"Jean Renard! Jean Renard!" burst from their lips.

It was indeed Jean. He explained in a few words how he had planned to trick the curé, who meant to get the better of him. After his work was finished, he came down, entered the bell tower, and dressed a wooden figure in his clothes; he then remounted and hung his effigy from the steeple.

But effigy or not, it was a dishonor to Grenouilleville, suspended from their church spire, and must remain there no longer.

Jean Renard climbed up and unhooked the suppositious corpse, which fell upon the square beneath, amidst general cheers and laughter.

The curé thus got the worst of the bargain; his money, after all, paid for the weathercock.

This was not the end of the matter, however.

"I gave Jean Renard a first-class funeral service," thought the curé, "and he shall pay for it."

He then began suit against the slater, who, naturally, refused to pay.

"I did not ask you for burial service, Monsieur le Curé."

"None asks that, my son, and yet all finish that way. You were thought dead —"

"But I was not, happily; and also, in that case, it is never the customer who pays. Carry your bill to my heirs."

"To your heirs! You have none, since you are not dead."

"Then why did you bury me?"

"But, unhappy man, I prayed for the salvation of your soul!"

"The salvation of my soul! Pray for the salvation of your own, for I am not sure that I have a soul."

"Heretic!" murmured the priest.

"The cause is heard," said, in his turn, the justice of the peace, who gave judgment as follows: —

"Considering that Jean Renard tricked the curé, but that the curé had first tricked Jean Renard;

"Considering that the trade of a priest is to pray for the salvation of souls, as it is that of slaters to set up weathercocks;

"But, whereas the slater could no more have set up a weathercock that had not fallen down, than the curé could pray for the salvation of a soul that was not in peril;

"Whereas, finally, Jean Renard affirms that he has no soul, and in that case no use for prayers;

"We, therefore, reject the suit of the Curé de Grenouilleville, and do condemn him to pay the costs thereof."

And all Grenouilleville laughs yet.

The curé's money was put to good use by Jean Renard. He no longer climbs steeples. He lives by the seaside now, from whence he frequently sends me a basket of fine oysters. So I owed him this story.

*V. H. T.*

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# THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL IN CALIFORNIA.

The story of the beginnings, in any State or country, is one of the most interesting parts of its history; the first organized court, the first church, the first school, from which the great institutions of later time sprang, have forever a place in the record that other attempts as humble and obscure as these often were could not claim. When a historian of sufficient skill treats of these first institutional beginnings, he makes them a fascinating study; yet even the simple narrator may hope to interest by a plain account of the facts, when he has been closely associated with them. Such simple statements of facts by the actors must supply the materials of more elaborate history. My review of them will at least suggest what immensely important results may sometimes await the humble individual effort,—what obscure causes may have sequences away beyond the reach or mortal ken or prevision.

Even for the brief space of forty years, how impossible it would have been to forecast the development of the civil institutions of the Pacific Coast. I myself have seen one little class of '49 (*three* pupils made the first Public School of California) expand to a uniform system reaching from Oregon to Mexico, from the Sierras to the sea. The one schoolmaster of '49 is succeeded today by thousands, and the three pupils of the first class are multiplied by hundreds of thousands. And — still more like the dim and fantastic changes of a dream — the place of the first public school in California is now in the midst of a transplanted Oriental colony, and its very site is occupied by a heathen temple.

But my purpose is to write, not of the present, but of the past.

Doubtless our countrymen, of whatever section, will agree that our public school system is of Pilgrim birth and New England nurture. Perhaps it would be truer to say that public education is the outgrowth and attendant of popular liberty and democratic idea everywhere. In New England, at all events, began the impulse that led to the story I have to tell. It may seem too personal a story, but I trust this feature in it will be excused, for the writer's personal fortunes seem to him of interest only as part in a great historic whole.

When a child, and up to youth, (before most of the readers of this article were born,) I was a pupil of a backwoods — far back — public school in Maine. I see it today as plainly as I saw it then, with the opening eyes of infancy. There it stands still at the crossroads, in a little green valley amid a cluster of wooded blue hills. It has one room and a woodshed beneath the same roof; a huge rough stone chimney rises from the rude arches of a gigantic open stone fireplace. The exterior walls are chinked and plastered with mud, to exclude the frost and snows of winter. Within, long benches of inverted slabs, from which wearily depended our infantile feet, desks of the same material and construction, on which we practised primitive hieroglyphics till eyelids became weary, and we leaned down our heads in slumber. And the floor, inclining at a steep angle, and the master's ashen chair, with leather thongs for seat, and the inevitable ferule, alas, and the birchen rods,— they are all before me today, as they were in the long sixty-five years ago.

It was in this school that I acquired my love for public school associations. A veneration was then born in me for the dear old school-house, for books, and teachers, and most of all, for the com-

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mon school as an institution. It was thus early that I conceived an ardent aspiration for a public school life. Thus early I had feelings of gratitude toward that institution which opened wide its benignant doors, as generous and free to me as to the richest and most illustrious of the land. It was even here, in this old school-house in the backwoods of northwestern Maine, that I mapped out for myself a "*future*."

Nor did I ever in after years, amid the stern conflicts of penniless orphanage, lose sight of that chosen career. To be a teacher and preacher was my constant dream. The two callings were in those days closely allied. Quite fortunately for the church, no doubt, I came in time to consider myself too eccentric in theologic opinion for the more sacred ministration of the altar, and determined to be simply schoolmaster. In the days of my youth the schoolmaster was only a little lower in the social scale, and in the deep veneration of a simple, honest people, than that greatest and most sacred of all household idols, the minister.

When Frémont was accomplishing his dangerous and difficult march across the Rockies, the writer was just completing his common school and academic course in New England; and about the time that Frémont had reached the Pacific Coast, and sent back to the waiting world his intensely interesting account of that ultima Thule, I was already an ambitious schoolmaster. My first installment of battles with an adverse fate had been fought to the finish; victory was won, and I was launched as a pedagogue,—longing with all my youthful heart for a vineyard in which to work, an open field in which to display a little conscious ability. It was then that I looked with eager eyes to the far-off Pacific shores. Here was an unexplored land, and therefore to young ardor a land of enchantment and limitless possibilities. Yonder, beneath the far western sun, I thought I saw ample room for ample endeavor, without the necessity for jostling and crowding. There must be the ideal realm for the schoolmaster. There was the waiting field in which to break ground for the public school.

In those days Oregon was the goal of those whose eyes turned to the far West. To Oregon I would hie me, with all the possible speed of young, ambitious feet,—as soon and as fast as the means could be earned for this long, perilous, and most adventurous trip.

That was something more easily dreamed of than done. So I began teaching. I "kept school" in several places in Maine, salary $10 to $17.50 a month, and boarded round. Then I was schoolmaster a year or two in Massachusetts. While I was master in the Phillips Public School in Andover, gold was discovered in California. Then the entire country, from north to south, from east to west, heard one simultaneous shout of "Gold!" "Gold!" "Gold discovered in California!" "Gold" was on every tongue, and quickened every pulse.

And the young schoolmaster was not deaf or indifferent to the general shout. He had no idea of gold-hunting, but his soul sprang to the chance for pioneer work in a new and boundless field. He felt that his time had arrived; California, and not Oregon, was to be the goal of his hopes.

My school term soon closed at Andover. My "where there is a will, there is a way" apothegm had once more—as often before—come true for me. I had secured the means for an outfit: I provided myself with books, maps, and other paraphernalia of the schoolroom, married the dear and noble choice of my youth, and on the first day of May, 1849, embarked for California. The next day we were sailing down the placid waters of Boston Harbor.

Thence to California, the New Jersey, with her two hundred and twelve passengers, had an uneventful passage

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around Cape Horn. It was the usual ship and company of those days: the pious young schoolmaster, with his smooth, pale face, and his correct New England habits,—he neither smoked nor chewed, touched whisky nor swore,—was an odd fish. He did not even play at cards, which the kind and gentle-hearted clergyman did do, and with much skill. As a consequence, the minister was accounted by that rough crowd a good fellow, and the young schoolmaster a crank,—bound for the El Dorado, mythic or real, with a cargo of schoolbooks, terrestrial and celestial maps, bell, globes, and the like!

But when the preacher succumbed to the inclemency of the weather, and ceased calling sinners to repentance on deck, the schoolmaster was invited to be his successor in a spirit more of levity than seriousness. He declined the post, and his great school bell ("Presented to the First Grammar School of San Francisco, by Henry N. Hosper & Co., of Boston") ceased to call the listless and indifferent crowd to divine service. It continued, however, to strike the hours of day, and toll the watches of the long and solemn night, all the way around Cape Horn. How I did then long and sigh for the hours of that weary journey to be all rung away, and the time come when I should hear the joyous tones of my bell calling together the "First Pacific Coast School!"

In the due course of wave, and wind, and storm, the New Jersey reached the Golden Gate, and passed between its frowning Spanish battlements,—how brown and somber, but not dangerous. Time and war had dealt gently with the walls, but had wrought rust and decay on the enginery of battle. And as a further assurance of safety, there floated over the southern head the cheerful and benignant beauty of the stars and stripes.

Now, with eyes almost projected from their sockets, and bated breath, yet quickly-beating hearts, we entered the harbor of San Francisco.

A just description of the scene that met our astonished eyes, I have never read, nor do I know of any one able to give it adequately. If it has ever been tried, I am sure the result was a failure. Certainly, it is beyond the present writer's powers. An innumerable fleet, as if entranced in wonder at its own magnitude and importance, lay at anchor on the placid waters of the great bay. The flag of every nation was there, the pennant of every people and clime fluttered in this far Pacific breeze, as if impatiently waiting the world's coming commerce in this new center of civilization,—and so on it came. Steamer and sail of every build and pattern was here,—the sluggish lugger and the tardy junk, the broad-breasted Dutchman and the lithe and agile clipper, the winged monarch and the great smoke-begrimed steamer, medieval and modern, antique and grotesque, the beautiful and gay, were all here, forming a panorama motley yet beautiful, and surely indescribable.

We gazed spell-bound, while our souls leaped with emotion in this new world. A new world indeed, sprung fresh from the womb of an unrecorded past, its history all yet to be written! We ourselves were but of the unnumbered and insignificant drops of the great human wave just suspended ready to break along the new shore. We had left the real world for the mythical,—left everything but each other. We were here in the presence of one of those great evolutions of humanity, moral and social, which time brings once and never repeats. Here we were in the spray of that great tidal wave, which had swept around island and continent, from every sea and shore, to break finally upon this far western strand, and anew people this imperial State.

Glorious and never-to-be-forgotten '49! In the world's history there had



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never before been a '49; nor in the march of time will there ever be another such on this planet. Then was man's opportunity,— he that ran could read,— and happy he that embraced it; yet the many saw it not before the golden vision vanished, to appear no more.

But in all this world of wonder,— of bewildering speculation and excitement, — the dream of my humble "mission" became more and more real and tangible. It had so long been the theme of every thought, the centering of every purpose, the quickening of every pulse, the vital spot of every ambition, that it was not long before I began arranging the practical details of this life work.

To say that I was happy then, is to state the fact but feebly. Those who have long meditated, earnestly waited, and anxiously prayed, for the realization of some life purpose, and have finally seen the blushing dawn of that realization, can understand my emotions as I proceeded to lay the foundation of the structure which I saw already assuming a tangible existence. I had not the clear prevision that many of my friends had, — or if I had, I was indifferent thereto. What did I care for gold, except as a means toward the accomplishment of my central idea? What was gold digging, or merchandizing, or political ambition, or social distinction, compared with the establishment of a public school? I never even cast my eyes toward them. A worn and wasted life, poverty and neglect, contrasted with wealth and independence, men's applause, and the world's good fellowship, — such contrasts were often whispered to me, but never heeded, much less anticipated.

Ah, to feel that life has an object, an end to gain, an ambition to realize, a purpose to accomplish! And if success attend worthy and persistent effort,— if the work remains, though the individual fail,— what shall at last more fitly pillow the weary head and strengthen the sinking heart?

But to retrace a little, and come down to more tangible facts: —

Our good, though aged ship, the New Jersey, anchored off Clark's Point (now about the corner of Battery and Pacific streets), October 11, 1849. Two hundred and twelve passengers landed on the sandy beach next morning. The ship's boats were too slow for our eager spirits, so I paid $1.50 for passage to the shore, about three hundred yards distant.

Three dollars was the price asked, but when I told the boatman that $1.50 was the sum total of my funds, he responded in cheerful tones: "All right, all right; jump in, all the same."

I asked the good-natured fellow how much he was earning a day at his rates, which to me seemed so astonishingly high.

He answered, "Sometimes more, sometimes less, but yesterday I made sixty dollars. Don't do as well as that every day." His plethoric buckskin purse seemed to justify his statement: "Yes, money is plenty in this country everybody has got a plenty."

It is a little saddening now to recall that of all the adventurous army of argonauts in the New Jersey of '49, I know of only three living; two of these are poor, and the third is not rich.

When I reached the beach I set immediately about finding shelter for goods and family. The rain had already begun to descend in a copious storm; the streets were not only muddy, but miry. A house was of the first importance, and this I soon found,— a little redwood shanty of three rooms. The carpenter and owner was still giving it some finishing touches, but I entered, and inquired, "Is this house for rent?"

"Yes, sir," he said promptly.

I was encouraged, for I had learned already that vacant houses at that time were scarce at any price. "What is the rent of your house per month?" I asl[illegible]

"Three hundred dollars," was [illegible] reply.

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I was somewhat astonished, but was assured the rent was cheap; so I said, "All right. Rent in advance?" I asked.

"Well, yes, if you have it."

"But if I have not?" In fact, I had not even an old-fashioned copper cent to pay rent, or buy furniture, or provisions.

"Well," said the stranger good naturedly, "that does not matter,—you'll have it sometime, I suppose."

"Yes, I hope so," I said.

He concluded at once that I was a new arrival, as I was without coin or dust. "You're a new-comer, I suppose," he said.

"Yes."

"Where are you from?"

"From Boston."

"Boston? Why that's where I came from originally. I've been over the world a good deal, though, since then. I was whaling last year, and called at the Islands; it was there I heard of gold being discovered in California. I got here in '48, just in time to find gold plenty,—yes, and I soon got a few thousands up in Yuba, and then I thought I'd give up roughing it, and try San Francisco. I was not satisfied with thirty or forty dollars a day, so I came down here, where I get but an ounce a day if I work at my trade for other people."

Nevertheless, he seemed fairly content with his earnings of sixteen dollars a day, and with his prospects in the then small town. George W. Brooks was his name.

Then this, my first acquaintance in California, Yankee fashion, asked me with that good honest frankness that I claim for my New England kindred in general, what I was going to do to live and make money. Money, he took for granted, as the chief end and aim of my coming. I answered as frankly with an account of my plans.

"Start a public school?" said he. "Well, that will cost money."

"Yes, of course," I said. I was only sensible of the fact that money, and a good deal of it, would be needed for the establishment of my free school, for of course I could count on no paymaster but myself.

"Well," said Mr. Brooks encouragingly, "if you go about it at once, you can easily make money at something, and then you can go on all right. And you need n't mind about rent until you get easy; and if you want a little dust now to get settled and fix yourself comfortably, I will let you have some, what you think you need, and you can pay me back when you have it to spare."

And incredible as it may seem, this stranger put down his plane on the bench, and going to his tool-chest drew therefrom, and held before my astonished eyes, a buckskin mitten of genuine gold dust. "Here is about $7,000 of my own digging," said he. Then upon a piece of strong cloth he poured out the golden grains, a big handful, and said to me, "Here, you'll have to get this weighed, for I have no scales. Use what you want, and return me the balance."

He thought there was at least one hundred and fifty dollars. I found the package contained a little more than three hundred dollars.

Was not this wonderful confidence and generosity? It seemed so to me; but as an incident of early California pioneer life it was not extraordinary. In that unreal, golden, glorious era, cheating and robbing were not common; indeed, so exceptional as to excite great surprise. These unfortunate accompaniments of our higher civilization came at a later day. But when in the early time thieves and murderers were overtaken in their crimes, their career was made short, and death was ignominious. Immediate hanging was deemed a just and appropriate act of resentment on the part of honest men.

So I was soon settled in San Francisco, soon at work, head, heart, and hand, at skilled or unskilled labor. I seized any opportunity to make money. In turn

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I was carpenter, painter, lighterman, speculator,— and everything I touched turned to gold. Four hundred dollars was the clean-up of one day of my first week's labor. It was earned by one night's peril with a lighter, loaded to the guards with goods, whirling amid the turbulent eddies of an outgoing tide near the Golden Gate. And I would surely have been carried out to sea, had not a rope been thrown me from an incoming bark.

In about sixty days after landing I was the happy owner of an adequate sum of ready cash. I was settled, my rent was paid, my borrowed dust returned to the kindly carpenter, and I was ready for another step toward the realization of my dream.

I secured the use of the Baptist church on Washington Street, near Stockton, and then published the following :—

PACIFIC NEWS, December 26, '49.

*To the Citizens of San Francisco:*

The subscriber proposes to establish in San Francisco a Free Public School.

In order that the school may be free to all who may be disposed to avail themselves of its privileges, it is proposed to admit, free of tuition, all who may apply; no other compensation being required at present than what the friends of the school and the public generally may be disposed to contribute.

It is also proposed, until better arrangements can be made, that the school consist of children and youth of both sexes, and of the different ages that usually attend primary and more advanced schools, and that the course of study include those English branches taught in the Public Schools of New England.

The Baptist Chapel, situated on Washington Street, has been generously tendered, and a sufficient sum guaranteed to conveniently fit the same for the uses of the proposed school.

The school will commence on Wednesday, the 26th inst.

Before leaving the States the subscriber procured, at an expense of much time and pains, an ample supply of the most approved school books, with which those pupils who wish can be supplied at the school-room.

The names of the Trustees will appear in a subsequent number of this paper.

J. C. PELTON.

And so, according as announced, the free public school system of California was begun in this city December 26, 1849. At the opening of my school that auspicious morning, there were three boys and one girl in attendance. Two of these have passed to the beyond; the others are among the substantial citizens of San Francisco. The first class soon increased to three hundred or more, requiring two or three assistants, besides myself and my wife. For some time this was a free public school at private expense; but when my purpose came to be understood, this initial school of our great system was adopted by the city, by ordinance of the *ayuntamiento*, or town council,— by whom this, and the other schools that soon followed, were "regulated and controlled," according to due ordinances and laws.

Disastrous fires from time to time almost swept the city from existence. The treasury was often depleted of the last penny, teachers were left unpaid, or when tardily paid, it was in almost worthless scrip; yet the public school survived. The one school-house is succeeded by a thousand comely structures, ornamenting every city, town, and valley, of our State, thronged with thousands upon thousands of the future men and women of California. And now the writer, with time-furrowed brow and gray head, well-nigh to the end of things earthly, is yet living, and permitted to thank Almighty God that the almost unknown and forgotten builder may look upon the results of one humble personal beginning, taken up and carried on to greatness by the wisdom and sound economy of the founders of our State.

I cannot feel willing to close this article without speaking of one of these, the one who still connects the far past of California's public school history with the living present. I owe to him myself, in past and present, more than it is possible to say here. All honor to the helping hand of John Swett,— helping and invaluable in the schools of '91, as in those of pioneer days.

*J. C. Pelton.*

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# MY TRIP TO THE MINE.

I HAD been in California three years, and thought it was high time I should go down a mine, and get some definite idea of the way in which the precious metal was wrested from the earth. So, one bright February morning, I hurriedly packed a little trunk, and took an early train for the locality of one of the largest mines in the State. The Marquis had been there for several months, while I wintered in San Francisco,— if you can use the term "winter" in California. So I anticipated a two-fold pleasure from my trip,— to give the Marquis a surprise visit, and explore the underground wonders of a gold mine.

I had, while on the route from Chicago to San Francisco, built many indistinct, airy castles of the fortune I hoped awaited me in the Golden State, and pictured myself washing dirt in an old tin pan, and finding bright chunks of the shining metal in the bottom; but those dreams of gold, I found, belonged to now bygone days, and it was down, down in the heart of the earth, with the aid of much machinery and toil, that one might hope to unearth the treasure. So of course I was debarred from the struggle; but I could go down, and at least see where the "miser's god" was hidden, and explore the weird drifts and tunnels thousands of feet below the rocky, mountainous surface.

It was a lovely February day. The pretty valleys through which the railroad passed were lovely as a pictured panorama,— the long, curving vistas of bright green dotted with clumps and avenues of dark green trees; the sky a clear, limpid blue overhead, and the mountains rearing their uneven peaks in the distance; all bathed in the bright California sunshine, and as warm as midsummer. And all this verdure and beauty, while the snow (that year particularly) was piled mountains high in the East, and people were being frozen to death. So, though I sighed for my blighted dreams of mammon, I was grateful that I was enjoying the beatific beauties of the favored State.

At three in the afternoon we reached the terminus of the railroad. The typical California stage was awaiting the train, to carry passengers the rest of the way, which was a circuit of several miles through many little mining towns. My destination was about twelve miles away.

There were six passengers besides myself,—four men and two women. We were all soon seated, and our baggage strapped on behind, and off we started. Three of the men occupied one seat, myself and the two women the other, while the fourth man went outside with the driver.

O, how that stage jolted, and swung, and jumped over the rough road! One of the women, who was a large, masculine spinster, tried to keep up a conversation with an hilarious old gentleman who sat opposite her. I soon learned that she was a domestic, who had been away for a time to a neighboring city, and that the old gentleman was a noted personage in those parts, of whom I had heard the Marquis speak. My other female companion was a pretty, timid-eyed young girl, who had been away on a visit, and was going home to a little town some miles farther than mine. This I learned from the very concise replies she made to the questions of Miss Hannah, who was of a very inquiring disposition, and who, though her fellow-traveler was evidently an entire stranger, believed in acquiring all the information possible. She no doubt thought

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that was one of the accomplishments of an experienced traveler. She eyed me askance several times, but had not yet ventured to question me, though I knew she was dying to know who I was, where I was going, and why I was going there.

Thus we rode along for several miles, the stage lurching and swinging terribly, often almost throwing me from the seat, or threatening to thrust my head out through the top. I was trying, too, to preserve my equilibrium to the very best of my power, but the lurches seemed to take me always in an unguarded moment, and I was quite ashamed of the way I was being tossed about. My shy companion was also being rather roughly used, but she had been over the road before, and clung to the side of the stage determinedly, with downcast eyes and very pink cheeks. But the crowning lurch of all came in turning a rocky curve, and Miss Timid-eyes and I were jerked from the seat and thrown violently into the arms of the men opposite us, who were by no means in firm equilibrium themselves.

This was terrible for Miss Timid-eyes, and the pink of her cheeks deepened till they actually blazed. A second jolt in the opposite direction helped us, with the assistance of the men, to regain our places. I smiled, but tried to look dignified too, and said it seemed to be quite an art to learn how to ride in a California stage. I looked encouragingly at Miss Timid-eyes, but she, poor thing, was too mortified to regain even her former composure, and kept her gaze fastened on the hand that was tightly clutching the side of the seat.

Miss Hannah, who was very tall, on the first intimation of the lurch had risen to her feet, and braced her head against the top of the stage, while her large hands fastened themselves with a grip of steel on either side, and there she had stood as immovable as a tree, while Miss Timid-eyes and myself were mercilessly tossed back and forth.

We were now nearing our first stopping-place, which bore a very ambitious name. The name seemed to be about all there was of it, when we reached it. A postoffice, or a little dwelling house rather, with the front room used for a postoffice; a very dilapidated blacksmith shop, and a small, rickety looking building, with a big sign over the door which read:

"DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES, AND HARDWARE."

While the post-mistress, a tall, gaunt, suspicious-looking woman, took in the mail-bag, the driver watered the horses, and then began to examine the under part of the stage very critically. I had imagined since that last lurch that my corner did not jolt in the old way, and had thought I detected a grating sound that I had not heard before, so I was not surprised when he put in his head, and told us that a slight break had occurred, and we would have to get out and wait, perhaps half an hour, while it was repaired at the blacksmith shop.

I was glad to have an opportunity to get my feet on firm ground for a little while, and take in the rugged beauties of the scenery around this queer little place; but Miss Timid-eyes looked quite alarmed, and said to me with a little catch of her breath, that she feared it would be very late and dark before she reached home.

It was already beginning to look dusky, and I knew the moon did not rise till some time after we should have completed our journey, so all I could say to console Miss Timid-eyes was, that I thought from what I had been told we were now over the worst part of the road, and that getting dark early, as it did that time of year, made it seem later than it really was.

The half hour passed quickly, and we were getting into our old places, when the hilarious old gentleman addressed himself to me and Miss Timid-eyes.

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"Ladies," said he, "will you permit me to occupy the seat with you? I do not think those young men," looking at the two sturdy young fellows, who were evidently going to look for work at the mines, "will object to Miss Hannah's company, and I think we can ride more comfortably if we make the change."

The two young men grinned, and Miss Hannah said the old gentleman was a rogue. Miss Timid-eyes said nothing, but looked at me, and I said of course I did not object, if he thought it would make a difference to do so. I could not see how it would, as I was sure Miss Hannah weighed fully as much as he did, — if his plan was to equalize the weight.

But I soon learned how the change was to make it more comfortable. He sat down in the middle, where Miss Hannah had been. "Now, ladies," said he with a philanthropic smile, as he braced his arms on either side behind us, "I don't mean to hug you, and don't you feel backward about leaning against my arms, and when a jolt comes it will help us all to keep in place."

Miss Timid-eyes was again bathed in blushes, but I, knowing from my private sources of information that the old gentleman was a highly respectable and estimable person, thanked him for his kindness in wishing to make it easier for us, and then feeling that it would relieve Miss Timid-eyes' embarrassment, I mentioned my destination and my name, and said that I supposed he was the gentleman of whom I had heard the Marquis speak. But I was not prepared for the effect this information produced on him. He drew his arms down from their braced position on the sides of the stage, and shook my hand warmly, while his pleasant face beamed with intense good nature and satisfaction.

"Well! well!" said he. "So you are Mrs. ——! Ah, the Marquis is a fine fellow, — excellent taste in everything."

Miss Timid-eyes blushed for me, and wondered, I am sure, that I was entirely unconcerned. Our elderly friend could not get over the surprise of my identity. Every few minutes he would beam on me admiringly, while he told me that there was no one,—*no, not one,*— that he entertained such a high regard for as the Marquis.

We were now all on very friendly terms. Miss Timid-eyes looked quite cheerful, and ventured to speak occasionally. It seemed to relieve her mind very much that I knew who the old gentleman was; and Miss Hannah's broad brown face wore a placid look of satisfaction now that her curiosity regarding me was gratified. You will get better acquainted with strangers in a twelve-mile ride in a California stage, than in weeks under ordinary circumstances.

The stage still swung and jolted, but our protector braced himself every time, and grasping our arms on the outer side, held us back so firmly that we scarcely moved. I am sure Miss Timid-eyes will never forget that ride. Her pretty eyes would shoot a swift glance at me every time the old gentleman released his hold of us after a lurching spell, and I am sure she doubted very much if it could be right to accept such aid, even from such a respectable-looking, nice old man.

But everything comes to an end, and as the dusk of the evening was merging into a very dark night, we reached our next stopping place, where the old gentleman and Miss Hannah both lived. He was very loth to leave us, but it was only two miles to my destination, and five to Miss Timid-eyes's, and the road was said to be very good to both places. He shook hands with us very cordially, and sent his warmest regards to the Marquis, and smoothing the wrinkles from the skirts of his spotless broadcloth, and taking a tight hold of his gold-headed cane, he stepped briskly off on the narrow wooden sidewalk. As he turned the corner by the little postoffice, I heard him say, "Well! well!"

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Miss Hannah, too, bade us goodby very elaborately, and laden with two bundles and a bandbox, which doubtless contained her Sunday hat for many days to come, she sailed off majestically. She was very straight, and carried her head poised so rigidly that I am sure she could have borne a pail of water on it without spilling a drop.

It was lucky we had now a good road, for it was so dark I don't think the driver could see the horses; but they knew the road well, and we sped along at a lively gait, and it seemed a very little while until we drew rein at another little postoffice, and my journey was at an end.

It was a much larger town than the others we had passed, and a crowd of men were around the office, waiting for their mail, and anxious to know why the stage was half an hour late. Our two male companions hopped out the minute the stage stopped, and were greeted uproariously by several waiting friends. I changed into the vacated seat, where it was too dark to see from the outside whether the seat were occupied or not, and watched for the Marquis. I knew he would come for his Saturday night letter.

Yes, there in silhouette, on a projecting wall, was his figure now. He was just coming out of the office, and wore a most dejected expression. He had never failed to get his Saturday letter before; so though I had given him no intimation of a visit, I saw he was trying, without appearing to do so, to get a view of the interior of the stage. Miss Timid-eyes was dimly outlined in the opposite corner, but I was enveloped in darkness. My little zinc-covered, iron-bound trunk stood at his feet, but I had bought it for the trip, so of course it was a stranger to him. Then the driver came out with the mail bag; he was almost ready to start again, so I leaned out slightly, and asked the Marquis if he was expecting anyone on the stage that night. He turned quickly, and his "Ah!" expressed volumes.

Miss Timid-eyes and I had chatted very sociably for the few minutes we had sat there alone, and she was very much interested in my little drama with the Marquis. I regretted to have to leave her to finish her journey alone. When I took her hand and said goodby, with a a mutual impulse we kissed like old friends, and she said brightly that she would not feel a bit lonesome for the rest of her ride.

The Marquis was much amused at our show of affection. He thought it would take him some time to get that well acquainted with a man. I told him of course it would,— men *never* kissed each other; but it might not take so long with such a pretty girl as Miss Timid-eyes. He looked at me reproachfully, and I felt I was wicked to tease him, when only a few minutes before he had looked so unhappy and forlorn.

I was beginning to feel quite concerned about my trunk, wondering, when it was so late and dark, and no vehicles of any kind visible, how we should get it taken to the boarding house. I began to speak about it to the Marquis, but before I got much farther than to tell him it was mine, it was whipped up by two young men who had been standing near, and they disappeared with it in a twinkling. The Marquis laughed at my look of astonishment. "You see," said he, "that matter was settled very quickly."

It was such a funny little town! The streets were so narrow, and the houses projected so irregularly that they looked as if they were bowing to each other. There was a hotel, of course, and the regular quota of saloons, and two stores where everything from lace tidies to grindstones were sold.

We had to pass the hotel to reach the Marquis's boarding house. There was a long, open bowling-alley on one side of it, with several seats under trees that shaded the alley from the sun during the day, and from which now several lanterns

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were suspended, while a crowd of men and boys were having a lively time rolling the balls. The landlady, with a baby in her arms, and two small children by her side, and three young girls, sat in one of the seats, laughing and talking with the men, and all seemed to be having a jolly good time.

The Marquis's boarding house was kept by an old couple and their daughter, a very mild, pretty girl. This the Marquis told me while we crossed the street. They kept only a few boarders, odd ones, who could not stand the combined fumes of onions and garlic at the hotel, which was kept by Italians, and where nearly all the boarders were Italians, who of course reveled in such things, and drank wine like water.

The two young men who took my trunk were fellow boarders. We found it occupying the center of the sitting-room floor when we got there, and the old couple, their daughter, and the five boarders all waiting to welcome us.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hale, as she held my hand very tightly, "there is no one I could be more pleased to see this night than yourself." Mr. Hale squeezed my hand till my fingers tingled, and said he was delighted I had come. Miss Flora looked pleased in a pretty, startled way, and said she would get me some supper, while all the boarders expressed variations of delight at my arrival.

I was quite surprised by the warmth of their greeting. I was a perfect stranger to all, and expected no one to care to see me except the Marquis, so I looked at him rather inquiringly, I suppose, and they all looked at him too, and smiled knowingly, and the Marquis laughed and actually blushed. Then I knew why they were glad to see me. They were glad for the Marquis. They had suspected that that dignified, amiable, reticent person had been lonesome, and they felt sure of it now, he looked so radiant.

Then Miss Flora announced that my supper was ready, and a delightfully dainty little supper it was. These good people kept three cows, and had lots of chickens, so the milk, the cream, the butter, and the eggs, were all that could be desired.

They were very methodical, worthy people, this old couple, and believed in the maxim, "Early to bed and early to rise." So after a little more chat we all sought our beds, and I went to sleep, confident that my trip as a surprise visit was a great success.

I was just as pleasantly conscious of it the next morning, but I was also very forcibly impressed by the tired, aching soreness of my entire body. Indeed, it took several days of idly lying round, gentle massage, and copious applications of camphor, before I felt like myself again.

So I said nothing about my intention of an underground visit to the mine until the second Sunday after my arrival, when I mentioned the subject to the Marquis.

He looked at me silently for several minutes, and as if assured of his misgivings by his scrutiny, said: "O, but you could n't go. You would get all dirty."

"But," said I, meeting his disapproving eye, "I do not intend to wear this dress when I go; and if I get my face dirty I can wash *it*."

He still looked as if it was an impossible thing for one to do, and it took a whole week before I convinced him that it was quite practicable, and that I could not think of being disappointed. So, one afternoon, I donned a long ulster, old shoes, old gloves, and a little cap I made for the occasion, and accompanied by Miss Flora, climbed the hill to the big shaft where the men went down.

Miss Flora had lived all her life in the little old house built in the side of the towering hill, but she had never entertained such a daring thought as that of going down into the mine.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hale, when Flora

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left the room, the evening she said she would go with me, "you may be sure she has a great regard for you, or she would never make up her mind to do that. Several times there had been parties going down who wanted her to go, but she would never consent even to think of it."

The women who lived in the locality did not seem to think such a trip interesting, and Miss Flora was particularly timid, and seemed to have a great dread of the undertaking. So, though she climbed the hill willingly, and tried to look cheerful, I knew she was inwardly quaking. Her usually pale face was still paler, and her eyes glistened like stars; but when I suggested, as we stood at the black, yawning mouth of the shaft, and I saw her eyes dilate with a look of positive terror, that we would not go that day, she said O no, she was not at all afraid.

"Why, Miss Hale, surely you do not intend to go down," said Mr. Groves, the superintendent, who with the Marquis was waiting to receive us.

"Why," said I, "you do not consider it dangerous to go, do you?"

"Certainly not," said he. "I should not go, if I did."

So the engineer rang the bell for the skip, the large iron car in which the dirt is brought to the surface, and in which the men ride up and down. This shaft was a steep incline, and the skip ran on grooves in the sides of the shaft, filling it completely and running smoothly and quickly, the velocity regulated by the engineer. We were each provided with a candle, but we could not have them lighted going down, for the draught was so strong that they would be blown out immediately.

We all stepped in and seated ourselves as best we could on the iron bottom of the skip, the great iron bolts and bands that bound and secured it aiding us to maintain our half-reclining position. The bell sounded and away we went, down, down, into darkness impenetrable. There was a sound of trickling water, and a swish of cool, fresh air fanned our cheeks. The air is carried down in air pipes, and ascends again up the shaft.

I enjoyed the ride down very much, and by way of encouragement to Miss Flora talked constantly to her and the Marquis. She held one of my hands tightly, her grip increasing as we descended, and I do not think she could have uttered a word if her life had depended upon it.

Ten hundred feet we went down into the earth. Several times we passed an open space, and a ray of light flashed on us for a moment. This was at the different levels. The levels are usually one hundred feet apart. This mine was twelve hundred feet deep, but the Marquis said that the ten hundred foot level was the most interesting. So we decided to go there first, and then travel upwards.

It was only a few minutes till we found ourselves in a large, cool chamber, with lights twinkling on every side. We stepped out on the hard, even ground floor. I had not expected to see anything half so grand as that great, cave-like apartment, and the Marquis stood enjoying my astonishment, while I exclaimed over the weird beauty of the scene.

The walls were perfectly square and even, with drifts, like long halls, leading off on every side, a cool, fresh current of air gently blowing the bright flame of several candles, stuck in the walls with miners' candlesticks. It seemed like realizing a tale in the Arabian Nights. A fitting home, I thought for the golden treasure hidden behind those massive walls.

Miss Flora now seemed to catch some of my enthusiasm. The rigid lines of her pale face relaxed, and her shining eyes took on a look of timid curiosity as we started down a long drift.

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There was a track in each of these drifts, and a heavy plank in the center of the track, for the man who shoved the car to walk on. Then there were other drifts branching off from the main ones, and niches here and there, where great, brawny men in very *negligée* costumes were drilling holes in the rocky sides.

Then we climbed ladders into out-of-the-way places that were being prospected, and crawled through narrow openings into places where men had to work lying down, and we hid around the curve in a long drift to hear a blast go off. This was almost too much for Miss Flora. I verily believe she dreaded we should all be blown to pieces; but it made so little noise that I said disgustedly to the Marquis, I guessed it was a failure. He laughed knowingly, and said we would go and see. And there, the long, low, narrow place where it had been put in was a yawning mass of rock and crumbling earth.

But O, look as closely as I could, not one little gleaming speck of gold could I see; yet the Marquis assured me that the rock was very rich; so I had to be content with that, and the occasional twenty that would find its way to my slender purse after it had passed the ordeal of the stamp-mill and the mint.

After a couple of hours' climbing and exploring through two levels, I felt satisfied with my visit, and we started for home, down a long tunnel that connected with another shaft, about eight hundred feet distant from the one where we went down. Here we came up as the sun was just sinking behind the mighty hills that made it evening very early in the little cañon, and in the fading light I saw that I was, as the Marquis had said I would be, "all dirty," — a whitish, grimy dirt that stuck, and worked in and through everything, — but I felt very wise and well informed on mining matters; and after a bath and some supper Miss Flora and I both decided that, albeit we were somewhat tired, it had paid. Another week I stayed, climbing the hills and exploring the rocky fastnesses of their summits, where nature in some revolution of by-gone days seemed to have turned the earth half over, leaving towering rocks on their edges,— and as I gazed, I thought, What if she should complete the revolution? What would be the fate of the little town nestling at their base in the cañon?

When the first blustering winds of March howled and whistled through the scraggy pines and manzanitas, I packed again my little trunk, bade adieu to my new friends, who had done everything they could to make my visit pleasant, said goodby to the Marquis, who was to follow me soon, and was again jolted and tossed about in the stage to the station, and evening found me again "at home" in the bustling city. I had seen a gold mine, and I could say with the wise little fairy, "I know where the gold lies hid."

*H. M. J.*

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# VERISIMILITUDE.

II.

Meanwhile Mary's busy husband was jogging along home on his trusty mule, impelled, now and then, by the pangs of a healthy hunger to use his cruel Chilean spurs, to bring him the more rapidly to that pleasant lull in his everyday life, the elaborate second breakfast of those countries.

And presently Alvarez, the clever young Peruvian draughtsman, saw him dismount inside the *patio* gates, and noisily climb those same outside stairs whose last ascent he had seen made by Incarnacion in her fateful visit. Seeing which, he, like Hetty, had wondered why she sought the Señora Elder,— if it were indeed she whom she sought! but so wondered in an idle, uninterested way, not dreaming of the storm her visit had raised.

He was a rather able young fellow, this draughtsman, who, when his office hours were over, used to let his pencil roam over fields much more congenial to it than those marked by the tame contours of a railway plan. Not an inmate of that harlequin household whose face he had not slyly transferred to cardboard, caricaturing it more or less, as the occasion demanded, or his peculiar whim at the moment impelled. Hetty, with her everlasting crocheting and her colorless flirtations, in which latter he had on various occasions aided and abetted her, had proved an unfailing source of amusement to him; and her face, with its great black eyes, had often been added to his well-filled album of house portraits.

He would study all, as he sat gazing, of an evening, from under his heavy brows, talking but little, and then in the "easy Castilian" he had adopted in his intercourse with the foreigners into whose company he had lately been so constantly thrown. So he smoked his cigarettes, winced at the mangled Spanish verbs which so wounded his sensitive ear, and understood a little better, day by day, the rapid conversation in other tongues.

He knew Incarnacion well enough,— recognized in her a comely enough type of her race, but felt for the admiration which some of the strangers had shown for her rude beauty all the contempt that could be inspired by the consciousness of his own unmixed descent from the early Spanish navigators. A poor *chola*, an ignorant *cerrana*, such as she, could never be of much more estimation to him than the goats and llamas, her native companions in these fastnesses.

Alvarez, then, saw John Elder ascend the narrow stairway, and calmly went on shading the mountain range he was putting into the long profile on the table before the low window. From his coign of vantage he saw most that went on about the place; from the tired and often rather cross engineers dismounting from their steeds, to the house steward ordering the not always docile Chinamen about their daily tasks in the care of the building and the service of those excellent meals which a generous policy provided the builders of a difficult trans-Andine railway.

John Elder passed through the common sitting room, picking up his small daughter, who had risen from her fascinating occupation at the sound of the spurs on the stairway, and saying, "Where 's mamma?"

She put her small face into his dark beard, and pointed to the bed-room, whither her father quickly followed her. Shutting the door carefully behind him,

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he almost stumbled over the prostrate form of his wife, whom he had quite failed to see, blinded, as he was, by the now vivid sunshine out of doors.

Little Helen promptly began to cry, and to say she knew her mamma was dead,— thus by no means diminishing the sick fright that filled the heart of the strong man now lifting up the unconscious form. To get what restoratives were within reach was his next move. These he administered with shaking hands, thinking if she did not soon recover to call more efficient help.

Presently, however, to his great relief, he saw a slight quiver of the pale lips; then, the unclosing of the eyelids. But as the eyes within met his own gazing anxiously into them, they closed again, while a slight shudder passed over her.

"Thank God! she is better. How long can she have lain so? Can you tell me, Helen, how long since mamma left the other room?"

"Oh! ever so long, papa! but, you know, there was a woman with her,— a woman like those that get our washing, you know,— and I did n't see her go out, and I thought she was in here all the time. She said she wanted to come in alone with mamma."

The child looked up into her father's face, still too terrified to speak connectedly; but reading there more confidence of mamma's recovery, she soon regained the usual calm of childhood, which, happily, nothing long disturbs; in spite of the fact that that mother had not yet shown further token of life than to breathe heavily, as she lay with still sealed eyelids.

At another time John would have wondered what a *cholita* had wanted with his wife, but now his intense anxiety put any such thought quite out of his mind.

"Mary! Mary! my own darling wife! will you not speak to me? Tell me you are better!"

She shuddered again, and again opened her eyes, this time turning them full upon him with a cold, inquiring gaze. Soon, to his surprise, she sat upright, and pressed her hands on her temples in utter silence.

"Mary, dear, what is the matter? Tell me, dearest, when you were taken ill? Can I do nothing for you?"

A sigh that was almost a groan was her only reply, while her brow was still covered by the slender hands. He repeated his expressions of endearment, and lifted up the child, hoping thus to rouse her the more effectually. But — she winced, as the small hand caressed her pale cheek.

At length John desisted in his efforts to soothe and relieve her. "I will see if one of the ladies cannot do more for you than I, great, clumsy fellow, seem to be able to do." Not an atom of impatience or anger at her avoidance of him entered his soul. "She is ill, seriously ill," he said to himself, "when she will not let *me* help her!" And so he proposed getting feminine assistance.

But if, instead of making this simple suggestion, he had employed an electrical battery to rouse his listless wife, the effect could not have been more sudden or powerful. She bounded from the bed, and though shaking so as to borrow the support of a chair close by, cried, "No! No! I do not want anyone!" And then, her voice sinking to a whisper "Only leave me for a little! I fainted, I believe, but I shall be myself very soon." She dropped into a chair, and closed her eyes wearily.

Not heeding her wish to be alone, and fearing she might again fall, her husband took up a bottle of *eau sédative*, and fell to bathing her now burning temples.

In spite of herself Mary felt a slight glow of gratitude at his patient, tender attention, and did not actively repulse him. Presently, as he grew calmer and more resigned about her, he heard the loud breakfast summons in the passage below.

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"You will not be able to go down, of course."

"Why not?" replied Mary promptly, to his astonishment. She now seemed quite herself, with only a slight increase of color in the face, but lately so pale, and a weary look about her eyes, to tell the tale of her recent suffering. And in spite of his remonstrances, she declared that she should surely accompany him to the table. This she did, and bore bravely Hetty's questioning glances, as she made her late appearance.

Alvarez, from his seat nearly opposite, noticed her increased color, and said within himself, "*That* is what she needed to make her face one of the most artistically perfect I have ever seen!" He looked at her with the eye of painter and poet. For he not only amused his else lonely hours with the pencil; the pen was also handled; and sonnets and longer poems, that were not half so bad as many that found their way into print, flowed from it to the rhythm of his sonorous native tongue. "Pah!" he would explain to himself, as he furtively gazed at Mary's delicate beauty, "She is as far beyond the other *Norte Americanas* here as the Venus of Milo is beyond a ship's figure-head! I wonder which is the type, she or they?" So he idly wondered what had brought that rich carmine to her usually too pale cheeks, not connecting it for a moment with Incarnacion's visit.

Oh! the dull misery of that long breakfast, with its several courses, enlivened by a constant conversation among men who, though hungry enough to do the excellent fare full justice, were yet not so intent upon their material wants as to neglect any opportunity for social intercourse in their isolated life. And these two meals, the late breakfast and the evening dinner, were always pleasant reunions, where every topic of interest in the world at large was discussed and passed judgment on by this busy fraternity. And what did it matter to them if sometimes — indeed, more often than not — the news was a little old, having traveled many leagues of land and sea, with not always the swiftest means of communication, to reach them? It was just as fresh to them, and that was the main point, after all. The talk ran on and on, and seemed to Mary to promise no end, when, to her relief, coffee appeared, winding up the morning feast.

III.

When they parted again for the day — that husband and wife — many were the anxious inquiries on his part, and on hers as many protestations of her entire personal comfort. And when he lifted her face to his, she received the parting kiss calmly, though not without a smothered sigh. She was not a hasty woman, this hurt wife, and she had not by any means as yet risen to the point of indignant crimination. As she reviewed this time afterward, thankful enough was she that she had been so passive in her grief and anger. Thus it was that John rode away with no unwonted thought of her to carry about in the intervals of his long day's anxious labors, other than a slight feeling of solicitude about her physical health.

To avoid Hetty's curious gaze, Mary soon equipped herself for a walk, and taking little Helen with her, set forth upon a climb up the steep mountain side. There was very small choice of walks at Sachara, the little village where the incidents of this tale occurred. It was either to follow the one straggling street, which ran alongside the crooked stream, or to make at once for the acclivities behind the town.

This street ended where the valley suddenly narrowed, at an old adobé church, a graveyard, and the *plaza*, a sorry enough looking place, with never a suspicion of green, either in tree or turf, to change its gray bareness,—a

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place walled in on three sides, while the fourth was not only the location of the one temple of learning the town afforded, but of the also unique inn, or *fonda*, of the pueblo. On the low wall, across the entrances to these two public buildings, spread this legend: "*Vive la instruccion primaria y colegia! Posada para hombres y bestias. Ave Maria Purisima!*"[1]

Mary had often smiled as she read this pretentious sign, and compared its promises with the reality within,— the *cholo* instructor in a dusky room, surrounded by a chattering, disorderly group of mountain urchins, who were climbing the steep hill of learning with infinitely less speed and more difficulty than they would have shown in making the ascent of yonder sharp peaks overhanging their native valley in gray, unwooded solitude; and next door, the tumble-down inn, whose principal feature was its earth-floor kitchen and adobé cooking range, which sent far more smoke into the apartment than through the aperture in the roof intended for its exit; and its wretched stables, where the *bestias* would find a sad enough shelter. All seemed no less than a satire on the sonorous inscription that invited to them. Fortunately, nobody within the memory of man had lodged at this *posada*,— no horses ever been put to rest within its enclosure. As in all sparsely-settled districts, the small number of travelers whom business or pleasure called that way claimed some private hospitality. They would else have fared very ill indeed.

Today Mary looked down upon the little church and plaza with no smile on her weary lips. She and Helen had seated themselves at some distance above the village, for the freqent rest a climb at such an altitude demanded.

None but natives can walk far there without a painful oppression for breath, —a warning that the strained lungs are laboring at an unusual and dangerous rate.

Helen had her hands full of wild flowers, and sat contentedly arranging them, while her mother gazed about her. Close by lay a rich green field of alfalfa, from which a faint, fresh odor came to their nostrils; and beyond, blossomed another of prosaic potatoes; while farther away still, an enclosure of maize was bending its silky tassels to the slight breeze. In spite of her painful preoccupation, Mary could not help admiring the patient industry that had transformed these steep — almost vertical — hillsides into terraced, well watered gardens, whence was supplied all the sustenance of the simple people tilling them.

Mary's was a nature that though repressed and easily guarded in the expression of her emotions, still at times found some vent a positive necessity. And this environment of everything simplest and purest in nature, and the unobtrusive, uncurious companionship of her child, opened the flood-gates anew, all the torrent of her suppressed bitterness leaping up to them. Rebellion against a Power that permitted sin and suffering, when, as she pitifully said, "it could so easily be different!" was her dominant, pervasive thought.

"Mamma does n't feel well," said wise Helen, to her demure little self; "she 'll be better soon, I hope!" She wandered on from her mother's side, attracted by some great flames of blossoms on a stiff, gnarly shrub, a little further up the hill.

By and by a sharp cry dried the mother's tears, and she now for the first time became aware of the child's disappearance. At once fearful of evil, here, near the mule-path where constantly passed men and supplies for the railway work, Mary hastened as fast as the uneven ground permitted, toward the cry, which was constantly repeated, each time more shrill and full of pain than before.

[1] "Flourish elementary and collegiate instruction! Shelter for man and beasts! Hail Mary, most pure!" The writer has seen this very inscription.

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And she found the little girl in a sorry plight indeed, but not from any cause that had occurred to her. The flames she had courted were a mass of great cactus flowers, which she had innocently tried to detach from their parent stalk. Now, beautiful as the bloom of the cactus may be, and inviting to the passer-by, it yet proves a snare to the unwary who approach it unwarned of the defensive armor with which it is supplied. The cactus is like the lives of some persons in this contrary world of ours. One beauty shines through that existence, otherwise a mass of ugliness, deformity, and hurtfulness. But that loveliness can only be enjoyed afar off, or when detached from the life on which it thrives,— and then alas, for how short a time!

Helen had, unfortunately, not only found the desired blossoms hard to reach, but in stretching up to them had fallen face downward on the plant itself. Her hands and arms were torn and bleeding from the sharp spines that had entered her tender flesh, and breaking off, imbedded themselves there. On her mother's knee she soon ceased the audible advertisement of her woe, and bore with tolerable patience Mary's careful, though nearly ineffectual, efforts to extract the obstinate little bayonets from the fast swelling members.

She had already determined to desist till she could reach home and find toilet implements to assist her, at best, somewhat awkward fingers, when she heard a light step behind, to which was soon added a cheerful voice saying, in Spanish, "What, there, has the *niñita?*"

After a second's pause, "Ah! I see! the cactus! We all know that to our sorrow!" And Alvarez stooped down, and examined the tortured child with great care and tenderness. "I was returning from above," looking in the direction of the bridle path, "and I heard a child crying, a sound I can never hear without trying to stop the tears; so I hastened me on, and now, Señorita, here I am, the hero of many a battle with the cactus, and quite ready to give you the benefit of my experience."

He pushed his soft gray felt hat back from a brow about which clustered the crisp curls of early manhood, and promptly seated himself on the ground beside the little sufferer, to whose assistance he had so opportunely come. Mary watched him in satisfied silence, as he drew a small, keen-bladed knife from one of the numerous convenient pockets that round out the completeness of the male attire, and with many assurances of not hurting more than he could help, set himself to the slow task of extricating the many hateful little spines.

As he worked, he beguiled the child from the fright and "hurt," with wondrous tales of fiery dragons that carried off beautiful princesses, only in their turn to meet a speedy vengeance, when the proper time came and exigencies of the story permitted, at the hands of the banished or otherwise forcibly absent prince, who, wonderful to relate, always appeared on the scene just at the right moment.

## IV.

THE shadows deepened on the mountain side nearest the sun, crept down into the deep valley, moved slowly across the brawling stream, changing its display of jeweled lights to a dull, jelly tint, and promising soon to cover the opposite acclivity with the opaque cloak woven by a short tropical twilight. In the few houses in the village that boasted glazed windows, the flames of the sinking sun were sent back to him again, as from an answering fire within; and now, from the neighboring tower of a church, came a metallic summons that brought Alvarez at once reverently to his feet, while he bowed his bared head.

"Ah, the angelus!" murmured Mary, rising also and turning to the east,

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whence should appear on the morrow that brilliant orb now so fast disappearing. And how firm is our faith in the morrow and its returning light! What a bitter world would indeed be ours, were this calm confidence once to be shaken! Mary was no Roman Catholic, but she found in this custom of Catholic countries so tender and touching a daily acknowledgment of a Deity in the universe, that she always joined her moment of devotion to that of the people among whom she was now thrown.

The tone of the bell died away, and was caught up and softly, faintly repeated by the echo farther up the valley. Then all was still,— so still that Alvarez did not at once continue his interrupted story.

Very soon, however, the tramp, tramp of many feet reached their ears, and a whole army of Chinamen, picks and spades on shoulders, marched by, not far above them, seeking their night's rest in the great wooden *galpon* overlooking the town.

Mary observed quickly, "I had no idea it was so late! We have spent the whole afternoon out of doors, while we only started for a little walk, And now it is nearly dinner time, and—"

"And papa will be back and wondering where we are," was what she was about to add to her little daughter. But a sudden recollection of the secret that had so darkened the event to which every thought of her daily life was made to turn — John's home-coming at night — hushed the words on her lips.

She raised her eyes, only to meet those of Alvarez gravely fixed on her paling cheek.

"I think, Señorita,[1] we may safely say now, that the *niñita's* crop of cactus thorns is about all eradicated from the too inviting soil they had taken root in," was all he said, however, as he lifted the weary child to her feet, and began to help her on her way homeward.

After a few moments of almost complete silence, he asked suddenly, "Are all *Norte Americanas* as good wives as you, Señorita?"

"That 's a curious question, and shows how little you know about us *Norte Americanas!*" rather flippantly replied Mary, though with never an accompanying smile on her lips. "Besides," and now the ghost of a smile did appear, "you have two other specimens of American wives here!"

Alvarez shrugged his shoulders expressively, as he said, with a slight sneer curling his thin lips, "And do you suppose for a moment that I compare you with *them?*" adding quickly, as he saw a "Why not?" forming itself on her lips, "Of course, you do not; you have too much intelligence to think anything so foolish. But — tell me truly — are you like the most of your countrywomen, or are they?"

Mary made no answer, but instead, raised her eyes to the glowing mountain tops before them, now clad in the royal garments, Tyrian-dyed, with which such monarchs enwrap themselves when they receive the last parting tribute of light from the dying day.

Alvarez caught the rapt look in her mobile face, and in his shone a fresh access of admiration he was at small pains to conceal. "No woman resents being admired!" he was wont to sagely observe, in talking of the sex; and now, to this common remark, he added within himself, "And she, even though she does belong to a nation of prudes, will think none the less of me — or herself — that I cannot help being influenced by her calm beauty. And that, too, when one considers her grave husband's apparent indifference to it."

He would have been little flattered, however, could he have seen how completely oblivious Mary was, just now at least, of his admiration. Her thoughts,

[1] It is in Spanish countries considered a delicate compliment to a lady to call her *Señorita*, instead of *Señora*. It is such a dreadful thing in *all* countries for a woman to grow old.



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bitter though they were, were all with her absent lord.

They had now reached the Calle del Rio, the miserable street of which I have already spoken. "You have not yet answered my question," persisted the Peruvian, seeing they must soon part,—all too soon for the now deeply interested young man.

"Which of them?" lightly replied his companion.

"Either!" as lightly rejoined Alvarez.

"Why, Señor Alvarez, I told you you knew nothing of my qualities as a wife. I may be a very bad one, for aught you know,"—lower, "perhaps I am!"

"Pardon! I did not catch that last, Señorita. But," rapidly now, and with suppressed excitement, "do you suppose I have not seen your wifely devotion? Do you think I have failed to observe the care and thought that you give to every arrangement that may tend to increase the comfort of your — your — sometimes, ah — *unconscious* husband?" with an emphasis leaving small doubt of his desire to use a less agreeable word. "Have I not often wished that I might some day have some one thus to care for *my* well-being? And, would *I*, then, fail to note any little thought for my pleasure, any step taken in my behalf, any self-denial, concealing from me the weary heart, the lonely hours, the — "

"Stop, Señor Alvarez! You have no right to talk in such a tone to me."

A lively glow, which was no reflection of the level sun, now shone in her speaking face. Her lips trembled, and Alvarez thought he detected through the long lashes the glistening of a tear.

He felt he had, perhaps, gone too far, and was about to apologize, when he saw Mary start violently and draw back. In her agitation, she had pressed on a little in advance of the others. But he could discern nothing that might cause the sudden recoil; nothing more formidable than the apparition of a little ruddy child, playing not far from an open door they had just passed. He was dirty and he was ill clad, but he was radiant in the joy caused by the possession of a small, wretched kitten, whose tail he was pulling and whose ears he was pinching in a perfect ecstasy of growing cruelty. And with all his innocence of bath or neat attire, he was certainly a splendid specimen of very small boyhood. To a skin whose dazzling fairness was surely received from no *cholo* parent, he added the great stag's eyes of southern races, and these two beauties made one quite forget the broad, unpromising nose, and the lips that but too plainly foretold a later breadth and weight, which should proclaim to all the Indian strain in his mixed blood.

"Oye! Juan! Juancito! *huauito*,[1] where art thou?" called out a shrill voice, followed at once by its possessor, emerging from the darkness of the cottage.

Mary again quickened her pace. She had recognized the voice. But Helen pulled at her mother's gown and whispered, "Mamma! That is the woman that came to see you this morning!"

This morning! how long ago that time seemed to poor Mary.

"Is that her baby?"

Mary made a movement to stop both remarks and questions, and in so doing met Alvarez's keen glance. A whole flood of crimson surged over her face and neck, and by no means abated as she beheld her companion's growing look of surprise.

"And, is it then so strange a thing that I cannot conceal my shame?" she thought with intensest bitterness,—"so strange a thing to this Peruvian?"

And she was about to hasten on, when Incarnacion recognized her, and besought her to stop and see the *huauito*.

"Very naughty has he been this even ing, my Señora. I cannot understand why he is so cross."

"He does n't seem cross now," faltered Mary, her head turned from Al-

[1]Quichua, for *little one*.

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varez. "Perhaps he is not well; I do not believe children ever fret if they are quite well and comfortable. But it is late, and I must get home. I will see thee again soon." And without more words she walked firmly on, soon leaving Helen, clinging to the Peruvian's hand, at some distance behind.

*Sybil Russell Bogue.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## TO MY MOTHER.

SINCE thou didst pass, beloved, to thy rest,
Long years ago, one constant hope has filled
My longing heart,—its first wild anguish stilled:
That we shall walk again in regions blest,
With all the old sweet human love unchilled
By time or absence; but today oppresst
With fear I shrink; from dreams like this I see
Friends reunited here too oft awake,
Each life so altered to a different key,
That only harsh and bitter discords break
From voices once attuned to harmony;
What if it should be so with thee and me?

Ah no! ah no! the tender smile that made
The sunshine of my happy youth appears
Across the mists of intervening years,
And comforts me,—I am no more afraid!
What though my voice be hoarse and choked with tears,—
What though my wayward footsteps may have strayed,—
Heaven has not changed thee. Thou wilt find it sweet
Again to teach the faltering lips to say
"Our Father"; and to guide the trembling feet,
With gentle hand, along the shining way,
Till thou canst cry with joy, "Behold, O Lord,
The child Thou gavest me, to Thee restored!"

*I. H.*

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# THE OLIVE IN AMERICA.

The chief points in favor of extensive olive culture in America are that the tree will thrive and bring forth moderate crops on land so dry and sterile that it will not support any other fruit-bearing tree; that both in its pickled form and in the oil that is made from it the olive has a wider and more extensive market than any other fruit; and lastly, that it is one of the longest-lived trees on earth.

As the olive will grow and produce at least moderate crops on land so rocky, sterile, and worthless, that it will not support any other food plant or tree, it is evident that hundreds of thousands of acres now useless, especially in the arid regions of Mexico and the United States, can be made of service to man by being planted to olives. The crop produced will not be so great, nor the berries so large, as those grown upon richer and more fertile soil; but the oil will be of a superior quality, and will command in all markets a higher value than the oil manufactured from the lowland olive. It must be remembered, too, that the rich and fertile lowlands will profitably grow many other fruits, while the greatest merit of the olive is that it will thrive on land absolutely worthless for general farming or fruit-growing purposes. This is a fact that must be taken into account when we note that groves in America produce much greater returns per acre than those of Europe and Asia. In those older countries growers have perceived the advantages of the olive for living on thin, rocky, and otherwise useless soil, while in America the olive has been planted on rich and productive soil.

That it is more extensively used than the product of any other fruit tree is evident from the vast regions over which it is cultivated, and the incredible numbers of trees that are grown.

All through Asia Minor, Palestine, Sidon, Tarsus, Damascus, Haifa, Beirut, Smyrna, and on the islands of Crete, Cyprus, Samos, and Rhodes, the olive excels all other fruit-bearing trees in number as well as in importance to the people. The Ottoman empire alone exports olive oil and products made from the oil to the amount of $25,000,000 a year. It is cultivated in Arabia, Persia, and quite extensively in Egypt, and in upper Egypt its propagation is rapidly increasing. In Tunis and Tripoli, especially in the provinces of Lafita, Akkar, and Kalmun, the olive is extensively grown. That the olive is in common use both in Persia and India, most readers of the Arabian Nights will recall in the stories of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and that of Ali Cogia, the Merchant of Bagdad. In Morocco nineteen varieties of olives are cultivated, great abundance of oil is made, plantations are extensive, and many trees of great size and beauty are found. Olives are numerous, especially in the provinces of Soos, Angera, and Ras-el-Wad, and that they will thrive readily and without cultivation the following incident will show. One of the emperors of Morocco, while advancing with an army into Soudan, camped for a time near Messa. Many horses were used, and these were picketed with stakes cut from the olive trees growing in the vicinity; these stakes took root, and without any care or cultivation became large and fruitful trees, — thus illustrating what Virgil says:—

> Some, cloven stakes; — and wondrous to behold —
> Their sharpened ends in earth their footing place;
> And the dry poles produce a living race.

The olive does excellently in Algiers, and from that country is shipped annually large quantities of olive oil.

It is by no means unknown in China,

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where its planting is rapidly increasing; and it is being extensively cultivated in New Zealand, South Australia, and Cape Colony.

In fifty out of the sixty-nine Italian provinces the olive is largely grown, and the area covered by these trees embraces no less than two and a quarter million acres, while the yearly product in oil is estimated at 90,000,000 gallons.

In Spain there are more olive trees growing than in any other country in the world, the number being about 168,000,000, or nearly ten to each man, woman, and child, in the whole country; but as many are uncultivated, (it is a peculiarity of the olive to cease bearing when totally neglected,) the annual yield of oil is less than in Italy. The olive is extensively cultivated in Austria, especially in Southern Tyrol, Gorixia, Gradisa, Istria, and Dalmatia. In France it is widely grown in the eight southern provinces, or those bordering upon the Mediterranean Sea. Further north the climate is too cold, so that France does not produce anything like the amount of olive oil that her people consume, and large importations are from Italy and Spain, while nearly the whole of the Algerian product is shipped to France.

The olive has been tried in various parts of South America, and has done well in Peru and Chile, and wherever planted on the Andes at a certain altitude; but in the northern parts, as in Venezula, as well as in the great eastern pampas, the climate is too hot. In Ecuador it would find a congenial home, but in Trinidad, San Domingo, Cuba, and the Bermudas, while the tree thrives, it is not fruitful on account of the heat.

In Mexico, on the other hand, the olive succeeds admirably, especially in the provinces of Puebla, Tacubaya, Toluca, Mexico, Sonora, and Guanjuato, and in the provinces of La Paz, Mulegeand, and Loreto, in Lower California. In the last named province the first trees were planted by the early missionaries, and are now considerably over one hundred years old. In San Ignacio, Purificacion, and Comondu,— in the interior mountains,— there are many large and thrifty trees that do not bear fruit, but this is supposed to be due entirely to lack of cultivation. In Mexico there are many of the old-fashioned Spanish olive mills, which manufacture considerable oil, but not enough is made in any of the provinces for home consumption. The cultivation of the olive in Mexico would undoubtedly have been far more extended, had not Spain strictly forbidden the planting of this tree; and it was not until the country became independent that olive planting in California made much progress.

The olive has been tested in Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, and found to bear fruit well. It was tried in 1775 in South Carolina, and in 1829 Robert Chisholm, of the same State, planted olive seeds that grew to trees, which were green and thrifty, and were until recently, at least, in full bearing. They have been planted in Florida, and are found to suceeed admirably in parts of Texas.

That they will bear abundantly in New Mexico and Arizona there can be no doubt, from the tests already made, while in California they are so successful that thousands of trees are planted every year.

That the fruit of the olive commands a wide market is evident from the fact that the people of the torrid zone, where the tree does not bear, consume great quantities of oil, while those of the extreme north, where the climate is too cold for the olive to grow, are also large consumers of both oil and pickled olives. Thus to the island of Cuba there are exported from Spain almost three million kilograms of oil a year; while to Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Central America, and the warmer parts of Asia, there are large exportations of olive oil from Spain and Italy. The

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quantity shipped to Sweden, Russia, Great Britain, Holland, Germany, and the United States, is very great. Thus the olive, while the most important tree to the people where it is grown, furnishes a staple that commands the widest market of any fruit production in the world. Olive oil and pickled olives are known and used by almost every nation and in every part of the civilized world.

That it is the most long-lived fruit tree given to man adds to its value, for an olive plantation, once in bearing, lasts for generations. In Calabria, Italy, are some very ancient olive trees, which have been accurately described by Professor Alvi, and these trees are said to be between five and six hundred years old. One olive tree, accidentally destroyed near Beaulieu, in France, had a positive record of five hundred years, and was green and fruitful at the time it was killed. Bernaud describes one in Villa Franca and Nice that was known as a very ancient tree when America was discovered. Three hundred and seventy-four years ago this tree was twenty-six feet in circumference three feet from the ground. This will give some idea of its great age, as the trees of America one hundred and fifty years in age are but six feet in circumference. De Candolle, a French writer, describes an olive tree near Pescio that is twenty-three feet in circumference, and was planted four hundred years before the massacre of St. Bartholomew; yet already three hundred years have elapsed since that memorable event. The history of Turkey dates from about 1300, when Osman first coined money and caused public prayer to be read in his name,— the two prerogatives of an independent sovereign in the East,—yet that country contains numerous trees that were large and stately and bore full crops of olives ere the empire had its birth, and these trees continue to be as thrifty and fruitful as when Osman, nearly six hundred years ago, ordered the muezzin to cry, "To prayer! to prayer!" from the minaret of the first Turkish mosque.

There are many olive trees that are so old that all records of their ages are lost, and their immense size is the only indication of the time that has elapsed since they were planted. Thus an olive tree near Tarascon, in France, is so gigantic that its branches are fully seventy feet long; others near Rogliano, in Corsica, are fully fifty feet in height. In the gardens in the Vatican, in Rome, is an olive tree that was standing when Charlemagne entered the Eternal City, and each year it bears its burden of rich and oily fruit, though hundreds of years have passed since it was a famous and historical tree. An olive tree brought from Algeria to Paris in 1853, and placed on exhibition in that city, was estimated to be fully one thousand years old. Ceyreste mentions one of these trees near Marseilles that is calculated to be one thousand years old, and is so great that twenty persons can stand within its hollow trunk. Felix A. Matthews, writing from Tangier, says in his consular report, that in Spain and on the island of Mallorca there are olive trees which were old at the time of the Moorish conquest, and which continue to bear enormous crops of fine olives. These trees must be over 1,200 years old. It is the common belief that the olive trees that shaded the Savior in the garden of Gethsemane still rear their venerable tops to the blue skies of Jerusalem; nor is this belief unwarranted, when we consider how old this famous tree becomes.

It will thus be seen that in planting an olive grove man makes the most permanent investment known to the human race; for while cities rise and fall, and even empires are swept away, the green and fruitful olive, planted ere either city or empire were known, still continues to afford its grateful shade and rich fruit to the sons of men.

Olives will thrive over a greater ex-

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tent of country in America than they do in Europe, and there is no reason why the industry here should not become as extensive and permanent as there. In Europe the olive is confined to a narrow strip along the northern shores of the Mediterranean Sea; this includes the southern provinces of Turkey, Austria, Italy, France, and Spain; while in America this tree will thrive in many parts of Chile, Peru, and Ecuador, in a vast portion of Mexico, and in twelve or fourteen States of our Union.

The great importance of the olive consists in the fact that it will live and bear fruit on land so dry and rocky that it lies within the power of almost the poorest man to become an olive planter and an olive owner. Here is an opening for the industrious poor man, who cannot afford to purchase the rich and fruitful lands that are held at a high value. The olive tree, endowed with wonderful powers of enduring drought, will send down its tenacious roots among the crevices of the rocks, down into the dry beds of gravel, or into the thin, hard, red clays, and there live and flourish, and bear crops that will afford the poor man something beside his labor to live upon.

The olive seems to be the poor man's tree, as the goat and the donkey are his animals. It will live where no vine or grass crop will flourish, and give a fruit that is to the laborer a substitute for cream, butter, lard, and meat, for on bread and olives man can live and perform hard labor. It is because this tree will live in the bleak and arid regions where no water can be obtained for irrigation, on the high and rocky foothills where even drinking water is difficult to secure, and on rough and stony lands where nothing else will grow that makes it of such great importance to the poor man who is seeking a home for himself and family.

In Mexico, Texas, Arizona, and California, there are hundreds of thousands of acres of good olive land that can at present be bought very cheaply, yet a few acres of this land once planted to olives becomes in time of great value to the fortunate owner. With the trees once in bearing, the olive grower is safe from want and secure from famine. Mr. Frank Kimball, one of the leading olive growers upon this Coast, says upon this same point: "Millions of people, who in their present locations are barely existing, never knowing anything beyond the enjoyment of the commonest necessities of life, could in a few years surround themselves with luxuries distributed throughout the entire year, and this, too, from ten or twenty acres of ground."

Downing, in the earliest editions of his famous work on fruit, recognizes the great value of the olive, and says: "In the south of Europe it is more valuable than bread, as, to say nothing of its wholesomeness, it enters into every kind of cookery, and renders so large a quantity of vegetable food fit for use. A few olive trees serve for the support of an entire family, who would starve on what otherwise could be raised on the same surface of soil; and any dry crevices of rock, and otherwise almost barren soils in the deserts, when planted to this tree, become flourishing and valuable places of habitation."

With regard to the great variety of soils upon which the olive will thrive, Elwood Cooper, the leading olive oil manufacturer of California, says: "I have tried the olive on hard-baked red soil, in deep gravel, in black adobe, in deep, rich, loamy bottom land, in sandy, alluvial soil, on rocky hillsides, in gravel and clay mixed, in sandy clay washed from the hills, in decomposed lava soil; and they yield about alike, and in all these soils they grow well." I may briefly say that the olive will thrive on all lands that are not too damp, or that are not too open and sandy.

The olive is not difficult to propagate, for it will start from the seed, from cuttings, by shoots from the old trees, and

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from woody balls formed on the top of the roots of large trees. It comes into bearing at the end of five or six years from cuttings, — the preferable way of growing these trees in America, — or in eight or ten years from the seed, which is the usual way of growing the olive in Europe. By the third year the tree bears a little fruit; by the fourth it will pay expenses, and regularly increases each year till the tree is from thirty to fifty years old.

The average life of an olive plantation cannot be estimated at less than from two to three hundred years. Should they be neglected, they will materially lessen their crops, but will promptly respond to generous treatment by an increased yield.

The olive has been tried over a far larger area of our own country than many suppose, for it is known that this tree succeeds well in the northern part of Florida, and that fine crops have been gathered in the neighborhood of St. Augustine. H. S. Kedney, of Orange County, Florida, reported to the department of agriculture in 1877 that the olive grows as luxuriantly in Florida as in its native home. "There are groves of immense olive trees in portions of this State, which are annually loaded with fruit. The only objection to their culture is the length of time required to bring the fruit to perfection."

Robert Chisholm, of South Carolina, in the same year reported to the department that he had many trees growing before the Civil War, but that during the war a portion of these were destroyed. He had not made any oil, on account of the difficulty of procuring suitable material for sacks in which to press the fruit. He was a large cotton planter, and the olive ripened at a time when he was busy with his crops, so that he allowed the fruit to fall to the ground, where his hogs, poultry, and cattle and sheep, ate the fruit with apparent relish, though he said the olive was about as bitter as quinine. His trees were set in a stiff clay soil, where apples, peaches, and grapes, would not thrive; yet the olives, by fair treatment and slight manuring, bore such immense crops that their branches would bend to the ground with their burden of berries.

Attempts were made in Greene and Marengo counties, in Alabama, soon after the war of 1812, to grow olives, but the locality selected was subject to frost, and the young trees were killed at first. The colonists were poor, and they could not afford to wait till the olive trees came into bearing, so that gradually the enterprise was abandoned.

General John Bidwell, one of the largest and one of the earliest orchardists in California, in a public address some years ago, said that the olive was introduced into California from San Blas, Mexico, by Don José de Galvez during an expedition to rediscover the port of Monterey, and that the first trees grew at the mission at San Diego. The seeds from which these trees grew were planted in 1769. Trees were grown in Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, San Juan Capistrano, and other missions. The first oil was made at the San Diego mission, in 1780, and the first oil made in California outside of the missions was by Don Ygnacio Del Valle, at Camulos, Ventura County, in 1871. The largest trees in the State are at Mission San Fernando, at San Juan Capistrano, and at the old Mission San José, in Alameda County.

Now, as Mr. Frank Kimball says: "There are olive groves scattered in California from two hundred miles south to five hundred miles north of the original point. There is no good reason why we should not export to Europe, to the same countries from which we draw our supplies, for our trees will bear four or five crops before the trees of Southern Europe have bloomed for the first time."

Mr. Cooper, the leading grower of this State, evidently believes that America

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has nothing to fear from the importation of genuine olive oil, and that by more careful handling in this country we can make a finer grade of oil than can be made in Europe. In this he is supported by Professor A. Aloi, Professor of Agriculture for Italy, who says: "The province of Bari, which, prior to 1830 furnished most fetid and blackish oils, fit only to make soap or to burn, is today the model district of Southern Italy, not only for the fabrication of the oil, but also for the culture of the olive. Now in that province the olive harvest is done by hand; on the contrary, in the province of Lecce, where are produced the worst oils of Italy, the olives are allowed to fall from the trees, becoming bruised, and unfit to make fine oil. In Lucca, where are produced the finest oils of all countries, the picking is done by hand."

The better systems of American growers will compel the oils of Europe to give way, for in making oil everything depends upon the manner of handling the olives preparatory to their manufacture into oil. The reason why so much rank, strong oil is made in Southern Europe is the manner in which the berries are picked, cured, and pressed. The chief injuries are in knocking the berries from the trees with poles, the keeping of the olives before pressing till they ferment, and the lack of care in handling the oil after it is expressed. The same eminent Italian writer from whom I have quoted says: "Often the oil produced is of a greenish color, strong odor, and strong flavor, so that it cannot be used on the table at all. The olives are knocked from the trees and then piled upon a floor, often covered with weights, and are there allowed to ferment or heat before being ground for oil."

Nothing manufactured from a fruit or vegetable will taint more quickly than the olive, and the utmost cleanliness is requisite. That this is not done in Turkey, Greece, Spain, and other countries of Europe, is evident from the writings of those who have made a study of olives in those countries. Thus, in addition to the careless manner of picking the fruit, and the lack of good judgment in allowing the berries to ferment, there is a failure to keep perfectly clean the picks, spades, pans, and other utensils with which the fruit is handled after it is piled up in great masses on the floor. In some of the countries named, the bags in which the olives are pressed are made of goats' hair, in others of hemp, or of grass, in others rushes are used, and in some horsehair. The appliances are rude and imperfect, the oil is sent to market in goat skins, or is kept in improper receptacles, or those that are not scrupulously clean, and all these points tend to lessen the purity of the oil, and to give it a rank, strong flavor.

On the other hand, manufacturers in California use the utmost care; everything in the oil house is scrubbed spotlessly clean, hot water is kept at hand, and not a drop of oil is allowed to remain on the floor. Here it is kept in glass, or other taintless material, and no effort is spared to make the oil pure and sweet.

By some it has been thought that powerful pressure, such as the hydraulic press, could be used to advantage in expressing the oil; but this is not true. The olives must have a strong, but steady and long continued pressure, and the hydraulic press will not answer.

In making oil, the olives are ground to a pulp by stones that revolve in a basin; the operation of grinding takes three or four hours. The pulp is then placed in circular bags with a hole at the top and bottom, the bags having open meshes through which the oil can escape. These bags are made of strong material to stand the great pressure, and are placed on top of each other when put under the press. The first oil that escapes, before the pressure is applied, is termed "virgin oil," and is better and will keep longer than any other.

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After the oil is expressed, it must be allowed to stand for a long time, to let the oil rise to the surface above the water that is contained in the olives. The second grade oil is made by breaking up the pulp, pouring water over it, and putting it through the press a second time. This second grade oil is of two qualities, one rank and strong, used for machinery; the other is used for making soap.

As olive growing becomes more general, mills will be established, so that the grower can sell his fruit to advantage, and need not manufacture it himself.

In pickling olives, experience is not required, as in making the oil. A clean vessel free from taint or smell must be used. Select the olives, so that those which are red, those partially black, and those black or perfectly ripe, may be kept in three grades. Then cover them with lye made from concentrated lye, two ounces of lye to each gallon of berries and water, enough to just cover the fruit, leaving none exposed to the air. Let them stand from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, or till all bitterness is removed. For choice pickles it is well to boil and skim the water before putting in the lye. After removing the olives from the lye, wash them in clean water till all trace of the lye has disappeared; test this with a strip of litmus paper, — the least lye will color the paper. Then put the olives in a weak brine, and keep them in large earthen jars glazed on the inside, or put into glass bottles.

In planting olives, not over forty or fifty should be set to the acre, and the cost of land, plowing or digging, trees, planting, and bringing into bearing, varies from $50 to $250 an acre, according to the original cost of land, nearness to market, whether all labor must be hired, and other such conditions.

The manures most suitable for the olive are olive leaves and small branches, oil cake, residue of oil, horns, bones, pieces of skin, feathers, woolen rags, guano, chips, straw, poultry manure and the barnyard manures, the plowing under of grass, beans, lupins, etc.; but the use of strong chemical manures is injurious.

Among the oils used to adulterate olive oil are cotton seed, mustard seed, nut oil, sesame, lard, poppy, calzo, peanut, and cameline. Honey and glycerine are used in parts of France. The oils used must be cheap, of palatable flavor, and not easy to distinguish from the genuine oil.

While the olive is not without its various insect enemies in Europe, yet in California the black scale appears so far to be the only enemy to be dreaded, and this is far more serious on the sea coast than in the hot, dry climate of the interior.

The best varieties for cultnre along the coast, where fog is troublesome, are the Mission, Mignola, Morajolo, and Leccino; while in the interior the Mission, Picholine, Manzanillo, Rubra, and others are all successful. A Cayon has been found to withstand the cold as low as thirteen degrees Fahrenheit, in the Santa Cruz mountains. We again quote from Mr. Cooper, who says: "The olive will thrive and do well in almost any part of California, and no tree offers so much and so certain as a permanent investment. Oil making cannot be overdone, and the demand for good olive oil at good prices must increase more rapidly than the production."

No tree presents greater attractions to the grower, so far as profits are concerned, than the olive: as high as $2,000 an acre has been realized a year from olive groves in California, and the more experienced and extensive growers are those who are the most enthusiastic as to the cultivation of this tree on an extended scale in America. Mr. Kimball says, "Trees in California have produced 192 gallons of olives at a single crop, and the following year 150 gallons, equal to

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more than forty gallons of pure oil; and there cannot be purchased in the United States a gallon of pure table oil for less than five dollars a gallon wholesale."

The olive in parts of Europe forms the daily food of the people, and Dondero says, "Corn meal mush, olive oil, and wine, forms the noon meal of millions of Italians." Flamant says, "A piece of bread, a flask of wine, and a pocketful of olives forms the midday meal of many in southern France."

It will thus be seen that the olive, which was the second tree named in the Bible, and to which the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, all paid divine honors, is destined to become one of the most important trees cultivated in America. This famous tree, used by the Romans to crown their victors; which the Greeks forbade cutting down or destroying, under excessive fines; and which all nations of Europe and Asia respected in time of warfare, is certain to become the means of a great industry in several of the Southern and Pacific States.

This is especially true of California, where millions of olive trees all through the State have been planted during the past four or five years, and will soon come to bearing.

*S. S. Boynton.*

## RONDEAU.

Pan and his pipes — the dream is o'er,
The god frequents the fields no more.
By mossy knoll, thro' daisied mead,
Their loitering flocks the shepherds lead,
But not to music, as of yore.

Sweet Daphne, fairer than before,
Seeks some stray ringlet to restore,
Or shakes her locks in vain to heed
Pan and his pipes.

Forsaken plain! forsaken shore! —
O idle poet, to deplore
A loss which is no loss indeed!
A shattered flute? A broken reed?
Hark in the pines forevermore
Pan and his pipes!

*Martha T. Tyler.*

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## THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE CHINESE ARMY.

INFERIOR to Turks, Persians, or Indians, in military knowledge, the Chinese infinitely surpass them in the arts of peace; and there is a species of vicious regularity in their government, morals, and science, which, while it gives them a claim to civilization, still leaves them far behind the nations of Europe.

Less barbarous than those around them, the people of that great empire have maintained a perpetuity of laws, manners, and maxims; and as each succeeding dynasty of kings supported the civil institutions of their predecessors, the tide of conquest has repeatedly passed over the greater part of China, and yet left it unchanged.

The vast Empire of China, inhabited by a most ingenious and intelligent people, has been held in subjection for upwards of two hundred years past by a horde of barbarous Tartars,— the Manchu Tartars. The conservative element of the Chinese social system which has produced this remarkable phenomenon, I conceive to be, that perfect freedom of employment and full participation in every advantage which their country can afford, except military command, has been given to the natives of China. It has been done in the most systematic manner, by means of public examinations periodically held,—those who acquit themselves best being placed, as a matter of course, in government employment.

The Chinese army is divided into two distinct forces, which differ as widely as the troops who fought in the Crimea do from those who conquered at Cressy. The one is that which is constituted and trained in the orthodox Chinese manner, and the other is formed of the regiments which, since the war of 1860, have been drilled and armed on the European model.

The Chinese and Manchu soldiers are chiefly exercised in the use of the bow, as well on horseback as on foot; then in that of the matchlock; and lastly, of artillery.

The Chinese soldiers do not acquire much dexterity in any of these exercises. Naturally of weak constitutions, and accustomed to a tranquil and idle life, they lack the strength necessary to draw the bow. They are indifferent looking soldiers. When their artillerymen fire a gun, they cautiously apply a light to the match, and instantly run back a great many yards, fall on their faces, and lie squat till the tube has sent forth its contents.

In 1696 the Chinese soldiery consisted of cavalry divided into eight standards, each of a hundred thousand men. To every standard belonged a general, who was always a petty king, or great lord, and was called general of the green standard, of the white, etc.

The present Army of the Green Standard, or the Chinese provincial troops, numbers 1,000,000 men.

Soldiery descended from father to son, for the emperor not only allowed them competent pay, according to their quality, but also rice for the whole family, the horse, and provender for him, without sparing, because all came from the provinces, which paid it as tribute. The petty kings had pay allowed them to keep 12,000 men, and maintain themselves with due grandeur, besides others they kept at their own expense. Besides their ordinary pay and allowances, the soldiers also receive donations from the emperor on particular occasions; as when they marry, and when they have male children born. On the death of their parents, they obtained "a gift of consolation," as did their families when the soldiers themselves died.

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The multitude of military officers, as colonels, majors, captains, etc., was endless. They were all included under the title of mandarins.

The first mention of anything like firearms in the Celestial Empire is in the year 1219, when Genghis-Kahn was penetrating the provinces of China. It is stated that the Chinese, from the turrets of the walls of Tsao-Yong, played their machines, called *pao*, (the present name of guns,) by which they killed great numbers of the enemy. Again, when Ogdai-Kahn laid siege to Lo-yang, the Chinese commandant, Kiang-chin, invented a kind of *pao*, which hurled large stones to the distance of one hundred paces, with such accuracy as to strike any point that might be desired.

Bamboo staves, hooped together, was no doubt the first attempt in China at the use of cannon, to which succeeded, probably, those of plates of malleable iron, also hooped together, several of which kind have been seen within the walls of a city near the Great Wall. Large stone balls, as well as stone mortars, were used in China, according to the authority of Father Amyot, so early as the eighth century. It is pretty evident that the Chinese had but an imperfect knowledge of cannon, before the arrival of European missionaries in the capital, who taught them how to cast them; at the same time they were instructed in the method of fortifying towns, and constructing fortresses according to the rules of modern architecture.

At present, arsenals have been established, and all kinds of fire-arms are successfully manufactured. Foreign breech-loading rifles, Krupp's ordnance, and other weapons, have been imported.

The principal duty of the Chinese army before the conquest by the Manchus was to guard the Great Wall against their subsequent conquerors, and consisted, according to some writers, of a million, while others say a million and a half. As in Russia they sent criminals to Siberia, so here they were sentenced to serve at the wall. It was constructed entirely with a military object. Although the Manchu Tartars have almost wholly abdicated their own manners and adopted those of the Chinese, yet amid this transformation of their primitive characters, they have still retained their old passion for hunting, for horse exercise, and for archery.

Descended from the ancient Scythians, they have preserved to this day the dexterity of their ancestors in the above mentioned sports. The Scythians derived their name from the Teutonic *scheten* or *schuten*, "to shoot," in which art this nation was very expert; hence the name Scythian, or archer. They were divided into several tribes; and that philosophy and moderation which other nations wished to acquire by study, seemed natural to them.

The existing military system is that which was introduced into China by the reigning dynasty, who are descended from the Manchu Tartars. It is based upon the organization prevailing in Manchuria at the time China was conquered by the former kingdom. The first time mention is made of the Manchurian army is in the hunting field. It was the habit of the king on stated occasions to go out hunting, accompanied by bands of beaters, who, for peculiar purposes connected with the chase, were arranged under four banners, colored respectively yellow, white, red, and blue. These beaters, by degrees, learned to combine the duties of a standing army with those of huntsmen, and ranged in the same order, and under the same banners, followed their leaders with perfect indifference either into the coverts or the battle-fields. As they became less of huntsmen and more of soldiers, and their numbers increased, the banners had to be doubled. This was done by dividing each banner into the plain and bordered color, in the following order: (1) bordered yellow, (2)

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plain yellow, (3) plain white, (4) bordered white, (5) plain red, (6) bordered red, (7) plain blue, (8) bordered blue. The Manchu army was thus constituted when it marched, in 1644, into China.

During their victorious progress to Peking, the forces of the invaders were considerably augmented by the addition of a complete division of Mongolian and Chinese sympathizers to each banner. These composite corps were rewarded for their subsequent conquests, which led up to the seizure of the throne, by a decree which set forth that to one and all of their male descendants forever should belong the privilege of constituting the Imperial Banner force. To all others its ranks were closed. The duties, also, of guarding the capital and protecting the person of the emperor were alone confided to these troops. By this means the sovereign secured to himself a faithful bodyguard. The descendants of the original Bannermen have become so wide-spreading, that the line of demarcation between them and the Chinese has become nearly, if not entirely, obliterated.

According to the present law in China, there is every third year a census made of the population of each Banner, and all persons who do not cause their names to be inscribed on the roll are deemed no longer to belong to the Manchu nation; those, therefore, of the Manchus whose indigence induces them to desire exemption from statute labor and military service do not present themselves to the census enumerators, and by that omission enter the ranks of the Chinese people. Thus, while on the one hand constant migration has carried beyond the Great Wall a vast number of Chinese, on the other a great number of Manchus have voluntarily abdicated their nationality.

The whole population of Peking at the present day, speaking generally, is composed of Banner families. The Bannermen stationed at Peking number 150,000, who are divided into 150 *tsoling*, or companies of from eighty to ninety men apiece. The support of this unwieldy force is a heavy tax on the people. Pay to the amount of nearly $500,000 is distributed monthly among the Peking troops alone, besides the allowance of grain dealt out to each household.

In addition to this main body, and recruited from it, are five principal brigades, of which the Imperial Guard is the crême de la crême. The special duties of this favored corps of Manchus and Mongols are to protect the apartments and person of the sovereign, and to guard the twenty-four gates of the "forbidden city." None are eligible except those belonging to the above nationalities. Their weapons are bows and arrows, and only when called upon to escort the emperor to his summer palace at Yuen-ming-Yuen do a certain number of them carry trident halberds and swords or daggers. The "vanguard division" is composed in precisely the same way as the Imperial Guard, and has half its men armed with matchlocks. At the triennial review of the entire Banner force, its privilege is to hold the foremost place of honor. They furnish part of the guard at the gates of the "forbidden city." The "flank division" is manned by Manchus and Mongols. With these troops also, bows and arrows are the favorite weapons, though a small number carry matchlocks. The men forming this division are taken in proportion of thirty-four men from each *tsoling*, whereas the Imperial Guard are chosen in proportion of four men to each *tsoling*.

Six times a month they practice archery on foot; and every spring and summer, dressed in armor, they go through the same exercises on horseback. This division furnishes a guard of two men at each gate of the "forbidden city," whose duty it is to sit holding a red bar across the gateway, and who rise only to princes of the blood.

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The "light division," as its name indicates, is especially intended for service requiring strength and activity.

The fifth great division is that of "artillery and musketry," which is divided into two brigades, one of which is quartered within and the other without the city. Though nominally devoted to the use of firearms, they, like the rest of their comrades, depend more especially on the weapons of their forefathers,—bows and arrows. Their artillery practice is the merest farce.

But besides these five grand divisions, there are a number of different corps, to whom are attached duties of a more or less military character,—such, for instance, as buckler-men, whip-bearers, falconers, camp-followers, and "*orbo*." These last carry a kind of *cheval-de-frise*, called by the Chinese "stag horns," with which they enclose the camp of the force to which they are attached. The "stag horns" are made of bamboo poles, which are so thrust through horizontally placed beams of wood as to form supports to the beams, while at the same time they present a *cheval-de-frise* to the enemy.

Although the headquarters of the eight Banners are stationed at Peking, large divisions are quartered at other points in the metropolitan provinces. Altogether, forty-one out of a total number of fifty-two divisions are stationed in the capital and the surrounding districts; the remainder are in Manchuria, Turkestan, and in eleven of the outlying provinces of China proper. The men belonging to these local corps have nearly lost all semblance of the martial bearing which it is charitable to suppose they once possessed, and which is to some extent still maintained in the metropolitan regiments. The only quality which distinguishes them from the civil populations is an unusual aversion to all kinds of work. Possessed of pay and allowances which are just sufficient to eke out a meager existence, they find themselves raised above the positive obligation to work, and being thus free to choose between idleness with poverty and work with a competence, they have in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred deliberately chosen the former combination.

Each Banner has its separate territory, and a tribunal having jurisdiction over all the matters that may occur in the Banner. Besides this tribunal there is, in each of the eight Banners, a chief called *Ou-Gourdha*. Of the eight *Ou-Gourdhas*, one is selected to fill at the same time the post of governor-general of the eight Banners. All these dignitaries are nominated and paid by the emperor of China.

The Banners, which are really an army of reserve, were formerly situated in a district called Tchakar. In order, no doubt, that this army might be at all times ready to march at the first signal, the Manchus were severally prohibited from cultivating the land. They might live upon their pay and the produce of their flocks and herds. The entire soil of the eight Banners was inalienable.

It is in these pasturages of the Tchakar that are found the numerous and magnificent herds and flocks of the emperor, consisting of camels, horses, cattle, and sheep. There are 360 herds of horses alone, each numbering twelve hundred. A Manchu Tartar, decorated with the white button, has charge of each herd. At certain intervals, inspectors-general visit the herds, and if any deficiency in the number is discovered, the chief herdsman has to make it good at his own cost. The Manchu warriors have the character of being a turbulent and haughty race, and sometimes occasion much difficulty to the Chinese officers of government, from whose jurisdiction they are generally exempt, and are subject only to officers of their own nationality. Nearly all the mounted soldiers in the Chinese army are of Manchu descent. A great difference seems

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to exist between the pay of Manchus and Chinese. One of the former, being a foot soldier, receives about ten cents a day, with allowance of rice; one of the latter, only eight cents, without the rice. A military life is much more the bent of a Manchu than of a Chinese. The hardy education, the rough manners, the active spirit, the wandering disposition, the loose principles, the irregular conduct, of the former, fit him better for the profession, practice, and pursuits of war, than the calm, regulated, domestic, philosophical, and moral habits of the latter. Warriors seem more naturally the offspring of Tartary, as literati are of China.

The number of literary mandarins in China is computed at upwards of 14,000, and those of arms at 18,000; the former, however, are considered as the principal body in the empire; and the preference is thought to damp the military ardor of the nation in general, and to be one cause of that weakness in war for which the Chinese are remarkable.

The word "mandarin" is not Chinese, being from the Portuguese "mandar," to command, and is used to denote a class of persons in China which includes civil officials, military officers, literati, and in general, what may be considered the nobility of the empire.

In China proper, or the "Middle Kingdom," which contains eighteen provinces, there are, in time of peace, only eighteen *Titus*, or generals, but in time of war the rule is departed from, and other *Titus*, sometimes in all to the number of two hundred, are employed under the Governors, or *Futais*, of each province, in command of distinct levies raised for a specific purpose. Legitimately, there could no more be two *Titus* in a province than two *Futais*.

The *Titu* of a province is commander-in-chief of its naval as well as its military forces. In China, the highest rewards for military services are hereditary, unlike all other official honors. Nine titles of nobility, viz: *Kung*, or duke, *How*, or marquis, *Pih*, or earl, *Tsze*, or viscount, *Nan*, or baron, and *King-chè Too-yü*, *Ké Too-yü*, *Yun Ké-yü*, and *NganKé-yü*, which may be considered equivalent to as many degrees of knighthood, are set apart for military heroes. With the exception of the last title, all these are hereditary during a specified number of years. They have the peculiarity, also, on occasions, of not only descending to future generations, but of ennobling the dead, and especially those who have been killed in battle.

On military officers, as rewards for distinguished services, are conferred not only honorary titles, such as *Tseang Keun*, "General," etc., but articles of clothing, among which the most coveted is the yellow riding jacket. This jacket is supposed only to be worn when in attendance on the emperor, and though it is invariably called "yellow," the color, as a matter of fact, follows that of the banner to which the recipient belongs. Only two Europeans have been granted this distinction, namely, Colonel Gordon and M. Giguel.

Next to the yellow jacket, the peacock's feather is the imperial reward which is most highly prized, and of this distinguished decoration there are three ranks. The highest is the *San yen hwaling*, or "three-eyed peacock's feather," which is conferred only on imperial princes or nobles of the highest degree, or for the most signal military services. The second, the *Shwang yen hwa-ling*, or "double-eyed peacock's feather," is bestowed upon lesser dignitaries, and for less conspicuous merit. And the third, the *Tan yen hwa-ling*, or "single-eyed peacock's feather," is given as a reward for good service, without regard to rank. One other kind of feather, known as the *Lan ling*, "blue feather," or more commonly *Lao Kwa-ling*, "crow's feather," is reserved for all officials under the sixth rank who have won their spurs on

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the battle-field; and according to regulation, it is a distinction which is open also to the rank and file of the imperial guard. But more commonly private soldiers receive as a reward for merit an oblong plate of thin silver, on which is inscribed the character *Shang*, "reward."

By the present dynasty a Manchu title of distinction has been imported into the Chinese service, and is now much coveted, both for the honor it brings, and for the increased allowances which the bearers of it enjoy when on active service. *Ba-lóo-roo*, "Brave," is a title which by imperial order is added to the names of soldiers who have performed acts of gallantry in the field, and in cases of more than ordinary merit, it is supplemented by prefixed epithets, such as "magnanimous," "heroic," etc.

As an additional mark of the imperial appreciation for military services rendered, it is permitted to certain officers to ride on horseback a specified distance within the outer gateways of the palace, when bidden to an audience, instead of being obliged to dismount at the gates of the "forbidden city," as all officials now are who do not possess this privilege.

In China, as elsewhere, it is fully recognized that the same power which grants honors and privileges may at any time withdraw them, and each and all of the distinctions mentioned are revocable by imperial decree.

Besides the "Eight Banners," the Chinese government, fortunately for its own stability, has another force to depend upon, viz., the Army of the Green Standard, or Chinese provincial troops. This force, which is made up of one million men, is composed of both soldiers and sailors. The men of this force in each province are placed under the orders of the viceroy, governor, and Tartar general, in such proportions as to equalize the power in the hands of these officials. Their special function is to keep in check the dangerous classes, and on rare occasions they are called upon to take the field against the border tribes. Though quite as unmilitary as the Bannermen, these troops yet serve some useful purposes as sedentary garrisons and local constabulary. In the province of Kwan-tung (Canton) there are about seventy thousand of these troops in ordinary times.

Having few military duties to perform, their arms, which consist of swords, spears, matchlocks, and bows and arrows, are allowed to hang rusting on the barrack walls, except on the days when custom requires the men to muster on the parade ground. These periodical reviews are the only occasions on which they appear as a combined force. When active operations in the field become necessary they remain impassive, and are content to see the provincial militia, or "Braves," as these troops are commonly called, assume in their stead the pride and panoply of war. The "Braves" generally clothe and arm themselves according to their own fancy, and are distinguished by the character "robust" being stitched to their jackets in front, and the word "brave" behind.

After the appearance of the allied soldiers within the gates of Peking, and the burning of the summer palace, a field force was organized on the European system, and armed with European weapons. The title of *Shin-ki-ying* was given to this division. The name was borrowed from the history of the Ming dynasty, when, on the first introduction of firearms, the designation of *Shin-ki*, or "divine mechanism," was attributed to the new engines of warfare. This force numbers some 18,000 or 20,000 men. The instruction of these troops is based upon the lessons given by English officers who went to Tientsin and Shanghae at the request of Prince Kung, about the time of the Taiping rebellion (1860).

About this time a force, which was to



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earn for itself the name of the Ever Victorious Army, had been organized by an American named Ward, to act against the Taipings. As is well known, Gordon succeeded to the command, and with the small force of 5,000 rank and file, which constituted the bulk of them, overthrew large armies of the Taipings, and broke the back of the rebellion.

The extraordinary results thus obtained deepened the impression already made on the more enlightened Chinese statesmen, notably Li and his great rival Tso Tsung-t'ang, the former of whom took immediate advantage of the capture of Nanking, in 1864, to establish his principal arsenal in that city. To the manufacture of arms he added the construction of ships of war, and subsequently a torpedo factory and school. The success which has hitherto invariably attended the employment of the drilled troops against the domestic enemies of China, has led to an extensive development of the new systems of arming and maneuvering. In many parts of the empire, depots have been established for training recruits in the new method.

To the men thus disciplined are entrusted all the important points on the frontiers, and their ready capability of taking the field whenever emergencies arise has almost entirely deprived the troops of the Eight Banners, the Green Standard, and the Braves, of all necessity for girding on their armor. On the line of the Amoor ten thousand of these men stand as a protection against the northern neighbor of China, who, rightly or wrongly, is regarded as an encroaching power; and five hundred hold the pass of Kalzan, which separates China from Mongolia. In Manchuria, a strong force occupies the principal garrisons; and from a memorial from the governor of that dependency, which appeared in the *Peking Gazette*, it appears that that official is fully alive to the value of rifles and *Ké-lu-pu* (Krupp) guns, which he is good enough to say are "manageable, strong, and effective weapons."

The number of drilled troops in different parts of the empire cannot now be far short of two hundred thousand men; and behind these are the Banner and Chinese forces, who, though badly armed and notoriously inefficient, yet possess, after all, a certain amount of training, which could not fail to be of value in case they were called upon to join the higher organization. No doubt in many places, especially in Tienstin and Taku, the troops are maintained in a high state of training, and their arms are kept in good order. In some of the provinces in the interior, where loyalty sits lightly on the consciences of the people, we find rifles exchanged for bows and arrows, and Krupp guns for venerable and useless ordnance.

The authorities appear to be unconscious of the ridiculous contrast between their native system and the European organization, for with unblushing cynicism they publish side by side, in the *Peking Gazette*, reports on the value of foreign arms, and the advantages reaped in the field from the steadiness imparted to the men by foreign drill, with the most grotesque accounts of the absurd evolutions and accomplishments of their native army.

In October, 1859, the Russians offered the Emperor of China ten thousand muskets, but his majesty declined to accept the present, fearing that the muskets in question might be brought by an equal number of Russians.

The building of the Great Wall, the vast expense they were at in erecting it, and the enormous charge in keeping it up, are plain demonstrations of the Chinese want of courage. They are more fit to study, to trade, to make curiosities, and to cheat, than to fight.

The dress of the military varies in different provinces, blue jackets bordered with red being worn in some, brown and yellow in others; but sugar-

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loaf hats, terminated by a spear, and long tufts of scarlet hair, seem to be the proper distinction of a soldier. Cuirasses of quilted cloth, thickly studded with brass knobs, are worn in some districts; and shields of basket work two feet long, and painted to look like the heads of dragons, are used by a corps called the "tigers of war."

As before mentioned, the arms of the Chinese are swords, matchlocks, and bows, except when, acting as policemen, they exchange these for a more offensive weapon, and one with which they are more formidable — the whip.

Macartney, writing in 1798, says that:

No guns are fired in China by way of signal; but circular-rimmed plates of copper, condensed by much hammering, and mixed with tin or zinc, to render it more sonorous, are struck by wooden mallets, and emit a noise almost deafening to those who are near it, and which is heard to a considerable distance. This instrument, which the Chinese call *loo*, and the English, in China, gong, from the name it bears in other parts of the East, is generally used upon the water. In like manner, two pieces of wood struck together against each other, and producing a sound like that of a great rattle, serve ashore to give notice from authority on most occasions, especially among the troops.

Drums do not seem to be used in the army; but they form a part of the religious music in the temples. Fans used to be carried by the soldiers, together with their military arms. The industry and never-ending perseverance of the Chinese enable them to build extensive and powerful batteries; their guns at the present day are in many instances equal to any of European manufacture.

General Gordon, in a memorandum presented in 1881 to Li Hung Chang, laid it down that "China should never engage in pitched battles," and that "when the enemy comes up and breaks the walls of a city, the Chinese soldiers ought not to stay and fight," but should devote their energies to harassing the enemy's line of march. It is only charitable to suppose (if they were not incapable or unable to fight) that the commanders in the Tongking campaign acted in obedience to the above celebrated dispatch.

But to return to China proper. With the field forces at Loochow, Gatlings seem to be the favorite artillery weapons; but on this point there is no uniformity, and in some places guns of every kind and caliber are mixed up in a way which must be eminently perplexing to young gunners.

All the weapons of the troops of the empire are carefully inspected at every review; and if any of them are found in the least rusted, or otherwise in bad condition, the possessor is instantly punished; if a Chinese, with thirty or forty blows of a stick; or, if a Manchu, with as many lashes.

The best soldiers in China are procured from the three northern provinces. They march in a very tumultuous manner, but want neither skill nor agility in performing their different evolutions. They, in general, handle a saber well, and shoot very dexterously with bows and arrows.

There are in China more than two thousand places of arms; and through the different provinces there are dispersed about three thousand towers or castles, all of them defended by garrisons. Soldiers continually mount guard there; and on the first appearance of tumult, the nearest sentinel makes a signal from the top of a tower by hoisting a flag in the day time, or lighting a torch in the night, when the neighboring garrisons immediately repair to the place where their presence is necessary.

An enemy invading China would have no difficulty in crossing the principal rivers, for the Celestials build capital bridges. The earliest, constructed on the suspension principle, is, probably, the iron chain bridge at Yunnan, which is supposed to have been built in the first century of the Christian era. The seacoasts of China are defended by 439 castles, and the number of royal hospitals is 1,145.

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The viceroy, or generalissimo of the Chinese army, whenever he is about to start on a warlike expedition, must worship his flag. Whenever he sends away with a detachment of soldiers any high military officer as his deputy to fight the enemy, and generally, whenever any high military officer is about to proceed into battle, the flag of his division or brigade must be worshiped.

The worship is often performed on the public parade ground. The viceroy sometimes chooses to sacrifice to the flag on his own private parade ground connected with his *yamun*. The time selected is often about daylight or a little later. Oftentimes the high officials, both civil and military, connected with the government, are present. It is necessary that all of the officers who are to accompany the expedition should not only witness the ceremony, but take a part in it. The same remark is true of the soldiers who are to be sent away or engage in the fight. In the center of the arena is placed a table having upon it two candles, one censer, and several cups of wine. The candles are lighted at the proper time. Some officer, kneeling down, holds the large flag by means of its staff near the table. The viceroy, or the officer who is to command the expedition, standing before the table and the flag, receives three sticks of lighted incense from a professor of ceremony, which he reverently places in the censer arranged between the candles. He now kneels on the ground, and bows his head down three times. Some of the wine taken from the table is handed to him while on his knees, which he pours out on the ground. Then a cup of wine is dashed upon the flag, the professor of ceremony crying out, "Unfurling the flag, victory is obtained; the calvary advancing, merit is perfected." The whole company of officers and soldiers, who had previously knelt down and bowed their heads in the prescribed manner, now simultaneously rise up with a shout, and commence their march at once for the scene of action, or the appointed rendezvous.

There are regular competitive examinations of candidates for military honors in China, conducted much after the same manner as the examinations for literary work are conducted. Competitors for the first military degree, a military bachelorship, are examined by the same officials as are literary competitors, but candidates for the second military degree are examined by the provincial governor, instead of special commissioners from Peking.

It seems strange to those who are accustomed to Western ideas, that common civil officers, who know nothing about the practice of arms, should be deemed entirely competent in China to superintend military examinations, and decide in regard to the relative merits and attainments of the competitors. It seems also very strange that, in a land where the use of gunpowder has been known for centuries, no skill in the employment of guns and cannon should be required in candidates for military rank. Skill in archery, and great physical strength, are deemed of more importance than any other attainment relating to war.

Those who desire to compete for the first military degree are required to present themselves before the district magistrate of the district where they properly belong, at the time he appoints. They must first have their names entered on the list of competitors by the clerk of a certain office connected with his *yamun*, in order to furnish the clerk with documents stating various particulars relating to themselves, which must be certified to by some one of the class of literary graduates of the first degree, who are appointed to act as securities for candidates for the first literary degree. Without this security their names would not be recorded on the list of candidates, and they would not be allowed to enter the arena.

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At the first examination before the district magistrate they are exercised in the practice of archery, standing; they are examined in regard to their proficiency in shooting at a mark, each one shooting three arrows. At the second examination before this official they are exercised in the practice of archery on horseback. In like manner they are required to shoot three arrows at a mark, but while the horse is running. At the third examination they are all exercised with large swords, and with heavy stones, and with stiff bows.

There are three kinds of swords which they are required to brandish; one, it is said, weighs 100 pounds, the second 120 pounds, and the other 180 pounds. The stones are also of three different sizes; one weighs 100 pounds, another 120, and the other 160 pounds. These they are required to handle according to a certain rule. The bows they are exercised in bending are also of three different degrees of stiffness. It requires the expenditure of 100 pounds of strength to bend the smallest, 120 pounds of strength to bend the second size, and 160 pounds of strength to bend the third size. It is probable that, in fact, the strength necessary to bend the bows, to handle the stones, and to brandish the swords, is considerably less than is indicated by the above figures, illustrating the difference between theory and practice, or between law and custom. No archery is exacted at the third session, but simply bending the bows, and maneuvering and practicing with the swords and stones, each man by himself and for himself.

The names of the competitors who do not fail entirely, or come below the lowest standard of merit allowable, or violate some of the well-understood rules of examination, are paraded on large sheets of paper, according to their relative attainments and work, soon after the close of each session. The one who heads the list at the end of the third examination it is customary for the literary chancellor to graduate. A list of the competitors is made out by the district magistrate at the close of his sessions for the literary chancellor to examine. At the proper time these military competitors meet together at the rendezvous appointed by the prefect for the candidates of the different districts in his prefecture, where they pass through three sessions of examinations before him, in much the same order, and with the same kind of weapons or instruments, as they have already passed through before their respective district magistrates. In like manner, the prefect causes a list to be made out of the candidates who have been examined before him, which he sends up to the literary chancellor. The head man on the list at the third examination before the prefect is also sure of graduation, provided he does one tolerably well before the chancellor. The literary chancellor has also three sessions before him, which are usually held at his *yamun*, or he may have them appointed on the parade ground, as he pleases. He can graduate as many of the first military degree for each prefecture as he can graduate of the first literary degree.

The military bachelors, with artificial flowers in their caps, and with silk scarfs around their shoulders, parade the streets with banners and with a band of music, in very much the same manner as do the literary bachelors after their graduation. A noticeable difference in the dress of the two classes is, that the former always have round-toed boots, while the latter have square-toed boots. They are permitted to wear the button denoting their rank on their caps, but they have no pay and no employment as soldiers, unless they enter the ranks of the soldiers. In such a case they have rations, and have the advantage over the common soldier of being able to compete for military employment as officers. Few of the graduates, however, enter the ranks as common soldiers.

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The examination for the second degree, or master of arts, of the military bachelors of all the province takes place at the provincial capital, under the supervision of the provincial governor as chief. He usually has four sessions. The first consists of shooting at a target with three arrows, while standing on the ground. The second consists of shooting at a target with the same number of arrows from horseback, while the horse is running. The third consists of archery on horseback. The target is three-sided, placed on the ground, and is called "the earth," or the "earthly ball." It is made out of leather, and measures about a foot across each of its sides. The fourth consists of an exercise with the three large swords, the three large stones, and the three large bows, much as in the lower examinations before they obtained their bachelorships.

The number of successful competitors for the second military degree for the province is only about sixty. These men engage with great show and pomp, having banners and music, in the custom of calling upon their friends, to honor them or to receive their congratulations, after they have paid their respects to the higher mandarins, whom law or custom makes it their duty to call upon soon after they have obtained a degree.

There is doubtless considerable bribery employed by the richer class of these military candidates in order to secure a degree, and considerable favor shown at times by the examiners, but not nearly as much as in the case of literary competitors.

Those in the different provinces who have attained to the second military degree must go to Peking in order to compete for the third degree. The successful competitors there are always sure of finding immediate employment in the army or navy somewhere in the empire. The unsuccessful competitors, on their return to their own provinces, may, if they please, connect themselves with the bodyguard of the provincial governor, and become a kind of personal attendants upon him. They have no regular salary while in this position. After following the governor for three years, they are entitled, according to law, to employment by the government as military officers of the rank and title of a chiliarch, or colonel. In fact, however, it is affirmed, generally only those who are special favorites of the governor, or who have money to spend in the shape of presents, *alias* bribes, succeed, even after the expiration of three years' attendance upon him, in becoming colonels. Those who use bribes need not wait the three years before they are appointed to a command.

Before drawing my paper to a close, I should mention that national conceit is a quality more highly developed among Chinamen than among any other people, and though thoroughly aware of the superioity of the foreign organization and arms, it not unfrequently happens that the mandarins shrink from publicly acknowledging it in the face of their countrymen. To such an absurd length is this paltry vanity carried, that officers commanding drilled troops have been known to reserve the use of rifles for the enclosed barrack-yards, and to review their men in public armed with matchlocks, spears and bows. A want of appreciation of the importance of being thoroughly well armed and prepared for an enemy can alone account for the existence of such folly. Professedly, they are fully alive to the value of an ever-ready standing army, but unfortunately their convictions never advance beyond the abstract stage of principle; and though, like every other principle, they surround this one with grandiloquent phrases,—a Chinaman is nothing if he is not grandiloquent,—they content themselves with the invention of such phrases, and leave the truths they embody to take care of themselves.

*Andrew T. Sibbald.*

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# SOME RECENT FICTION.

THE farthest leap into the future that has been made in the crowd of books of the good time coming, published since Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," is the *Crystal Button.*[1] It was written, as the preface shows, by an active business man, suddenly compelled by ill-health to desist from his work, and the method that he took to turn his mind from business, was by dreaming of what the world would be in 4800. Of course, it is a necessity that such a work must be vaguer, and contain more evident fallacies than those which look only a hundred years or so ahead; as for example, when Paul Prognosis talks to the learned professor. the professor prides himself much on being able to understand what he calls "the old English," and says he is the only man in the City of Tone that can understand it; and yet the necessity of the tale requires that other people all through the narrative shall be able to converse with Mr. Prognosis with equal freedom. The City of Tone, which by the way is Saint Botholph's Town, reduced to a yet simpler form than the Boston of our day, is a remarkable place of twenty-story pyramidal tenement houses, in which whole communities live, of flying machines and wonderful applications of electricity. It is in these mechanical marvels that the author most delights; but the social question receives its due attention, and the solution of the present unhappy state of things is found in the wonderful Order of the Crystal Button, started by an apostle named John Costor. Its single purpose is to promote truthfulness, and the only pledge required of members is this: "I will try from this moment, henceforth, to be true and honest in my every act, word, and thought, and this crystal button I will wear while the spirit of truth abides with me." It must be confessed that this simple pledge, taken unanimously, or nearly so, by the people in the world, and lived up to, would make a revolution in society that would create a state of blessedness equal to the highest flights of imagination; and a civilization built upon it would be far better off, it seems probable, than any social army of industry or other Utopian system that has been devised. It is hardly likely that so many people will read the book as read "Looking Backward," and yet they would find it quite as worthy of being read,—perhaps it might have been so, had it been pub lished first,—as it might have been for it was written first.

In the series of Balzac's novels published by Roberts Brothers in Katherine Prescott Wormeley's translation, is *Ursula* (*Ursule Merouët*).[2] The fact that this is one of the "Scenes from Provincial Life" in the *Comedie Humaine*, will indicate to readers of Balzac that in this story he dwells on the better side of human nature; and in the dedication to his niece, Balzac takes pride in the belief that he has been able to write a book pure enough to please a spotless mind.

It is a pretty story, this of the young girl carefully watched over by the three old men,—the doctor, the abbe, and the soldier,—and of the influence she exerts over her good old uncle. There is the element of the mysterious in the story, as often in Balzac, in the clairvoyance of the old man's Parisian friend, and in the ghostly appearance of the doctor to his niece, to restore to her the fortune she is being swindled out of.

[1] The Crystal Button. By Chauncey Thomas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1890. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Co.

[2] Ursula. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: 1891: Roberts Bros. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

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That the translation is good, and the book-making also, Miss Wormeley's and the Roberts Brothers' names are sufficient guarantee. This book will be a welcome addition to the long row of Balzac's works; more so than "Louis Lambert" or "Seraphita," the idealistic ones, and more so than "Bureaucracy" or "Cousin Pons," with their repulsive realism. It is to be placed rather beside "Modeste Mignon," though rather more serious in tone than that pure romance.

Many pictures have been made of the old Virginian gentleman, yet none more pleasing than the old F. F. V. *Colonel Carter of Cartersville,*[1] who keeps the grand Old Dominion manner in the uncongenial atmosphere of down-town New York. He has come to the money center for the purpose of floating the bonds of the Carterville & Warrentown Air Line Railroad, by which "the garden spot of Virginia seeks an outlet to the sea,"—a delightfully original financial scheme, with its deferred debenture bonds, and quite worthy of the Colonel, who is delightfully original in many other ways.

The Colonel's housekeeping is largely dependent on the services of the old negro Chad, in his way quite as admirable a character as the Colonel himself, and we know of no better picture of the faithful darkey than Mr. Smith has made of him.

It would be easy to pick out pleasing bits from the book to tell about, and to name the characters one after another to commend them, and yet the best service we can do to our readers is simply to urge them to read the book, if they have not already done so. They will find delight in the drawings, as well as in the text, for Mr. Smith knows how to put a deal of character into a few black lines on white paper.

*Down the Ohio*[2] is a story of Quaker life on the banks of that river. A little waif from Pittsburg, left to shift for herself, starts down the river on a steamboat, on the vague errand of finding her aunt in Ohio; and it is her adventures, her adoption into the kind but strict Quaker family, her success by her push and vim in making herself welcome and finally necessary to these people, her dismissal because she sang for the dance at a country frolic, and the result of it, that form the staple of the book. The underground railway figures as material in it, though the main stress is laid on the study of Quaker ways and manners, and of the character of the heroine herself.

The name of Petroleum V. Nasby is connected in most minds with short and witty sayings in bad spelling, or with those political skits written from the "Confedrit Cross Roads, which is in the State ov Kentucky."

The *Demagogue*[3] is a long and connected story of his, with but little of the peculiar spelling; it is political still, but Mr. Nasby shows that he is not a narrow partisan, by choosing this time to make his hero a Republican boss. And he dissects with merciless minuteness the methods and character of one of the barnacles that always attach themselves to a successful party. It is a painful story, this following the sinuous ways by which a rogue, sprung from the lowest possible origin, worms himself into a position of political power,—and the worst of it is that it is impossible to deny its exact fidelity to truth.

*The Log of the Maryland*[4] is hardly a novel. It is the story of the voyage of one of the old clipper barks to the East Indies. The little incidents and the various amusements that serve to pass away the time on a long voyage are pleasantly told by Mr. Frazar, and he introduces into the narrative many sail-

[1] Colonel Carter of Cartersville. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1890.

[2] Down the O-Hi-O. By Charles Humphrey Roberts. New York: Geo. P. Putnam's Sons: 1800. For sale in San Francisco by Wm. Doxey.

[3] The Demagogue. By D. R. Locke. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1890. For sale in San Francisco by The S. Carson Co.

[4] The Log of the Maryland. By Douglas Frazar. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1891. For sale in San Francisco by The S. Carson Co.

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ors' yarns and forecastle legends. It makes an interesting though somewhat too extended story.

*Thine not Mine*[1] is a boy's story of the base ball variety, written by Mr. William Everett, some twenty years after his other works of a similar kind, as a solace during an attack of la grippe.

Whether it is chargeable to the grippe or to the increase of years is not clear, but it is clear that the story is not so good by many degrees as its predecessors.

In the Knickerbocker Nugget Series, often named and always with praise in these columns, are two volumes of representative Irish tales,[2] compiled by Mr. W. B. Yeates. The stories are from Lover, Maginn, Croker, Griffin, Lever, Kickham, Miss Mulholland, Miss Edgeworth, the Banim brothers, and Carleton. They contain much of the wild and rollicking humor that is associated with the name "Irish story," but more than this, there are some of the stories whose distressing pictures of the sordid and grim side of Irish peasant life are anything but funny. The selections are, for this reason, more truly representative, and the little volumes worthily take their place with the Nuggets that have come before them.

In smaller style than the Nuggets, and in a different but equally dainty and tasteful binding, are three stories by Clinton Ross,—*The Adventures of Three Worthies.*[3] The first is a story of the Franco-Prussian War; the second, of the France of two centuries ago; and the third, of the England of Charles I. They are all pretty and powerful stories, stories for the story's sake, with no mission but to entertain, but that they do right well.

[1] Thine not Mine. By William Everett. Boston: Roberts Brothers: 1890. For sale in San Francisco by Pierson & Robertson.

[2] Irish Tales. By W. B. Yeates. New York: Geo. P. Putnam's Sons: 1891. For sale in San Francisco by Pierson & Robertson.

[3] The Adventures of Three Worthies. By Clinton Ross. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1891. For sale in San Francisco by A. M. Robertson.

Also in the line of short stories is Bret Harte's last book, *A Sappho of Green Springs.*[4] There are four tales in the book. The name-story is one on which the OVERLAND critic ought to be able to speak with authority, for its material is drawn from Mr. Harte's experiences as editor of this magazine in its infancy,—and speaking with such authority, it must be said that the conditions and manner of literary work in California have changed quite as much as has the staid civilization of today, from the roaring life of the mining camp in which Mr. Harte revels. "The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge" is a better story than Sappho, more of power in it, though perhaps the reason it strikes us so is because we know less of the data on which it is based.

"Through the Santa Clara Wheat" is another in which Mr. Harte's wonderful skill in showing an atmosphere on his canvas is exhibited. The hot glare of the ripening wheat pervades the story in the same way that the wide sweep of the prairie was brought before us in "A Waif of the Plains."

The last story of the book, "A Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope," is evidently a portrait from memory of the banker Ralston. It is hardly supposable that the friends of that gentleman will find it a true portrait, and the violent wrench by which Mr. Harte makes the story have a happy ending goes very far to prove the truth of the idea, that a "live-happy-ever-after" ending is not artistic.

Readers of magazines have long learned to expect a pretty and interesting story when they see Octave Thanet's name attached to it, and *Otto the Knight,*[5] her second collection of stories in book form, proves again that her versatility and range are great enough to keep up the reader's interest through a

[4] A Sappho of Green Springs. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company: 1891. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

[5] Otto the Knight. By Octave Thanet. Boston: 1891: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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whole volume of stories. It is not necessary to speak in detail of the merits of each one of the ten stories in the present book, but it is a fact that each gives a pleasure of its own, and is unlike any of the others. "The Conjured Kitchen" is not at all like "The Day of the Cyclone," nor either of these like "The Plumb Idiot" or "The Mortgage on Jeffy." As a story with a purpose, "The Plumb Idiot," a Civil Service Reform story, is much more effective than most such stories,—the purpose has not been allowed to do away with the literary art.

That this praise in regard to stories with a purpose is not applicable to all such, is proved by two or three examples taken from Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's book, *Fourteen to One.*[1] The story "Too Late," a pension story, or "The Reverend Malachi Matthew," an Andover Movement story, do not impress the reader as so fair or so skillful, as stories with a purpose, as Octave Thanet's. Others of Mrs. Ward's stories are quite as good as anything of Miss French's, and there is no need of praise in mentioning stories so well known as "The Madonna of the Tubs," "Annie Laurie," or "The Bell of St. Basil's," all of which were enjoyed by thousands of magazine readers.

It must be said, though, that Mrs. Ward has put in this volume too many stories in one key. There is so much of the minor tone that the reader grows hardened to it, and suspects a "pumping for salt" where it is not just to do so. The stories are better read one at a time than consecutively, and read so, there is a great pleasure in "Shut In," "The Sacrifice of Antigone," or "His Relict."

Still another book of short stories is *A Book o' Nine Tales,*[2] by Arlo Bates. Mr. Bates gives good measure, for between each two of the nine he puts an Interlude, and yet it is to be feared that his liberality will work him harm rather than good. It has long been understood in the book trade that women,—young women in large part,—do most of the book buying in the lines of fiction and pure literature generally. But Mr. Bates's Interludes are nearly all skits aimed at the foibles of women, though men come in for incidental digs. Now, Mr. Howells can do that sort of writing, as in the "Mouse Trap," and do it so it will amuse rather than offend even those at whom the satire is aimed. But Mr. Bates is not so amusing nor so keen of edge as to be able to do this; and a lady returned a volume to this reviewer, with the statement that there wasn't "a good thing in it." This dictum was due to pique rather than to serious judgment; for a candid reader will find several of the stories well worth the reading. Best of them, perhaps, "Mere Marchette," "A Strange Idyl," and "April's Lady,"—though there is more of a grim sort of strength in "Delia Grimwet."

But Mr. Bates must learn to be more gallant, or more politic.

A claim to notice, rather from its local source than from its merits, leads to the review here of *I Swear,*[3] "the story of a California girl in Boston," by Frank H. Powers, "of California."

This book opens rather well: the set ting up of the story by the relation of certain historic incidents in the past of the Cherokee Nation is fairly done, and the opening chapter seems to promise some close work in observation and analysis of the "society girl." But the young author — young as an author, whether so in years or not—allows his plot and its necessities to absorb so much of his thought, that nothing else has much attention. And the plot is not good enough to justify the book, of itself. It turns on the hackneyed point

[1] Fourteen to One. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Boston: 1891: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

[2] A Book o' Nine Tales. By Arlo Bates. Boston: 1891: Roberts Bros.

[3] I Swear. By Frank H. Powers. New York: 1891: Vires Pub. Co.

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of the close resemblance of two cousins, — the Comedy of Errors plot,— carried to the impossible extent of making the likeness so exact that one cousin is substituted for another at a wedding ceremony, and even the bride is deceived.

As to the heroine being "a California girl,"— that is hardly true. She is a Boston girl, who has lived four years in California, and then gone back to her Boston home. And Mr. Powers has failed to make her truly Californian, just as much as he has failed of making his vague scene setting bear any resemblance to the real Boston. There may be good work in Mr. Powers, but it will take a great deal of education in authorship, and a more docile frame of mind, to bring it out.

One would expect a novel with the name *Passion*[1] to be one of the "intense" and trashy sort, and the book itself amply fulfills this expectation. It is written by the daughter-in-law of President Tyler,— but the more 's the pity.

In the line of the different paper covered "Libraries," the best books that have come to us are published by Worthington & Co., of New York. These are chiefly translations and reprints, but they are published in good print, and with good half-tone illustrations. The best of these books is *A Brave Woman.*[2] Then there is *The Rector of St. Luke's*, good, but with a rather sickishly sweet heroine; and *Her Playthings, Men*, inferior to either.

In the "Good Company Series," published by Lee & Shepard, come *If She Will, She Will*,[3] a light and impossible story of cousins that are mixed up with each other; *Sardia*, a story whose scenes are largely laid in Italy, with a melodramatic mixture of poisonings and stabbings; and *Which Wins?* a tale dedicated to the Farmers' Alliance, and treating of Alliance issues,— so far as they are yet defined.

The Petersons publish in their Twenty-Five Cent Series a number of books, by more or less well known authors, as is shown by the footnote.[4]

[1] Passion. By G. Vere Tyler. Chicago: Chas. H. Sergel & Co: 1891.

[2] A Brave Woman. By E. Marlitt. New York: Worthington & Co.: 1891.
The Rector of St. Luke's. By Marie Bernard. *Ibid.*
Her Playthings, Men. By Mabel Esmonde Cahill. *Ibid.*

[3] If She Will, She Will. By Mary E. Denison. Good Company Series. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891.
Sardia. By Cora Linn Daniels. *Ibid.*
Which Wins? By Mary H. Ford. *Ibid.*

[4] His Heart's Delight. By Lady Maude Rutledge. Peterson's Twenty-Five Cent Series. T. B. Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia: 1891. For sale in San Francisco by the Bancroft Company.
Xenie's Inheritance. By Henry Gréville. *Ibid.*
The Dethroned Heiress. By Eliza A. Dupuy. *Ibid.*
Lindsay's Luck. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. *Ibid.*
The Hidden Sin. By Eliza A. Dupuy. *Ibid.*
The Haunted Homestead. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. *Ibid.*

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# ETC.

In this most educational month of September-October, with the new year opening at Berkeley and the new era at Palo Alto, we have found our number almost instinctively shaping itself into an educational one,— the story of the public school of '49 setting itself over against the university of tomorrow. The editor, coming from weeks of sojourn among such topics while the number was taking form, cannot keep them from the editorial pages also. There is, indeed, nothing of more importance or interest in contemporary history than the steady encroachment of universities upon the outside regions of activity. Mr. Bryce said they were the most hopeful element in American life; and if he is right, it must be a most hopeful sign that they are reaching out a hand here and a hand there, from their academic seclusions, to lay hold more closely on that life. Professor Holden has said in print, that he did not see much use for what is called "university extension" in California, for we have already here a great deal more university than there is a chance to use, on account of the lack of preparatory schools; and that the work would better be devoted to high school extension. There is undeniable truth in this; but the building up of high schools has been, in fact, an important form of university extension. It is almost a commonplace in educational history that schools are built not up from the bottom, but down from the top. The university creates the high school; the high school, the common school. If a people coming as colonists from a land where the system is already complete, try to plant it on new soil in reverse order, blighting influences soon creep over its lower stages, and until the currents begin to flow down from above, progress is discouraging. Today the universities are the hope of regeneration for the common schools from the degradation of politics. A university education is no infallible security against this,— the university graduate may be found selling out to the boss,— but the university itself resists taint like the salt sea. Conditions may be made that would seem to insure its penetration through and through with politics; but it has antiseptic within itself, and not only keeps sound at the core, but is able to send forth regeneration.

In this country the men that prescribe the studies, and select the books and the teachers, and inspect the work for the public schools, are chosen directly or indirectly by the public. The result is, at worst, that places in the schools become patronage, at the disposal of the boss; and at best, that expert questions are decided in accordance with the average judgment of the masses. In consequence, the standards of scholarship are admittedly lower in American schools than in those that are inspected from the universities. Severe study is under suspicion among the majority, and while American children are believed to be the brightest in the world, they are actually doing less in school than those of other educated countries, and yet the pressure of democratic influence is always in the direction of still further lightening of study. This is partly because there is little teaching of the best order, and easy work is made hard by lifeless teaching. The inspiration that flows so abundantly through the university does not reach the lower school. In this condition of affairs, a happy practice, congenial to our democratic habits and likely to be almost equivalent in results, in the long run, to official direction from the universities, has come in with the system of "accrediting" high schools. The university examines annually any secondary schools that request it, and if it finds them meeting its standards, it authorizes their graduates, with or without special recommendation in addition, to enter its courses without examination; and it certifies the school in its circulars as "accredited." It is all spontaneous,— a help voluntarily asked, and voluntarily given; it is sought more every year by the schools, and with telling effect upon their standards. The school must needs drop incompetent teachers, whatever their political pull, and usually finds itself compelled to seek university trained ones, whatever the directors' contempt for college learning, or the stamp of excellence cannot be had, and the parents resent it as a stigma.

When the system was established in this State, it did not seem that any more official, authoritative supervision of the high schools would be accepted by popular feeling; but the new high school law has an effect that approximates this. It requires the high schools established under it to prepare for the State University. This does not compel them to rise to the "accredited" grade or forfeit their taxes; but if the graduates of any one of them should habitually fail to pass, on examination, there would certainly be ground for refusing to levy the tax. If the farther step should now be taken of having the high schools examine the grammar classes for admission, instead of receiving them on the examination of the grammar school teachers, a transmitted wave would carry the "university extension" to where it is needed most profoundly of all.

In the line of what is technically called "university extension," a beginning is this year made by the State University. It offers — with a view especially

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to the needs of teachers — six courses in San Francisco: one by Professor Howison, on The Essential Problems of Philosophy, and the Course of its History from Descartes through Kant; one by Professor Bacon, on the Transition from the Renaissance to the Reformation; one on the Shakespearean Drama, by Professor Gayley; two in English language,—History of the English Language, by Professor Lange, and Historical and Comparative English Grammar, by Professor Bradley, and in mathematics, Propædeutic to the Higher Analysis. The philosophy and the history courses are given by lectures only, once a week; the Shakespeare course in seminary twice a week with thesis writing and discussion; the philology, with lectures and text-books, twice a week; the grammar, by lecture and discussion, once a week; and the mathematics, by lecture and impromptu exercises, requiring no preparation, twice a week. Besides these, several teachers' courses are offered in Berkeley, in philosophy, history, and political science, Greek, Latin, English, and mathematics. The Greek and Latin courses, and one of the mathematical courses, are pedagogical in their nature, and discuss methods of preparatory teaching in these subjects. A regular pedagogical department is to be formed as soon as possible, and a course in pedagogy will be given by the department of philosophy next year. The Leland Stanford, Junior, University has already a department of pedagogics, which will doubtless do a great deal of university extension in fact, if not in name. Both universities took an unusually large part in a recent teachers' institute; and the "Farmers' Institutes," now organized throughout the State, are under the presidency of the State University department of agriculture.

ANOTHER bit of university news is that for the first time organized graduate courses are offered on this Coast. The university at Palo Alto has them from the outset, and has thirty graduate students enrolled, almost all from Eastern States. At Berkeley, some informal provision has been made hitherto for a few graduates, and regular courses are now announced in philosophy, history and political science, language, literature, and mathematics.

### Reminiscences of an Editor.

THE average American reader regards brevities with favor. Life is too short to wade through columns, where the types could have done as good service in one tenth the space. Facts minus long comments, the wheat without the chaff, are what readers want to get at. On this basis the writer recounts a few reminiscences in which public men, most of them now deceased, figure at various times covering a period of forty years, during most of which time he wore the journalistic harness.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

During the summer of 1860, while the memorable political campaign, with its quartette of presidential candidates, absorbed earnest public attention, I made a trip on a stage coach from the city of Calais on the Maine frontier to the larger city of Bangor on the Penobscot. The distance was nearly one hundred miles, over a rough road, and mainly through a vast wilderness. I was a mere youth then, but old enough to conceive a very ardent desire to see the "Little Giant," and hear him talk.

That was a great day for Bangor. Douglas had enthusiastic admirers by the thousand all over the Pine Tree State, and they came from every direction to see the hero of the hour. The ovation extended to him was a remarkable one, and the enthusiasm of the people seemed to know no bounds. But Douglas himself had a care-worn and thoughtful demeanor. He seemed to realize from the bottom of his heart, while addressing the vast multitude, that a great storm was brewing, and the destinies of his country were trembling in the scales.

That night Douglas was not permitted to retire until two o'clock. He spoke again from the balcony of the hotel, amid fire works, general enthusiasm, and a forest of flags. The men who worshiped him delighted in calling themselves Douglas Democrats. He left the city by rail next morning, and I was fortunate enough to enjoy the privilege of an extended conversation with him *en route* to Augusta.

His demeanor was tinctured with the same melancholy that was noticeable in his speeches of the day before. His love of country, and sense of the dangers to it then so clearly threatening, marked all his public and private utterances that I listened to.

When the train reached Augusta I bade Mr. Douglas goodby, and the last I saw of him he seemed to be on the shoulders of an enthusiastic crowd of admirers, bearing him away to a carriage in waiting.

In the large gathering present I noticed the now familiar face of Andrew Kendall Maguire, who a few years later removed to California, and is now a resident of Napa Valley.

I saw Mr. Douglas only once after that, and that was in the United States Senate Chamber at Washington, after he was defeated in the Presidential contest. His death followed in a few months.

WILLIAM MC KEE.

The late William McKee of St. Louis, one of the founders of the *Democrat* of that city, which was afterwards merged into the *Globe*, was a brusque, plain-spoken gentleman, and gave utterance during his lifetime to many terse expressions. He was not an editor himself, but had keen judgment, and with such men as Grosvenor and McCullough, writers of pronounced ability, he was enabled to build up what is now one of the most powerful Republican journals in the country.

His connection with the famous Whisky Ring, which came to the surface when Grant was President, was a blight upon an otherwise unstained rec-

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ord. McKee was approached one day on the streets of St. Louis, and in answer to a question concerning the strength and power of the Ring, remarked that it was a "bigger machine than the Government itself," and was not to be slightingly spoken of. On another occasion he was approached by a man named Francis, who had a grievance to relate in having been slandered by one of the city papers. He wanted Billy McKee or me to take up the cudgels in his behalf, but Mc was n't in it, and answered, "Dan, you take my advice, and never throw mud at a man that runs a mud machine."

McKee died many years ago, and in his declining career experienced remorse for the part he had taken in the illegal transactions here briefly referred to.

### JOHN LEARY.

In the summer of 1858 an exciting incident occurred on the Maine border, near the British town of St. Stephen. An enterprising young man named John Leary, who had been engaged in lumbering transactions on the St. John River, had a business deal of some kind with a firm at Indian Town, not far from Carleton. Leary had not done anything dishonest in the matter, but he deemed it prudent to come over to Maine, and stay a few days. The firm managed to obtain a warrant for his arrest, and sent two of their emissaries as far as the St. Croix River to capture Leary, but he had already planted his feet on American soil, where he could not be legally arrested.

The emissaries came over to this side one day, and espying Leary near the bridge that crosses the St. Croix River, they suddenly pounced upon him, put him in a wagon, and conveyed him to the other side, whence he was taken a distance of seventy miles to St. John.

The better class of people on both sides of the river denounced the affair as a high-handed outrage. Public meetings were held. Leary was subsequently released, and came back to Calais to be the lion of the hour.

He was a plucky man in those days, and is so still. A year or two afterwards he moved with his family to Washington Territory. He is now one of the richest men in Seattle, and counts his wealth by the millions. He has been mayor of that city and president of its board of trade. He lost much property by the great fire a few years ago, but like many other Seattleites he has risen to greater wealth as a result of the disaster.

### FRANK P. BLAIR.

The author of the famous Broadhead letter to the Convention that met in New York in the summer of 1868, and nominated Horatio Seymour for president against his will, and at the instance of an impassioned speech made by Clement L. Vallandigham, occupied a seat in the United States Senate from Missouri for two years, besides once being a Democratic candidate for vice-president. Blair was a brave Union general. In a speech that I listened to once sometime in the early sixties, in Maine, Anson Burlingame spoke of Frank Blair as "the leonine cub of the old Jackson Democracy."

He was very anxious to be re-elected United States Senator, but failing health prohibited him from taking a very active part in the canvass before the Legislature at Jefferson City. He was consequently beaten by an inferior man, Lewis V. Bogy. Blair was stopping at the same hotel with Bogy at the time, and on learning the result at the capital went to Bogy's rooms, and congratulated him upon his election. Bogy took the proffered hand, but was as dumb as an oyster, displaying no enthusiasm nor sympathy for the gallant antagonist whom he had defeated. I thought at the time that the legislators had made a blunder, in rejecting Blair and putting a wooden man in his place.

### GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

In a reportorial capacity I attended a prayer meeting one evening, in the early part of the summer of 1878, at a school-house on the Westgate farm, about twenty miles from Silver City, Idaho. I went because General Howard of the United States Army was to take part in the services. He was at that time conducting operations against the hostile Bannocks, who were committing murder, pillage, and arson, throughout portions of Idaho and Oregon.

The General made a fervent prayer, in which he expressed the hope that the Almighty would soften the hearts of the savages, and bring them to a realizing sense of their allegiance to the government. My impression at the time was that bullets and bayonets constituted the best material that could be brought to bear on these brutal savages, as I believed in the Napoleonic idea that God was on the side of the heaviest battalions. General Howard has a good record as a Union officer and soldier, but he was sadly out of place when he was assigned to fight Indians. Many a brave old pioneer of Idaho bit the dust that season, and among them I recall the name of Oliver Hazard Purdy, who was killed near South Mountain. He died with his face to the savage foe, muttering curses upon volunteer comrades who had deserted him.

Purdy was a bright Mason, and was buried by the order. In a speech he once made at a public meeting in Silver City, he remarked that the only inscription he felt a pride in having placed on his tombstone when death occurred was this, "Here lies an honest man." Poor Purdy. He was as brave as a lion, but unnecessarily reckless.

### OTHERS WHO FELL.

I digress somewhat, to call to mind the untimely slaughter of another brave man at the hands of these Bannock savages. His name was George McCutcheon, and he drove a stage. He was at the time (about the middle of June, '78) moving toward the Owyhee

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River from a station called Dry Creek. He saw a band of Indians in front, distant about two miles, mounted, and moving rapidly in his direction. McCutcheon had one passenger, a man named Hamilton.

The stage was wheeled around, and then began a race for life. The horses had a heavy load to pull, but the driver and his passenger knew the fate that was in store for them if they fell into the hands of the savages, and therefore got over the road at seemingly lightning speed. The bullets of the pursuing savages began whizzing around them thick and fast. The distance was gradually lessening between the pursuers and the pursued. The demoniacal yells of the bloodthirsty fiends soon began to be heard close in their rear.

Then began a new phase of the struggle for life. It was but the work of an instant for driver and passenger to jump from the stage and cut loose the leaders. Each mounted a horse and sped onward, leaving the stage, with the other two horses, behind. They seemed now in a fair way of escape; but the savages kept up the pursuit, seemingly not satisfied with the booty that had been left them; and the horse ridden by the driver stumbled and fell.

McCutcheon had no time to get his horse up and mount him. The savages were upon him, mutilating his body and killing him by speedy process. Hamilton was fortunate enough to get far ahead by this detention, and the Indians gave up pursuit of him. At Dry Creek Station, Hamilton took a fresh horse, and he and a stock tender rode rapidly to Camp McDermit, where there were troops stationed, warning all the settlers *en route* of the impending danger. Late that night they all reached McDermit in safety, thankful to get there with their lives.

*John Smith Hay.*

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# BOOK REVIEWS.

### Pericles.[1]

To the many "series" of the last ten years, it was the happy idea of the Messrs. Putnam to add one entitled "Heroes of the Nations." It will embrace "studies of the lives and work of a number of representative historical characters, about whom have gathered the great traditions of the nations to which they belonged, and who have been accepted in many instances as types of the several national ideals." It is a commonplace that an idea,—a set of ideas,—count for little, unless embodied in a personality, and history can be presented in no more graphic fashion than when its salient facts are grouped dramatically round the "protagonist" of each successive age. This does not imply the acceptance of the theory that history has been made by individuals, but affords an artistic arrangement of events, with incidental concession to the undoubted influence of strong personality.

The initial volume of this series by Mr. Abbott gives an admirable sketch of the great Athenian statesman, of what he tried to do for his country, and of what he accomplished. The great fact in Pericles's character is firmly grasped, namely: that, practical man though he often seemed to be, he was at bottom an idealist in the best sense of the word. And it is not so much in what he achieved politically that his greatness is to be sought, as in what he did for art and literature, and the spiritual life of the nation. The great Funeral Oration in Thucydides may be accepted as his program, and it embodies a conception of a citizen's duties never surpassed for loftiness of outlook and ideality of purpose. This and the Parthenon are his sufficient monument. His only fault was that he loved and trusted his countrymen not wisely but too well. Even the Athenians of Pericles's age could not rise to the heights he deemed them capable of attaining. His scheme called for a nation of philosophers, and they were mortal men.

Yet Pericles's reforms of the Athenian democracy were no mean achievement, and of these Mr. Abbott gives an accurate and lucid account. The volume may be heartily commended to all who have occasion to study the period it covers. It might especially well be used in schools and colleges, and could hardly fail to be entertaining and inspiring. It is beautifully illustrated, the plates of the works of art being extremely good and faithful. In fine, it is an excellent piece of work from every point of view.

[1] Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1891.

### Briefer Notice.

Two books of advice to woman — that somewhat overburdened recipient of advice — are *The Daughter*,[2] and *Hereditary Health and Personal Beauty*[3]; both by physicians, and from the same firm. The

[2] The Daughter. By Wm. M. Capp, M.D. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis: 1891.

[3] Hereditary Health and Personal Beauty. By J. V. Shoemaker, M.D. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis: 1891.

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one is a small and ornate book, consisting of notes of advice actually given as to the management of girls from birth to marriage. It is mostly sensible, somewhat padded with phrases, somewhat scrappy and scattering, and vitiated by the usual defect of male doctors' advice as to the treatment of women during the adolescent period,—the failure to comprehend the importance to health of steady mental occupation. The best statement of this defect is to be found in an article by Miss Charlotte Porter, in the *Forum* for September, 1891. It is probable that the adolescent period of either sex is the most difficult for the other to comprehend; certainly male doctors are responsible for a great deal of nervous invalidism, in consequence of the habit of ordering idleness to ailing schoolgirls, instead of an increased simplicity, regularity, and diligence of life. *Hereditary Health* is not entirely free from the same fault, but seems, on the whole, an unusually sensible and useful book. It is a big and unattractive one, which goes through a discussion of the whole subject of evolution before it is ready to give advice on the care of the hair, on bathing, dressing, etc. It has a curious trick of conceding everything to the Philistines, and then destroying the concession; as, for instance, corsets may be worn,—*if* these and those conditions, practically prohibitive, obtain. It is a mine of suggestion as to what one may call toilet physiology, and does the good service of emphasizing the relation between health and beauty.——Still another volume of advice to the much-advised sex is a reprint of Miss Mulock's little book, *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*,[1] which contains much good sense and sweetness, and much droll conventionality, some of which has become old-fashioned by now, and therefore shows its drollness. —— We have also two books bearing on the religious discussion of most current interest,—that of the extent to which ordinary rules of thought and criticism may be used in matters of Scripture history or of creed. One of these books is made up of two somewhat noted sermons of Dr. Heber Newton's, under title of *Church and Creed*[2]; the other, *Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity*,[3] is a very interesting *resumé* of German research on the dates and authorship of the books of the New Testament, and the history of the early church. Weiss seems to be the principal author used. All conflicting views are given, and the data to be found in the writings of the Christian fathers summarized. The book is not in the least a treatise, argument, or expression of views, but merely a compilation, intended to give the general reader an idea of what the known facts and leading opinions are. ——— A useful little book, entitled *Vacation Time*,[4] points out many ways in which one can enjoy a rest from daily toil in a quiet and economical manner.———*Two Cannibal Archipelagoes*,[5] as its name would imply, is one of a series of works of travel, dealing with life upon the islands of the Pacific. It relates quite simply and graphically experiences and observations among the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands, and gives much information of interest,—particularly to juvenile readers. The geographical position, area, appearance, climate, and productions of the various islands are described. The characteristics of the inhabitants, their social customs, and habits of living, and the varying fortunes of missionaries among them are dwelt on at considerable length.

[1] A Woman's Thoughts about Women. By Dinah Maria Mulock. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1891.

[2] Church and Creed. By R. Heber Newton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891. For sale in San Francisco by A. M. Robertson.

[3] Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity. By Orello Cone, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891. For sale in San Francisco by William Doxey & Co.

[4] Vacation Time. By H. S. Drayton, M.D. New York. 1891. Fowler & Wells Co.

[5] Two Cannibal Archipelagoes. By Emma H. Adams Oakland: Pacific Press Co. 1891.

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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. (SECOND SERIES.)—NOVEMBER, 1891.— NO. 107.

# LIBRARIES AND LIBRARIANS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE West has always had a difficult task to prove to the East that sun does not rise over refinement and set amid rudeness. An idea that the West, being young, must of necessity be wild, rough, and unlettered, was common before California joined the sisterhood of States. She, being a part of the West geographically, fell heir to the common judgment. The achievements of a generation of pioneers, and the efforts of a generation of native sons and daughters, have not entirely dispelled the prejudice. Even today a Cailfornian

Photo by A. J. McDonald.

LIBRARY OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

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journeying to the Atlantic shore may read astonishment on the faces of his Eastern cousins, at discovering his ability to speak English easily and correctly.

The fact that this judgment about the West has clung so tenaciously, shows how slow our people are to appreciate the great factor of our common national life, and the full power of those forces which make us one. With almost instant communication, with constant interchange of products, of population, of ideas, must we not have a common life in intellectual as much as in material things? Public schools began in California with the founding of the State. Higher institutions followed almost immediately. This progress has had its ups and downs, but has been subject only to vicissitudes that are, or have been, experienced everywhere.

So, also, for libraries on the Pacific Coast. The men who have established them here would have been workers for them had they chanced to live the other side of the Mississippi. Libraries here have been founded to meet the same needs, they have experienced the same obstacles, and may be found to display the same faults, and something of the same merits, as similar institutions of other parts of our country. To examine into the establishment and present condition of the libraries of this Coast, and to discover their relation to the general development of the United States, are the purposes of this article.

Some facts regarding collections of books in California before American occupation may be gathered from the histories of the State. A library is stated to have been established in the Santa Barbara mission with its foundation in 1786. There are traditions regarding libraries in other missions, but the ideas of the mission fathers were not favorable to the acquisition of books of general popular interest. Mr. Hittell, in his history of California, states: "At San Francisco, the nearest approach to these were a geographical dictionary, the laws of the Indies, and Chateaubriand. At San Juan Bautista was a copy of Gil Blas. At San Luis Obispo there were twenty volumes of travels and twenty volumes of Buffon's natural history. At San Gabriel there were a life of Cicero, lives of celebrated Spaniards, Goldsmith's Greece, Venegas's California, Don Quixote, Exposure of the Private Life of Napoleon, and even Rousseau's folio. . . . The missionaries, however, did not look with favor upon any reading except that of a strictly orthodox description. Alvarado, on one occasion managed to get hold of a copy of Fenelon's Telemaque, but was excommunicated for reading it."

One might suppose that emigrants to California from the Eastern States would have waited until all other things in the new land had been worked out to their satisfaction, before taking up the task of library building. In this way the older States might have been able to display fully developed popular libraries before any beginning was made in the new region. Not so, however. The West has been zealous in keeping pace with the East since the time of settlement. In fact, libraries for popular use may be considered a feature of the latter half of this century, and made their appearance at about the same time in England and in the United States on both sides of the continent.

Statements made by Edward Edwards, a statistician, in 1847, (quoted in the address of President Poole, of the American Library Association in 1887,) set forth the then extensive libraries of the United States as follows: Harvard University, 68,500 volumes; Philadelphia Library, 55,000 volumes; Boston Athenæum, 35,000; New York Society, 30,000; Library of Congress, 28,000. The decade beginning with the middle of the century marks an extensive waking up in matters of popular advancement and

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education, and the popular library was established as a worthy agent in this work. In England, free public libraries were organized in Manchester, Liverpool, and Bolton. The same movement in the United States produced the Boston Public Library, in 1849, and in preparation for free public libraries in the West, the Mechanics' Institute and the Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco.

The library of Boston served as a suggestion and a model in the organization of free libraries wherever they were established throughout the land. Happy it was for their future progress that the Boston institution was wisely directed, and its methods ably mapped out. But it must not be expected that either subscription or free libraries could spring at once into a full and perfect mastery of their work. A few men could begin them, but the people must be gradually brought to appreciate them before their support could be considered sure. Librarians must be trained in their profession before they could be competent guides of these great agents in civilization. Thus there followed a time of slow advancement, with, on the whole, only feeble efforts at improvement, lacking high aims and effective co-operation.

It is instructive to review the difficulties and the victories of the San Francisco libraries during this time of general feebleness. San Francisco illustrates the growth of Western libraries. Passing over the beginning of the State Library in 1850, we find the first efforts at public libraries in San Francisco, but followed in due time by similar enterprises, as communities strengthened, up and down the Coast. First in point of age of the great libraries of San Francisco is the Mercantile. In 1852 a number of enterprising citizens — mostly young men — formed a Mercantile Library Association, with a capital stock of $50,000, in shares of $25 each. In this enterprise the Mercantile Associations of Boston and New York no doubt served as suggestions. Rooms were rented in the California Exchange Building, at the corner of Clay and Kearney streets, where an opening was made in 1854 with 2,705 volumes and 392 subscribers. Horace Davis acted as librarian, giving a few hours each day to the work. The number of issues the first year was 3,371.

The library continued in rented quarters for about a dozen years, making increase in books and laying by some capital. High rents and narrow limits led in about 1865 to the discussion of a permanent home. Discussion culminated in the purchase of a lot on Bush Street, between Montgomery and Sansome, at a cost of $50,000. The available cash of the association amounted to $22,000, sufficient for the initial payment on the lot. The sum of $100,000 was borrowed at interest at 12 per cent per

Photo by Vaughan, (Imperial.)

ALFRED E. WHITTAKER, MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

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annum, and the building familiar alike to dwellers and visitors of San Francisco was erected. It was a handsome structure for its time, both outside and in. The library rooms were richly planned, but much of the effect was lost through an insufficiency of light. This defect was, without doubt, a great drawback to the library, but there was no help for it, except in a new building; and this building having been planned as a library, was ill adapted to any other use. It brought a vast indebtedness upon the Association, without yielding it the prestige that was expected. At one time the indebtedness had climbed to over a quarter of a million, and ruin seemed to hang over the Association. Every device for raising funds was tried. Bonds at reasonable interest were issued, but could not be sold. Subscriptions failed. A course of lectures by talented men from the East proved unavailing. A fair was gotten up, to end only in fresh failure. Relief came in a concert given by Camilla Urso, and salvation through an Act of the Legislature of 1870, permitting the Association to give what it was pleased to term gift concerts. Through this last resort not only was the Association freed from debt, but a considerable balance was left in the treasury.

Almost as early in foundation as the Mercantile, and more successful in financial management, is the library of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco. Its organization was first discussed in 1854, and completed the following year. Its present incorporation dates from 1869. Its designs are much more extensive than the maintenance of a library. They are set forth in the constitution of the Institute as follows: "To cultivate a social feeling of friendship, and the mutual improvement of its members; the dissemination of information and useful knowledge, by the establishment of a library of circulation and reference, a museum, and reading room, the formation of classes and delivering of lectures for tuition, the collection of a cabinet, scientific apparatus, works of art, the purchase of property, and the erection of buildings for the requirements of the Institute, and for any scientific, mechanical, and literary purpose." The constitution prohibits the issuance of stock and any individual ownership. As one of the prominent agencies of the Institute, the library receives the distinguishing characteristic of being scientific and industrial. In the practical working of the library, however, this feature has not been developed to the exclusion of literature and the fine arts.

The Mercantile and the Mechanics' are the great association or subscription libraries of San Francisco. Established within the same year, but confined to more limited patronage, were the libraries of the California Pioneers, of the Young Men's Christian Association, the California Academy of Sciences, and the Odd Fellows' Association. From the early period of the foundation of these libraries to the present time, scarcely a year has passed without the beginning somewhere of a collection of books for general use. In one place the members of a fire company agree to buy books and turn them into a common stock; in another the members of a religious sect undertake to collect every work in every language containing or discussing the teachings of their founder. Again, it is a group of thoughtful business men, who form a library association; or a band of Christian women, who collect a few books on temperance and morality. The founding of libraries has been frequent, and shows the spirit and the wish; building up and strengthening has been slow, because the work is great and difficult.

Oregon and the whole Northwest may be found to display the same characteristics in library building, but are later in organization and feebler in number. Oregon began a State library in the same year as California, 1850; but no

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library association was organized in Portland until 1864. The establishment of free public libraries seems not yet to have been undertaken. The Portland association maintains the one considerable library of that city. It has a collection of 19,000 volumes, and a membership (in 1889) of 733. Through recent bequests it has the funds for at least a $50,000 building. The bar of Multnomah County, in which Portland lies, maintains a law library of 4,000 volumes, the next largest in Portland.

The centennial year saw a great awakening in the management of American libraries. It was fitting that the great anniversary of Independence should also mark an era in popular education. The Bureau of Education had issued a catalogue of libraries. The publication of the *Library Journal* was commenced. Both these enterprises led up to the conference of librarians at Philadelphia in connection with the Exposition, and out of this conference came the American Library Association as a permanent body.

California and the Pacific Coast had part and place in this general movement. The year 1878 is noteworthy for the legislation which provided for free public libraries in California. Thus California kept pace with the general library advance. Her librarians have from time to time taken part in the proceedings of the Association. They have made contributions to the columns of the *Journal*. Finally, in its fifteenth year, the Association holds its annual meeting in San Francisco.

From Steel Engraving.

SAMUEL SWETT GREEN, PRESIDENT AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

A constitution was adopted by the Library Association in 1877. It sets forth, as the objects of the organization, "to promote the library interests of the

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country, by exchanging views, reaching conclusions, and inducing co-operation in all departments of bibliothecal science and economy, by disposing the public mind to the founding and improving of libraries, and by cultivating good will among its members." An executive board is chosen annually, which elects from its number a president, vice-president, and other officers, and determines

Photo by Marceau.

HORACE WILSON, MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

the time and place of the annual meeting of librarians. Headquarters for the Association were established in New York. In 1879, at the suggestion of Melvil Dewey, librarian of the State of New York, the Association was duly incorporated, under the laws of Massachusetts. thus becoming eligible to the ownership of property.

Justin Winsor, the distinguished librarian of Harvard University, was the first president of the Association, and continued in office for several years. The president for 1891 is Samuel Swett Green, since 1871 librarian of the Free Public Library of Worcester, Mass. Mr. Green graduated from Harvard in 1858, and from the Divinity School in 1864. He has long been connected with library management, and is regarded as an authority in the application of libraries to popular education. He has given much attention to establishing a close relation between schools and libraries. A delegate of the American Library Association to the International Congress of Librarians in London, in 1877, he was made an honorary member of the Association of the United Kingdom. In 1887 he began to deliver an annual course of lectures on public libraries, before the School of Library Economy connected with Columbia College, and has contributed constantly to the Library Journal.

By the time of the formation of the Library Association, and this definite movement toward co-operation in library management, the great subscription libraries of San Francisco had gained strength in number of books and patrons. The legislation of 1878, establishing free libraries, did not detract from the Mechanics' and the Mercantile, but rather aided them in the stimulus given to popular interest. In other cities, however, as Oakland, Los Angeles, and Sacramento, we find the library associations hastening to turn over their books and their burdens to the municipality. The law of 1878 established a free public library in San Francisco, and gave permission to any city to levy a tax for a reading room and a library, not to exceed one mill on the dollar. Associations might arrange with the city government for the transfer of their property. Except in San Francisco, the city government was to provide a board of trustees. For San Francisco, trustees were named in the Act of Legislature, and the power granted to them of filling vacancies in their ranks. This law of

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1878 still stands in substance. It gave a remarkable impetus to free libraries. Recent years have seen a rapid increase in the number of incorporated cities, and it may be said that every enterprising city in the State has its free library.

The establishment of a great free library in San Francisco has given the Mechanics' and the Mercantile opportunity of aspiring to the position ascribed by Josiah Quincy to the Boston Athenæum,—that of "the scholars' library." The Mercantile now contains about 65,000 volumes. It has a large number of very valuable works illustrating the fine arts. The great European galleries may here be studied through the medium of careful engravings. This collection of art works is the best on the Pacific Coast. The library is complete in periodical literature, including the leading literary periodicals,—American, English, French, and German. Attention has been given to keep the library strong in history, biography, general literature, and the sciences. Aiming to supply the wants of scholarly and cultured people, the Mercantile has not found it necessary to pay especial attention to the more practical and industrial arts. Students of early California life will find here complete files of the old newspapers, the *Alta California*, *Bulletin*, *San Francisco Chronicle* (published by Frank Soulé & Co.), *Sacramento Union*, and also of the still earlier and now exceedingly rare papers, the *California Star* and the *Californian*. Files are kept of some New York papers.

The present librarian of the Mercantile is Mr. Alfred E. Whitaker, who has been in charge since 1874. Mr. Whitaker published a complete catalogue of the library and a supplement some years ago, following the dictionary plan. As all members of the Association have unrestricted access to the shelves, they are able to make their selections without recourse to a printed catalogue. A taste for fiction prevails to the amount of about 75 per cent of the books drawn, but this is the average among libraries of this class.

The old familiar property on Bush Street has recently been sold, not so advantageously as might have been if the building had not been planned so entirely for library purposes. It has been nearly torn to pieces in reconstruction. The library is temporarily housed in the Supreme Court building, at the corner of McAllister and Larkin streets. A new site has been purchased at the corner of Golden Gate and Van Ness avenues, where soon a larger, more commodious, and more successful building is in course of erection.

The recent growth of the library of the Mechanics' Institute is shown by increase in membership from 1,537 in 1881

THE NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING.

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to 4,076 in 1891. The revenue from membership dues increased from $8,713.72 in 1881 to $24,263.85 for the year ending with February, 1891. This library now spends from $9,000 to $12,000 a year in the purchase of new books.

True to the ideas of its foundation, the Mechanics' Library aims to keep its shelves filled with the best books and periodicals bearing on the practical and industrial arts. At the same time, literature and the fine arts are not neglected. Not only are members allowed free access to the shelves, but every feature of arrangement and shelf-labeling is directed to the single purpose of enabling persons little acquainted with books to find what they want on any subject. The reference rooms are especially complete. This library, being a legally designated depository of government documents, is necessarily complete in the publications of the United States. It has also British "Specifications of Patents," the gift of the government of Great Britain.

Much of the success of the Mechanics' Institute in the maintenance of a library may be attributed to Mr. A. S. Hallidie, president of the Institute from 1868 to 1878. The present methods of classifying and cataloguing in the library are the work of its present librarian, Mr. Horace Wilson, who has had its supervision since 1878. Previously, Mr. Wilson was for six years professor of English and Mathematics in the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan.

Similar in purposes to the Mechanics' and the Mercantile is the Odd Fellows' Library of San Francisco. In its origin it was an outgrowth of a bequest of S. H. Parker. A library association was formed and legally incorporated, its membership, however, being limited to the fraternity. A number of years ago it was one of the leading libraries of San Francisco, but it has been outstripped by those having a broader support. A considerable German element in the membership of the association accounts for a large number of German works in the library.

Other institutions of San Francisco that may be classed as association or subscription libraries are those of the Society of California Pioneers, begun in 1850; La Ligue National Française, organized in 1871, immediately after the conclusion of peace between France and Germany; the Art Association, formed in 1871, with a membership of artists and interested persons; and of the Young Men's Christian Association, established in 1853. Libraries like these are to be found in all the larger and in some of the smaller communities of the Coast. But seldom do they receive special attention, or become anything more than collections of a few hundred or perhaps thousand books of very miscellaneous character.

Occupying a distinct field, as serving the interests neither of a fraternity nor of an association, but of the people at large, is the free public library,—the people's university. This is the latest development, and as such may be considered as having before it the greatest opportunities for good. The librarian of a free library has a range of problems before him that do not arise elsewhere. If the library is to be a success, his wisdom and skill must make it so. He cannot await the orders of his trustees, for the methods of the library will be left to him. He cannot guide himself by the taste of his readers, for that is largely undeveloped, and looks to him for guidance.

As a part of the free library is always found a reading-room, where current newspapers and periodicals are displayed. To meet the needs of outlying parts of the city, branch reading-rooms are established. Thus, the Oakland Free Library supports four such branches, and the San Francisco Library three. The reading-room is a popular feature. Here is a chair, a well-lighted, and on a

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winter evening, a well-warmed room, for a man whose quarters at other times are lacking in luxuries. But unless the free library is able to get its patrons above a newspaper level, it will not prove the great agent in civilization that its friends desire to make it.

To see how some of the problems of the free library are being handled in California, it may be well to examine somewhat closely the libraries of the three largest cities—San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Oakland.

The beginning of the San Francisco Free Library has already been noted under the Act of the Legislature of 1878. The names of representative men appear in the first designated Board of Trustees, which was composed as follows: John L. Hager, Geo. H. Rogers, Irving M. Scott, Robert J. Tobin, E. D. Sawyer, John H. Wise, Andrew J. Moulder, Louis Sloss, C. C. Terrill, Henry George, and A. S. Hallidie. George H. Rogers was chosen President of the Board.

The first librarian was Alfred Hart. For a number of years the library was under the care of Mr. F. B. Perkins, well known among librarians and in the literary world, the author of a popular work on Books and Reading. Some of the facts presented in this article regarding the early establishment of libraries in this State, are from data collected by Mr. Perkins while in charge of the Free Library. The present librarian is Mr. John Vance Cheney, who succeeded Mr. Perkins four years ago. Mr. Cheney is a literary man, a writer of prose and verse, too well known to need any commendation to the readers of this magazine.

This library has now over 65,000 books and over 5,000 pamphlets. The use made of these is shown by the following figures for the past fiscal year. From the main library 121,429 books were delivered for home use, and 94,842 for use within the library, not including the consultation of illustrated and more valuable works kept within the librarian's room, of which no record is made. In the same period, the circulation from the branch libraries on Valencia Street, at the Potrero, and on Stockton Street, amounted to 52,612. During the year the library gained 6,102 volumes, mostly by purchase. From $8,000 to $10,000

Photo by Marceau.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY,

SAN FRANCISCO FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

are spent yearly in the purchase of new books.

Access to the shelves is not usually thought permissible in a free library, and would be absolutely impossible in the cramped quarters of the San Francisco library. Ample catalogues and indices are then needed to aid selection. Here is the librarian's opportunity. By making his catalogue answer the question "What to read?" he can act as the guide

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and helper of all his patrons. Here also is the opportunity for a good book, for it has some chance of being handled, even though its binding be not attractive, and its resting place be upon the top shelf.

In the San Francisco library, Poole's Index is used for all periodical literature, and the United States Catalogue for government publications. The work that the library itself is doing in catalogue-making may be seen in the recently published "Catalogue of Classified English Prose Fiction." This is a part of a complete catalogue of the library, now in preparation, and illustrates the whole. It is a further advance in the line of the "Class List of English Prose Fiction," published by the Boston Public Library. It is an index to material, as well as a catalogue of the library. It suggests what books to read, to any one who has some idea of what he wants to read about. It is already realizing the purpose expressed in Mr. Cheney's preface of "bringing the library into closer relationship with the schools."

Photo by Thors.

INA D. COOLBRITH.[1]
OAKLAND FREE LIBRARY.

Any one visiting this library cannot but wish that it had more suitable quarters. The atmosphere and the association of the law courts, particularly the lower ones, are not favorable to the interests of the library. The greatest advantage that the city government could bestow upon it would be an independent building, all its own. A central location, plenty of room, light, and fresh air, and how the number of books delivered over the library counter would grow! The work that the library with its present resources is accomplishing is shown by the remarkable fact that the reading of fiction is only about fifty per cent.

The Oakland Free Library, as such, dates from 1878; it was a subscription library, maintained by an association, for ten years before. Its present librarian, the poet Ina D. Coolbrith, has been in charge since 1874. The library has about 15,700 volumes, of which 1,200 were purchased in the year ending June 30, 1891. The number of books issued for home use during the year was 79,003. This library has the distinction of owning a building. Although a small, unsubstantial, wooden structure, it affords the library "a local habitation" that counts for much more than a name. The main room, always fresh and tidy, is an attractive place, and the boys and girls of Oakland are at home within it.

The Los Angeles Public Library was an unprogressive institution until 1889,

[1] From an old photograph of years ago. Miss Coolbrith writes that she has "neither time nor inclination" to have a new one taken; and for nothing but the OVERLAND would she consent to let even this one go into print. If we were able to give our readers a more recent picture of this chief poet of California, they would see how little cause there is for want of "inclination."—ED.

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when, under a new city charter and a new librarian, it was reorganized. Rented rooms were exchanged for the present location in the City Hall. This building, attractive inside and out, has aided the library materially in the public appreciation.

Interesting features of this library are the methods for adapting it to the use of school children, the circulation of music in the same manner as books, and a collection of photographs of famous paintings, buildings, etc. To serve the school children, a special "Author List" of juvenile books has been prepared, which, in a brief note, so far as is practicable, indicates the character of each book. The library of the city school department has recently been turned over to the Public Library, which in future is to circulate books through the medium of the teachers. A record will be kept by the teachers of the reading of each pupil, and an effort made to guide it.

The circulation of music has proved very popular, and current numbers of periodicals are also circulated with equal success. A "delivery system" is to be put into operation for distributing books in the distant parts of the city by means of stations. A monthly bulletin is contemplated, to furnish lists of new books and library information in general.

LADIES' ROOM AND DELIVERY ROOM, LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY.

A spirit of enterprise pervades the institution, and everything possible is being made out of the 30,000 books the library now possesses.

The methods of these larger free libraries, as they become more widely known, are observed and followed, or improved upon, in the smaller ones. Sixteen free libraries were reported for the State in 1887, and the number is constantly growing. The great need is wise direction.

College and university libraries occupy a special field. Every academy, college, and university, on the Coast has something to call a library,—from a collection of cast-off text books to the complete and admirably organized library of the State University. The history of the latter is an interesting illustration of the struggle and the progress of higher education in California.

The nucleus of the library was a collection of 5,000 volumes received through the College of California, which united with the University in 1868. This collection had been the private library of Levy Hart, a clergyman of Connecticut. To this was added the library of Edmund L. Goold, a lawyer of San Francisco. F. L. A. Pioche, of San Francisco, donated his library and also a collection of paintings. The Pioche library was rich in fine

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Photo by Runnels & Stateler.
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. ROTUNDA.

illustrated volumes. The capitalist Michael Reese was the library's great benefactor. Interested by his attorney, John B. Felton, and by President Gilman, he purchased and donated the private library of Dr. Francis Lieber,— 1,500 volumes, – at an expense of $2,000, and in his will bequeathed $50,000 as a permanent fund for the purchase of books. At about the same time came the great gift of H. D. Bacon, of Oakland,— paintings, statuary, his private library, and $25,000 toward a building for a library and art gallery. The Reese and the Bacon gifts together placed the library of the University in the front rank of the libraries of the State.

It has had additions constantly from the funds of the University. A large subscription list of periodicals, American and foreign, receives about $1,300 annually, besides the expense of binding, and the regents are now able to set aside money for the purchase of new books,—$5,000 for the present year. The library now has 47,000 volumes, with the prospect of more rapid increase than ever before. Its books are more expensive than the average, both on account of the selection and of the substantial bindings. All binding done at the order of the Library is in half morocco, and represents the best American, French, and German workmanship.

Unlike the great college libraries of the East, the library of the State University allows free access to its shelves. At the same time, students receive all the help possible from indices to books as well as to periodical literature. The library is essentially for reference, but

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members of the Faculty have the privilege of taking out books. Students are allowed to take them out over night.

This library is the best equipped on the Coast, in complete sets of periodicals pertaining to every department of learning, and in the publications of learned societies. There is scarcely a chemical journal of importance that may not be found here complete. Philology and philosophy are well represented. In the same connection may be mentioned, in mathematics, Crelle's Journal; in history, a full set of Pertz's Monumenta; and for local annals, complete files of important or early newspapers. Complete sets of the early voyages to this coast were obtained through the purchase of the library of Alex. J. Taylor. A number of rare and notable books came in with the private libraries. The variety and excellence of the bindings give an attractive appearance to the library. Mr. Bacon's collection is remarkable for handsome full calf bindings, by Riviere, Hayday, Clark, and Bedford; probably no other public library has so many Bedfords,—four hundred and fifty. In the Pioche collection are some magnificent morocco bindings by Smeers and Magnier, of Paris.

Photo by Ormsby.
JOSEPH C. ROWELL,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Photo by Alvine, Florence.
EDWARD H. WOODRUFF.
LELAND STANFORD, JUNIOR, UNIVERSITY.

For several years the library had no regular librarian, and was under the care of the professor of English. Professor Sill, a lover of books, gave fond attention to the young library, arranging and labeling, working with his own hands. At one time the regents offered the librarianship to Francis Bret Harte, at $300 per month, with a guarantee of time for literary work. The offer was not accepted. Fortunately the library fell to the care of a man of different stamp, a real worker, Joseph C. Rowell, a graduate of the University. After a year's service as recorder and lecturer, Mr. Rowell was made librarian (not, however, at $300 a month), and sent East, to visit libraries from Maine to Maryland. Since

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1875 he has devoted his life to the library. The greatness of his work can be fully realized only by him who should attempt to equal it. No one else could fill his place in the University.

California's second university, at Palo Alto, is too young to have made its library yet. A San Francisco boy's remark last spring—"O yes; they will have a fine library at Stanford's when

Photo by Taber.
HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

they open up, because they have let the contracts for books already"—illustrates the popular rather than the true idea of the work of building a great library. That such a library will be gathered there is proved by the choice for librarian, Edwin H. Woodruff, a gentleman of clear ideas and wide experience in library management.

Nowhere is the liberal spirit of California toward libraries more clearly shown than in the provision for school district libraries. From the beginning of the State school system, the law has set aside some money every year for a library fund in every district. Of late years this sum has been, in rural districts, ten per cent of the State school money apportioned to the district, not, however, to exceed fifty dollars. As compared with the other resources of the school, this rate was ample, and in some instances excellent collections have been made. But the law allows the use of the fund for the purchase of apparatus, as well as library books; and district after district has yielded to some importunate agent, and spent the library fund of a whole year on some pasteboard manikin, or useless natural history charts. And when spent for books, the money has over and over again put works as far remote from the grammar school life as Bancroft's Native Races, or Grote's Greece, on the shelves, where there might have stood "Old Times in the Colonies," or "Boy's Froissart." Wiser guidance is what our public school libraries need; and this can come only from persons experienced alike in books and in education.

To give this guidance is a work that the State Library at Sacramento might take on itself, and become a blessing to the State. This library had its origin in acts of the first legislature (1850), making the Secretary of State the custodian of State publications. In 1855 the Law department was established by the purchase of the law library of Wm. B. Olds, at a cost of $7,500. The library became independent of the Secretary of State about 1860.

A further change in organization was made in 1872, when the library was placed under the control of a board of five trustees, elected by the legislature in joint session for a term of four years. Thus the library was brought into politics. The librarianship became a political office, to be given not to the man of experience and special education in library management, but to the man who

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had the influence to secure the election of a board of trustees in his interest. The library has never been ably conducted,—has failed to realize the high purpose that an institution with its revenue of $13,000 a year might follow.

Especial attention, for the sake of the legislators, has been given to the Law department, which is very complete in the matter of reports, both United States and foreign. It has a collection of session laws seldom equaled, and keeps up with the times in text-books.

The general department has a good miscellaneous collection, including some very rare and valuable works. United States history, local and general, is well represented. The library has subscribed for the set of Stevens's Facsimiles of Documents in European Archives, and will be one of the very few institutions in the State to own this valuable collection, its cost ($2,000) precluding most libraries from possessing it. Among the most valued of the library's treasures are some files of early California newspapers, now unattainable, for which the State paid $2,500 in 1860. They are the *Californian*, printed at Monterey in 1846–47, and at San Francisco in 1847–48; the *California Star*, San Francisco, 1847-48; and the *Alta California*, San Francisco, 1849–55.

The total number of volumes is now about 80,000.

The new City Hall of San Francisco contains, besides the Free Library, the San Francisco Law Library. This is an outgrowth of an early association, but is now organized under State law. It is a complete collection, has over 30,000 volumes, and gains about 1,000 volumes a year. It has many interesting works in colonial, foreign, and ancient law, besides all the modern reports of State and Federal courts, which of necessity find place in a complete law collection. It keeps abreast of the times in the legal literature of the United States and Great Britain. It receives free the publications of the State and of the Federal government, but has to purchase everything else. Its librarians have been Albert Hart, G. G. W. Hoge, John DeWitt, F. P. Deering, and J. H. Deering, at present in charge. Familiar names of the San Francisco bar, as the late Judge J. P. Hoge and Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, are associated with its development.

The list of the private libraries of California is a long and worthy one. Their

Photo by Taber. ADOLPH SUTRO.

character and scope was presented in 1878 by Mrs. Flora H. Apponyi, (now Mrs. Loughead,) in her "Libraries of California," published by A. L. Bancroft & Co. Some of these collectors are now dead, and their collections scattered under the auctioneer's hammer. New names would appear in a similar survey now. The great historical library of Hubert H. Bancroft is still, however the most complete collection of manuscripts and books of every date and sort bearing upon the history of Spanish

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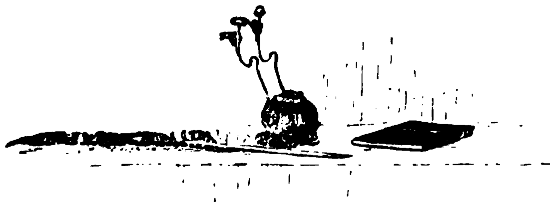
America, the Pacific Coast, and California in particular. From a letter in Latin of Joannes de Zumárraga, first bishop of Mexico, to specimens of the first printing in California, issued from a small press introduced from Boston by Zamorano, letters, journals, histories, laws, travels, the whole field of historical material has been harvested by this indefatigable collector. It may be noticed here that Mr. Bancroft has made overtures for the sale of his library to the State, at a valuation of $250,000.

The last library to be noticed here may in the future come to be greatest of all San Francisco's great collections. This is the library now in process of collection by Adolph Sutro. Like all of Mr. Sutro's plans, this is on a grand scale. The number of volumes already gathered is estimated at over 200,000, — the largest in the State. Additions are coming in constantly from the markets of Europe and America. The accumulated treasures of a family of booksellers in the City of Mexico, handed down from generation to generation, were recently bought up in mass, and are now being explored and sorted over in San Francisco,—*Gazetas de Mexico,* 200 volumes; Antonio de Solis's "*Historia de la Conquista de Mexico,*" first edition, Madrid, 1684; Padre Miguel Venegas's "*Noticia de la California,* Madrid, 1757; "*Ordenacion y Compilacion de Leyes,*" of Don Antonio Mendosa, viceroy of Mexico, printed at Mexico in 1548, by Juan Pablos Lobardo, probably the second printer in the new world, and so on. No one, as yet, knows fully what there is here, but certain it is that there are treasures. The very documents from which Lord Macaulay compiled his History of England, Illuminations from Froissart, beautiful copies from the originals in the British Museum and the National Library in Paris, specimens from the early printers, almost from Caxton and Gutenberg, are already on the shelves. But one cannot attempt to describe a library not yet catalogued, and may only refer to the purpose of the founder. This is to gather together one of the great collections of the world of the best books in all languages bearing upon science, arts and industries, history, and the materials of history, but no fiction. For this vast collection a grand building is to be erected on a commanding site, near the park entrance to the Sutro grounds. And then this library, deposited therein and munificently endowed, is to be placed at the service of the people of San Francisco. Surely it will be an object of pride and affection to them, and an enduring monument to its founder.

*F. H. Clark.*



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# GWIN AND SEWARD.—A SECRET CHAPTER IN ANTE-BELLUM HISTORY.

THE favorable notices from the press and other sources of my recent publication in the OVERLAND MONTHLY of Senator Gwin's "Sonora Project," have encouraged me to present, through the same medium, others of the "Gwin Papers," which, I trust, will meet with equal favor.

The rough draft of the present article was written by Doctor Gwin ten years ago, and handed to me to revise and prepare for the press.

About that time a "breezy" controversy — which was only terminated by the death, two years later, of Judge Black — had begun between Mr. Davis and the Judge, over certain statements made by the former in his book, concerning events that had occurred during the closing months of Mr. Buchanan's administration.

Doctor Gwin had for many years entertained sentiments of the warmest friendship toward Judge Black, and was an ardent admirer of his great ability and purity of character. These sentiments were thoroughly reciprocated, and nothing had ever occurred to mar their intimacy. In regard to some of the matters in dispute between Mr. Davis and Judge Black, the latter's views and Doctor Gwin's differed radically. Doctor Gwin, upon reflection, could not endure the thought of putting in print opinions that, while not at all unfriendly, were in direct conflict with Judge Black's utterances in defense of Mr. Buchanan. For this reason he instructed me, soon after I received it from his hands, to withhold the manuscript from publication,—during his lifetime at least,—and it has remained in my possession, unfinished and almost forgotten, ever since. The portion that Doctor Gwin thought might offend Judge Black,—on account of its arraignment of Mr. Buchanan for excessive weakness of purpose in a great crisis when Jacksonian firmness was so necessary, — I have eliminated, and shall publish hereafter as a separate article.

The rest of Doctor Gwin's article reads as follows:

### THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS OF 1861.

Recently, while reading the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Mr. Davis, on p. 676, vol. I. the following extract from one of Mr. Seward's "Memoranda" in the archives of the Department of State struck my attention, and brought vividly to mind certain events in which I took an active part shortly before the commencement of the late civil war.

The extract referred to reads as follows:

> DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
> WASHINGTON, March 15th, 1861.
>
> Mr. John Forsyth, of the State of Alabama, and Mr. Martin J. Crawford, of the State of Georgia, on the 11th instant, through the kind offices of a distinguished Senator, submitted to the Secretary of State their desire for an unofficial interview. This request was, on the 12th instant, upon exclusively public considerations, respectfully declined.

The Senator referred to by Mr. Seward is myself, and at this late day, it seems to me no breach of confidence on my part to make public a chapter in the secret and unwritten history of that eventful period.

Very intimate personal relations had existed between Mr. Seward and myself for many years prior to those unhappy days. Our respective terms in the United States Senate began about the same time and ended on the same day—



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March 4th, 1861. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Seward entered President Lincoln's Cabinet, and I retired to private life. Our pathways in life diverged from that time, and we never met again.

After the assembling of Congress, in December, 1860, my intercourse with Mr. Seward became more confidential in its nature than ever before, for— wide apart as we were in our political sentiments—we were drawn more closely together by our mutual desire to avert war.

Heretofore I have considered what passed between us at that time as semi-official and strictly confidential in its character; but the seal of secrecy is now honorably removed from my lips, for the following reasons:

1st. The publication in Mr. Davis's book of the foregoing extract from Mr. Seward's despatch, connecting me—although not by name—with the "Peace Negotiations."

2d. Judge Black's recent criticism of Mr. Davis's work, together with the publication of General Scott's letters of the 28th and 30th December, 1860; one to the Secretary of War and the other to the President.

Simultaneously with the announcement of Mr. Lincoln's election came the semi-official statement that Mr. Seward would be his Secretary of State. Mr. Seward himself was the first to refer to his anticipated appointment, and told me he was confident that Mr. Lincoln would tender it to him.

Far apart as the poles, as regarded the vital questions that separated the two great political parties, my fellow Senator and I were entirely in accord in this: that the differences between the North and the South should be amicably settled if possible, and that the dreadful arbitrament of war should be absolutely the *dernier ressort*.

It was a subject of constant conversation and discussion between us. Seward believed that if the border States did not secede, the existence of the Confederate States' government would be ephemeral, and that it would be impossible for the seceded States to establish a permanent and independent government. He frequently said to me that it was a mere question of time when the "masses" in both sections would force an amicable settlement. His great and only fear was that the heated partisans on both sides might precipitate a collision before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, or that such a state of affairs might exist at the time of the inauguration as to render a resort to arms by the incoming administration unavoidable.

I was so thoroughly convinced of Mr. Seward's sincerity, that I agreed to use all the influence I possessed or could bring to bear on the outgoing administration (Mr. Buchanan's) to prevent its throwing any obstacles in Mr. Lincoln's way, should he be disposed to adopt Seward's policy. This was for Mr. Lincoln, upon his inauguration, to let things remain *in statu quo* until, by a wise policy, he should induce the seceded States to resume their former condition in the Union.

My intimate personal and social relations with the great leaders of the secession movement—although it never had my approval or co-operation—enabled me to consult as freely with them as with Mr. Seward.

They were undoubtedly as earnest and sincere in their desire for a peaceful settlement as he was; but, somehow, each side mistrusted the other's sincerity. Always an earnest advocate of an amicable solution of the differences between the two sections, as Mr. Seward well knew, I satisfied him that the leaders of the Southern movement deprecated war, but had no faith in his power to so control Mr. Lincoln and the Cabinet as to secure the adoption of his (Seward's) views.

My Southern friends, not satisfied with my assurance that Mr. Seward did

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possess this power, required some living proof that he could induce the incoming administration to favor an amicable settlement.

The proof of Seward's power at this time was first exhibited in his great influence with General Scott. The latter's notes to President Buchanan and the Secretary of War were clearly warlike in tone, and if Mr. Buchanan decided to adopt General Scott's suggestions, a conflict of arms was inevitable. These notes — dated September 28th and 30th, 1860 — created intense excitement in Washington city, and their contents were immediately communicated to me. Mr. Seward had time and again assured me that General Scott's views were in full accord with his own, and that he and the General were in constant and harmonious consultation on this subject. I never doubted for a moment the truth of these statements, until I heard of the existence and learned the contents of General Scott's before-mentioned notes.

In reply to my demand for an explanation of his conduct, Mr. Seward renewed his solemn assurances that he and General Scott still held similar views; that he knew the notes had been sent, and recognized the necessity of sending them, but was not at liberty to communicate, even to me, what that necessity was. This explanation (?) naturally did not satisfy me, and for a time our intercourse entirely ceased.

Upon the election of Mr. Davis to the presidency of the Southern Confederacy, Mr. Seward again approached me, and renewed the subject of our former consultations. Reminding me that he had remarked at our last previous interview that coming events would satisfy me that what he then said of General Scott was true, he asked me whether I was convinced or not that he had been in the right. My answer to this query was in the affirmative, for in the interim General Scott had again "changed front," vacillation being his greatest characteristic at that time, as it was also Mr. Buchanan's.[1]

Mr. Seward thereupon explained the object of this renewal of former confidences. He said he was hard pressed by the belligerent feeling in his own party, and that it was not at all certain that Mr. Lincoln would tender him the Secretaryship of State. He told me, furthermore, that he had no direct assurances from him that the latter was in accord with his (Seward's) policy of amicably settling the differences between the two sections. Mr. Seward continued, by remarking that he should need strong support to impress upon Mr. Lincoln, when he arrived in Washington, the certainty that his (Seward's) peace policy would be accepted by the Confederate States. He reasserted, with great earnestness, his fixed determination to prevent civil war, if placed in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, provided it was in his power to shape the policy of the administration on this subject.

Our consultation was long and earnest, and ended by Seward's urging me to write to Mr. Davis, assuring him that if he (Seward) became Secretary of State, he would go into the Cabinet a firm and influential advocate of an amicable settlement of every question between the North and South, and an ardent opponent of civil war, if it could be honorably avoided. I asked until the next day to consider whether I would write this letter or not.

Mr. Davis knew of the friendly and intimate relations which had existed for years between Mr. Seward and myself, and would therefore place implicit faith in any statement transmitted by me concerning Seward's views and intentions. It was assuming a great responsibility to write to the chief of the new government on this subject, as the question of peace or war was at that time the all-

[1] Dr. Gwin's lengthy digression at this point, on the subject of Mr. Buchanan's vacillation, etc., has been eliminated, and will be published, hereafter, as a separate and independent article.—*E. J. C.*

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absorbing one with both governments, and was of vital consequence to the South.

If President Davis anticipated war, it was his duty to ask for heavy appropriations from the Confederate Congress, for the purpose of putting his government in a state of defense. In the then state of public sentiment in the seceded States, a message from him proposing the purchase by his government of the whole cotton crop of those States, to be paid for in 8 per cent bonds of the Confederacy, would have met with universal approbation; and several million bales of cotton, then lying in the shipping ports of the South, could have been sold in Europe, vessels bought, equipped, and manned from the proceeds of the sale, and the principal Southern ports made impregnable against any naval force which the United States could, at that time, command. The effect of this policy would have been to terminate the contest without war, as the Confederacy, with a superior navy, could have demanded and obtained recognition from the North, rather than to have their great seaboard cities subjected to bombardment. For the President of the Confederate States to so far adopt the "peace policy" as to fail to ask for ample appropriations to defend the Confederacy, would subject him to grave and well deserved censure.

So ardently, however, did I desire an amicable settlement of the differences between the two sections, and so thoroughly convinced was I of its practicability, that I determined to write to Mr. Davis, as requested by Mr. Seward. The letter was forthwith written, and when read by him in the Senate, Mr. Seward declared to me that it was "satisfactory to him, and the very thing he wanted." The mails to the South being still free from espionage, the letter was sent to Mr. Davis through the post-office.

As the time for the arrival of Mr. Lincoln in Washington drew near, Mr. Seward's anxiety was great as to what Mr. Lincoln's views would be.

The selection of Mr. Seward as Secretary of State was by no means a fixed fact, and he so stated to me time and again. A few days before Mr. Lincoln's arrival, Mr. Seward, in a very earnest manner, suggested the advisability of my having an interview with and explaining to Mr. Lincoln, *in extenso*, his (Seward's) views, and what influence his appointment as Secretary of State would have upon the leaders of the Southern movement in shaping legislation in the Confederate Congress, looking to peace rather than to war in the adjustment of the questions at issue between the two sections.

So extraordinary and unexpected was this request, that I doubted the sincerity of Mr. Seward's suggestion, and remarked to him that it was impossible for me to carry it out, as I could neither get such an interview with Mr. Lincoln nor make such a statement as he wished, with effect, if invited to one. Mr. Seward removed my objections by saying he would bring it all about, without any movement on my part, through Mr. Lamon, the confidential friend of both Mr. Lincoln and himself. This was done, and soon after Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington, our interview took place in the new capitol, the only other person present being Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President elect.

The interview was a long one, and Mr. Lincoln a patient listener. At its close, he expressed himself as gratified that it had taken place.

The following day Mr. Seward informed me that Mr. Lincoln had tendered him the Secretaryship of State, and he had accepted it.

The excitement in Washington at that time was very great. The "War Party," as it was called, was very powerful, and Mr. Chase's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury was looked upon

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as a decided victory for it. The announcement that Mr. Chase was to be the Secretary of the Treasury was almost like a declaration of war against the South. By this time it was difficult for Mr. Seward and myself to have interviews without exciting remark, and a "mutual friend" was therefore selected as our go-between. He secured rooms next door to Mr. Seward's residence, and messages were thus easily passed between us.

Upon the official announcement of Mr. Chase's appointment, I wrote a dispatch to Mr. Davis to this effect: That Mr. Chase's appointment had changed all my views as to the policy of the incoming administration, and looked like war. By this prompt note of warning I wished to protect myself against any effect my letter might have had on Mr. Davis.

The "mutual friend," by my direction, took this dispatch to Mr. Seward for his inspection. After reading it carefully, Mr. Seward changed its wording by erasures in his own handwriting, so that it read: "Notwithstanding Mr. Chase's appointment, the policy of the administration would be for peace, and the amicable settlement of all questions between the sections."

I read the dispatch as altered by Mr. Seward, and directed it to be sent. But I have always entertained the belief that our "mutual friend" made a copy of the dispatch for the telegraph operator, and retained the original, with the erasures in Mr. Seward's handwriting. My reasons for this belief are that, although a Democrat, he was ever afterwards a power with Mr. Seward while in office.[1]

When Mr. Crawford, one of the Confederate Commissioners, arrived in Washington, Mr. Seward urged me, through the "mutual friend," to put myself in communication with him, which I did.

[1] Dr. Gwin informed me, confidentially, that the person here alluded to (as his and Seward's intermediary) was Sam. Ward, the famous "King of the Lobby."—*E. J. C.*

Mr. Seward did not want to commit himself, either verbally or in writing, to the recognition, in his capacity as Secretary of State, of this Commission, but through me gave the most solemn assurances of the determination of the administration to settle all questions between the two governments amicably. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. Crawford; he could not take the responsibility of being content with this confidential assurance, unofficial in all its aspects, and so declared. He insisted upon an *unofficial* interview at least, and this so earnestly that Mr. Seward could not well refuse it.

This occurred on the 11th of March, 1861, and I was to call at Mr. Seward's private residence on the following morning, when, it was understood, the time and place of the interview would be fixed. I was at the Secretary's house promptly at 10 o'clock the next morning, as agreed upon. When I asked to see Mr. Seward, I was informed that he had been suddenly and violently attacked, the previous night, with lumbago or sciatica; that he was still in great pain, and not able to see any one.

I then went direct to Mr. Crawford's room, and told him I was not satisfied with this message, and could no longer act as intermediary between the Commissioners and Mr. Seward. He expressed great regret at my determination; but I was firm in it, and left Washington that evening for New York.

The reason given by Mr. Seward for declining the proposed unofficial interview was, as I have just stated, upon the plea of sickness, and no other. From the beginning and throughout I had, and still have, no doubt of Mr. Seward's sincerity in favoring a peace policy; and I think both Mr. Davis and Judge Black have suspected him unjustly of duplicity.

*Wm. M. Gwin.*

GWIN AND SEWARD.

As related by Doctor Gwin, he and Mr. Seward became warm personal friends early in their senatorial careers.

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Doctor Gwin often referred to the very efficient support given by Mr. Seward to his measures in the Senate for the benefit of California. He was the more grateful to Mr. Seward for his valuable aid in obtaining the many millions of dollars appropriated for this State, because these appropriations were almost invariably opposed by his Southern friends, with whom he was most intimate in social life. The Southern Senators, as a rule, gave no encouragement to internal improvements, and opposed nearly every measure that looked to taking money out of the treasury. They were not alive to the wants of a new and growing State, their own constituencies being composed of old and well established communities. Mr. Seward was essentially a progressive man, and thoroughly sympathized with Doctor Gwin in his efforts to build up the far-off State on the Pacific. What seemed reckless extravagance to the Southern Senators was regarded by him as a proper expenditure of the public money.

I remember hearing Doctor Gwin relate a scene in the Senate that created some amusement at his expense. Among other large appropriations, Doctor Gwin had asked for one hundred thousand dollars for a blacksmith shop at the Mare Island Navy Yard. Mr. Mason, of Virginia, at this exclaimed in indignant tones: "Does the Senator from California want to bankrupt the government? One hundred thousand dollars for a blacksmith shop! Why, there is n't a blacksmith shop in the whole State of Virginia that cost one hundred dollars!"

The uproar of laughter in the Senate at this killed the appropriation for that day, but the Doctor got it later.

This was the spirit of illiberality and false economy that Doctor Gwin had to contend against, and in Mr. Seward he always found a willing and able ally.

Mr. Seward was anxious to enter the "charmèd circle" of Southern social life, from which, as a "Black Republican," he was rigidly excluded. Doctor Gwin, with considerable trepidation,—he afterwards confessed,—invited him to a large dinner party at his house, where nearly all the guests were Southern Senators,—among them Toombs, Hunter, Mason, and Breckinridge,—and their wives. Mrs. Gwin, afraid to assign him to any of the lady guests, herself took Mr. Seward in to dinner. Mr. Seward, by his brilliant and interesting conversation, soon dissipated the chilliness his presence had caused, and turned into a great success what Doctor Gwin had feared would prove a dismal failure.

The next day Mr. Hunter said to Mr. Toombs: "When I met Seward today, he had the impertinence to say, 'Good morning, Brother Hunter.'"

"Did you knock him down?" exclaimed Toombs.

"Why, no," replied Hunter; "how could I knock a man down for calling me his brother?"

Doctor Gwin did few braver things in his life than, in the then state of feeling in Washington society, to risk his own prestige by this generous effort —which proved so successful — to overcome Mr. Seward's ostracism by the Southern social element.

In writing the foregoing article, however, for the purpose of exonerating Mr. Seward from the charge of deception and bad faith that had been brought against him, Doctor Gwin exhibits a magnanimity of character which is even rarer than the moral courage displayed in Seward's behalf on the former occasion. Doctor Gwin never doubted that Mr. Seward was the cause of his arrest in 1865, and of the long incarceration in Fort Jackson that followed,—related in the August OVERLAND.

In a letter received recently from an old and reliable Kentucky friend of Doctor Gwin, I have further proof of this fact. The letter reads:—

I am sorry you did not know of and mention in your article in the OVERLAND MONTHLY, the kind-

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ness of George D. Prentice,— the famous Louisville journalist,— in making two trips to Washington, old and feeble as he then was, to effect Doctor Gwin's release. His first visit secured milder treatment for Doctor Gwin, and the second one effected his release.

On his return after the first visit, Mr. Prentice said to me: "The President and Cabinet are all in favor of Dr. Gwin's release, except Mr. Seward, and orders have been issued to allow him every comfort." After his second visit he told me: "The President and Cabinet are still in favor of Doctor Gwin s unconditional release, except Seward, who remarked: 'I have reasons, which I cannot explain, for Doctor Gwin's continued imprisonment, and cannot consent to his liberation.'" Mr. Prentice continued: "Neither the President nor any member of the Cabinet opposed Seward during the meeting; but after it adjourned, I went to the White House, and importuned Johnson until I got him to sign an order for Doctor Gwin's release,— Seward to the contrary notwithstanding."

Doctor Gwin never could surmise and never learned why Mr. Seward exhibited this hostility towards him.

During a visit to San Francisco some years ago, Mr. Seward expressed to a friend — who immediately communicated his remarks to Doctor Gwin — his great disappointment at not having seen the Doctor, and said: "I am sorry Doctor Gwin has n't called on me; I would rather see him than any man in California."

But Doctor Gwin had not forgotten the many weary months of confinement to which Mr. Seward had subjected him, and could not extend the hand of fellowship to the man who had done him such a wrong.

This was the substance of Doctor Gwin's reply to the gentleman who repeated Mr. Seward's remarks to him; and, as heretofore stated, he and Mr. Seward never met after their parting in March, 1861.

*Evan J. Coleman.*

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# COYOTE-THAT-BITES.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun-up and his fill of mescal before noon. Yet Coyote-That-Bites had managed to achieve both those delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of José Sanchez and his wife, after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast, when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle. And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mescal was in his demijohn, and had strapped José's rather loose fitting cartridge belt about his sun-brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work, and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder, had wandered far down the dry arroyo, sipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time, until he felt that he was growing drowsy.

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along, until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails, and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track, and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light and the rifle was growing heavy.

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Well, it was getting toward noon, and rather warm, even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth, than sleep took a mighty hold upon him, and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side, and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful,—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay, there were other sounds; but they came some time after Coyote-That-Bites had thrown himself upon the sand, and gone off to the Land of Nod. They came faintly at first, and mingled with the murmurings of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children, whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning. But he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway,—those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down the line. They were walking in the scoop-out along the road-bed,—not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station. But Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half á dozen such as Gay.

To give Dubs all due credit, he did not know he was half a mile from home, and he really was going to turn back pretty soon. But the children had found many interesting and beautiful things to claim their attention. First there had been a chase after a young owl that could not fly, and that made its way along in the most haphazard manner imaginable. Then a horned toad had been captured, and Dubs had dragged the disgusted prisoner along by a string, until he had tired of the sport and had let him go again. Then, always keeping close to the railroad, they had entered a great field of cacti, where Dubs had tried very hard to pick "toonies" without getting the insidious, needle-like spines in his fingers. He was fairly successful, but he would not let the fruit of the cactus go into his sister's chubby hands until it had been stripped of its dangers by his ready jack-knife.

"'F I on'y had tum matches to build a fire wiv," sighed Dubs, "I 'd burn off vese prickles, jus' like ve Injuns does."

"O-o!" came suddenly from under Gay's sun-bonnet, "Wot 's dat?"

"W'y, it 's a jug!" and Dubs left the "toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's demijohn, and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms. For he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep, and no more to be feared than papa, when he lay on the lounge in his midday repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was a "worky Injun," like the Yaquis, who shoveled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off, and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for her share of the innocent toys, Gay let one of them drop on the Coyote's leg. Per-

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haps the mescal's influence was on the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand, and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side; but the hand fell, and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buckhorn handle.

"It's bigger 'n Mommie's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage asked, as he grasped the handle of the devilish-looking blade. "Now you 'tand over vere an' I'll get 'hind vis wock. Ven you tum along, an' I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred.

"O, it's on'y make b'leve. Vese kind o' Injuns don' kill nobody," and he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y 'Paches 'at kills, an' vey's none yound here, Mommie says. I'm a 'Pache, so you better look out."

It was dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him up an' 'poiled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough the Coyote-That-Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mescal held him down. So, after turning over, and burying his hatchet-like face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt, and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger, and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell; but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon for nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or, much less, a "swift" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear,—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grease-wood twig, the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The wee ones had sported in the black shadows long enough,—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station, a "dust-devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote-That-Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop, and stared about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half-covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge belt, empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little foot-prints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eye rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges,—where were they? He saw Gray's mound of sand, and kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the

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brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station, he knew that he was late, — too late, — and he gave a grunt of disgust, and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low-roofed station-house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots; saw the prickly pear shrubs, holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon, and felt the inspiration of the scene, as she had often felt it before. For the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities and in the cool, green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm, where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And, in truth, there was.

*Frank B. Millard.*

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## A FOOL'S ERRAND.

At the Immigration Convention held in this city last month, the following resolutions were passed by a vote of 112 ayes to 21 noes: —

*Resolved*, That the most important aim of this convention should be to increase and expand the facilities of our present carrying trade, and to encourage competing transportation lines for this State, both by rail and water; and be it further

*Resolved*, That it shall be the duty of the permanent organization of this convention to confer with the representatives of the different proposed transcontinental railroads, with a view of ascertaining upon what terms they will extend their railways into this State; and to induce them, if possible, to build competing lines to tide water on the bay of San Francisco and elsewhere in this State.

The gentlemen who are charged with the duty of inviting Eastern railroad companies to extend their lines into this State are not to be envied. They will depart on a Fool's Errand.

They propose to go to Mr. Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Hughitt and Mr. Perkins, and to say to them, "Please build us a thousand miles of railroad," as they might say, "Please to pass the salt." When the Eastern men of money reply, "Why should we build you a thousand miles of railroad? Where would our profit come in? Where does our interest lie in the matter?"—the envoys would have no answer to make, but that California wants competing railroads; and no Californian volunteering to undertake their construction, a convention consisting of some of the most intelligent men in the State thought it well to suggest the enterprise to capitalists elsewhere. To that suggestion the Eastern men might, if they thought it worth while, offer a rather conclusive rejoinder.

Some ten or twelve years ago, there was a craze among the owners of railroads in the central valleys to strike out for the Pacific. A wild delusion prevailed that this Coast was a cradle of

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traffic, and that all a new road needed to earn dividends was to secure a terminus on its golden shore. Sagacious men should have understood that nothing can come out of nothing, and that a tract of country which was sparsely inhabited, and which yielded little produce that called for railroad transportation to the East, could not well support more than a single line of railroad. But this common sense view failed to carry conviction to railroad companies in the Missisipi and Missouri river valleys; they insisted that if they could only reach the coast, their rolling stock would be insufficient to handle the business that would pour in upon them. Accordingly, five distinct companies undertook to build across the continent. Of these five, four were among the most substantial and wealthiest railroad corporations of the East.

Of the whole five, only one — the Union Pacific — actually reached the coast, and it bankrupted itself in the effort. It bought a controlling interest in the Oregon Short Line from Granger, Wyoming, to Huntingdon, Oregon, and the Oregon Short Line leased for ninety-nine years the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, from Huntingdon to Portland. Thus the Union Pacific secured a terminus on tide water, and accomplished its cherished object. But so far from being incommoded by a rush of traffic, the Union Pacific has never earned expenses on this part of its system, and the losses it incurred in running trains over it through the wilds of Idaho and the unsettled portions of Oregon are largely responsible for its present insolvency. It has reached the coast, certainly; but it owes twenty million dollars, payable on demand, and its credit has fallen so low that no new issue of bonds will sell.

The next road to start out on the journey across the continent was the Chicago and Northwestern, which is largely owned by the Vanderbilts, and is second to no corporation in the country as to wealth or credit. It built a line through northern Nebraska, and crossing into Wyoming headed for Ogden or Corinne, from which it was to cross the range into California, and strike for the coast.

About six years ago it got as far as Fort Cooper in Wyoming. There it stopped. Ever since 1885 construction has ceased. There is not even any talk of continuing work. The level-headed men who own the Chicago and Northwestern have no notion of emulating the example of the Union Pacific. They have realized their mistake, and they do not propose to leave their dollars on the alkali plains or in the mountain passes.

Before 1880, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, also a corporation of great wealth, proposed to continue its line to the coast. Having a practically unlimited command of funds, it built, under the name of the Burlington and Missouri, a line from the Missouri River to Denver. There it found the Denver and Rio Grande, and its extension, the Denver and Rio Grande Western, in financial difficulties. Negotiations were set on foot for their transfer to the wealthy Boston corporation. They lasted many months,— a year or two; but they ended in the withdrawal of the Burlington Company. It could have bought the Colorado lines about on its own terms, but by that time it had reached a sound understanding of the situation, and it concluded to go no farther west in search of business.

The Burlington's move was quickly followed by the Rock Island, which leased from the Chicago, Kansas, and Nebraska Railroad Company a line running from Topeka, Kansas, to Denver. But as the Burlington had stopped there, and left the Rio Grande to reap all the profit of business arising further west, so the Rock Island stopped at the same point, and no inducements have availed to tempt it even to cross the western border of Colorado. Like the other com-

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panies, it had got over the hallucination that railroad traffic originates on the Pacific Coast.

The last of the five companies that aimed at making the Pacific Coast its western terminal was the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, which already, through the Sonora Railroad Company, controlled the line to Guaymas. Its story is rather complicated. In 1876, the St. Louis and San Francisco Company bought the Atlantic and Pacific Company's property, under foreclosure, without, however, extinguishing the corporation. In 1890 the stock of the St. Louis and San Francisco passed, by purchase, into the possession of the Atchison Company, and with it the line of the Atlantic and Pacific from Albuquerque to the Needles, and a lease of the road from Mohave to the Needles, granted by its builders, the Southern Pacific Company. These transfers left the Atchison in possession of an unbroken line of road from the Missouri Valley to a central point in Southern California, and its owners, who still shared the old delusion about the value of Pacific Coast terminals, freely gave out that they were going to build to San Francisco. This was in 1884. But not only have they taken no steps toward building, but they would be glad to see a way of avoiding the contract they are under to buy the Mohave division, which they now operate under a lease, in 1905. In fact they, like the other railroad managers, fail to see that there would be anything great for them to gain if they could locate their western depot in Market Street.

The delegates from the Immigration Convention can now judge what kind of a reception they are likely to get from the managers of Eastern roads, when they invite them to build to the coast. The Eastern men will be likely to scrutinize their credentials with care, to make sure that they are not perpetrating a practical joke.

As a matter of fact, the Coast does not need competing lines, any more than the Eastern companies require to build them. The railroads we have are amply sufficient to carry all the freight and passengers that are seeking transportation in that direction. And they are not growing rich at the business. In 1890, the two roads that run from San Francisco to Ogden and to El Paso received together for through business $10,259,628, of which $7,144,190 was for freight, and $3,115,438 for passengers. The percentage of operating expenses to gross receipts, on the whole system, was that year about 66 per cent; at this rate the net earnings from through business was $3,419,876,— not so very large an apple to divide with another road. The alleged necessity for more Eastern railroads does not exist. It is a figment of the brain of persons who mostly travel deadhead, and propose to square accounts with their conscience by making themselves disagreeable to those who furnish them free transportation; and rail at railroad millionaires, on the principle that induces the man who travels on foot to snarl at him who rides in a coach.

From some of the speeches delivered at the convention, it appears that there are people,—and people of prominence, —who fancy that a competing line would add to the business of the city or the State. How could it? A railroad does not generate traffic, any more than an apple-cart grows apples. The most that it can do is to accommodate traffic when it has been generated by other agencies. A farmer does not swell the volume of his crop by buying more farm wagons; and in like manner California would not produce a bushel more wheat, or a crate more fruit, or a gallon more wine, if we had a dozen competing roads tomorrow.

But, says Mr. Ostrom, or somebody cast in the same mould, if we had competing railroads, we should have cheaper freights. What nonsense! If a party of capitalists would conclude, on a calm

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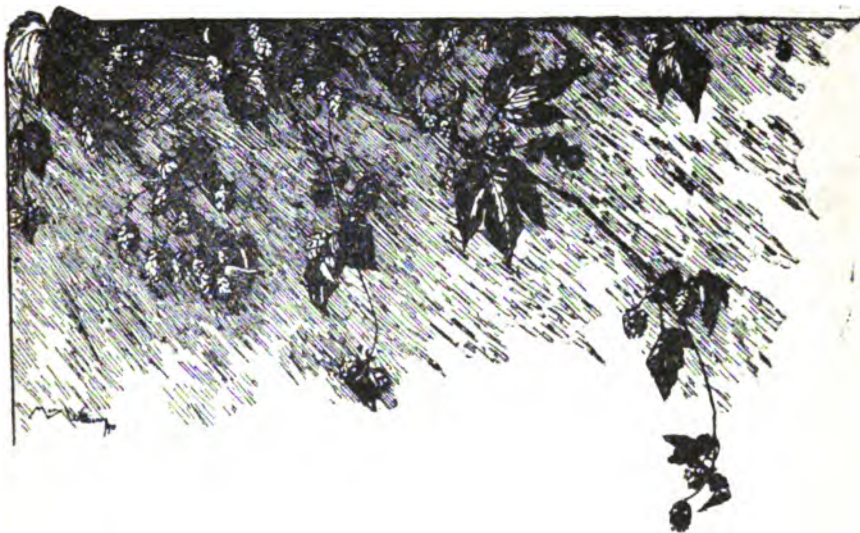
review of the situation, that there was an opening for a new transcontinental railroad, and should spend their millions in building it, say to this city, their very first step before opening their line for traffic would be to apply for admission into the Continental pool. Indeed, they would try to get assurance of this before they built the road. And as their admission would diminish the shares of each of the old partners, the normal effect of their appearance on the scene might be to lead to an advance in freights and fares, so that the newcomer might get his share without diminishing too seriously the shares of the other partners.

That the railroad mileage of California needs extension everybody knows. With thrice the territory of Illinois, we have less than half as many miles of railroad. In consequence some of the finest land in the world is lying fallow because it commands no access to a market. But the railroads that are wanted are not transcontinental, but lateral lines; roads opening up new country, and tapping new sources of production. Of such roads we could not have too many. Throughout the valley of California there should be parallel railroads every forty miles. Twenty miles is as far as the farmer ought to haul his grain or his fruit in wagon. Such parallel roads would earn fair interest on their cost, if they were judiciously managed; though of course the shippers who had clamored till they got them would probably insist, after they were built, that they should do business for nothing. They would develop a country that is being very slowly wakened to life, and would attract immigration much more effectually than the Fool's Errand which seems to have been the chief result of the recent Convention.



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# CALIFORNIA HORSE FARMS.

FLEET as the wind and gentle as a girl, were the boasted characteristics of the Arab's mare. In the evolution of the horse as he is today, the desert animal has been largely utilized ; but if the Bedouin of a century ago could be resuscitated, he would fail to recognize a trace of his old friend and companion.

Fleet they are and gentle in the main, but in size and power a strong contrast to the original.

The horse has always had his modicum of sentimental admirers. Poets have sung of him. Volumes of adulation of "the noblest animal next to man" have been preserved in cold type ; but in this utitilarian age he appears mainly as a commercial factor, and as such is certainly entitled to our respect. This is specially true on the Pacific Coast.

California is the natural home of the horse. For climatic reasons, he reaches a state of perfection here found in no other district on the continent. To the summer climate of the temperate zone is added the winter of the semi-tropical. No chilling storms or months of ice and snow send him to the stable here. He enjoys the free air and the succulent grasses the year round, with just coolness enough about the holidays to brace him to that abundant exercise so beneficial to lungs, ligaments, and muscles. From the stilted step of colthood to the sweeping stride of his "four-year-old form," there is no reason why development should be arrested one hour in California. Our Eastern cousins were loth to concede the supremacy of this State in this direction for some time. When they were shown yearlings larger than their two-year-olds, they hinted that there was some mistake about the age, or a deliberate misrepresentation. On one occasion, when Mr. E. J. Baldwin's great cup horse, Lucky B., was a two-year-old, he won an important race over one of the Eastern courses. He was such a large and powerful colt that the race was protested, on the ground that the winner was not of proper age, and an expert veterinary had to be called to settle the matter in Mr. Baldwin's favor.

The breeding of horses on this Coast as a business is comparatively recent. It has sprung up mainly within two decades, although prosecuted in a small way several years before that time. We began with some good material, although we hardly knew it ourselves.

A prominent Eastern horse man once remarked to the writer that California had more fast trotters without pedigrees than any State he had ever visited. There was a reason for this : many of these horses had pedigrees, but the record had been lost. When the discovery of gold sent a flood of population to California, thousands found their way hither across the plains. Many of them brought horses with them, and they were in most cases horses of quality, selected with a view to the hardships of the journey. These immigrants were after gold. They sold their horses to the first buyer they could find. No attention was paid to pedigrees or any of the forms now observed in such cases, and in this way all traces of the descent was lost. We have many a good horse in this State whose family line ends abruptly in "an immigrant mare," and cannot be traced further.

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One of the stallions that journeyed hither, leaving his family history behind, cut an important figure in the horse breeding industry of the State, inasmuch as he indirectly brought about the establishment of the great Palo Alto farm at Menlo Park. That horse was St. Clair. He was a pacer, brought to Sacramento from the East, and all efforts to trace his pedigree have resulted in failure. He attracted but little attention until brought to public notice by the performance of Occident.

Occident was a horse of attenuated pedigree, a superabundance of temper, but a trotter of great speed. He was sired by a son of St. Clair, his dam a native mare of unknown lineage, so ornamented with Spanish brands, that had she been offered for sale to some showman, she would have brought a price for exhibition along with the tattooed man. Occident had seen some hard service in a butcher's cart, and his disposition was no sweeter by reason of that experience; but he was fast. It was the talk of the town, that if the horse was properly trained he would be a world wonder, and Governor Stanford undertook to prove it. He bought the horse, placed him in the hands of a competent trainer, and after patient effort had the satisfaction of seeing Occident make a record of 2:16¼. The horse trotted quarters in 29 seconds, or at the rate of a mile in 1:56, but was so erratic and difficult to manage that he was only an indifferent race horse. But he did the State a great service, nevertheless.

Governor Stanford's pride was touched. If he could not buy a fast trotter, he resolved to breed one, and he set about the business with a prodigality of expenditure that was without a parallel in America at that time. Some good daughters of St. Clair were secured, mares of quality were added without regard to price, and the stud made complete by the purchase of Electioneer. This son of Hambletonian and Green Mountain Maid was not highly regarded by his breeder, Mr. Charles Backman of New York, but Mr. Stanford selected him after a careful inspection of all the prominent stallions in the horse breeding districts of the East.

The result justified his judgment, probably far beyond what he himself hoped. Success was immediate. Among the first of Electioneer's get were Hinda Rose, who trotted as a yearling in 2:36½, and Wildflower, two-year-old, in 2:21. Of course, these things created a great sensation in the East. The transmontane breeders heard the news, but were loth to believe. They talked of short tracks, ignorant timers, and all the other subterfuges of men who are beaten and disappointed. But the logic of facts prevailed in the end, and ere long Governor Stanford was besieged with applications to buy at long prices the blood which horsemen in the older States had affected to contemn a few years before. Electioneer died the premier trotting stallion of the world. At the time this article is written, he has seventy-eight of his get in the "charmed circle" of 2:30, or better, with many yet to hear from. There is every probability that before the record closes the number will have reached a hundred.

The list is headed by Sunol, three-year-old record 2:10½, a performance never equaled at her age. This mare, although she has been sold to Robert Bonner of New York, is still in the hands of Mr. Marvin, Governor Stanford's trainer, who confidently expects to eclipse the 2:08¾ of Maud S, and establish Sunol as the queen of the trotting turf before the year closes.

The Palo Alto farm was established by Governor Stanford as a breeding proposition, for his personal satisfaction. It was not designed as a business venture, and breeding for the market was not in the plan, but the pressure for room has been so great that the six thousand acres devoted to it has proved insuffi-

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cient, and the proprietor has consented to sell to relieve the crowding. Customers have been plentiful, and horses purchased for procreative purposes have gone from there to nearly every State in the Union. The receipts from this source reach well towards a million of dollars.

The latest achievement of Palo Alto is to bring out a yearling that trotted 2:27¾, reducing all previous records 2 seconds, and a two-year-old that turns the track in 2:15¾, clipping 2¼ seconds from the best previous record.

One of the questions of breeding that long agitated the horse world has been settled at Palo Alto. That was the utility of thoroughbred blood in the trotter. Many years ago Joseph Cairn Simpson, the veteran horseman and writer on turf matters, began the advocacy of that idea, his theory being based on pure philosophy. It was simply that the trotter was a creature of evolution. He was being manufactured, and it was reason to begin with the best material. The thoroughbred was the highest and best type of horse known, and consequently was the animal that should be used. The idea met with violent opposition. Mr. Simpson, with a facile pen and Scotch combativeness, defended his child, and a merry war went on for years. Governor Stanford was one of the first to accept the proposition, and he tendered Mr. Simpson the services of Electioneer to prove the soundness of the theory. Mr. Simpson sent to Palo Alto a mare (Columbine) practically thoroughbred, as she carried but a trace of plebian blood. She was bred to Electioneer, and the result of that union was Anteo, a horse that made a record of 2:16¼, and one that is rapidly making fame for himself as a sire. He is now owned in the East, his present owner having paid $50,000 for him. Columbine was returned to Electioneer, and the produce was Antevolo, who made a record of 2:19¼, as a four-year-old, and afterwards trotted a mile in 2:16 in a race. He also was sold across the Rockies, and cost his present owners $35,000.

Governor Stanford has bred in that direction ever since, and a long line of fast horses has been the result. The stallions that promise to distinguish themselves as sires at Palo Alto since the death of Electioneer are all closely related to the thoroughbred. Palo Alto, 2:12¼, is from a pure-blooded dam; Whips, 2:24, is the same. Electricity, 2:22, is but one remove from it; as is the flying filly Sunol, 2:10¼, believed to be the fastest trotter in the world.

The ultimate effect has been that the old-time controversy has all but disappeared from the turf journals. "Cold" blood is being eliminated from the trotter all over the United States, greatly to the enhancement of the speed, stamina, and individual beauty, of the animal.

One of the illustrations of this article is the rare old matron, Beautiful Bells, a mare that will always occupy a prominent place in turf history. She is the dam of five trotters in the 2:30 list, her latest addition being the yearling filly, Bell Bird, that trotted recently at Stockton in 2:27¾, a record that is likely to stand unbeaten for many years, unless it is successfully attacked by Bell Bird herself before the close of the present season.

The dam of Beautiful Bells, Minnehaha, was herself the dam of five trotters with records within the prescribed limit of 2:30, Beautiful Bells being one of them. She was owned by L. J. Rose of San Gabriel, one of the successful breeders of the State, and one of the first to bring California horses into notice. He bred a small host of fast trotters, and when a few years since he decided to change from the trotter to the thoroughbred, he realized a quarter of a million for his stock. Most of it was sold in New York, where the breeders were eager for anything Californian. The fastest horse Mr. Rose raised, Stamboul,

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Photo by Hill & Watkins.

ELECTIONEER.

2:11, remained here, however, and is the property of Mr. W. S. Hobart, of San Francisco, who is understood to have paid $40,000 for him.

Not far from Palo Alto, near the town of San Mateo, is the establishment of Mr. William Corbitt. Mr. Corbitt was always a horse fancier. He relates that when he was in the stock business in Los Angeles County, ranging sheep over the ground which he afterwards sold Mr. L. J. Rose, who transformed it into the princely estate known as Sunny Slope, he was given to liking good horses. They had their little trots down there, when each owner went to the track, taking with him a keg of water for his horse, with a lock on the tap, to prevent some evil-disposed person from putting poison in it. Still the passion was so strong that they would race.

Having accumulated a fortune in business and settled in San Francisco, Mr. Corbitt soon turned his attention to breeding. His place at San Mateo contains about five hundred acres, but it is in the heart of the villa district, a locality dotted with the country seats of wealthy San Franciscans, where the value of an acre of land runs up into thousands. His first venture was almost a failure. He visited the East in search of stock, and purchased the stallions Irvington and Arthurton, full brothers, paying $40,000 for the pair. This was a very liberal price, Arthurton being only a yearling. As it turned out, it was a wofully bad bargain. Irvington proved useless, and Mr. Corbitt sold him to New Zealand parties for less hundreds than he had paid thousands. Arthurton was not a total failure, but could not keep step with this precocious country, and was sold to Kentucky on the best attainable terms. Mr. Corbitt retained some of Arthurton's daughters for brood mares, and they have not disappointed him. Six of them have produced trotters in the



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list, and one of them has the honor of being the dam of Freedom, whose yearling record of 2:29¾ was the best in the world until it was wiped off the board by Bell Bird's 2:27¾.

Having been attracted by the rising fame of the Wilkes family in the East, Mr. Corbitt resolved to make his next effort for a Wilkes stallion. He visited Kentucky for that purpose, and secured Guy Wilkes, paying $7,500 for him. When he went to see Guy, the horse was rough and unkempt in appearance, running in a lot where the ground was so rough and the weeds so rank that there was no opportunity to judge of his paces; but his pedigree suited, and Mr. Corbitt brought him home. He proved to be a fast and game trotter, a winner of many races, and was retired to the stud with a record of 2:15¼. As a sire, he has been a success, with seven trotters to his credit,—a good showing, when it is considered that the first of his get did not appear until 1887. His son, Sable Wilkes, made a three-year-old record of 2:18, and is the sire of Freedom, yearling record 2:29¾. On account of the limited accommodation for horses at Mr. Corbitt's place, and impelled by a business thrift that through long practice has become second nature with him, the proprietor of San Mateo Farm has sold many fine colts to buyers that desired them for breeding purposes, before they were developed on the track. Guy

Photo by Taber.

BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

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Wilkes's roll of honor is undoubtedly less for that reason, as all of his get that have made records have been trained and prepared for the track in Mr. Corbitt's own stable.

Another California breeder who has contributed largely to the fame of the State in the older communities towards the Atlantic coast is Monroe Salisbury, whose snug little place is located near the aptly named town of Pleasanton, in the Livermore Valley. Mr. Salisbury came into possession of the black stallion Director, when the horse was three years old, paying $10,000 for him. He bought Director for a race horse, and was not mistaken. The colt was brought to California, where he was developed, and soon began to give evidence of his quality. He made the tour of this State, and distinguished himself greatly, making a record of 2:23 in the first season, and indicating plainly that he was a jewel of the first water. The next year Mr. Salisbury took the horse East, and he went through the grand circuit, met the pick of the whole country, and defeated them all. He came back with a record of 2:17, and the Eastern press conceded, without an exception, that he was the greatest fighter that had ever been seen on the turf. An accident incapacitated him for further racing, and he was retired to the stud, where he bids

Photo by Hill & Watkins.

ELECTRICITY.

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fair to become as famous as a sire as he already is as a performer. He has six trotters to his credit now, Margaret S, 2:12½, being the fastest, and he has a son credited with the fastest double record up to date.

Direct, the result of the union of Director and the California-bred mare Echora, has a trotting record of 2:18¼, as a four-year-old. Direct had always a disposition to pace, and it was with difficulty that he was induced to trot at all, but having done so well at the diagonal gait, Mr. Salisbury concluded this year to let the little fellow have his own way.

He took him East, where Direct soon paced himself into the free-for-all class, and at last report had done his mile in 2:06, eclipsing all previous records at that way of going. Mr. Salisbury's establishment is not large. He has a few choice mares, and although it is but a few years since he took up breeding, he has had his full measure of success. A good horse has no more genuine friend and admirer than Mr. Salisbury.

A few miles from Pleasanton, in the same valley, is the farm of Mr. Giulio Valensin, a breeder that has done his share for the horse interests of the State, although not an extensive operator. His stallion, Sidney, is home-bred, having been raised by Mr. Salisbury. Although by a trotting sire and from a trotting dam, Sidney evinced a disposition to pace early in his career, and at that gait made a record of 2:19¾. Of his get that have come within the line, four are pa-

Photo by Taber.

MR. MARVIN AND NORLAINE.

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cers and three are trotters; two of the former, Gold Leaf, 2:11¼, and Adonis, 2:11½, being sufficient to establish his reputation. The effect has been that Mr. Valensin has found a ready market in the East for the produce of his place, at remunerative prices.

In the San Joaquin valley there are also some breeding plants, notably those of L. U. Shippee of Stockton, and S. N. Straube, of Fresno, both of whom will ere long be heard from in the Eastern market. Mr. Shippee has already sent one draft of horses across the country, but he did not seek a sale in any of the principal business centers, and the result has not, as far as the writer is advised, been made public.

While Palo Alto is far and away larger than anything in its line in any other State, California has within her borders a still larger establishment, the great Rancho del Paso of J. B. Haggin, near Sacramento. The ranch contains 45,000 acres, about 10,000 of which is given over to the horse, all in pasture. The remainder is rented to farmers, and from these tenants the hay and grain necessary is procured. When Mr. Haggin, who, as the whole world knows, is many times a millionaire, first turned his attention to horses, the trotter was in high favor with the California public, and some trotting stallions and mares were purchased for Rancho del Paso. But the master soon gave the idea over. He had been born and raised in Kentucky, in a district where the liking for thoroughbreds is in the very air, and could not content himself with trotters. They went to pasture, and Mr. Haggin proceeded to organize a racing stable of the first class.

Photo by Hill & Watkins.

PALO ALTO.

For several years he enjoyed the full

est satisfaction with the blue bloods. He raced at all the principal meetings from San Francisco to New York, winning Derbys, cups, and stakes in numbers, and consequently large amounts of money. With Ben Ali he won the Kentucky Derby at Louisville, the great ambition of Western horsemen. The Kentucky Derby is not the most valuable of its kind in the United States, in point of money, but it is an historic race, and many great battles have been fought for the honor of the record. To win the Kentucky Derby was one of the unrealized hopes of Senator Hearst.

Mr. Haggin's retirement from active participation in the sports of the turf was a brilliant exit, the last two of his horses to face the starter being Salvator and Firenzi. Salvator seemed almost unbeatable. He gathered up the great stakes with a regularity that made his name a terror to all opposing him, and retired at the close of last season the acknowledged King of the Turf. His records of one mile in 1:35½, and a mile and a quarter in 2:05, are likely to stand many years untouched. He was returned to Rancho del Paso last winter, and made his first season in the stud this year.

Firenzi is the greatest cup winner of her time, and has added a small fortune to the treasury of her owner. She is expected at Rancho del Paso this winter, and will be added to the list of famous mares that have exchanged the silk of the race course for the cares of the breeding paddock.

When Mr. Haggin took up breeding as a business, he did it with a thoroughness that insured success. Having imported two stallions from Australia at a great expense, he added others selected from the best American sources, and cast about for mares of the highest quality to mate with them. When he found an animal that pleased him, the price was never allowed to stand in the way. He selected the very best, taking blood, lines, and family history, as a guide; and allowed none to escape that he thought would be of value to him. There are now in the thoroughbred department of Del Paso twelve stallions and nearly three hundred mares. They represent a princely outlay, dozens of brood mares roaming at will there that cost Mr. Haggin from $6,000 to $18,000 each.

The system employed at the ranch is different from that of any other breeding farm in the State. No horses are trained there, nor is there any attempt made at development. No horses are sold there, except occasionally one that has sustained injury, and is unfit for shipment to Eastern markets. The entire produce of the place is disposed of at public sale, the buyer doing the rest. In June of each year all the colts and fillies of the season before, then rating as yearlings, are shipped to New York and offered at auction, the highest bidder becoming the owner then and there.

The peculiar conditions that make New York the leading depot for the sale of yearlings may be briefly explained. A large proportion of the racing men of the Atlantic Coast,—the people to maintain large stables of race-horses,—are not breeders themselves. They have no farms; nor do they desire any. They prefer to buy their horses at these sales, and be saved the annoyance of raising them. There are several classes of these. Some of them are young men that, having inherited fortunes, are able to indulge a sporting inclination, and they turn to the turf because horse racing has ever been the most aristocratic style of hazard. Some are merchants and professional men, that have acquired a competence after years of close application and self-denial, and now give themselves over to a condensed form of that relaxation that they would have done better probably to have distributed more evenly along the road. There is another class,— men that race horses as a social proposition. They obtain by this means

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Photo by Hill & Watkins.

SUNOL.

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a recognition not otherwise easily secured; for old New York, conservative and exclusive as it is, seems to draw the line at the Jockey Club. A whilom Californian,— one of the best known and successful stock operators of the Comstock period, transferred himself and his handsome bank account to New York some years ago, and endeavored to introduce himself to the Knickerbockers. He went down the line, and was successively black-balled in every club in the city, – much to his surprise and discomfiture. He consulted a friend who was in the swim, and was advised to try a racing stable. He got together a string of good animals, registered his colors with the Jockey Club, and was soon a prominent figure on the course. Then he knocked again at the doors of the clubs, and was promptly admitted.

There is still a large element of buyers that are speculators pure and simple. They were cast by nature for gamblers, and affect the turf because higher wagers can be laid there, larger sums won or lost, than in any of the ordinary forms of gambling.

Of late years, on account of the generous patronage extended to turf sports by the public at large, as visitors to the courses, a great impetus has been given to racing all over the country. Associations have multiplied, and the stakes to be contended for have been increased in value, until in some cases a single race brings from $50,000 to $60,000 to the winner. Naturally enough, under such conditions, the fraternity which we have designated as speculative has received large accessions. These people are liberal buyers and pay well, are willing to take a chance, and trust to luck to bring them through.

All of the different classes of racing men here enumerated are compelled to

Photo by Hill & Watkins

HES ALL

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Photo by Hill & Watkins.

SALVATOR.

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Drawn from Photo by Alpheus Bull, Jr.

A NORTHER ON THE RANGE.

buy yearlings. Under the present system of racing, all the principal stakes for two-year-olds and three-year-olds close when the animals are only one year old. No nomination will be received except at that age, and as they are unknown quantities at that time, so far as actual ability is concerned, it is the custom of owners to name several in each race, in the hope that one at least may prove a jewel and capture the the prize. As an effect, when the colts are led into the sale ring, every buyer desires all the way from three to ten. Competition is spirited, and good prices obtain, as a rule.

In the matter of prices, Mr. Haggin holds the record, having sold a yearling at one of his New York sales for the handsome sum of $38,000. It may be stated, as an example of the irony of fortune, that that colt proved valueless as a race-horse. Since this system of selling was adopted, Mr. Haggin has resumed the breeding of trotters at Rancho del Paso, the material being already at hand. The trotters are disposed of in the same manner as the thoroughbreds, and at the same place.

These sales bring about $200,000 annually, a figure that seems to satisfy all concerned. In fact, as Mr. Haggin recently paid $6,000 for the dam of Firenzi, and $3,000 for the dam of Salvator, it may be assumed that he has no design of retiring from the business or reducing the stock. As an instance of the facilities provided at Del Paso for the conduct of the business, it may be noted that the ranch owns its own railway cars, built to order from special designs, and all shipments go across the continent as special trains, and on fast time. The whole establishment is in charge of

THE BURNS STAKE CUP, WON BY HOTSPUR.

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Superintendent John Mackey, a gentleman of rare executive ability and thorough knowledge of the horse. W. L. Sullivan is Secretary, and so complete is the organization that the great ranch goes on from year to year without the slightest indication of friction or confusion, and with less demonstration than a fair-sized vegetable garden.

In the valley of Kern River, where Mr. Haggin has large landed interests, he has another breeding farm, devoted to general purpose and draft horses. The general purpose horses are all well bred, with good pedigrees, and are sold in San Francisco at auction when four years old. These sales realize from $30,000 to $40,000 each year, and yield a handsome profit to the breeder. In many instances buyers have attended these San Francisco sales, bought a cheap horse for ordinary use, and found a fast trotter. Several of these Kern Valley animals have been winners of races, but they are not sold as such,—only as roadsters and horses of all work, for which San Francisco has a large and steady demand. Business horses rarely last long in this city, where the slippery cobbles cripple their joints, destroy their ambition, and consign them to the peddler's wagon, the night hack, or the knacker, in a few years.

APTOS WILKES.

The draft horse interests of California are inconsiderable. The hardy mule still retains his prestige in the mountains, the farmer does not need a heavy horse, and as a consequence, the only market for the more ponderous animal is among the truckmen of San Francisco. For some reason, few of the recognized breeds of draft horses do well in this State. The Clydesdales were introduced at an early day, but their feet could not resist the ill effects of the dry climate, and they were abandoned. The English Glory was at one time recognized as a distinct family, — now graded and crossed until the name of Glory is no longer heard.

The French horses — Normans and Percherons — are still here. The number of breeders grows noticeably less as time goes on, the importations correspondingly so, and in a few years grades will be the only representatives of this class of animal.

In the consideration of the horse in-

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terests of California, it may be claimed that undue prominence is given to the race-horse. Undoubtedly, there are many,— there are some to the writer's own knowledge,—who claim that he who breeds race-horses for the purpose of selling them to racing men is guilty of a moral crime, inasmuch as he deliberately aids and encourages the iniquity of gambling on the tracks. The same charge might be made against the engineer that laid out the course, or the carpenter that erected the buildings. It is an absurdity in either case. Horse racing is primarily a sport, one of the most exhilarating and fascinating recreations known to man. Some racing men may be gamblers, but many are not, and to accuse the breeder of complicity in crime because he sold a horse to a gambler, would be like denouncing the maker of tennis rackets, because somebody bet on a game.

Furthermore, the race course has been of incalculable benefit to all classes of society,— the ministerial not excepted. It is a trite saying that in this world things do not long remain stationary. They either go forward or back. The thoroughbred of today is the finest type of the genus *Equus* the world has ever seen. He has been two hundred years reaching his present stage of perfection, and has been kept going forward solely by the stimulus of competition on the race course. Breeding for a better animal by careful selection has been the constant effort all through that long period, and the test has always been the race course. The blood of this improved and improving racer has gone out to all classes of horses, and they have followed in his wake. Of the large number of horses, both thoroughbred and trotters, that have been sold from California for racing purposes, not twenty per cent

Photo by E. T. Houghton

A BAKERSFIELD HORSE RANCH.

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Drawn from Photo by Watkins.

A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA RACE COURSE, LOS ANGELES.

will ever find a place as successful racers. Only the first rank will be available on the track; all the rest will go to other uses. They will be distributed through all manner of followings where a horse is needed as an assistant to man, and will do more and do it better than any "scrub" horse ever can. Some will be used for breeding purposes, and thus improve their coarser neighbors, to the manifest advantage of all. Still the center of the line of advancement will be the race course; for there the effort to find the better horse will be constant.

The horses bred in this State and sold to other parts bring in an annual cash result of over half a million of dollars. We have shipped them to Europe, Mexico, South America, Japan, China, Australia, British India, and even to Java. Aside from the money added to the wealth of California, the State has reaped great advantages from these shipments as an advertising proposition. The enterprising horse farmers that have brought these things about are certainly entitled to the respectful consideration of their fellow citizens.

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## OUR POPPY.

[STATE FLOWER OF CALIFORNIA.]

*The emperice and flour of floures alle.—Chaucer.*

WHEN the rose was made,
I am afraid
A pretty bit of sin
Slipt in;
That blush—nobody knows
The story of the rose.

And the lily white,
A touch of blight
Is on her saintly face;
A trace
Of—what? She and the rose,
Their story no one knows.

But Our Poppy's flame,
Nay, doubt, for shame!
Smirch not her sturdy glow;
All know
Our Poppy from the morn
The honest thing was born.

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"Come," said once the sun,
"I will be one
To shine into the grass,
To pass
New life into the earth
For a god's own beauty-birth."

"Ay," replied a star,
In night afar,
"We'll see what we can do.
We two
Will first make golden weather,
Then sow down there together."

Now, deep under ground
Was caught the sound
Out of the western sky:
"And I,"
Spoke up a bright-eyed metal,
"Will help tint every petal."

So, by day and night
Of golden light,
They made the golden weather,
Together
Sun and star did sow
Down in the fields below;

Up the gold did burn,
And, in its turn,
Matched earth's with heaven's glory.
The story
Of Our Poppy's told,
Our blossom of the gold.

*John Vance Cheney.*

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# TWO LOVE SONGS.

## I.

Love, place thy hand in mine,
At its soft touch a gracious calm is stealing
Across my heart; the echoes of the past
Sound faint as far-off bells at twilight pealing.
By magic, sweet, the past, the future, dies,
In thy warm palm my happy present lies.

Sweet heart, thy fingers form a chalice white,
Within whose depths my very soul lies glowing,
O, lift it to thy lips, that I may feel
Thy light breath kiss it, softly coming, going.
Of thy dear grace, I ask it for a sign,
Love, place thy hand in mine.

## II.

Sweetheart, I do not know
How I may voice mine own heart's love to thee;
As strains of music flow,
To blend at last in some sweet symphony,
E'en so from every part
Of life there springs a tide of minstrelsy
For thee, Sweetheart!

An old time friend art thou,
For love like thine I waited many years;
It came at last, and now
My soul smiles to thee thro' a mist of tears,
With reverent heart I bend
And pray once more, as unto Him who hears,
For thee, my friend!

*Agnes Crary.*

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# PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It was early in the war. Richard Cobden, to whom I took letters from Abraman Lincoln and Horace Greeley, lived near the beautiful country town of Hazelmere, in Sussex, England, surrounded by his household gods and his ancestral oaks, on the same homestead once owned by his father, which was a gift from his grateful constituents,— the people of England,— after the great triumph of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, led by Cobden, and Bright, and Huskinson, and Peel.

It was known to only a few in England that Mr. Cobden had, just before the Civil War, made large investments in the State of Illinois, and had been tendered the position of president of the Illinois Central Railroad.

He was inclined to accept the place, and had partially perfected his plans to become an American citizen. The speedy downfall of Lord Palmerston, then Premier, and the rapid growth of liberalism in England, fostered and advanced by the pending struggle in America, changed Mr. Cobden's plans, and before the American conflict ended, John Bright was a member of a liberal Cabinet, with Gladstone as Prime Minister.

Cobden cordially hated Lord Palmerston, and he had much to do with his downfall. No man in England felt a keener interest in the American question than did the great English commoner. He made no secret of his sympathy with the cause of the Union. He had been in constant correspondence with Mr. Lincoln, and felt for the many-sided American patriot the deepest affection. Both were engaged in a national and far-reaching struggle for the liberation of humanity, and defeat in America meant another century of Tory domination in Great Britain.

By a sea-coal fire, late in the November night, Mr. Cobden gave me his opinion of Abraham Lincoln in these words:

"This century has produced no man like him. Napoleon said, 'The great heart makes the great soldier.' Lincoln is not only a man of great heart, but he is a man of excellent understanding. The moral philosophers tell us that the intellect works best through the sensibilities.

"And he is a man who has risen from manual labor to the presidency of a great people, and to me he seems to be the one man God has raised up to give courage and enthusiasm to a people unused to the arts of war, fighting what seems to me to be a doubtful battle, in the greatest conflict of modern times.

"I like Mr. Lincoln's intense veneration for what is true and good.

"His sense of justice is exalted, and yet, while he has never studied statesmanship in modern schools, he is capable of writing, at times, monumental English. He has some of the same characteristics that made William the Silent great; and like Azeglio, the Italian statesman, he abjures the political finesse of Machiavelli, but rests his claims to victorious statesmanship on his wonderful good sense and his absolute good faith.

"His reason seems to rule despotically over his other faculties, and his conscience and his heart are ruled by his reason. It is Pascal who says sublimity is often encountered in daily life, and I know of nothing more sublime than the patience of your American President. He seems to be bent on making a republic the great stature of an honest man.



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"I speak of your struggle as doubtful, because Mr. Lincoln will have more to contend against in the hostility of foreign powers than in the shattered and scattered resources of the Confederacy."

Mr. Cobden predicted the triumph of our arms, but he died before he had more than a Pisgah view of the promised land, and John Bright held the place intended for Cobden in the cabinet till his Quaker notions rebelled against a war in Egypt for conquest, and he cast from him cabinet honors, never again to resume office as the gift of the government.

We sat till the early hours of the morning, and I recall the great commoner's tribute of affection to his colleague, the member from Birmingham, a passage from whose speech Mr. Cobden quoted: "John Bright said, in a sun-burst of eloquence: —

"'I love America: a land that *dares* to be great, and prosperous, and happy, without a monarchy, without an aristocracy, without a priesthood, who are the licensed vendors of that salvation wrought by love."

Mr. Cobden had some traits in common with Mr. Lincoln. He had neither offensive egotism nor pretentious pride. He was a quiet, sincere, and unaffected gentleman. Of his introduction to the American minister at the Court of St. James,— Charles Francis Adams,— Mr. Cobden remarked, "Mr. Adams is as cold as one of his own Massachusetts codfish; and when introduced, only touches the extreme tips of your fingers."

This was the same Mr. Adams who, after the death of Abraham Lincoln, delivered a lecture in Boston, to establish the fact that for all the victories in diplomacy, on the battlefield, and in statecraft, President Lincoln was indebted to the superior culture and cunning of William H. Seward.

Mr. Seward himself was too great to ever lay claim to such distinction. To the Secretary of State's knowledge of the world, and his power of reaching men even by devious ways, Mr. Lincoln often yielded,— but the masterful spirit in that "combine" was not that of the ex-governor of New York. Lincoln was the master, Seward was the complement of the master.

But there was nothing offensive nor arrogant in the President. He took his proper place. He was a natural-born McGregor. He knew his rights, and he dared maintain them.

Ceremony hath made many fools,
It is an easy way unto a duchess.

Abraham Lincoln was not a ceremonious man. But the President of the United States was also a great politician.

But let me first relate how Mr. Lincoln startled Washington in the first year of his administration.

General Edward D. Baker was a senator from California. He was as eloquent as Bossuet or Fenelon. He had the conscience of the fight in him, and he was the only senator in Congress who, sword in hand, fell in battle with his feet to the foe. When Ball's Bluff had been reached, under the unfortunate orders of General Stone, in the deadly rain of the Confederate artillery, the boys, who loved their General, said: —

"General Baker, lie down."

He lifted his cap and bowed, but said, "Soldiers, a general cannot lie down in the face of the enemy."

A rifle ball through the forehead, as he spoke, ended a noble life.

But when Senator Baker first took his seat in the Senate, and while he lived, he had unbounded power and influence with Lincoln. He even named many of the office-holders in Oregon and Nevada, for the Senator had practised law in both States. A delegation from Nevada called at the White House, with written charges against Baker, affecting his moral character, and protesting against his influence with the President regarding official patronage on the Pacific Slope.

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Together in Sangamon County had "Ed" Baker and "Abe" Lincoln toiled through the sparsely settled country, through doubt and danger, and hunger and cold, till both became eminent lawyers in the early history of Illinois. The President, with unusual sternness in his face, read the protest against Senator Baker.

There were a dozen prominent men from the wild and woolly West, who felt sure they had spiked Senator Baker's gun.

Mr. Lincoln rose to his full height, tore the protest to shreds, cast the fragments in the fire, and as he bowed the protestants out of the east room of the White House, he said: "Gentlemen, I know Senator Baker. We were boys together in Illinois. I believe in him. And you have taken the wrong course to make yourself influential with this administration at Senator Baker's expense!"

This stubborn devotion to his old friend and companion in arms spread over Washington like wildfire, and neither before nor after that day did anybody ever try to climb into high place with Lincoln, by pulling somebody else down,—when the President's friendship was enlisted. In four years' close acquaintance I never heard him speak ill of man or woman.

It was apropos of this incident that Mr. Lincoln said to Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts:—

"If ever this free people, if ever this government itself, shall become utterly demoralized, it will come from this human wriggle and struggle for office; a way to live without work,"—adding, with charming frankness and inimitable *naïvete*, "from which 'complaint' I am not free myself!"

The wit of the President is illustrated in a story Orville H. Browning, a great Illinois lawyer, tells of him. A gentleman driving along the Springfield road was accosted by Mr. Lincoln, who said: "Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?"

"With pleasure," replied the stranger, "but how will you get it again?"

"O, very readily," said Mr. Lincoln, "as I intend to remain in it."

The campaign in which Governor A. G. Curtin was for a second time made governor of Pennsylvania was a crucial period, full of deepest anxiety to the President. Desiring to show his appreciation of the unselfish devotion of a young lawyer who took prominent part in that political struggle, Mr. Lincoln sent for him, and said: "You have the right idea of patriotism,—it is a duty. You have never asked for anything, and I want to send you on a confidential mission to Europe. Go see Secretary Seward."

Nothing was said by Seward about going abroad, but in one week he was sent to Europe. Governor Morgan, of New York, enclosed a draft to the young attorney for $2,000, and it was not till his return from Europe that Governor Morgan assured him that all the arrangements for the journey abroad were planned and perfected by President Lincoln, even to sending the draft for $2,000.

To an applicant eager for office, he said: "There are no emoluments that properly belong to patriotism. I brought nothing with me to the White House, nor am I likely to carry anything out."

And the hand so often eagerly stretched out to save from death the young soldier, or sentinel overcome by sleep at his post, could unhesitatingly set his seal of approval to the finding of a court martial dismissing a soldier the service for drunkenness. I sat beside the President in Washington, on a balmy summer day which I shall not soon forget. There was that warm, sympathetic silence in the atmosphere that gives to Indian summer days almost a human tenderness of feeling,—a delicate haze, that seemed only the kindly air made visible.

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An officer wearing the insignia of a colonel's rank came in, and Mr. Lincoln was full of sympathy, which he shed like the summer rain, "which makes the fields it hastes to bright and green." He drew his chair near the colonel, whose complaint was, in brief, that he had unjustly been dismissed from the army for drunkenness on duty. The officer had a good and gallant record. Lincoln knew him. He never forgot such a case. The lines in the soldier's face told their own story of long and unrestrained indulgence.

Mr. Lincoln heard the story patiently. He rose up, and as was his habit when moved deeply, he grasped the soldier's right hand in both his own, and said: "Colonel, I know your story. But you carry your *own condemnation in your face.*"

The tears were in his voice, and to the soldier, who walked out without a word, Lincoln appeared like a slice of the day of judgment. The only comment the President made subsequently to me was, "I dare not restore this man to his rank and give him charge of a thousand men, when he 'puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.'"

No more touching incident in Lincoln's life has ever appeared than that contained in a story told by General Sherman, at a dinner at the Hoffman House, in February. It came directly from William H. Seward.

It was the Sunday morning habit of that gracious optimist, Mr. Seward, to spend his Sunday morning with President Lincoln, in the east room of the White House. After the President had been shaved in his own room, he accompanied his Secretary of State across Pennsylvania Avenue, and over to the Seward mansion, now occupied by Secretary Blaine. One Sunday morning, a tall, military figure was pacing up and down in front of Secretary Seward's house. It was during the last year of the war. He saluted the President in military fashion as the two statesmen passed him; but there was something in his expression that arrested Mr. Lincoln's attention. The soldier was a lieutenant-colonel in a Pennsylvania regiment.

Emotional himself, the President was swift to detect unusual emotion in others. He walked up to the officer who had saluted him, and shook hands with him, saying, "You seem to be in a peck of trouble."

"Yes," said the lieutenant-colonel slowly, "I am in deep trouble; my wife is dying at our home in the interior of Pennsylvania, and my application for a furlough for two weeks was peremptorily refused yesterday by my colonel. My God! what can I do? If I go home, my colonel will surely brand me a deserter. I shall be arrested on my return,— and shall military etiquette keep me away from my dying wife?"

Mr. Lincoln was visibly affected. "Never mind, young man," said he, "we 'll try and fix this matter."

He pulled a card from his vest pocket, and as he leaned against the broad oaken door of the Seward mansion, after the Secretaty had handed him a lead pencil, he wrote on the back of the visiting card:—

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:
It is my desire that Lieutenant Colonel ——— be granted leave of absence for fifteen days, to see his dying wife. A. LINCOLN.

The officer trembled like a leaf, speechless with emotion, and as he was hastening away, Lincoln, as if to conceal his own feelings, playfully shook his index finger at the officer, and said, "If I ever catch you in Washington again I'll make a brigadier general of you."

Mr. Seward said: "Mr. Lincoln made no further allusion to the incident, except to say when they entered the house, 'I reckon Napoleon the First was right when he said, "the great heart makes the good soldier."'"

President Lincoln possessed to an

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eminent degree candor, which comes from the Latin, and freely translated means, "whiteness of soul." When he was a candidate for renomination, he did not disguise his anxiety to go back to the White House for four years more, "to finish," as he quaintly expressed it, "the great job the people had given him to do."

I have said Mr. Lincoln was a consummate politician. His cabinet contained three men who were candidates for the presidency before the Chicago Convention which nominated him,— Bates, of Missouri; Cameron, of Pennsylvania; and Seward. Yet these were his most devoted and trusted counsellors and allies. When there was any misunderstanding in the cabinet, Wm. H. Seward would hie himself to Auburn, and in an oracular utterance he would praise the "Divine Stanton," and restore peace to a distracted cabinet. Bennet the elder, of the New York *Herald*, attacked Mr. Lincoln's administration remorselessly, for alleged favoritism shown Jay Cook & Company, the bankers. James Gordon Bennet was offered the mission to England, with the understanding that he would not accept it. But the attacks against Lincoln were changed to sub-acute denunciation of Salmon P. Chase, whose pronounced desire to succeed Mr. Lincoln made the President uncomfortable, and caused Secretary Chase to give up the Treasury portfolio.

But even here the magnanimity of the sweet-spirited martyr of Springfield was shown, for two weeks before Chase left the cabinet he asked Mr. Lincoln to sign the commission of Chase's nomination for collector of Buffalo. Lincoln signed the commission without a word. I remonstrated with him for putting his rival's friend into power, in a place where he could injure Lincoln in the approaching Baltimore Convention. With a merry twinkle in his eye, and a smile that had no taint of malice in it, he looked down on me and said, "I reckon we are strong enough to stand it."

Chase, even out of the cabinet, was still formidable as a presidential candidate. And added to this, Montgomery Blair, Lincoln's Postmaster-General, became an avowed candidate for the succession. The sea hath bounds, but the deep desire of the Blair family for office had none.

Henry Winter Davis's animosity against Montgomery Blair had much to do with the inspiration and antagonism of his opposition to Abraham Lincoln's ideas of reconstruction. Winter Davis could have been named in place of Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President at Chicago, but he declined. The same place was again offered him at Baltimore, where Seward and Thurlow Weed defeated by two votes Greeley's candidate for the vice-presidency, the brilliant and versatile lawyer, Lyman Tremaine, of New York.

Meeting Davis, of Maryland, in the rotunda of the Capitol in May, I said, "Will you accept a place on the ticket with Lincoln, for Vice-President?"

He was as proud as Lucifer before his fall. I recall his scornful look, and his reply, "Vice-President behind that thing in the White House — No!"

But he lived to regret his hasty decision, and Winter Davis died a thoroughly disappointed politician, of great and commanding powers.

Later on in the same year I stood near Lincoln at a public reception. Vicksburg and Gettysburg had come and gone. Montgomery Blair, with a presidential bee in his bonnet big as a bumble-bee, had gone with the twining woodbine, when he woke up in the morning, and found a laconic note, in pencil, from Lincoln, saying: —

"The time has come."

Blair's decapitation pleased Winter Davis, for the Maryland factions walked over ashes thinly covering fires, and he began to call at the White House recep-

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tions. Lincoln saw him standing in the crowd in the reception room, but evidently averse to coming near him. "Well," said this gentle, tranquil spirit, "I am glad to see Winter Davis here. He has not darkened these doors for two years."

Near Davis stood a tall, well-formed, middle-sized man, with aquiline nose and soldierly bearing. It was General Meade.

With more feeling than I ever knew him to display, Lincoln touched my arm, and said: "There's General Meade,— a good soldier, but he missed the opportunity of his life when he failed to cut to pieces Lee's army at Falling Waters."

It has been contended with great vehemence that our great Union victories nominated and elected Abraham Lincoln for a second term. This statement is not supported by the history of that period. Seward always hoped to be President, even while staying the rash hands of that "Passionate Pilgrim," Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; and you may trace the annals of chivalry back to Charlemagne without finding a devotion more tender or more loyal than that of William H. Seward for that great, meek, gentle, tranquil spirit, Abraham Lincoln,— the product of the composite and irregular civilization of the Western country, half a century ago.

Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President, does not think the victorious march of our armies elected Lincoln. He writes from

BANGOR, July 11, 1889.

*Dear Sir:—*

Your letter reached me yesterday. I remember you quite well. In my judgment, the renomination of President Lincoln was *not* solely due to the victories of our armies in the field. Our people had absolute faith in his unquestioned honesty and in his great ability, the purity of his life, and in his administration as a whole. That was what led to his nomination,— they were the great primary causes that produced the result, stimulated undoubtedly by our victories in the field. Such is my decided opinion, and I have no doubt about it as I express it to you.

Yours very truly,

H. HAMLIN.

The following letter from the great commoner of Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens, when Congress was in session the entire summer, throws some light on an important and interesting period of our national history:—

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1866.

*Dear Sir:* I have today received both your letter and your telegram. asking me to make a speech in New York City against Andrew Johnson's 'Policy.'

First, as to the letter:— You ask me about Abraham Lincoln's renomination. It came about in the most natural manner. There will be no more men like Abraham Lincoln in this century.

There was no reason why he should be "swapped" in crossing the stream. I approved of General Cameron's memorial of the Pennsylvania legislature to the people, urging a second term for Abraham Lincoln, and I well remember that you followed suit with the legislature of your own State.

Second, as to my making a speech at the Cooper Institute, New York City, I would gladly go there; especially, too, as your request is backed by my old friend, Horace Greeley. Say to the editor of the *Tribune*, that I feel it is my duty to *stay and fight the Beasts at Ephesus, here!* Andrew Johnson is a dangerous man. What is his "Policy," nobody known to me, on the earth or under it, can exactly discover. There are not more than five men of absolute courage in either house of Congress. But we are not going to lose this great battle for the liberty of all. Tell Mr. Greeley, that in my view, it is too early to publicly agitate the question as to the nominee for the presidency in 1868.

But there are already many cabals in that direction in this city of sinful politicians.

My sympathies, down to a very recent date, have been entirely with Mr. Chase. But you will be surprised to know that General Grant came to my house on Capitol Hill a few nights ago, and after locking the door, said:—

"Mr. Stevens, I know that you have been in doubt as to my position; but I came here to tell you where I stand. In the not improbable event of a conflict between Andrew Johnson and the Congress of the United States, I will be found standing by this Congress."

This statement lifted a load from my mind.

Johnson is an aggressive man, with little intellect and less real courage, obstinate and ignorant, believing thoroughly in himself, but he possesses a rough fidelity to his friends.

And now that we can put our finger on Grant, I am clear that he will be nominated for President, and elected. I no longer feel at liberty to fight Grant. You can tell Mr. Greeley this, for I know he is devoted to the Chief Justice. God does reign, and I have now no fear of losing what has cost us

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so much. But I do fear the reign of organized lawlessness in the South. Johnson calls himself the Moses of the colored race, but he is a "Moses" who will never get out of the bulrushes.

Yours,

THADDEUS STEVENS.

That the President was alarmed at the threatened revolt in the Republican party there can be no doubt. But he never swerved in his course, but was in the habit of saying, with engaging frankness: "The way to get an office is to deserve it; and if I don't deserve a reelection, I will not mourn at the prospect of laying down these burdens."

When cabinet differences became dangerous enough to threaten a dissolution of the cabinet, he ceased to call his constitutional advisers together, and for over a year they had no formal cabinet session; and when twenty United States senators called upon him in a body, intent on complaining to the President of Stanton's conduct of the war, the President's sense of humor did not desert him, and he told a story about Blondin crossing Niagara. "Would you," said Mr. Lincoln, "when certain death waited on a single false step on the part of the celebrated rope-walker,—would you cry out, 'Blondin! stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Slow up! Lean more to the north! Lean a little more to the south?' No. You would keep your mouths shut.

"Now we are doing the best we can. We are pegging away at the rebels. We have as big a job on hand as was ever entrusted to mortal hands to manage. The government is carrying an immense weight. Don't badger it. Keep silent, and we'll get you safe across."

No delegation of senators ever again attempted to dictate to Abraham Lincoln the manner in which one end of the civil war should be conducted.

The friends of Chief Justice Chase were very active, and a convention had been called, which resolved upon forcing a third ticket in the field.

In the midst of these plots and counterplots in regard to the presidential succession, Simon Cameron returned from Europe. He had been Minister to Russia. Though Mr. Lincoln had asked for his resignation, in response to the clamor against this common-sense statesman, who possessed undoubted courage, and who was distinguished for unyielding fidelity to his friends, I have it from General Cameron's own lips that there was never any change in the pleasant relations between the President and the Pennsylvania Senator, whom he had chosen as his war-minister. On the contrary, Edwin M. Stanton was made Secretary of War, chiefly on the recommendation of General Cameron and John W. Forney, the latter having won President Lincoln's undying friendship and confidence by his gallant fight against his former friends in the anti-Lecompton struggle. General Cameron said, in an interview three months before he died:—

"I believed the time had come to make public expression of the popular confidence in Mr. Lincoln, and the general popular desire for his renomination.

"The Wade-Davis manifesto had made a profound impression on a powerful coterie of leading politicians in the East, who thought they had not been been consulted sufficiently in the management of the war. Henry Winte Davis was an 'off ox' in politics, but he was a brilliant, strong, and courtly man and his name stood for Southern Republicanism, and his colleague in the political revolt, bold Ben Wade, was a power in the State of Ohio,—and as a radical leader he was strong in the nation. I went to Washington and had a talk with Zach. Chandler, of Michigan, —a man with the courage of a Numidian lion; as strong a man as there was in the Senate,—a man of affairs, who always said what he meant. Chandler was devoted to Mr. Lincoln's fortunes. I went to Harrisburg forthwith, and pre-

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pared a memorial or address on behalf of the Senate and House at Harrisburg, setting forth that, in their opinion, the best interests of the country required the renomination and the re-election of Abraham Lincoln for a second term.

"The Legislature, to a man in favor of the dominant party, signed the address. I carried it to Mr. Lincoln, who was too open and honest a statesman to conceal his gratification at this indorsement by the Legislature of Pennsylvania of himself and his administration. The document was given to the world by the Associated Press, and the tide began to turn against the malcontents who for six months had plotted to make Lincoln's renomination dangerous, if not impracticable, before the Baltimore Convention, which was to meet in the coming June."

The writer of this article was a member of the Legislature of New Jersey at this critical period in the history of the country and of the President.

Mr. Lincoln received four electoral votes from New Jersey in 1860, and explained the reason he did not get seven electoral votes from the same State in 1864 by stating the fact that the New Jersey soldiers were not permitted to vote in the field. I had no difficulty in following General Cameron's lead, and in successfully urging the members favorable to Mr. Lincoln's cause to sign a memorial in favor of his re-election.

It was done, and it was in these words: —

JANUARY 15, 1863.

*To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:*

The members of the Legislature of New Jersey desire to express to the President of the United States our admiration and our gratitude for the vigor and the statesmanship displayed in conducting this Administration through the dangers which menace us abroad and the treason which threatens us at home. We believe that the hand of Divine Providence was manifested in your election four years ago, and we are firmly convinced that your patience and courage, as well as your fidelity to liberty endangered by lawlessness in arms, demand your election as President in 1864, as the expression of a grateful people, of their affectionate respect for you as a man and as a President, who has so long ruled over us with wisdom and moderation. You have made power *gentle* and obedience *liberal;* and we believe that in four years more, under your guidance, this nation will become what it ought to be, and what its Divine Author intended it to be,— not a vast plantation on which to breed human beings for purposes of lust and bondage; but it will become a new Valley of Jehosaphat, where all the nations of the earth can assemble together, and, under a common flag, worshiping a common God, celebrate the resurrection of human freedom.

One of Mr. Lincoln's characteristics was his ineffable tenderness toward others. He wrote injuries in the sand, benefits on marble. The broad mantle of his enduring charity covered a multitude of sins in a soldier. He loved justice with undying and solicitous affection, but he hated every deserter from the great army of humanity. He was dowered with the love of love. He stopped the conveyance which carried Orville H. Browning, a great lawyer, and himself to court, in Illinois, to save a wounded hare, hiding in a fence corner. And when his command in the Black Hawk War insisted on killing an old and friendless Indian prisoner, Lincoln saved the Indian's life at the peril of his own, and when his men complained that Lincoln was bigger and stronger than they were, he expressed his readiness to fight a duel with pistols with the leader of the malcontents, and thus ended the cruel controversy.

He was always equal to the occasion, whether saving a sleeping sentinel by one stroke of the pen from a dishonored grave, or writing that bold and steady signature to the Proclamation of Emancipation, which made the black race give him a crown of immortelles.

And the negro preacher in Vicksburg said of him, "Massa Linkum, he eberywhar; he know eberyt'ing; he walk de earf like de Lord!"

Abraham Lincoln could say true things when just resentment required censure. He released some prisoners on the other side of the "divide," in

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1863. The wife of one of these insisted "that her husband was a religious man, even if he was a rebel."

Mr. Lincoln wrote the release slowly, as if in doubt and without smiling, handed it to the now happy wife, but said, with keen irony:—

"You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

Even in this act he showed the *noblesse qui oblige!*

Mr. Lincoln once told Horace Demming, a Connecticut congressman, when he had been importuned to join a church, that "when any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of Law and Gospel,—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart and with all thy soul, and *thy neighbor as thyself*,'—that church will I join with all my heart."

His great good sense was shown in his making Dick Gower a lieutenant in the regular army. Dick had shown his bravery and his capacity among the Western Indians, but was rejected by the board of military martinets at Washington, because he "did not know what an abattis, or echelon, or hollow square was. "Well," sharply said the *dilletant* officer with a single eye-glass, "what *would* you do with your command if the cavalry should charge on you?"

Dick was there. "I'd give them Jesse, that's what I'd do; and I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them."

Lincoln signed his commission, and Dick made a famous soldier.

That excellent Bourbon Democrat, Congressman Vaux, of Philadelphia, has of late years changed his views about President Lincoln. He tells an interesting story about the Proclamation of Emancipation. The classic and scholarly Vaux had been making speeches in Connecticut, and came home with Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, who was very close to the many-sided patriot President while the war lasted. When General Frank P. Blair was returning to New York he told Richard Vaux this story:—

Mr. Lincoln had become impatient at General McClellan's delay on the Peninsula, and asked Frank Blair to go with him to see the commanding General. The country was a volcano, smoking, and ready for eruption.

The distinguished visitors arrived on a hot day, and went straight to McClellan's headquarters. They were received with scant courtesy, and the commanding General did not ask the President to eat or drink. Lincoln sat in his white linen duster, uncomfortably silent, with his long and sinewy limbs doubled up like a jack knife, till finally General McClellan broke the dense silence by saying,

"Mr. President, have you received the letter I mailed you yesterday?"

"No," courteously replied Lincoln; "I must have passed it on the way."

McClellan then requested his chief of staff to find a copy of the letter. It was speedily produced, and General McClellan proceeded to crush Mr. Lincoln by reading his vituperative attack on Stanton, with reflections on Lincoln's conduct of the war.

Lincoln's peaceful smile vanished. When the letter ended he rose quickly, looking neither to the right nor left,—not waiting for any farewell to General McClellan.

He seemed oppressed with the consciousness of the dangers of the military as well as the political situation of things. He drove slowly with General

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Blair over to the boat which was to convey them from Harrison's Landing back to Washington. When the vessel had started, Mr. Lincoln, for the first time since leaving McClellan's tent, broke the silence, and said to General Blair: —

"Frank, I now understand this man. That letter is General McClellan's bid for the presidency. I will stop that game. Now is the time to issue the proclamation, emancipating the slaves."

He forthwith issued the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Within a week after the world was startled by a new charter of freedom for the slave. Mr. Lincoln said to me in the White House: —

"I told you a year ago that Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley gave me no rest because I would not free the negroes. The time had not come. I read what you said in the Senate, and you struck the right chord when you said: 'The President argued the case like a Western lawyer. He did not intend that this immortal document should be regarded as the "Pope's bull against the comet," as the doubting Thomases said it would be. . . . . He waited the fullness of time, and when the life of the nation hung trembling in the balance, invoking "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God," he launched that immortal proclamation, which made Mr. Lincoln the foremost soldier in the world in the great battle for the liberation of humanity.'

"You are right," said the President, with a smile of exaltation and exultation. "I was tired that day. But you will see no trace of doubt or hesitation in my signature to my greatest and most enduring contribution to the history of the war."

General Edward Bend Grubb, eminent as a soldier and as a civilian, was a lieutenant in the army of the Potomac when Lincoln visited McClellan at Harrison's Landing.

He corroborates the story of Richard Vaux and General Blair, and reiterates the cold and cavalier treatment of the President at the hands of the arrogant commanding General. Jefferson Davis, with divine concurrence, became the most eminent of practical abolitionists, and history already verifies the substantive fact that George B. McClellan was, unwittingly, the proximate cause of hastening the advent of the Proclamation of Emancipation, which sealed the doom of that remorseless power that for one hundred years had clasped the Bible with handcuffs and festooned the cross of Christ with chains.

A nature tinged and saddened by his early and romantic passion for Ann Ruttledge must always remain an enigma to a careless world, who did not understand how, to an intense nature like Lincoln's, such a passion for a gracious and gifted woman was as divine as duty, and stronger than death. He was — added to the strong, masterful, practical side of his nature, — of "imagination all compact," and his was a spirit

> Made sad and sure
> By many sorrows and one love.

He felt keenly, and often so expressed himself, the great loneliness of power, and he "grappled to him with hooks of steel" those who loved him not for the largess of office, but who clung to him because they saw and loved in him the deep, underlying, pathetic, self-abnegation of his pure, unselfish, and lofty soul. And the history of this sad, glad, wise, quaint, and lovable man from out of the West, (as great as he was pure,) will live forever; and will grow into the granite base on which shall be built the statue of an ideal statesman, in a Republic of Honest Men, where pure law shall be measured only by perfect freedom.

*James M. Scovel.*

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# A MOUNTAIN FIRE.

Mrs. McGregor sat darning stockings, one fine August morning, by the open window of the little sitting-room. On the table at her side lay a novel, and every once in a while the little woman, with a sigh, turned a longing glance at its worn blue cover. After finishing the scarlet sock she had been at work upon, she bustled to the door, which looked out on the road winding through the valley, from the Pilarcitos Cañon in the north, to the "coast" stage road in the south.

"I declar', Tumas," she exclaimed, adjusting her spectacles as she spoke, "I do b'lieve the fire 's comin' right over the range. The smoke 's pourin' down thick from the cañon, an' it 'pears like the brush is burnin' up at the lake. Lor me! what 'll we do if it comes this way? Like as not we 'll jest roast 'live."

Her husband, an old man lying in an invalid's chair, on being thus addressed made a feeble gesture with his right arm. He was a hopeless paralytic, "jest waitin' for the las' stroke," as his wife was wont to tell Miss Anna, the parson's sister, who brought her jellies and novels now and then.

"John 's been gone this half hour," she exclaimed, divining her husband's meaning, "but he promised to be back this afternoon 'fore dark, so it won't do no good ter fret an' worry. He did n't think the fire was half way dangerous, an' I allers put a big store by what John says."

After thus declaring her implicit confidence in her son's opinion, she wheeled her husband out upon the porch, which extended half way around the low, rambling cottage. Here she left him, and went out to the small stable, usually occupied by the sorrel pony, which John had driven to San Mateo that morning.

John McGregor, their only child, was a likely young man. He had procured work upon the dam, then in process of construction at the southern end of the valley, and in consequence he was obliged to leave his parents alone the greater part of the time. In the hunting season his mother was able to board sportsmen, thus making a little money to lay by for a "rainy day."

From the porch of the house, buried as it was in a tangle of brush, wild cherry, hazel nut, and a dense growth of chaparral, one could see for miles up and down the beautiful valley that lies between the Coast Range of mountains on the west and the San Mateo foothills on the east. From the back of the house, this bright summer morning, came a flood of melody from the thrushes, perched in the madroños, which climbed the steep mountain side like a battalion of red-coated recruits. Here and there they were joined by straggling manzanitas and live oaks, till they reached and were lost in the army of redwoods marshaled in battle array far above, on the crest of the dark mountains.

Four or more miles to the south a thin, gauzy veil of smoke was wafted over the tops of these warriors, and floated down the valley, spreading and losing itself in the distant blue haze. In the north, where the mountains narrowed and curved, at the mouth of the Pilarcitos Cañada, lay a heavy cloud of black smoke, pushed down from the burning brush beyond.

In the dry season these mountain fires are of frequent occurrence, and are generally attributed to the carelessness of hunters, and although they often spread many miles, there is rarely any difficulty in extinguishing them, once they encroach upon cultivated land.

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The old man lay there, watching the soft clouds in the blue sky, at the same time sniffing gratefully at the odor of the cinnamon and Castilian roses, which ran riot in drifts of pink and white over the roof of the porch. From the barn came his wife's shrill, piping tones, calling the chickens to their breakfast of corn and scraps. They answered her call promptly, as appearing from all parts of the yard they fell over each other, and made the feathers and bits of straw fly, in their haste to reach the barn.

Mrs. McGregor busied herself next about the garden, which everywhere showed signs of true New England thrift. Her head was protected from the sun by a brown gingham sun-bonnet, as she picked the green seeds of the nasturtiums for pickles, or tied up the sweet pea vines, which the chickens persisted in scratching down.

In the afternoon, as she washed up after the noon meal, she looked anxiously out of the window now and then.

"I do hope John 'll hurry," she murmured, as she hung the last dishcloth on the rail of the sunny back steps. "He did say it was onsartin if he 'd come back tonight, but I guess when he sees the smoke over here, he 'll jest come a-flyin'. I don't 'xactly like the looks on it myself."

Then, after peeping in upon her snoring husband in the sitting-room, she shut the front door to keep out the flies, and seated herself in the frayed hammock, which on warm afternoons was her especial delight.

"I declare," she exclaimed, as she leaned back and prepared to enjoy to its fullest extent the novel in her hand, "It 's right good o' Miss Anna to fetch me these novels, I do have sech a hankerin' arter 'em. Ma allers did say I warn 't good fur much when I got a novel ter read, fur I 'd jest go out ter the orchard and hide till it was finished."

There was nothing unusual in the little woman's thus talking to herself. She had fallen into the habit from the lonely life she led, for her husband seldom, if ever, paid any attention to her remarks. Indeed, it was doubtful whether he understood them a great part of the time, as his mind shared in a measure the disease of his body.

The sultry afternoon passed without event, save for the passing of numerous teams, which Mrs. McGregor did not no ice, so absorbed was she in her story. Had she done so she might have been alarmed, for from the chattering of Spanish that went on, it was evident that whole families were moving. But there was a thick screen of trees between the cottage and the road, and they went by without stopping, probably taking it for granted that the old couple had already taken alarm and departed.

The sun was nearing the horizon, when all at once Mrs. McGregor sprang from the hammock, exclaiming, "Lor' me, thet boy 'd orter be back; he —" but she never finished the sentence. A cry of horror burst from her lips.

The porch was strewn with charred leaves, and back of the house the smoke was sucking up the valley in great clouds, until it mingled with the body of fire in the north, which was steadily advancing. Judging from a very hasty survey in that direction, she came to the conclusion that the fire had burst out in another cañon, creating a strong wind as it burned. But it was to the south that she looked with greatest apprehension. "The wind 's full on us," she cried, wringing her hands in distress. "Dear me, if I warn't sech a dreadful novel reader! Where can John be? there ain't a minit ter be lost. I know what I 'll do first," she added, hurrying to the barn close by.

She kneeled down among the bales of hay and loose straw, causing dire consternation to an old hen with her brood. She prayed aloud, with upturned eyes, and clasped hands. Then she rose, and hurried to the house.

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First she waked her husband, explaining to him the situation, and wheeled him into the front doorway. Then, after tying up the great family Bible and sundry other treasures in a patchwork quilt, made by her grandmother, she placed them near the door, where they could be snatched when her son came, for she had entire faith that they would be rescued.

Then she looked around to see what to do first. It was useless to think of flight, for she could never push her husband's chair along the uneven road, and besides they might be turned back at any moment by the fire. So turning up her rusty black skirt, she first began firing the underbrush immediately about the house, putting it out with evergreen boughs, as soon as it had burned the space of a few feet. This she repeated again and again, fearing to burn too much, lest it should get beyond her control.

Thus she toiled late into the night, clearing a pitiably small space, in view of the threatening furnace of fire, which every moment grew more terrible. The air became almost stifling, the light of the full moon faded into insignificance beside the glare of the flames, which were licking into the heavens with a mighty roar.

Patiently the little woman brought pail after pail of water from the creek back to the house. With the aid of chairs and boxes, piled on one another, she was able to soak the roof thoroughly, thus saving the house from burning much longer than she could otherwise have done. With her puny strength she succeeded in flooding the yard, and when the sparks flew upon the barn she dashed water upon them; but her strength was nearly gone.

Suddenly the flames caught the nearest redwood on the mountain, and a shower of sparks fell upon the house from its writhing, twisting branches, that crackled, and hissed, and roared. A few minutes more, and it would be too late.

Mrs. McGregor threw the skirt of her gown over her head, and ran for safety to the porch, where a great number of cotton-tail rabbits had sought protection. Tame with fright, they gathered about her skirts, as with singed hair hanging in a little wisp she threw herself upon her knees at her husband's side, and prayed.

Hardly half a mile to the north, on the Millbrae road, an express wagon drawn by two running horses was rapidly approaching the seething lake of fire. The driver, a young man, leaned forward in his excitement, and urged the horses on with shouts and cuts from his long whip as they neared the valley road, which was here and there crossed by tongues of flame, reaching out in all directions as if seeking for food.

Another minute and they were opposite the house. John McGregor pulled his cap down over his eyes, and laid the curling whip unmercifully about the flanks of the trembling horses. A torturing second of anxiety and smothering heat passed over the young man,— then the noses of the animals touched the side of the house, already burning in a dozen places.

The inert black heap by his father's chair sprung to life.

"I was sartin sure He'd make you come," was all she said, as swiftly and silently they lifted the old man into the wagon. Then she threw the quilt and its contents in at his side.

"Now mother!"

"Jest one minute, John," she replied, gathering the huddled rabbits into her skirt: then they were off.

As the scorched wagon climbed the crest of the hill as fast as the jaded horses could draw it, the brave little woman laid her head upon her son's shoulder, and fainted.

"An' jest ter think at my age I should faint like one o' them real ladies in nov-

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els, after wantin' to all my life!" she would invariably remark to Miss Anna, when repeating the history of that night's adventures.

None but the childish husband ever knew of the plucky little woman's cheerful bravery, and it is not likely that he can ever tell.

*Rodney Mayne.*

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## THE ADMINISTRATION OF LAW.

Amid all the changes that have been proposed to better the present state of things, there is one gigantic obstacle to the progress of the age which is seldom referred to or discussed. I mean the glaring defects in our system for the administration of law. Even the new party of reform, lately born at Cincinnati, does not mention this subject in its platform.

Law is supposed to be the common-sense essence of justice. So it is, in the abstract. Legal enactments, in the main, are good enough. Statute books, stripped of their unnecessary verbiage, are generally just and equitable. But legal principles and legal enactments are worth nothing, unless they can be applied to human relations. Justice *applied* is what society needs.

I do not propose to rant against our courts, our juries, or even our lawyers. Judges, as a rule, are honest, able, and conscientious. Juries generally do the best they know. Attorneys are as good as our system permits.

Yet, conceding all these things, does our system of jurisprudence accomplish its purpose? Does it reach substantial justice, rapidly and surely, in either its civil or criminal departments? Very few thinking people will answer yes.

The defects in our present system are briefly these: Legal redress, owing to its cost, is practically denied to the poor. Our courts are crowded with business, to obstruction. The administration of law is so long delayed that it is virtually useless. The rules and technicalities of legal practice are so complicated and uncertain that even the most learned members of the profession are always in grave doubt as to their true application. One of the most necessary branches of organized society is so loaded down with superfluities that it is utterly unable to perform its functions. Last, but not least, there is an almost total loss of confidence of our people in the judicial departments of their government.

These charges are general. Let us illustrate by a few examples, which could be multiplied indefinitely.

A few years ago, in this State, a litigant who had, a fifth of a century before, furnished materials and labor to the amount of many thousands of dollars for a wealthy contractor, in a fit of desperation shot his antagonist in his own office. So palpable had been his wrongs, and so unjust to him had been the law, that no grand jury could be induced to indict him. He had obtained judgment after judgment, which, upon technical pretexts, had been overruled. He had exhausted all his means and brought his family to beggary in the legal pursuit of justice. Is it any wonder he sent his antagonist to a higher court? It is now several years since this occurred, and he has only lately recovered part of his just demands, a large portion having been swallowed by legal sharks.

Take another notable example in the city of New York. Not long since the

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will of the late Samuel J. Tilden was set aside. By this decision a great benefaction to the people of New York City was defeated,—a public library,—and the millions of Mr. Tilden were diverted from the objects he had marked out. Whatever anyone may have thought of Mr. Tilden as a man or politician, no one ever doubted that he was a keen and profound lawyer. He drew up his will with great care and deliberation, with all the knowledge of legal practice and legal decisions acquired by a long life spent in the study and practice of law. If such a man, with such knowledge and such experience, could not construct a will strong enough to escape shipwreck on the sharp rocks of legal technicalities, what hope is there for any ordinary man that his wishes will be carried out after his death? And what a little legal rock it was which wrecked this gallant ship, freighted with benefactions for thousands! Simply this, and nothing more: Mr. Tilden gave his trustees discretion in carrying out his wishes, instead of definitely tying their hands for all future time by detailed directions, which changing times and circumstances might make impracticable!

We will cite one other example of the twisting and distorting effects of modern legal practice upon the ideas of justice of some eminent men.

This case, also in New York, was this: A nephew murdered an uncle, whose will was made in his favor, but who was about to change it, on account of the profligate conduct of the nephew. The very object of the murder was to get his victim's money. Instead of being hanged, the nephew was imprisoned, and sued for the property bequeathed to him by his uncle's will. The lower court decided against him, as also did the Court of Appeals. Yet two eminent judges of this court of last resort dissented, because, by the strict letter of the law the property belonged to the nephew!

As a result of legal technicalities and legal squabbling, our courts are all crowded with unadjudicated cases. Courts are being multiplied and the number of judges increased; yet our courts, particularly those of last resort, cannot begin to handle the cases before them, many of them being years behind their business.

Thus the very end and aim of legal arbitration is defeated. One probate case in San Francisco lately occupied more than six months in trial, and is now shelved for an unknown future time in the Supreme Court. Should it be sent back for a new trial, the present generation will probably pass off the stage of existence before it is finally adjudicated.

In the recent Cronin case in Chicago eight weeks were consumed in securing a jury.

It is one thing to diagnose a case of disease, but quite another to prescribe the proper remedy. The diseased condition of our legal system is plain and undeniable. Is there any adequate remedy? We think there is one simple, one not revolutionary, and which does not involve the overthrow of law and order.

First, let us try and find the cause of this legal disorder. This being found, its removal will lead to health and vigor. A brief examination of the history of our present legal machinery is necessary to arrive at this cause.

Long years ago, in the gradual evolution of civilization, it was found that it would not do to allow individuals to right their own wrongs, or attempt to do so. Therefore certain public arbiters were selected to judge between man and man, and society compelled individuals to abide by the decisions. These arbiters came to be known as judges, and the place or means of investigation as courts. Now both the place and presiding officer or officers are known as courts. As cases for settlement increased in number, the judge or court

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came to need assistance in obtaining the facts in the investigation of causes. This led to the establishment of a class of men called counsellors at law, who were both advisers to the judge or court, and its assistants in investigating the facts at issue. These counsellors were sworn officers of the court, subject to its orders, and took oaths of faithfulness as well to the court as to clients.

Gradually this class of court officials have changed their functions. As litigants became more numerous and better able to pay for advocates, these court counsellors ceased to be advisers of the court, and degenerated into mere paid advocates of litigants. As social transactions have become more and more complex with the changing conditions of society, this guild or profession of law has increased in numbers and power, until it has become the most numerous and powerful profession in the country. The men who originally were adjuncts and assistants of courts, to further the ends of impartial justice, have become the paid advocates of contending citizens, to delay and defeat the execution of law.

The aim of an honest judge is to arrive at the facts and administer exact justice. The aim of at least one of the attorneys is to mystify the facts and avert the administration of justice.

There has been added to the machinery of courts the jury system. In the fear that one man might be mistaken, or perchance more easily bribed, juries of twelve disinterested men, drawn from the body of the people, were selected to determine the facts, and upon their united verdict as to the facts, the law was applied by the court.

This new jury element, adopted for the safety of litigants and persons accused of crime, has given the paid advocate a grand field for the exercise of ingenuity, shrewdness, sophistry, and eloquence. The paid attorney of the State in a murder trial is bending every energy to hang the accused, while the paid advocate of the defendant is laboring with greater zeal and earnestness to hang the jury. In civil as well as criminal cases, frequently both attorneys attempt, in the selection of jurors, to get men lacking in intelligence, clear perception, and honest convictions,— men that can be easily mystified and confused. Nearly every prominent criminal trial is but a repetition of the Cronin case above alluded to.

Look at the picture of a modern American court as now constituted and conducted. There is a presiding judge or judges, of able, conscientious, honest men, as a rule, anxious to dispatch business, devoted to the interests of the public, and desirous of administering exact justice to all parties litigant. Yet these able and conscientious men are hampered and hindered at every stage of proceedings by a vast accumulation of legal rules, technicalities, and precedents, which they are bound to respect, and which they feel themselves powerless to ignore.

Besides this legacy of technical rules from the past, they are delayed and annoyed at every step, and sometimes entirely obstructed, by the paid agents and advocates of the litigants. And yet these same men of the bench sometimes seem actually to believe the legal fiction that these paid attorneys of the litigants are really officers of the court, and gravely and innocently ask them questions about the law of the case, when they know that the money jingling in their pockets is the most potent existing argument against candor and clear judgment. How can a paid partisan give an impartial judicial opinion?

These presiding judges sit gravely on their raised seats, and calmly look down upon this legal arena, where paid combatants wrestle with witnesses and jury, furiously combat each other, metaphorically strike and dodge and dance from center to circumference of the legal

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ring, throw sand in the eyes of jurors, badger and abuse witnesses, throw mud upon the characters of opposing litigants, and sometimes change the metaphor into fact by actual physical combat with each other. And yet these arenas for the combat of legal gladiators are innocently termed courts of justice in this the closing decade of the nineteenth century!

Scores of good citizens are frequently, by the process of a single court, forced to leave their homes and business, and go sometimes long distances, to serve as witnesses or jurors in matters in which they have no concern. Frequently these citizens are sent home, again to be brought into court, because, forsooth, some lawyer is busy making money in some other case, or it is not exactly convenient for him to attend to the case at bar at that particular time. This occurs not seldom, but frequently, all over the land. When at last the cause comes to trial and the legal gladiators are stripped for the fight, these disinterested jurors and witnesses are put upon the inquisitorial rack, treated as if they were criminals, their history inquired into, their private lives invaded, and all kinds of insinuations hurled at them. Yet they must not and dare not resist and defend themselves, because they are in a court of justice, and their insulters are, by legal fiction, officers of the court.

With one side trying to smother and cover up the facts, and the other side trying to exaggerate and distort them, what chance is there for arriving at substantial justice? Let the thousands of victims throughout the land, annually robbed of property, and often of reputation also, give answer. Let other thousands who, having observed the travesties of justice daily enacted in our courts, and who suffer outrage and injustice rather than to appeal to courts for redress, also give answer.

Is this the best system that nineteenth century wisdom can devise for the adjustment of differences between our citizens? The results of our present system could, by no possibility, be any different from what we see. Causes inevitably produce their legitimate effects. The machinery of our courts, as now run, is utterly incompetent to administer justice between litigants. While trials are conducted by the paid agents and partisans of litigants, whose every motive stimulates them to obtain advantage of each other, there cannot be impartial adjudication of disputes or settlement of real rights. While counsellors, who are still recognized as officers of the court, are the paid attorneys of litigants, law will be distorted and diverted from its true ends, litigation will be retarded, justice will be obstructed, our courts will be crowded and swamped with the volume of litigation, and the judicial arm of our government will become completely paralyzed and useless.

What, then, is the remedy for the universally acknowledged defects in our present system of jurisprudence? It is to restore to our courts, with all their officers, the position of perfectly impartial arbiters between parties litigant. Let every department of public arbitration be as entirely free from influence of fees, or pay, or promise of pay, from either party, as is the presiding judge. Restore these arenas of gladiatorial legal combat to their true functions as courts of justice. When disagreeing citizens appeal to public arbitrament, let that appeal be complete and absolute. Do not permit them to come into court for legal adjudication with a hired intellectual slogger to delay and obstruct its functions. If litigants or their agents must bandy words, and wrangle and quarrel, let them do it out of court, where they will not take up the time of disinterested witnesses, jurors, and the court, whose time belongs to the State.

"What!" says some conservative soul, "Not give a man the advantage of legal counsel?"



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Yes; let him employ and pay for as much counsel and advice as he pleases from counsellors at law, but let this be done outside of court.

Says another, "Shall we not have any attorneys to manage cases in court, and assist the court and jury to arrive at the facts?" Certainly; but let these attorneys be really, as they are now by fiction, officers of the court,—sworn as such, paid as such, and subject to the same penalties for receiving fees or bribes as are the court, jury, and sheriff. They should be assigned by the court to represent litigants, to arrive at the facts, examine the law, and in every way possible assist the court in administering justice. They would have no more motive to distort facts, mystify the jury, or delay the trial of causes, than the court itself. Their interest would be "to have the right come uppermost, and have substantial justice done."

There should be a sufficient number of these court attorneys selected to conduct all legal investigation with dispatch. They should be paid liberal salaries, and should be chosen on account of their legal knowledge and honesty.

At first sight this plan might seem to blot out the profession of law, but it would not do so. Outside of courts there would be abundant scope for the profession, and many would be needed to fill the positions of court attorneys. Those in private practice would be consulting attorneys, and it would be for their interest always to give honest legal opinions and advice. It would never be to their interest to lure men into litigation. Now it is notorious that men are every day advised — yea, urged — into expensive litigation by attorneys, when they know the case is exceedingly doubtful. The attorney, however, thinks he may be able to so manage the selection of a jury, or so mystify them by his sophistry or his eloquence, as to make "the worse appear the better reason," and so win the case for his client. But in a true system, where he was simply paid for his honest opinion and honest advice, there would be no temptation of this kind, because he could not follow the case into court.

The result of this would be that the volume of litigation would be wonderfully decreased, and the number of courts and judges would be greatly diminished. Litigants would not be obliged to wait a lifetime for the adjustment of their cases. An immense amount of rubbish in the shape of legal technicalities would be cleared away, and the rules of practice would be very much simplified.

A new jurisprudence would be built up, founded always on clear rules of reason and common sense, and not on the obsolete precedents of past ages. Law would become a science, and cease to be a hotch-potch of rules and practices frequently opposed to reason and subversive of justice. Lawyers would be men of learning, men of science, and men of progress,—studying the present and future, instead of constantly looking over their shoulders and studying the past. The genus *shyster* would disappear from society, because his occupation would be gone. The poor man or the poor woman, with an honest demand, would be the perfect equal in court with the millionaire.

I have not space in a short article to enter upon details of such a system as has been so briefly sketched. Time and experience would be necessary to perfect the system. I have simply attempted to point out the principles which underlie it.

Such a change will never be initiated or attempted by the legal profession. The very essence of this profession is intense conservatism. They have inherited all the concentrated and crystallized conservatism of their profession in the past. Their minds are saturated with past ideas, legal sophisms, and legal fictions. Reforms in any system very seldom come from within. Con-

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servatism always opposes change as intensely and intuitively as drowning men clutch at straws. To the conservative the old is safe; the new is doubtful and dangerous.

The time is surely coming, and is near at hand, when the people of this country will be compelled by the force of circumstances to inaugurate some such change as we have pointed out. Our crowded courts, "the law's delay," and the expense of litigation, will ere long drive our people into a peaceful revolt against the crowning failure of the nineteenth century,—the administration of law in America.

*E. A. Clark.*

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## HIS WORD FOR IT.

Doctor Iglehart Lee, of Bristol, Rhode Island, has given me permission to make the following unaccountable facts public. I am as sure that they occured as he related them to me, as though they had happened to myself. Surer: because filtered through his singularly accurate and impartial mind,— a mind moreover remarkably free from what is known as superstition.

At the same time, Doctor Lee is so imbued with the "universality of reverence" that he does instinctive and ample justice to other people's vagaries. He sees round any subject with angelic impartiality; and when he and I have discussed certain phases of occultism dear to my soul, although he has candidly stated that they were absolutely incredible to him, because entirely without proof, he has not gainsaid my hypothesis that there might be a plane beyond known natural laws. Because it is my distinct belief, that all that occurs within our human experience is within the laws of nature,— must be. There is no more escaping from nature than from the God of whom nature is a manifestation.

Still, Iglehart Lee's most sincere expression of opinion upon hypnotic, and theosophic, and spiritualistic marvels was conveyed in the words "darned rubbish," which he dropped almost involuntarily at the close of one of our discussions, from which he was suddenly summoned by a patient. As he hurried off, these few words thrown back, as it were, were his final contribution to the conversation.

I was his guest at Bristol, Rhode Island, where his home was, in the charming old-fashioned house where he had been born, and where he had passed his days with intermissions of travel. The conditions of his life had a singular charm for me. I had been always a wanderer, and more at home on a ship than anywhere else; I was at the end of a long cruise now, and in the mood to do full justice to the comforts of these bachelor quarters. We were sitting over our coffee one evening at the close of a blustering February day, when the butler, who had left us to our own conversation, returned to say that a man was at the door, who wished to see the Doctor.

"O bother!" said Iglehart. "Worse luck, if I have to go out again tonight. I won't do it either if I can help it. Tell the man to step in here, Thomas. I may get off with a prescription."

The man came in, and standing in the middle of the dining-room, bright with gas-light and fire-light, said his say. He

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wore a shabby greatcoat wet with the rain falling without, and he had a generally shabby appearance; he was small and lean, with a grizzly beard and hair to match; his whole air was careworn and anxious. And he gave me an impression of things having gone against him from beginning to end.

I was all the more impressed with the emphasis of his manner to Doctor Lee. "I have come to ask you to go with me to see a very sick woman, Doctor; there is no time to be lost; she was so low, she may not live till I get back. Can you come right away, sir?"

"I certainly would far rather not. I have been out all day, and it is a rough night. Are you sure you are not over-anxious? I can give you a prescription, or a tonic or stimulant, if you will describe the symptoms, and I'll come the first thing in the morning."

The man came a step nearer. "In the name of God, Doctor, don't refuse me. I know what I'm talking about, and she is as low as I say. But there is a chance she may rally, if you get there in time and hit on the right remedy. I've seen her as low once before. It's the heart, Doctor."

"Where is it?"

"At the Octagon."

"The Octagon! No one has lived in the Octagon for years. You can't mean the Octagon."

"We only moved in today. Doctor, I do implore you! There's no time to be lost."

Iglehart had been the victim of over-anxiety on the part of parents and relatives before this. He had some excuse for sympathizing slowly. But he yielded to the man's importunity and rose, if unwillingly.

"I have a lantern, Doctor,—we shall need it after we get out of the town, beyond the street lights."

The man spoke more cheerfully now, but still in a hurried tone of suppressed excitement.

He looked so underfed, and insufficiently clad, and miserable generally, that I pulled a chair towards the fire, and poured him out a glass of sherry, and made a slight effort towards entertainment in the shape of a remark or so, while Iglehart was putting on his overcoat and arctics in the hall. He gave me the impression of having seen better days; who knows?—in the ups and downs of American business life, he may once have had his own fireside, as comfortable as this into which he had intruded.

I followed them to the front door, and watched them beyond the garden gate. It was a beastly night,—penetrating, damp, windy. I was shivering when I got back to the fire. Decidedly, a good doctor is a compound of parson and medico. Iglehart's motive in going out tonight was far more the enthusiasm of humanity than the paltry fee these people may give him, or, in fact, may not.

The Octagon! I fell to musing. The Octagon, of all places! Was there still a charm in that name, which had overcome Doctor Lee's indifference? There had been a time when he would have breasted any weather to go there.

That was in our youth, when the old house, built in colonial times, had been the home of the last surviving Ogles,—Mr. James Ogle and his daughter Viola. Doctor Lee had been madly in love with Viola in those days, but she had not cared for him, strange to say. She had married a man named Waring, who had come to grief in some way; defaulted, was it?—absconded?—and had left Bristol. They had disappeared together; her father had died greatly involved, and the Octagon had passed into the hands of his creditors. Only the day before Lee had pointed it out to me as we drove by, set back from the road against a gloomy background of pine woods.

"Gloomy old place," I had said, and Lee had replied, "Never to me." And he had sighed. I envied him. I have

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survived so many love affairs myself, that constancy of his sort appeals to me with an unusual fascination.

My friend came back within a reasonable period, and gave a report of himself. They had gone to the Octagon, and glad enough they were to have the lantern with them, after they had got beyond the town. They had stumbled through the dark garden of the old place, and into the dark house. The sick woman was in a room upstairs.

"Was she very ill?"

"At death's door; it was her heart, as the man had said; her husband, I suppose. She was in the last stages of exhaustion, possibly over-fatigued from her journey to Bristol. I gathered they had come some distance; evidently she had had insufficient food, although the man curtly refused assistance when I offered it,—after some hesitation,—for the man seemed a proud kind of fellow. I left a prescription, which was to be made up at once, and the medicine given through the night. I agreed to call the next morning. The man declared that he had brandy and milk in the house, which I left orders the woman was to take every two hours. Apparently the two were alone in the house. I did suggest a nurse, but the man said that was quite unnecessary. He was accustomed to nurse 'her.'

"So I wrote the prescription on the mantel-shelf, over the fireplace, empty, I grieve to say. And there I left it. But I doubt whether it will prove the elixir of life that poor soul needs. The man went to the edge of the town with me, carrying a lantern, and was to go to the drug store from where our ways parted. But as he turned away from me he stopped short, with an exclamation of annoyance. 'The prescription! I did not bring it with me after all; left it on the mantel-shelf where you wrote it. I 'll have to go all the way back for it.'

"That seemed the shortest way out of the difficulty, as I could not write another, standing in the wind and rain. 'But hurry all you can,' I urged upon him. 'There is no time to be lost.' In truth, three to one, the feeble spark of life had puffed out when he got back to the Octagon. It was a very feeble spark. He may have found no need for the medicine.

"Very careless to have forgotten the prescription. Unaccountably so, after the trouble he had taken, and the concern he had shown. But he was so annoyed with himself, I had not the heart to add to his discomfiture."

"He had a famished, dazed look when he was here," said I, "as though he were walking in a dream. Heavens, what misery there is in this world!"

The next day Iglehart came in from his morning rounds, with an expression of unwonted excitement on his usually self-contained countenance.

I laid down the book I was reading, and gave my entire attention to what he had to tell me, as he sat down facing me.

"Went to see that woman at the Octagon this morning. But will you believe me, when I tried to open the garden gate, it was nailed across with a heavy wooden bar. I tried to remove it,—it had opened so readily last night; but it would not budge. The people who have charge of the house live across the road; they saw me, and Mrs. Green came to the rescue. I told her I had a patient in the house I wanted to see.

"'There is no one in the house, Doctor.'

"'Begging your pardon, madam, there is. I was here late last night, when there were two occupants, a man and a woman.'

"'Here, Doctor? In this house? You must mean some other house. No one has lived here for the last year.'

"'Mrs. Green, I certainly ought to know the old Octagon. Besides, the man who summoned me named this house.'

"Green himself, who had been at work

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at his shoemaker's bench, joined us by this time. He went back to his house for a hatchet. 'Here goes,' he cried, aiming a telling blow at the bar across the gate. It fell, and he entered the weed-overgrown garden. At the front door we met with equal resistance to making an entrance. Green knocked away a second bar, then produced a bunch of keys, and fitted one with difficulty into the rusty lock. We entered a dirty, musty hall, so dirty that our footsteps left traces behind us. There was no indication that anyone had been in the house for months before,—no tracks in front of us, such as I would have made in the dust in going in and out the night before."

As Iglehart talked, I shaped my conclusion. He had *not* gone to the Octagon the night before: and so I said to him.

"Listen. Green and his wife said what you do. But I was positive. I could never be mistaken in *this* house. I led the way on through the hall,—up the stairs, up two flights, to the room,—the front room in the second story, where I had been conducted last night.

"The sunshine flooded the room, streaming in through the dusty sashes, — the high wind of yesterday has blown away every trace of storm. Every article in the room stood out with photographic distinctiveness, but the room was tenantless. The shabby bed—empty. The straight-backed rocking chair beside the cold hearth. The tables against the walls, one of which was inadequately furnished as a washstand. The mantel-shelf.

"I walked mechanically towards that, and rested my elbow on it. *On one end, where I placed it, was the prescription I had written on the night before.*"

"Well?"

Doctor Lee had been leaning forward, full of interest in his recital. He fell back into the recess of his easy chair. "That is all," he said. "That is absolutely all."

"But," I stammered, "But — but —"

"Yes, I know. And that is as far as you will get. If I was not in the Octagon last night,—if it was only a dream, —*how did that prescription come to be on the mantel-shelf?*"

We both remained silent, gazing absently into the glowing fire in the grate before which we were sitting.

"Do you know." Iglehart said suddenly, "There was something in that woman's face last night that reminded me of poor Viola Ogle? Could that be because she was lying in the same room that was Viola's, when she was a girl? I don't know, I am sure. But then I am not sure of anything this morning." And he got up and shook himself, and began to busy himself with books and papers, as though he wished to dismiss the subject.

"What did the Greens say?"

"O — say? What do people say when they are run up against a wall? What could they say? They had my word for it that I had written that paper last night; otherwise the easiest explanation would have been that I had made a mistake in the house."

The butler brought in the mail. Iglehart looked over the newspapers in his rapid way. He uttered an exclamation of amazement, as he came upon and showed me one of the death notices.

On February 5, Violet Ogle Waring, formerly of Bristol, Rhode Island.

Yesterday was the fifth of February. "A remarkable coincidence, to say the least," we both said, almost simultaneously.

And so it was, but that coincidence (a word, by the way, worn threadbare in similar connections) is the least salient feature of the case. I began by calling it unaccountable, and I end by repeating that assertion.

*Katharine Read Lockwood.*

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# AN OLD-FASHIONED STATESMAN,—HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

The most picturesque and familiar figure in American politics of recent times was lost to us when Hannibal Hamlin died.

Though not eccentric, yet he was unique in appearance, even to the details of dress. Though he was blood and iron in make-up, yet he was the gentlest and most patient of men, and accessible to every creature who would speak to him. In solidity and dignity of form and carriage, in simplicity of manner, and in sincerity of purpose, I think it will grow upon the minds of those who knew him well, that he has rarely been surpassed the country through in the things that go to the making up of an all-round citizen and statesman.

And beyond question, much of this excellence was due to ancestry and the circumstances of his start in life. He began right. Whatever was to oppose or to confront him, he could work his way undismayed. He stood by his family and its needs, and made sacrifices for it. He used his time well from the start, and considered all his chances with great skill and foresight. When a mere boy, on the rocky little farm among the Oxford Hills, he had a hearty way and a strong nature. He knew how to accomplish things from very boyhood, and this is always what wins, and what gave him his tremendous hold upon men.

"Who is the good lawyer?" asks Emerson. "The good lawyer is not the man who has an eye to every side and every angle of contingency, and qualifies all his qualifications; but who throws himself on your side so heartily that he can get you out of a scrape." This remarkable resource Mr. Hamlin had in the fullest measure. He never failed to redeem every personal or political promise. Nor was this service he was constantly rendering merely or mainly selfish or perfunctory. He not only believed in his friends, and trusted them, but he also felt it a duty to help any one who needed and expected help from him.

Nor was this habit of working for others confined to his friends and followers. He did more kindly and serviceable things for the great public during his long residence in Washington than any other public man ever did. If there were tangles in a worthy pension case, he patiently investigated it, and if possible helped it along. If a widow's son were inveigled into the army under age, and against his family's wishes, Mr. Hamlin was the man first applied to for help. He not only never shirked a responsibility, but he did all things demanded or expected of him in the line of duty or of kindliness.

It has always seemed to me that the background of this habit and this power in his case was the family and the race from which he sprang. There was a peculiar and powerful sense of domestic duty and responsibility in those old homes, which seemed to overflow in every direction into the wider obligations of neighborly kindness, self-sacrificing citizenship, and uncalculating patriotism. The feeling of mutual danger and dependence everywhere created lasting sympathy and affection. The men and women of that time had overcome every natural obstacle; and to accomplish anything and everything for each other and the community seemed easy. They had such an abiding sense of duty, and such readiness and faith to help others, that neighborly assistance was help indeed.

It is told of a quaint old gentleman, who had settled in a little town not far

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from Mr. Hamlin's own home, that when he was asked for the reason of his apparently poor choice, he said he wanted to attack Nature at her weakest point. I have often wondered if he really knew what a good thing he was saying. He who goes where riches lie loosely around him gets on well in one way, and very poorly in another. I mean the average man. He who finds Nature lavish, will have ease; but it may be, and often is, a very poor and fruitless existence he will lead. He will get a living, and a living easily; while he who finds Nature cold and hard, if he succeed at all, will get life itself, with all its richest fruits and benefactions, out of the struggle.

It was a hard bargain the pioneer of New England made with Providence. It was a partnership in which he put in all the effort and most of the capital, but he succeeded, and a due share of the credit and profit came to him. He was the vital, conquering force. He not only lived, but he made life a glorious thing. He made history and conquered fate itself. Say what we will, there never has been in our nation's life a band of people that have done so much for it as the early New Englanders did. They were more than religious pilgrims, more than over-wrought reformers who had broken from old lines. Nor were they mere poets and dreamers; they were the perfected fruit of the Puritan. They had settled into patient, practical wisdom, and a mighty purpose and a mighty power was wrought into the community.

Nobody has yet half told or half appreciated this tremendous force in the affairs of mankind. My soul finds a new delight and a new pride, when I recollect even that little portion of history that has been made clear and plain to me in very direct and personal ways. Anywhere, everywhere there crop out brave men and women, great scholars and great characters in all ways. Indeed, there is a rule by which these are created or expected; and while New Englanders had not the monopoly of them, and in fact were not rich in merely intellectual attainments beyond others, they were rich in the sturdy, brave, and exalted purpose to do something and be somebody in the world, at whatever cost of labor and sacrifice. They were rich in the discipline of life and in the providence of God, and thus they made history and destiny. Even liberty to them was no longer the mere aspiration of hope, but had become an actual and available force in individuals and community life.

The background of the Colonial period of heroic deeds has become somewhat dim and distant now, no doubt; but it was the pride and the bulwark of the old families and the old homes, like that one from which Mr. Hamlin came; and all the memories of the old homes and the old life came back into the hearts of the townsmen when they gathered at the plain little church the other day, among the Oxford Hills, to praise and mourn for him,— a meeting more tender even than that gathered at his funeral in his newer home in the queen city of Maine, where one half a century of his later life had been passed.

There have been few such men in our politics,— for he was scarcely known otherwise than in politics. Never a scholar, even in habits of study, he nevertheless was learned. He knew things in mass and relation, though he did little analyzing and dissecting. It is true he lived in an auspicious time, and could scarcely have been so famous otherwise. One view is that God raises up men for great crises; while another, and especially the oft-quoted saying of Napoleon, is that great crises are simply the opportunities of the great, who are always at hand, and that not often great genius could be known if there were no call for it.

But not only did Mr. Hamlin put all his strength and skill into the preliminary building of his character and political

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fortunes, which would have brought him success anyway, but he had so broad and active a moral nature, which at once strengthened his instincts and supplemented his personal power, that he would have been a notable character under any circumstances; and this, as in all such cases, was the main force of the man.

It were proof enough of his rare honesty, that no one ever suspected him capable of corrupt methods. He was a cunning and a fierce fighter, but always an open and manly one. He did not scorn the means of popularity, and he often "marched with the boys," many thought, when it would have been more comfortable and more comporting to the dignity of the occasion if he had ridden in the carriage that had been provided. But even if these peculiarities were actual arts, they were pardonable ones. For one, however, I am inclined to believe that he did this because he enjoyed it, as he did the old-fashioned dancing and games, and not only refrained from but despised the new, as being less robust and enjoyable.

Mr. Hamlin was not only honest in all ordinary ways, and consistent in his duty on all moral questions, but he was alert and brave in doubtful times. Never an extremist in anything, he yet was always true to his patriotic instincts. When through the Wilmot Proviso he saw a chance to check the northward spread of slavery, though not in charge of the measure nor personally responsible for it, he saved its consideration by a timely and determined move upon his own responsibility. Nor will the country ever forget the remarkable speech he made upon the admission of Oregon as a free State, in advance of all his party. On all such questions his judgment, as well as his instinct, appears to have been unerring. Throughout his whole public career of over half a century of political strife, he never made a mistake, great or small,—at least, one that has been treasured up against him, or that has been seriously criticised. I am not aware of one other man who has shown, through a career of fifty years, such symmetry of political form.

He never followed any man or championed any measure blindly. He was a tremendous partisan, but it was because he believed his party and its policy was right. He could see his course away ahead of his sailing, which is the highest instinct, as well as the safest judgment. He early saw every important issue in the affairs of the nation, and he never trusted to any man or to any device as to meeting it, but simply insisted upon being seasonably and squarely upon the safe and the right side. No clique ever for a moment held or even claimed him. He was never a leader in Congress, nor in national politics, in the sense of having a party of his own, or of holding special views. No man can recall an instant where a dazzling promise ever lured him to toy for a moment with a questionable third party movement or a merely collateral issue. To prohibition, woman suffrage, the labor question, —all in turn,—he devoted consideration, but he never "traded." He treated all these as he treated merely personal leadership. He wanted the people with him. He kept in the middle of the road, and he kept his party there; and he walked in the light and in safety. Something like the warning of the old French deputy might have been for ever ringing in his ears: "March without the people, and you march into night. Their instincts are a finger pointing Providence always towards some real benefit. But when you espouse an Orleans party, or a Bourbon party, or a Montalembert, or any other party but an organic party, though you mean well, you have a personality instead of a principle, which will inevitably draw you into a corner."

Some of his well-remembered recent addresses on the tendencies of politics,

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and especially as to the part some notable politicians and others prominent in public life have taken as leaders of cliques, and the methods used to perpetuate personal power, can well be accepted as his estimate of what a statesman should be, and show how fully he trusted the people and insisted that his party should represent them, and not trifle with temporary side issues and speculations.

The memorable contest in Maine, in 1856, well illustrates his methods. The Democratic party in the State was sorely and helplessly divided. It had its figure-heads and its hobbies, and even the Whigs, that body of respectable gentlemen who were really conservative and just in their general views, were also sorely demoralized. Two years before, a coalition of all the new elements had won in the State, the various discontented members of the different parties aligning themselves upon the temperance and anti-slavery questions. The time was not ripe, however, for a united new movement. The great issues that had been forming had not really been made up. In fact, many of the leaders that had been won over into a coalition in 1854, had swung back to the winning Democracy the next year. This was the state of things in the summer of 1856, which found Mr. Hamlin a Democratic United States Senator. Many of his fellow Democrats, notably the Morrills, had before this substantially identified themselves with the new movement, which was crystallizing into the Republican party under Frémont. Mr. Hamlin, though he was among the earliest converts, had not taken the field in aggressive warfare, notwithstanding he had long been a consistent anti-slavery man; but now, feeling that the time had come when he could do the greatest work, could fight a decisive battle, he came unreservedly into the Republican party.

It was a remarkable sight when he came into the convention at Portland, at the head of the delegations along the Penobscot, a large number of his followers being red-shirted lumbermen, Mr. Hamlin, as usual "marching with the boys," who bore a huge banner with the legend, "The Jam's Broke,"—at sight of which the crowds that thronged the streets went wild. It is true that this decisive and spectacular campaign made Mr. Hamlin governor that year, and returned him to the Senate in the March following, and it was a thing any ambitious man would have done, if he could. It was no doubt partly and largely selfish, still it was also the very highest service he could have done his country and the new party that was to take the place of the old. He did more for himself than he could have done earlier, and he even did more for all others than he did for himself. He was the man to do it, and it could not have been done better.

But the severest test of his popularity was the contest in 1869, when he was before the Legislature to be returned to the Senate, his competitor being the Hon. Lot M. Morrill, a lovable man of fine fiber, also an old-line Democrat who had come into the Republican ranks a little earlier. It was uphill work for Mr. Hamlin, and early in the contest there were few who felt there was any hope for him; but he had set his heart upon it, and one by one he took away votes from Mr. Morrill. If it had been a pivotal State, or a contest that could have made one hair white or black in national politics, the whole country would have been looking on. When it began, Mr. Hamlin was styled simply a "claimant," and surely the chances were all against him. One man's vote in the caucus finally decided it, and he a man whom both claimed up to the last moment. It was one of the most dramatic scenes ever enacted in politics. Mr. Hamlin seems to have won by sheer political force and skill, and his most unique personal power. It was a fight that made and left some bitterness, but it will be re-

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membered as one wherein there was never a suspicion that a dollar of money went into the pocket of any member of the Legislature. It was no doubt true that the feeling that Mr. Hamlin had been slighted by being denied a place on the national ticket in 1864, had something to do with returning him to the Senate, as also his refusal to hold office under the administration of Mr. Johnson. Many of his followers and others believed that it was their duty to return him to the Senate. And yet his triumph in this remarkable contest was due, as I have said, mainly to his unfailing popularity and his surpassing power of organizing; and when in March, 1869, he entered the Senate for the fourth time, he had won with one exception every political battle without a mistake,—the failure of 1864 being his party's mistake and not his own.

Finishing his course in 1881, after twenty-eight years of service in the Senate of the United States, and after enjoying the personal friendship of the great men of the country, from Calhoun and Webster down, he retired to pass his remaining days in absolute rest and peace. His name has been connected with every great measure in the history of the last half of the century, and no stain or even mistake of judgment attaches to it. His final graceful retirement from politics had removed all possible antagonism that might ever have existed, and it is believed that when he died not one trace of bitterness was left in the heart of any man who knew him. Surely his was a successful life, for he worked for all he had and he fought to keep it, as any man may. In rounded experience and in natural sense and just consideration for others, he had the perfect proportion of the politician and statesman.

He was not a pioneer and adventurer in new fields. He stood and waited like many another servant of a great cause, and it was generally the best service. He gave decent heed to the lesser interests and claims that were made upon him and his party, and was even charitable to those complaisant doctrinaires who profess to have panaceas for all troubles in politics and government. He shaped all the resources that came to him and his work, but did not yield control. He drove none away, but assimilated all helps to the main issue.

As I have said, he was not a student of books, but a shaper of doctrines and policies in practical ways. He did not delve in details, but kept firm hold on the main facts and the vital forces of every great question. It is difficult to believe that he could have been so great a man in duller times than those in which he lived. It is one thing to stand in the fore-front of a great conflict that was made glorious by unmeasured success, and another to struggle and plod in stuffy committee rooms over puzzling financial problems or tariff schedules. But no life begun on the plane of Hannibal Hamlin's pride and ambition and guided by so unerring instincts, could have been obscure or commonplace. As the stream that has its source in the hills flows onward with gathering force, till at last the sheen of its clear current flashes far out from the ocean's shore, so the life of the New England boy, begun on the heights of an ambition and courage and faith that never faltered and never doubted, pushed its resistless tide far out into the great sea of human affairs, in token that it was mountain born.

*Enoch Knight.*

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# THE BELL OF LANDE–FLEURIE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES LEMAÎTRE.

THE little parish of Lande-Fleurie had an ancient bell and an aged curé.

The bell was so cracked that its tone was like an old woman's cough. It pained one to listen, and it saddened the hearts of the laborers and shepherds scattered about the fields.

The curé, the Abbé Coventin, was still hearty, in spite of his five and seventy years. He had a childlike face, wrinkled, but rosy, framed in white locks, resembling the skeins spun by the good wives of Lande-Fleurie. And he was adored by his flock, on account of his kind heart and his widespread charity.

As the time approached when the good abbé would complete the fiftieth year of his service, his parishioners resolved to offer him a gift worthy to commemorate such an anniversary.

The three church wardens surreptitiously made the rounds of all the houses, and when they had collected one hundred crowns, they carried them to the curé, entreating him to go to the city, and there choose himself a new bell.

"My children," said the abbé, "my dear children,— evidently the good God has — so to speak — in some manner —"

He could say nothing more, so strongly was he moved. Finally, he answered:

"'*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum, in pace.*'"

The next day, the abbé set out to buy the bell. He had to travel on foot over two leagues of country to the market town of Rosy-les-Roses, through which the stage-coach passed on its way to the city of Pont-l'Archevêque, the capital of the province.

It was lovely weather. On both sides of the road the trees, the birds, the plants, were vibrant with life beneath the sunshine.

And the old curé, his head already ringing with the future chimes of the bell, walked briskly, thanking God, like Saint Francis, for the joyousness of nature.

As he approached Rosy-les-Roses, he saw a gypsy cart at the side of the road. Not far from this an old horse lay on his side, with his four legs rigidly extended, while his ribs and sharp hip bones protruded through the shriveled skin; his head was swollen, blood had issued from the nostrils, and the eyes were covered with a white film.

An old man, clad in miserable rags, and an old woman in a red cotton gown, starred with patches, were at the edge of the ditch, weeping over the dead horse.

A fifteen-year-old girl rose from the ground, and ran towards the abbé, crying, "Charity, monsieur le curé! charity, please!"

The voice was hoarse, yet sweet at the same time, and warbled its entreaty like the notes of a bird. The child, whose skin was the color of newly tanned leather, wore only a dingy chemise and a red petticoat, but she had great velvety black eyes and lips like ripe cherries. Her yellow arms were tattooed with blue flowers, and a band of copper restrained her black locks, flaring out fan-like on each side of her face, which was spare and delicate, after the gypsy type.

The abbé, slackening his pace, had taken a two-sous-piece from his purse. But encountering the child's eyes, he stopped, and began to question her.

"My brother," she explained, "is in prison, because they say he has stolen a chicken. He earned our living, but we have eaten nothing for two days."

The abbé returned the two-sous-piece to his purse, and drew out a silver coin.

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The child continued: "I know how to do sleight-of-hand tricks, and my mother tells fortunes. But we are forbidden to go about in the towns and villages, because we look so wretched. And now our horse is dead. What will become of us?"

"But," demanded the abbé, "could n't you find any work in the country?"

"People are afraid of us, and they throw stones. Besides, we have not learned how to work; we know only how to go about. If we had a horse, we could still live in our own way. There is nothing left for us now but to die."

The abbé put the silver piece back into his purse.

"Do you love the good God?" asked he.

"I would love him if he would help us," said the child.

The abbé felt the weight of the bag tugging at his girdle, the bag that held his parishioners' hundred crowns.

The little beggar kept her big, staring gypsy eyes fixed upon the holy priest.

Again he questioned, "Are you a good girl?"

"Good!" exclaimed the gypsy in astonishment, not in the least understanding him.

"Repeat, 'O Lord, I love thee.'"

The child stood mute, her eyes full of tears. The abbé unbuttoned his cassock, and held out the heavy bag of silver.

The gypsy maid grasped the bag with a monkey-like gesture, exclaiming:

"Monsieur le curé, I love you!"

And she flew to the old couple who, without a change of attitude, were still weeping over the dead horse.

The abbé continued his way to Rosy-les-Roses, meditating upon the wretchedness with which it pleases the Lord to overwhelm his creatures, and beseeching him to enlighten this little Bohemian who, apparently, was destitute of religion, and who, perhaps, had not even received the holy baptism.

But suddenly he became aroused to the fact that it was useless for him to go on to Pont-l'Archevêque, since he no longer had the money for his bell.

And he retraced his steps.

He could now hardly understand how he could have given to an unknown beggar, a juggler, a sum of money so large, which did not even belong to him.

He quickened his pace, hoping to catch sight of the little gypsy again. But there remained by the roadside only the dead horse and the broken wheel.

He thought over what he had just done. He had sinned deeply beyond a doubt: he had abused the confidence of his flock, he had diverted a trust, and in short, he had committed a kind of theft.

Then he foresaw with terror the consequences of his fault. How could he hide it? How make restitution? Where could he find another hundred crowns? And meanwhile, what answer should he make to inquiries? What explanation could be made of his conduct?

The sky was clouding over. The trees had changed to a crude, offensive green against the livid horizon. Great drops of rain began to fall. The Abbé Coventin was struck with the sad aspect of nature.

He succeeded in reaching the parsonage unperceived.

"Is that you, so soon, monsieur le curé?" called out his old housekeeper, Scholastica. "Then you have not been to Pont-l'Archevêque?"

The abbé told a lie:—

"I missed the diligence from Rosy-les-Roses. I shall go again some other day. But listen, say not a word to anyone about my having already returned."

He did not go to say mass next day. He shut himself in his room, and dared not even walk in his garden.

However, the following day, he was sent for to administer extreme unction to a sick person in the village of Clos-Moussu.

"Monsieur le curé has not returned," said the woman.

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"Scholastica is mistaken; here I am," announced the Abbé Coventin.

On his return from Clos-Moussu, he met one of the most pious of his parishioners,

"Well, monsieur le curé, did you have a pleasant journey?"

The abbé lied a second time,

"Very pleasant, my friend, very pleasant."

"And the bell?"

The abbé told another lie. Alas! They were already beyond his reckoning.

"Superb, my friend, superb! It is warranted to be pure silver, and it has such a sweet tone! Give it only a fillip, and it rings as if it would never leave off."

"And when shall we see it?"

"Very soon, my dear child, very soon. But first it must be engraved with its baptismal name, the names of its godfathers and godmothers, and some verses of the Holy Scriptures. And, bless you, that will take some time!"

"Scholastica!" faltered the abbé, on entering the house, "if the arm-chair, the clock, and the cabinet in my room, were to be sold, do you think they would bring a hundred crowns?"

"They would not bring three, monsieur le curé. Because, saving your presence, your furniture is not worth four sous."

"Scholastica!" resumed the abbé, "I shall not eat any more meat; meat disagrees with me."

"Monsieur le curé," remonstrated the old servant, "you are not yourself. Surely, something has ailed you ever since you set out for Pont-l'Archevêque. Now, what has happened?"

She tormented him so with questions, that he finally told her all.

"Ah!" said she, "I am not at all surprised. Your soft heart will be the ruin of you. But don't fret yourself, monsieur le curé; I will take it upon myself to make excuses, until you can get together another hundred crowns."

Thereupon Scholastica began to invent tales, which she doled out to every comer. The new bell had been cracked in packing it up, and it had to be mended. The bell being mended, monsieur le curé had conceived the idea of sending it to Rome to have it blessed by His Holiness the Pope, and that was a long journey.

The abbé permitted her to run on, but he became unhappier and unhappier. For, besides reproaching himself with his own falsehoods, he felt responsible for Scholastica's; and this, added to the embezzlement of his parishioners' funds, made up, altogether, an overwhelming weight of sins. He began to droop under the strain, and by degrees an ashen pallor dispossessed on his sunken cheeks the rosy red of his innocent, hearty old age.

The day appointed for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the curé's priesthood, and for the christening of the bell, had long since passed. The people of Lande-Fleurie were amazed at the delay. Rumors began to fly abroad. Farrigoul, the farrier, related that he had seen the Abbé Coventin, accompanied by a woman, in the neighborhood of Rosy-les-Roses, and he added,

"I tell you, he has eaten up the money with his beggars."

A party was formed against the worthy man. When he walked down the street, heads remained covered, and in passing he overheard unfriendly remarks.

The poor holy man was overwhelmed with remorse. He saw the full extent of his error. He had done most woeful penance for it. But all was in vain: he could not arrive at perfect repentance.

He felt very much as though this imprudent charity — this alms-giving with others' money — had been done in spite of himself, without even having had the power to reflect upon it. He thought, too, that this unreasoning fit of benevolence might have been, for this poor, ig-

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norant little Bohemain, the best revelation of God and the beginning of her soul's enlightenment. The eyes of the little mountebank were always before him,—so black, so sweet, so full of tears.

At last his anguish of conscience became intolerable. His sin grew merely by lasting.

One day, after having passed a long time in prayer, he resolved to unburden himself by making a public confession to his parishioners.

The following Sunday he ascended to the pulpit after the gospel, and ghastly pale, yet upborne by an effort more sublime than that of a martyr at the stake, he began,

"My brethren, my dear friends, my dear children, I have a confession to make—"

At this moment a clear, limpid, silvery tone rang out in the belfry and thrilled the old church. Every head turned, and an astonished whispering ran along the benches of the faithful:—

"The new bell! The new bell!"

Was it a miracle? Had God sent the new bell by the angels, in time to save the honor of his charitable minister?

Or rather, had not Scholastica confided her master's embarrassment to the American ladies who were living in a beautiful château, three leagues from Lande-Fleurie, and had not those excellent ladies planned this pleasant surprise for the Abbé Coventin?

In my opinion, the second explanation will admit of closer investigation than the first.

Be that as it may, the parishioners of Lande-Fleurie never knew what the Abbé Coventin had to confess.

*Alma Blakeman Jones.*

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## EVENING IN SUNSET LAND.

WITH great, mild eyes and clanking hoofs, the cows
Come slowly, lowing, homeward,—ankle-deep
In dappled clover where last sunbeams sleep;
Warm furrows pulse, late cleft by shining plows;
Like one huge wheel of flaming gold, the sun
Lays its vibrating rim upon the line
Where sea meets sky: clear, delicate, and fine,
Fir needles lean against it; one by one,
A thousand luminous rays of chastened fire,
Tremble from out its heart. The dog-wood flowers
Flame out like great white stars against the dusk
Of dark fir forests. From the far slough's mire
The tireless-throated frogs chant out sweet hours,
Made languorous by the wild, fragrant musk.

*Ella Higginson.*

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# CALVIN AS RULER.

CALVIN first came to Geneva in 1536. Two years afterwards (in 1538) he was sent out of the city by the magistrates, practically for having (as was charged) tried to change the ancient laws and constitution of the city. He was, however, brought back by his friends in triumph in 1541, and from that time until his death, in 1564,—for twenty-three years,—he was absolute ruler of Geneva in all matters whatever, ecclesiastical and civil.

His official appointment was as preacher and professor of theology. His actual position, however, was that of dictator of Geneva, both in things spiritual and things temporal; and also of chief of a great Protestant sect, more or less numerous in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, France, England, and Scotland.

His personal position and emoluments were on a scale corresponding to his power. It has sometimes been represented that he was a poor man, having scarcely enough to live on. This is not so. He was as splendidly maintained as a ruler should be, and his revenues were several times greater than those of any other city official. The salaries of the chief magistrates of the city,—the four syndics,—were 100 florins a year each: say about 1200 francs, or $240. The master of the chief city school had about $144; and the chief hospital surgeon about $60. Calvin's actual revenues may be enumerated as follows: Regular salary, $1,400; furnished house and garden free, $400; together, $1,800. He had also all his household provisions, (besides his garden produce,) including, for instance, two cartloads a year of wine, of twelve casks each, amounting to about four bottles a day; also fees for attendance at each session of the Consistory and at each session of the Councils; also fees for professional services as consulting jurist, to an amount which, of itself, constituted a comfortable income; also the salaries of his secretaries; all his traveling expenses, (an item which reminds us of what are now-a-days called "free passes,") extra allowances in case of sickness in his family, or visits of guests from abroad; constant special gifts of money, clothes, etc., from the city, sometimes to the value of $120 at a time; and other frequent gifts of game, confectionery, etc., from private admirers. In all, his income was, at the very least, equivalent to $3,000, being more than twelve times as much as that of any other city official. And in estimating it, it must be remembered that a dollar in those days represented several times as much value as it does now.

A complete view of Calvin's government of Geneva would include explanations of his position and power there, of his purposes and policy, the organization by which he held the city, the methods of his government of it, his public and personal character, and the results of his life. The present paper deals with only one chapter out of such an account, and that only in very imperfect outline. It is a notice of some features of his administration as legislator, jurisprudent, and judge; and especially of his selection of offenses to be punished, persons to be punished, and punishments to be inflicted.

This account is drawn from two remarkable publications by J. B. G. Galiffe, academical professor of history at Geneva.* They are narratives in much de-

* Quelques pages d'histoire exacte; Procès Perrin et Maigret. (Also,) Nouvelles pages d'histoire exacte: Procès de Pierre Ameaux. (Both) Geneva and Basle, H. Georg. 1868. Reprinted from the *Mémoires* of the Institute of Geneva.

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tail of two criminal prosecutions caused by Calvin; but added to them is a considerable assemblage of related facts, illustrating his personal character and his administration.

The documents on which these publications (and therefore the present statement) are based,— besides existing histories, biographies, and letters,— are chiefly the registers of the Venerable Consistory of Geneva (the official body of city pastors), the registers of the city councils, or governing bodies, and the shorthand reports and other official records of the courts. All these were written up by partisans of Calvin.

It is a general opinion that if Calvin erred in causing Michael Servetus to be burned alive over a slow fire in 1553, for being a Unitarian, yet that this was his only serious fault (if it was a fault), and that with this exception he was a wise, kind, good, and just man, a true and sincere Christian, and a good and useful ruler, over and above his significance as a theologian and religious teacher.

I say, "if it was a fault." For an English writer of this century (Field on the Church, Cambridge, 1847, vol. 1, p. 288) declares that Calvin's proceedings as to Servetus were "just and honorable." With this opinion I am unable to agree.

For the case of Servetus was not an exception; it was in every particular an example of Calvin's own constant character and practice, as man and as ruler. Seven years before he caught Servetus, he wrote to Farel that if Servetus came to Geneva, he (Calvin) would not let him get away alive, if he could help it, (si-modo valeat mea autoritas, vivum exire nunquam patiar). This was a steady resolution, after Calvin's manner, and no mere impulse. And as to the use of fire on condemned persons, he wrote to Madame de Cany about another heretic, "I assure you, Madame, that if he had not fled so promptly, I should have felt it my duty to have him burned," (il n' eût pas tenu à moi qu' il ne fût passé par le feu).

Burning alive was a punishment very frequently inflicted by Calvin in other than heresy cases. He burned alive scores, if not hundreds, of persons, mostly on charges of witchcraft and of spreading the plague, two wholly imaginary offenses; and many of these sentences were on suspicion only, or for alleged intentions. Torture was a regular part of the proceedings, and many of the convictions were upon confessions or evidence received by torture. Even the careful slowness with which Servetus was kept in torment as long as possible was no exceptional instance.

Calvin introduced what we must suppose he considered improvements into the civil and criminal practice of the Genevan courts. By the old laws of Geneva, even a criminal condemned to death could dispose of his property. Calvin introduced the practice of confiscation in such cases. The old practice was to allow prisoners fair means of defense. Under Calvin such help was, to a great extent, refused. In a few cases, persons convicted of witchcraft, etc., had been burned under the Roman Catholic prince-bishops of Geneva, but such persons had always been strangled first. Calvin introduced the practice of burning these wretches alive, and the number of such executions was at least twelve times as great under him as under his prelatical predecessors. In the old Genevan jurisprudence torture was allowed only upon accused persons (which was bad enough), and then only in pursuance of a special interlocutory decree of the court in each case, as circumspect and solemn as final judgment. Calvin introduced the practice of indiscriminate torturing, at the will of the court, as part of the preliminary proceedings to force confession, to begin with; and also the practice of torturing witnesses until they should give such evidence as was required of them. Other Calvinistic refinements of penalty were added; until a complete sentence (for instance) upon



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a person convicted of sorcery or spreading the plague (besides the previous torture and imprisonment) was this: to be drawn through the city on a hurdle; to have his (or very frequently her) flesh torn with red hot pincers at a specified number of places on the road; at one of these places to have the right hand cut off; then to be dragged onward to the Plainpalais (the place of execution), and to be burned alive. The culmination and very ecstasy of Calvinistic retribution — it does seem the most horrible thing that ever happened in this world — took place on March 9th, 1545, when Jean Granjat, the city executioner, was made to take his own old mother, convicted of having spread the plague (semé la peste), to drag her through the city on a hurdle, to cut off her right hand, and to burn her alive. The record of this sentence names her at full length, "Clauda, veuve de François Granjat, executeur des malfaiteurs"; and this François is known to have been the father of Jean Granjat.

The ingenuity and persistency displayed in some other particulars of this course of treatment of prisoners was very remarkable, though no other case appears in the records to compare with the Granjat case. One or two of the victims of this torturing system, after refusing for days to make the false confessions demanded of them, committed suicide in prison. But Calvinistic jurisprudence was not to be fooled so, and the other prisoners were fettered so that they could not use their hands. Even then, one obstinate female villain contrived to make her way to a window, and to throw herself out, killing herself in the most unregenerate manner. Two others died under the torture, protesting their innocence to the last. By such fortitude, however, they gained nothing. The judges simply alleged that it was the devil who sustained the recusants, and went on with the torture, sometimes until death ensued, as in these cases. But a little thing like death was not allowed to interrupt the routine of Calvin's justice. The two corpses were dressed up, dragged through the city, and duly burned. They could not be revivified in order to suffer the torture of the fire. In another case four of these obstinate children of the devil, having been tortured in vain for a confession, were walled up in masonry until they should confess. One of them died in the wall. The other three still persevering in their protestations of innocence, the impatient judges had them taken out and their right hands cut off, and the rest of them burned as usual.

The principal method of torture used was the strappado (estrapade). Anybody who wants to know how it feels may get a friend to tie his hands behind him, and fasten a stout cord from the wrists behind to a beam overhead. If then the experimenter will jump off a box so as to fall say four feet, and then be brought up hanging in the air with his arms wrenched up and dislocated by the jerk, he will understand one detail of John Calvin's labors.

Calvin himself is said to have invented a special torture for certain witches whom he discovered in one of the rural parishes, viz., roasting their feet. But this seems rather a reminiscence of those resolute French compatriots of his, the bandits called "chauffeurs," — "warmers," from this same ingenious practice of making it warm for ill-advised persons who would not answer questions. But several other new tortures were added under Calvin to the imperfect assortment before existing in Geneva.

This system of the intensifying of agony received a color of legality through another part of the Calvinistic management of the courts. This was the systematic removal from office of the native Genevese lawyers who acted as advising jurists to the city councils in criminal matters, and the

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substitution for them (besides Calvin himself, who acted oonstantly as the leading counsel in this business) of a set of French lawyers, wholly dependent on Calvin for their positions and emoluments, and some of whom were not even citizens of Geneva. In an opinion by this semi-alien authority rendered in writing in 1555, and still on file, they recommend "to torture one person in order to force from him evidence against others; and to declare to such person that his torture would not stop until he should have confessed whatever was required of him." This was for witnesses. Mere detention to secure evidence is now reckoned a hardship.

But this use of torture was Calvin's own method too. In an opinion (on record) in his own handwriting and sealed with his seal, he recommends "to obtain indirect proof against the accused, by putting to the torture those supposed to be their accomplices, and to condemn the accused upon depositions so obtained, even though the torture should not extract a confession from such accused person." As the ancient laws of Geneva expressly forbid such a procedure, this opinion, in its final paragraph, recommends the magistrates "to free themselves from this obstacle by using their own absolute powers to make an exception."

The right hands cut off in the above treatment were nailed up, sometimes on the public gallows, sometimes in other public places about the city. When an old gallows fell down in September, 1545, the right hands of those recently executed and nailed upon it were ordered to be burned. There were thirty.

Where the accused were hanged or beheaded (as in cases of political prosecution) they were frequently afterwards quartered, and the heads and pieces of their corpses fastened up like the right hands, in different public places about the city.

As to the number of persons executed, an actual count of the sentences in the records of Geneva was made by Professor Galiffe for three months of 1545, and for the five years 1542–6. During the three months alone, the craze about witchcraft and spreading the plague, (which latter superstition originated under Calvin's influence, while both were greatly stimulated by him,) there were 34 executions. The five years taken together were a comparatively quiet period for criminal prosecutions, because at this time Calvin's power was not yet quite fully established. There were, however, in this period 58 capital executions, 76 banishments, and from 800 to 900 imprisonments, not including a great number of imprisonments and so forth of vagrants. Of these 58 executions, 30 were of men, 28 of women and girls. Of these 58, 13 were hanged, 10 beheaded, of whom several were also quartered and so forth, and 35 were burned alive after having their right hands cut off, a number of them having also been torn with red-hot pincers. 20 out of the whole number were punished for ordinary crimes, such as murder, robberies, counterfeiting, political offenses. Of these 20 only two of the actual criminal offenders were native Genevese (but the question of the relative public and private morality of Calvin's party and of the native Genevese is one of those which is not here discussed). The other 38 executions were all for witchcraft and spreading the plague, and out of these 38, 28 were women and girls.

This quiet period was a very much more busy one for the executioner than that before the Calvinist rule. But things grew much more active even than this in the years succeeding, when Calvin's power had become fully consolidated. In these years the number of criminal prosecutions arose to 300 or 400 a year, and an edict ordered the executioner to "always carry his sword about with him; under his arm," accord-

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ingly. The total of executions and of criminal proceedings of all kinds during Calvin's whole dictatorship of twenty-three years is, approximately, a matter of arithmetic. The number would be large.

After this bloody record, a few facts about Calvin's very curious and even ludicrous sumptuary legislation in Geneva will come with a sense of relief, like the farce after a tragedy. Most of this performance was in the year 1546. Thus, March 3d, an edict prohibited the wearing of beards of the Swiss fashion called *à la lansquenette*, and ordered all such beards to be shaved that day, on pain of the displeasure of the council. On April 2d following, the wearing of "slashed" breeches (a Swiss fashion) was prohibited. March 30th, leave was refused to Mme. Lullin, widow of a hotel-keeper and councillor of State, to put up the sign of the bear (a Swiss ensign, of the Canton of Berne) upon her public house.

In 1546 was issued an edict forbidding to give children at baptism the familiar and favorite Genevese names (such as Ami, Claude, Balthazar, etc.), and ordering that no names should be given except such as are in the Bible,— in the Old Testament especially. This law caused obstinate opposition. Even before it was passed, Ami Chapuis was, without any law, imprisoned four days, and forced to beg pardon of the Consistory and pay the whole cost of the proceedings against him, for having desired his little son to be baptized Claude, and for using indignant expressions at the minister, who actually baptized the child Abraham. Another prominent citizen, for insisting on naming his daughter after himself (Hyppolita for Hyppolite Rivet), was imprisoned five days while proceedings were had, and then sentenced to three days more in prison, on bread and water. In November, after Calvin and his ministers had asked for legislation on the subject, the council ordered that Calvin should make out a list of names that might be given to children, which list was to be distributed to heads of families.

In the same year the old Genevese practice of public religious character spectacles, or "moralities," was prohibited, and so remained until Calvin was dead, when they were promptly resumed. Dancing was also made a crime. On April 8, 1546, the council imprisoned about thirty persons from the most respectable families of the city,— some of them ladies,— for having danced, *or witnessed dancing*, three weeks before, at the wedding of an ex-councillor. Those who got off easiest among this criminal gang had three days in prison and a reprimand, with threats; the rest were kept longer, and only discharged upon publicly asking for mercy "from God and the court," and then appearing before the Consistory to be reprimanded. The customary Genevese dances, it should be observed, were decorous dances in families and among friends.

In the same month a wonderful law was made, forbidding all Genevese citizens to patronize any public house, *either in Geneva or abroad.* These establishments were very numerous in Geneva; and the law was calculated to destroy the business of many respected citizens, leaving them only the patronage of travelers. In place of the eradicated public houses, the council established five government "abbeys," or restaurants (on a kind of "Nationalist" plan). After a very short experiment, however, the whole community proved too strong for the council, and the edict had to be repealed, leaving the "abbeys" still in operation, so that the attack on the taverns increased their number by five.

It cannot, of course, be absolutely proved what Calvin's real motive was for all this sumptuary legislation. But if that motive was a desire to break down the strong patriotic feelings and im-

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mense pride of nationality which characterized the Genevese, he would naturally have made such laws as he did make in these cases.

Nothing has thus far been said about the actual themes of the two publications which have furnished the facts above narrated. Those publications give full accounts of prosecutions against Ami Perrin and against Pierre Ameaux, both respectable citizens of Geneva, and the former its chief military officer or captain-general. Much information, though not so full, is also given in them upon a process against a French resident and spy in Geneva, named Maigret, and upon other individual cases of legal proceedings. These and similar cases constitute a separate chapter of Calvin's jurisprudence, altogether distinct from that concerned with crimes; to wit, the chapter of his systematic legal hostilities against any one, lay or clerical, who ventured to oppose or criticise his personal, official, or political character, doctrines, or doings. This record forms a proper companion piece to the record of his criminal jurisprudence in point of extent, although it is not set off with such terrific ornamentation of blood and torture and flame. It is a story of astonishing claims to authority and infallibility; of long, wearying, worrying imprisonments; of fines, confiscations, banishments, disgraceful and infamous penalties, deprivations of civil rights; inflicted on men and women alike, on principals and their friends and relatives as well, carried on indifferently under existing laws, in violation of them, or by means of *ex post facto* laws, enacted on purpose for the case in hand; and the whole largely based on a system of spies and informers. Hardly a glance can here be given at this part of Calvin's government, which is by the nature of the case beset with prolix details; but the two chief cases in our authority may be briefly mentioned by way of example.

The charge against Ami Perrin was a totally groundless one, of treasonable intentions to deliver Geneva into the power of France,—a charge which there is really some evidence to sustain against the prosecuting parties. Perrin did, in fact, escape with a heavy fine and the giving securities somewhat in the nature of bail for future appearance; but his life was only saved by the energetic interposition of the authorities of Berne, which city had an alliance of common-citizenship or "combourgeoisie" with Geneva. Perrin was an outspoken opponent of Calvin, but was otherwise a good and patriotic citizen, who had done many and eminent services to the state, and held important offices.

The charge against Pierre Ameaux was the use of some expressions of very distinct dislike of Calvin and his system, the worst of which were the assertion that Calvin "was a worthless (*méchant*) Picard, who had been for seven years preaching false doctrine," that the salaries of Calvin and the other minister were excessive, and that the foreigners (viz., Frenchmen) would soon be masters of Geneva. These things (with some others) were said in Ameaux's own home, after a rather jolly dinner with wine, which Ameaux gave on recovering from an illness to four of his personal friends. But the personal friends were informers, and they went next day, and denounced him to the authorities. The law expressly provided that speeches like these, provided they were found criminal, should be punished with not more than three days' imprisonment. But the statements of Ameaux contained so much truth in some points, and were so direct a personal attack on Calvin in others (besides that Ameaux had succeeded against Calvin in a previous controversy about Calvin's occupation of a certain house), and the statements were also so noticeable as coming from a well-known and respected citizen, that the dictator was stimulated to very thorough measures.

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Notwithstanding the three-day law, Ameaux was kept in prison for eleven weeks, his business ruined, he himself forbidden to resume it, and after an extraordinary series of operations upon the documents in the case, and the most ingenious prolongations of the proceedings, he was finally sentenced (besides the ruin of his business) to walk the rounds of the city in his shirt, bareheaded, with a lighted torch in his hand; then to come into court, and on his knees ask the mercy of God and the court, confessing to having evilly and maliciously uttered the wicked words charged against him; and to pay the costs of all the proceedings. The "confessing" was the repeating, in court and in three public places of the city, an abject acknowledgment in words dictated to him, and the condemnation carried with it exclusion from all future public offices.

These two cases are, however, only two instances out of a great many. And the whole exhibit in this paper is only a very imperfect exposition of one department — the worst, no doubt, but only one — of a whole symmetrical system of — let us say, government. For in this narrative, soft words have been studiously used, and hard ones and epithets have been painstakingly and self-sacrificingly avoided. It is right, however, to remark in closing, that even if it can be argued that not all the matters above set forth were actually caused by Calvin, yet it cannot be denied that he could have prevented every one of them.

It may also be well enough to remember that Calvin is to be blamed in respect to his doings in Geneva, not precisely by estimating his actions as they would appear now, but only by judging them after the standards of his age and nation. So far as his individual character and the consequent actions were worse than those standards,— and so far as they were inconsistent with his claims as a follower and teacher of reforms and of the religion of Jesus Christ,— he is to be blamed. If his admirers are willing to accept this criterion, his dislikers are not likely to refuse it.

*F. B. Perkins.*

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## AFTERNOON.

WHAT then that, winds blow chill along the shadowy waste,
The sky is afternoon and homeward flock the birds,
And lonely sound my loom-strokes in a lonely room?
Perennial burns the fire, and calm and pleasant-spaced
My day was, fair with color, interwoven words
Of friend and book; so, brave and cheerily went my loom.

What then that, day's work done, a lonely supper waits,
A lonely evening lamp, when all is done?
The faithful firelight warms a tender, opaline gloom,
Where stands my yet unfinished web, inwoven with dates
Of purple, buds of rose, and sky of blue, and sun
Of heaven's imperial noon; so, cheerily goes my loom.

*Irenè Hardy.*

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# MY COUSIN'S WEDDING DRESS.

EVERYBODY said it was a beautiful dress; to me it was the embodiment of everything terrible. But then I am only a German servant girl, and no one cares about my opinions and feelings. I never had a cousin, and never saw the young lady for whom the dress was made. Nor have I any wish to speak about her. She had, as the French say, taken the trouble to be born, and was what Americans call a "society belle." I shall always be thankful that she did not wear the dress on her wedding day, and hope that she may never experience the sorrow that befell my poor mistress on account of it.

It is now more than eight years since I saw the Gräfin Von Woldeke riding through the Grasse Garten in Dresden, accompanied by Major Podelski, a Russian officer in the Chevalier Garde. The Gnädige Fräulein Gräfin belonged to the quaint old town of Hanover, with its bearded Uhlans, and pretty bier gartens, and had come to visit her aunt in Dresden.

I, too, was born in Hanover, not far from her father's castle, and had reverenced and loved the Von Woldekes all my life. To me the Gräfin was the most beautiful woman in all the world, but I should have blushed scarlet with guilt if she had even so much as turned her head in my direction as she swept by, mounted on one of the finest roadsters in the Von Woldeke stud.

At that time, I was nurse girl to the Gräfin's little cousins, and seldom had the privilege of being spoken to by her, but I knew how much she was admired, and how her ambitious family hoped to have her marry a brother of the Emperor. Even the children in the park stopped playing to look at the lovely Fräulein as she cantered by, and I felt sure then that the Russian gentleman loved her, and that she knew it, and was not displeased.

It was the last time I ever saw them together in Dresden. A few days afterwards the Gardesman went away, and the Gräfin shut herself up in her room and refused to see any one, until she finally prevailed upon her aunt to allow her to allow her to take her old governess and spend a few days in Hamburg.

There was an awful scene before she left, and I do not think her relatives were much surprised when they received a telegram stating that she had married Major Podelski and sailed for America. None of the servants ever dared mention her name again, and to this day her aristocratic world mourn her as dead.

"Imagine Adelheid in the rôle of dressmaker!" I once heard her father scornfully exclaim, during the family conference that followed her flight.

"Is that what the foolish girl intends to do?" demanded the brother, who had thrown up his commission in Vienna and come home when his sister's mésalliance became known.

It was the least reparation he could offer his Emperor.

"That is what she threatened. London is full of titled dressmakers and milliners, and she is so infatuated with that beggarly Russian, that I fully expect to hear that she is supporting him with her needle."

"In heaven's name! Had he no money?" wailed the poor lady mother.

"Not a pfennig, except his pay, and that stopped when he took French leave," sneered the brother.

I could not catch what followed, but I heard the father saying that he "fervently hoped to live long enough to see them both get their just deserts."

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Then they shut the door, and I was ready to scream with terror when I thought of what was in store for the Gnädige Frau.

That night, as the stars looked in at my little window, my heart ached in loneliness and desolation, and I lay awake a long time, trying to think of some way to help her. I had been educated for a governess, but I had ideas of my own, among which was a cherished dream of seeing the world on money of my own earning. I had neither mother nor sister, and girl-like, I had my ideals. The Gräfin was my heroine, and I could not help secretly admiring her choice. With his fine physique and coal-black hair and eyes, he was just the kind of a man that I would have selected for her husband.

They had gone to America, why should I not follow them? As I fell asleep I not only resolved to make the attempt, but decided that I should make a personal call upon every dressmaker by the name of Podelski in the United States.

With this in mind, I searched for her everywhere I went, after reaching New York, and devoted all my spare time to looking up dressmakers' signs and advertisements. As the years rolled by I worked my way to nearly all the large cities in this country, but I could never get any trace of them, so that when I finally reached the Pacific Coast I had almost lost hope. So little happiness had come into my own life, that I clung to the hope of finding the Gräfin with the tenacity of a child's memory of home.

Finally I drifted to San Diego, with the intention of investing my little savings in real estate. I had completed my purchases in San Diego proper, and was on the eve of taking a situation. Leisure hung heavy on my hands, and one day I started on an exploring expedition in the old Spanish quarter. I followed the mesa that skirts the water's edge, until I found myself in the midst of the old adobe haciendas, and as I strolled along a narrow, crooked street, I noticed a shabby looking house, set well back, with a sign over the gate:

MLLE. ROBINET,

MODISTE.

The narrow strip of front yard was grown over with weeds and grass, and seemed to be a rendezvous for all the stray bits of paper and debris of the neighborhood. The dilapidated shutters and general untidiness betokened long neglect, and I concluded it would be a suitable place to have a cheap kitchen dress made; so I went up the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened by the only occupant of the room.

"Hedwig!"

"Gräfin, gracious lady, what do you here?"

I was so overcome, and my knees trembled so that I could not stand up, but as I pitched forward I had time to note the terrible change that had come to the Fräulein. She was thin and haggard, and her face was pinched and drawn in acute suffering. Her beautiful golden hair that in the old days had been my special privilege and delight to curl, was cropped close to her head, and was liberally sprinkled with gray. She was the first to recover herself.

"Liebe Hedwig!" she cried. "How did you find us?"

"I have looked for you always, my lady, but just now I wanted to ask Mlle. Robinet to make a dress for me."

"I am Mlle. Robinet," she assured me, smiling curiously.

"Gott in Himmel — nein!"

I was horrified. Had I dared to ask the Gräfin Woldeke to sew for me? In a moment I was on my knees, sobbing and begging her to forgive my mistake.

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She raised me up gently, and when I looked at her there was an expression of intense gratitude on her face.

"Never mind, liebes kind. Some other time I have much to tell you, but now I am nearly frantic with anxiety over a wedding gown which must be fitted this afternoon. Both the bodice and the skirt are in the hands of the embroiderers. They refuse to finish them until I pay the balance I owe the firm, and I have promised it without fail by tomorrow night. O, what shall I do? There is the carriage now. What am I to tell that young lady?"

"Why not explain the situation? She will probably advance you the money."

"She has already paid me the full amount, and I have spent it!"

Before I could say a word, she stopped me with an imperious gesture.

"Hush! My two lovely little children are starving, and yet I must face those women smilingly. Hear that frightful bell! Admit them, Hedwig, and — and — do not leave me yet."

I stepped into the vestibule, and purposely drew the portiéres after me, then fumbled as long as I reasonably could before I opened the door.

"Is Mlle. Robinet in?" queried a pleasant-voiced old lady.

"Please come in and I will see."

As I said this the portiéres opened and Mlle. Robinet faced her customers with all the grace and dignity that the Gräfin Woldeke in her castle would have shown an honored and welcome visitor. Her calmness and splendid self-control made me proud of my race and of my sex.

With her first words of greeting I noiselessly slipped back into the room she had just quitted, and for the first time took note of her surroundings. The house was old and rickety, and everything eloquent of decay, but it bore evidence of former elegance. There were bits of frescoing here and there, a sort of grand roominess, and a pretentious staircase, which indicated that its former tenants had been people of taste and refinement. Scattered over the walls and tables were bits of priceless Dresden ware and statuettes, and there were soft rugs and sleepy hollows, with cushions for the feet, head, and back, which carried me back to the days of my childhood and my earliest recollection of the Woldeke Schloss.

Suddenly the Gräfin staggered into the room, and throwing herself down on the sofa, yielded to a paroxysm of weeping.

I tried to comfort her.

"Whatever shall I do? The young lady's mother came to tell me that her daughter is worn out with excitement and fatigue, and is unable to come to me for a fitting. She wants me to come over to Coronado to fit her. I have not the dress, nor can I get it. If I fail, I am ruined. In God's name, Hedwig, tell me what to do!"

"Suppose you send word to the embroiderers that the young lady is ill, and requests you to bring the dress to her."

"I will write a note at once, and send my husband with it," said she, catching at the idea as a drowning man does a straw.

"No, gracious lady; write the note and let me take it," was my response.

"You are a dear, good girl," she murmured, as she rapidly traced the words in the tall, angular handwriting characteristic of a high-bred lady. Near the finish she paused, and looking up but away from me, and with a face crimson with shame, she faltered:—

"Do you think it would be such a great sin if I signed the name of the mother instead of my own? I know I can never get the work without the money, if those men know that it is I who send for it."

"No matter what name you sign, I will come back with that dress," said I, burning with indignation against a firm

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who could be so heartless to a helpless woman.

"How will you manage it?" queried the Gräfin, while the ghost of a smile played round the corners of her mouth.

"Leave that to me," was my reply, as I hurried out of the house.

I hastened back to the city proper, and then turned up Fifth Street, planning an attack as I went. I have never been accused of good looks, and have never made any pretense to amiability, so I fancy that I was not a particularly pleasant looking object when I stalked into the office of the only firm of embroiderers in the city, and asked for the proprietor.

He was out, but would I please be seated a few moments, and his partner would be sent from the work-rooms. While declining a seat, I said sharply that my business was urgent, and that I did not wish to be kept waiting.

When I heard returning footsteps, I turned abruptly, and without giving anyone a chance to speak, I began :—

"I have come to inquire about my cousin's wedding dress. Is it finished?"

My voice, looks, and actions, were as disagreeable as possible.

"I suppose you mean dat von wat Mlle. Robinet vas making?"

For reply, I handed him the letter.

"O, yes 'm — yes 'm. The vork is done already."

"I will take it, please," said I.

"Yes 'm."

He blushed to the roots of his hair, and his boot heels echoed harshly in the hall, as his pudgy little legs lumbered off toward the work-room. He was somewhat more in countenance as he returned, and meekly asked if he should send the package.

"No, thank you, I will carry it myself; but before I pay you for it I must examine the work."

"Certainly, Miss," and the now thoroughly humiliated tradesman appeared ready to do anything in his power to prevent a scene. I had not the slightest intention of being placated, and was determined not to praise what I saw.

Fortunately there were a number of loose ends of both the tinsel and silk thread employed, besides a smirch of machine dust on the front petticoat fully as large as my hand.

"Acht!" said I. "You have almost ruined this lovely material. Look at the dirt, and the design is finished in a most slovenly manner."

"Dot vas easy cleaned — and —"

I simply made a gesture of silence, and asked the price.

"Turty dollar, Madame."

"*What!*" said I, and then I calmly surveyed him from head to foot. How uncomfortable he looked, and how I enjoyed it! I have never seen a man yet who could face an angry woman with any degree of self-possession.

"Twenty-five dollars is all such work is worth, and it is all that I shall pay you," said I, laying the money on the counter.

He silently raked the gold into the till, and hastily tied up the bundle.

"I will take a receipt, please," saying which I refused to touch the dress.

"O, certainly."

There was something in his tone which led me to believe that, for the moment, he would have been willing to give me anything I might ask, if I would only get out and leave him in peace.

The afternoon sun was slipping on toward evening by the time all this was accomplished, and I had persuaded the Gräfin to accept such a loan from me. When she heard my story she laughed — not mirthfully, but wildly — hysterically.

"Yes, yes," she said, "I know that I must go over and fit the dress. But when I have paid my fare over to Coronado and back, my children will have nothing for their dinner."

"Leave the children to me. I will keep them until you come home."

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I could not help wringing my hands in an agony of humiliation, when I saw her loaded with bundles ready to start on such an errand. She understood me, and held up her face for my quivering lips to kiss, thanking me in her soft German tongue, which was like music to my ears.

Five dollars was all the money I had in the world. And that five dollars I had withheld from the embroiderers.

Never mind; the Gräfin and her husband and children should have a nice warm Abendbrod. How eagerly I went to work to cook that dinner, and how thankful I was that I knew how to do it.

"Wo ist dein Vater, Karl?" I asked this question of the little man who was the living image of the Von Woldekes, while we were making ready for the evening meal.

"He has gone to the park. He went away while it was almost dark this morning, and he has not been home all day."

"He is going to make a road, so mamma said, and he took my little dinner pail with lunch, like I do when I go to school," added tiny Elsa.

Then she gave chase to the kitten, and I had hard work to induce her to remain still long enough to let me finish combing her tangled curls. Karl performed his own ablutions, but when he had quite completed his toilet there was still a dark streak around each wrist, and only the front of his hair was honored with a stroke of the brush.

Suddenly the door opened, and there, in the garb of a common laborer, stood Major Podelski.

"Where is Madame?"

"Here, Vassali. I have been to Coronado on business," answered his wife, as she drew off a pair of well-worn gloves, and removed her hat and mantle.

"Gräfin, gracious lady, dinner is served," said I; and without a word of inquiry the little family grouped itself around the table.

What a brave effort she made to appear cheerful, and how hard she tried to eat. With Major Podelski the effort was still more painful.

"Vassali, my love, you distress me greatly. You are not taking a mouthful of solid food,"—and my mistress looked anxiously at her husband.

"I cannot help it, sweetheart. Everything chokes me."

"Please excuse me, dear," said he a moment later, as he laid down his napkin and left the table. In a few moments the Gräfin and her children withdrew, but before I had finished my dinner she came into the dining-room again.

"Dear child," said she, laying her hand on my shoulder in a tender, familiar fashion, "you must not pay attention to my husband's action. He has been like this for a long time."

Her apology embarrassed me, and I did not attempt to reply. She stood nervously turning her marriage ring on her finger.

"At home, Hedwig, did they say anything when you came away? I have never heard a word since I left." She asked eagerly and wistfully.

"I was not questioned, and—and—I dared not speak. You understand."

"Yes, I know," she hastily assented, as every vestige of color left her face. "Sometimes I have fancied that letters may have followed us at first, but we did not stay in the United States. We went to San Salvador, and while there my husband served on the staff of General Barrios until his death. Then we were obliged to seek safety in Mexico, and from there we came here three months ago; but I am afraid that my husband cannot stand this kind of life."

"He seems very unhappy," I ventured to say.

"He is. If he could only get some congenial employment! But, Hedwig," and here she lowered her voice almost to a whisper, "he has been brave enough to work in the park ever since we came

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here. The commissioners have no more funds, and there will be nothing for him after tomorrow."

"Surely his father would help him if he knew."

"No, you do not understand. He left Russia without permission, and his father does not dare to dispose of Vassali's interest in the estate. If my husband were to return he would be arrested as a deserter from the army, and if he escaped being shot he would be sent to prison for life. We do not let ourselves be known here, much less in Russia."

I did not know enough about that phase of life to be able to advise in such matters, but I intended to help the Gräfin in any way that I could. So after I had washed the dishes I went back to my boarding place and brought all my things away.

Pausing on the threshold on my return, I caught a glimpse of a curious company. In the old ramshackle building were a number of rooms that were not used by my mistress, and I soon learned that these were occupied by some theatrical people who were playing in the city.

In the sitting-room, before a wood fire in the great yawning fireplace, sat Gräfin Von Woldeke, surrounded by her children, a favorite poodle, some nondescript cats, and her household of actors. She was playing a double rôle of hostess and landlady; but she did it perfectly. To her sallies of wit they answered with careless laughter, and went away never suspecting that the woman who had amused them was dangerously near a breakdown, and that she laughed only to keep from crying piteously.

After she had tucked each of her children into bed with loving care, she stole back into the work-room and brought out a manikin, and proceeded to array it as a bride. On and off she took the dress, now ripping off all the draperies, and anon readjusting them, until her critical judgment pronounced the effect faultless.

Long hours afterward I stole out of bed and peeped in at her. She was still nervously stitching away. She would not heed a word that I said, and finding that I only annoyed her, I finally left her alone.

Morning came. With it I was up, attending to my household duties. Major Podelski took his coffee, and hurried away with the first streak of dawn, walking all the way out to the park to begin his labors.

At nine o'clock the bell rang, and when I answered the summons a messenger boy put a telegram in my hand, marked "immediate."

I had not heard a sound from my mistress's room and was loth to disturb her, but I had no other alternative, so I rapped softly and then pushed the door open. There she sat, with the wedding dress clutched in her hands, fast asleep, with the lamp still burning. I gently aroused her, by saying there was some one who wished to see her.

My words had a magical effect.

"Have the officers come to turn us out of doors?" was her first query, as she started up in alarm. "That dreadful embroidery bill! The firm notified me last night that they would attach my household furniture today if they were not paid in full."

She was trampling the dress under foot, quite unmindful of its dainty freshness, and as I hastily rescued it from the floor, I noticed that her thimble and needle fell from the tape which was being run into the finish of the low-necked corsage.

"Hedwig," she continued, "run up to Ingleson, the actress, and take the dress with you. Tell her if the officers come to search her room to please claim it as a part of her stage wardrobe. Thank God, it is finished. I promised to send it to Coronado by ten o'clock, and ought to have had it out of the house before the attachment was served."

"It is not the officers," I managed to say; "it is a telegram."

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"No matter, do as I tell you, and be quick."

She was so upset that she was not responsible for what she was saying, and when I came back again down stairs, she was evidently still trying to face the threatened visitation of the law. She did not have sufficient strength to open the dispatch, and by a movement of the hand she commanded me to do so.

It was from Coronado, of even date, and read as follows :—

MLLE. ROBINET :

My father was killed in a runaway accident this morning. Do not send the dress until further orders.

FELICIA GRANTSON.

"O, poor girl! poor thing!" sobbed the now thoroughly unnerved Gräfin. "How dreadful for her! How sad her wedding day will be!"

I dismissed the boy, and proceeded to undress my mistress and put her into bed. She had grown hysterical under the prolonged strain, and she looked so wild and unnatural that I began to fear for her.

Scarcely had she become quiet enough to doze, before both partners from the embroidery firm put in an appearance. To my assertion that Mlle. Robinet was too ill to see any one, they simply laughed, and said that they would wait in the vestibule until she was visible.

In my extremity I went to Miss Ingleson, and told her the whole story. She sympathized with me from the first, and before I had finished she declared that she would come down stairs with me.

"How dare you come here," said she, without waiting an explanation, "to persecute a sick woman for a paltry seventy-five dollars. Mlle. Robinet is to be pitied for having to deal with such creatures. I will pay you the money, but I want you to give me a receipt in full."

The transaction was quickly and silently made.

"Now," said she, "you will oblige me by leaving this house."

"O, Miss Ingleson," said I, as soon as they were gone, "how good you are. I know that Mlle. Robinet will thank you with all her heart."

"This is nothing," she replied, shaking her head. "If women were only sensible, they would help each other more than they do." With this she ran back up-stairs, and in a few moments after I heard her go out to rehearsal.

It was quite late in the day before I again went into my mistress's room. I found her tossing her head from side to side, and muttering to herself.

"O, don't wear that dress! Please don't wear it. My very heart's blood is worked into it. Can't you see it? I live among the flowers. They are not white; they are red,—red with my life blood. I beg and pray you to wear something else."

She moaned, and tossed, and groaned, in the delirium of brain fever,and I could do nothing to relieve her except to moisten her parched lips, and apply a cold wet bandage to her head. This she flung off every few moments, as she talked and muttered incessantly.

I could not leave her bedside until Major Podelski returned at nightfall,and then I hurried to find a doctor.

All through the silent watches of the night, I could hear her begging and pleading with the bride not to wear that dress.

"It is accursed! It is accursed! O, please do not wear it."

How many, many times she said that as the hours crept by.

Major Podelski would not allow me to sit by her. He declared that no one should minister to her wants except himself. He, too, looked pale and ill, but I had not the heart to deny him when I saw the tears trickle down through his fingers, as he listened, with his head bowed upon his hands, to his wife's recital of their love and trials, in her restless delirium.

He stroked and kissed her hot, feverish hands, and his face worked convulsively as he examined the toil-stained

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fingers, and noted the many needle pricks. I stole away and left them together, thinking it would be best when she awoke to consciousness to find only her loved one beside her.

In the gray morning light I looked in upon them. Her poor head was still turning from side to side, and she still muttered incoherently, the ill-fated wedding dress forming a part of the theme. Her husband still held her hand, as he bent forward, apparently asleep beside her. There was something in his pose that struck me as being unnatural.

I approached swiftly, and stooped and peered into his face. His eyes were wide open and staring, while a white froth lay on his lips. When I touched him, I saw that he was dead.

The doctor said it was heart failure, superinduced by defective nutrition.

I do not believe it. His great love and its unfortunate consequences simply killed him. His conduct in the Geoke Lepe campaign, and in the sweltering sands of the Merv Oasis, left no doubt as to the courage and endurance of the soldier. He proved himself again in the dreadful charge at Plevna, and was epauleted by the Czar for leading the way when his regiment was ordered to go barefoot across the ice-locked Danube, in the famous midwinter march across the Balkans under Gourko. A less brave and a less loving man might have forgiven himself for accepting the love of the tenderly nurtured Gräfin, and by so doing bringing her to abject want. Vassali Podelski never could.

And the wedding dress? What became of it? Wait a moment, and I will tell you. It was weeks before my mistress was able to go about the house again, and in the meantime Miss Grantson had been quietly married in simple white crêpe. In addition to her own trouble, her heart had been bitterly wrung by the knowledge of Mlle. Robinet's sufferings, and she refused ever to wear the dress. In a nervous dread of additional misfortune, she begged that the modiste would take the garment and dispose of it in any manner she might think proper.

Miss Ingleson was billed to play Desdemona.

When she approached the footlights as the bride of the black and vengeful Moor, there was a distinct murmur of admiration from all parts of the fashionable first night audience. An intimate friend and bridesmaid of Miss Grantson leaned out of a box, and as she adjusted her glasses, exclaimed :—

"It is a Robinet costume. There is no mistaking it. Who but she could ever produce such refined effects in white and silver?"

"By Jove, she looks stunning," assented her escort.

"What exquisite taste," cried his companion, still lost in admiration. "The embroidery is a combination of Maiblümechen and orange blossoms. The pointed bodice, high sleeves, and long round train, are simply perfect."

"It is an ideal wedding dress," seemed to be the verdict of the whole house.

As the play progressed, great waves of sympathy went out to the loving but misjudged wife, and when it finally culminated, every other thought was swallowed up in pity for her misfortunes.

The dress itself played an important part in the stage business. It was thrown over a chair, and when Othello came into the fatal chamber his vision rested upon it for a moment,—not in admiration,—but with the glittering eye of impending triumph. Later, when assured of Desdemona's innocence, he returned to it lovingly, and in a burst of agonized remorse, picked it up and kissed it over and over again.

I sat in the wings, and watched the scene without really seeing it, for my whole soul was with the woman who had sacrificed her all in creating that insatiate but fateful bridal robe.

*Frona Eunice Wait.*

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# SOME POINTS FOR CALIFORNIANS CONTEMPLATING ENDOWMENTS.

## I.

THIS paper is to speak of educational endowments only, passing over the whole subject of charitable ones. Grant that a man has decided to devote his gifts to education: how shall he place the endowment to the best advantage? How will it, in the first place, do the most good, and also carry down most honorably to future generations the memory of the benefactor?

The highest and greatest educational institution that can be founded is a true university; and next to this has always stood the true college. It is no wonder that a man should long to build his name into the foundation of one of these. Today no one would know that there had lived such a man as John Harvard, had he not given his fortune and his name to the struggling colonial school. So, also, by their generosity to other struggling schools, the names of Governor Yale, of Lord Dartmouth, and others, are interwoven with the history of our country. Yet none of these men founded colleges; they simply put out of want, by donations that were liberal for the time and place, schools already founded, which were glad to take their names in gratitude. Other generous benefactors have arisen, and have given endowment after endowment, until these universities stand among the leading institutions of the world.

But no one could either found or put out of want a college for any such sums as John Harvard or Governor Yale gave. These universities were founded in a new country, so isolated that their students could not in any event have sought the older universities; and their growth and prosperity kept pace with the growth of the country. It is utterly misleading to suppose that any such result would follow from the founding of a poor little institution near to strong and great ones.

It is seldom in the power of one man to leave enough money to found a university or college of the strongest sort. Rather than add to the list of weakly ones, would it not be better to endow some department,—a chair, fellowship, or scholarship,—in some already existing institution? It may seem at first thought more satisfying to the ambition to found a whole college or university than a new part in an old one: yet it will not be so in the long run, for the poorly endowed college can never do first-class work, or draw students from the great universities, and will remain only an obscure name, unheard of beyond its locality; while the single lectureship or fellowship at a great center will bring out brilliant men year after year, and become famous and useful the world over, like the Bampton lectures of London, or the Lowell lectures of Boston.

The purpose of this paper is to set forth some facts and figures relative to the present condition of endowments in California, the directions in which further ones are most needed, and the amount of money required for endowments of the various classes.

## II.

California has two universities of full university rank,—the University of California and the Leland Stanford, Junior, University.

The University of California has a total property of six or seven million dollars, and an income, according to its latest financial statement, of about $225,000. It has enrolled on its books about 800 students, and a staff of 140.

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The Stanford University is supported privately by Governor Stanford. It has also a property of something like a million and a half in buildings and site, and other plant, which is rapidly receiving additions, and a reversion grant of lands estimated from one to several millions in value.

Both universities need more funds to bring them up to the ranks of the leading institutions of the country; but these are promised by Mr. Stanford to his university,—indeed, report has fixed the sum it is to have from him finally at $20,000,000; while the State University is growing in wealth, and is likely within the generation to have some ten million of property. As both universities give free tuition, such endowments are equivalent, for purposes of income, to scarcely more than half the value of like ones in the East. Keeping this in mind, the following table will give an idea of the comparative wealth of the great universities of the country.

| | Total Wealth. | Income. | Staff. | Students. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Harvard | $12,000,000 | $1,013,306 | 242 | 2271 |
| Yale | | Between 500,000 and 600,000 | 147 | 1211 |
| Columbia | | Between 400,000 and 500,000 | 135 | 1753 |
| Michigan | | 385,307 | 135 | 2420 |
| Cornell | 6,500,000 | 300,000 | 144 | 1390 |
| Wisconsin | | 226,796 | 72 | 790 |
| California | 6 or 7 million | 225,000 | 140 | 800 |
| Stanford | Indefinite | Indefinite | 40 | 400 |

It is evident from this table that a third university in California could scarcely be placed on a level with the two already founded for less than five million dollars, if it followed the fixed custom here of free tuition; yet these two still have small incomes compared with the best Eastern ones.

The only part of the State where there can be said to exist the least need for another such endowment is in Southern California. As the State increases in population, there may be need of one in that section; but it should not be started without an endowment of several millions, or it will serve little purpose except to keep a few students away from better institutions.

Graduate universities can be founded for considerably less money than this, by confining their work to a few lines: thus the Clark University, having only a million dollars to work with, takes up but five subjects, and receives but a few dozen students of the highest advancement. But there is really no occasion for such an institution in California as yet. The whole United States has but two properly graduate universities; and the graduate departments at Palo Alto and Berkeley can be developed at small cost to meet all needs for the present.

## III.

A true college should be as high in grade as a university, but gives only one course,— or one with some variations,— and chiefly in the classical and literary lines. A college is therefore included within every university. The name is sometimes usurped by academies that do not even pretend to give more than preparatory education; but the giving of a degree is the sign that true collegiate rank is at least attempted,— sometimes in a most futile manner.

There are in this State fourteen institutions giving degrees, besides the two universities proper. Two or three of them are founded on the university plan, but have not had the means to develop into anything that could properly be given that name. The others were founded merely as colleges. They are: —

Univ. of the Pacific (*Meth.*)........... Santa Clara
Univ. of Southern Cal. (*Meth.*)........ Los Angeles
Mills College.................... Alameda County
Occidental College (*Pres.*)............ Los Angeles
California College (*Bapt.*).......... Highland Park
Pomona College (*Cong.*)............... Claremont
Pierce Christian College (*Christ.*)..... College City
San Joaquin Valley College (*U. B.*).... Woodbridge
Hesperian College (*Christ.*)............. Woodland
Pacific Methodist College............. Santa Rosa
St. Ignatius (*Cath.*)................ San Francisco
Santa Clara (*Cath.*)................. Santa Clara
Napa College (*Meth.*)...................... Napa
Throop University.... ................ Pasadena

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Only three of these colleges reach a wealth of over $100,000; and the largest productive endowment is $50,000. Four or five have lands that will some time produce revenue, but not an adequate amount. They are for the most part carried on in connection with academical departments, and, with a few exceptions, average fewer than twenty students in the college work, with a faculty of four or five. Each is in pressing need of funds. The Catholic colleges are less in need than the others, because they have no salaries to pay.

A statement of the income and attendance of a few of the leading Eastern colleges shows at once how inadequate the provisions for these Californian ones are, and how great the need of strengthening them, rather than of increasing the number of similar ones :—

| | Total Wealth. | Income. | Staff. | Students. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Amherst.... | $1,500,000+ | $78,782 | 32 | 352 |
| Bowdoin.... | 700,000+ | 36,665 | 14 | 137 |
| Williams... | 900,000+ | 67,553 | 24 | 311 |

It will be seen that a new college, capable of ranking with Eastern ones, could not be founded here for less than half a million dollars, and if it was forced by the competition of the free universities to drop tuition fees, it would require more yet. Indeed, since college courses are included within the universities, it is scarcely possible for them, even with free tuition, to draw students from these, except in the case of a woman's college, or a sectarian college, which appeal to special preferences not met by the universities.

Mills College, which comes nearer to a fair endowment than any other California college, forms a good basis for the donations of any Californian who wishes to see a woman's college built up here. California College, the University of the Pacific, Pomona College, and several others, form good opportunities for adoption, should anyone wish to devote his endowments to a denominational college. It is manifestly wiser to put these into the first rank, than to start others of the same denominations, all weakly endowed. Of the thirteen minor colleges in this State, four are Methodist, two Catholic, and two of the "Christian" sect. Institutions of the same denomination in one State can only compete with one another, and it would be far better to join forces in one good college than struggle on with two or three weak ones.

IV.

A great opportunity for some wealthy man lies in the founding of a great secondary school, like Rugby and Eton in England. There is no such in America. There is, indeed, very little money in endowed academies in this country. Putting aside Girard College, a peculiar foundation, the only well endowed one is the McDonogh Institute, near Baltimore, which has over a million dollars, and extensive grounds. Phillips Academy is the most famous secondary school in the country, but it has not a large endowment. Secondary education throughout the country, in spite of the great value of the free high schools, is inadequately provided for, as compared with the colleges and universities. In this State, especially, this is the greatest difficulty the universities have to meet. The University of California needs more students, as can be seen by comparing her eight hundred students with the thirteen and fourteen hundred of Eastern universities of the same rank, and there are now two universities to be fed; while the colleges, with an average of scarcely twenty matriculated students, are far behind.

The only endowed academy in the State is Hopkins Academy, and that is straitened by insufficiency of funds. A really great preparatory school here would make itself a wide place in the community, and could be put into the



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hands of a wise board under such conditions that it might hold higher standards than the free high schools, and be an inspiration and model to them. With free tuition, such a one could not be made for less than half a million; with tuition fees it could be done for much less — from a hundred thousand upward — according to the number of students and amount of tuition fees.

V.

Donors who wish to start an institution of their own with inadequate sums, trust that it will become a nucleus for future gifts, and so will become great. "It will grow," they say.

There are but two ways in which it can grow. One is by postponing opening for many years,— perhaps a generation,— until the value of the endowment rises by interest and by appreciation of property to a goodly sum. This is a good way to make a large endowment at small cost, provided the trustees are assiduous, upright, and excellent business men, and the property really sure to appreciate and not depreciate.

The other way is by future gifts from others. This is an utterly unsafe dependence, and should not be considered at all, except in the case of absolute need of some school of learning to hold the ground in a new country where there are no others,— a point that California has long since passed. The very reason that makes the donor himself unwilling to add his endowment to that of an already existing institution, will make those that come after him unwilling to add to his. They, as much as he, will desire to have their name woven into some institution, and to hold the credit of founder. So we might have no end to the founding of small institutions, not one destined ever to grow, but to be left more and more hopelessly behind by the greater ones. A standing illustration of this is Ohio, with about the same amount of money in colleges as Massachusetts or Connecticut, but divided among thirty-four institutions, not one of leading rank, and most of them quite unknown; while Massachusetts has six and Connecticut three, all of good rank and endowment, with Harvard and Yale at the head.

Even an endowment sufficient for a good college, like Amherst or Williams, — say a million dollars,— would only duplicate the college work in the universities; and those, who have not special preference for the separate woman's college, or the denominational college, may get larger results from such a sum by founding a great department in a good university, like the Lick Observatory of the University of California, the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, or the Columbia School of Mines. Mr. Lick's gift was $700,000, with which the observatory was built and equipped; but there was not enough money left properly to utilize the magnificent opportunities thus created. If an additional half million could be added, with which to employ a full staff of astronomers, provide accommodations for students, publication expenses, and so forth, Mount Hamilton would become the central point for young astronomers from all over the world.

In many other such ways a sum varying from a hundred thousand to a million could be a great educational factor. It would found a School of Design that might be made as great as that of South Kensington; or a special library, to be the greatest in the world in some chosen line; or a complete School of Pedagogy of the highest order; or a department of music.

A still smaller sum would, under the auspices of some great university, keep some young Schliemann or Brugsch of the future digging among the mysterious remains of lost peoples — Chaldeans or Hittites, Toltecs or mound-builders— and would sooner or later bring results

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that would uncover the roots of history, and call the attention of the civilized world. It would endow a permanent, scientific exploration, send out a vessel like the famous "Challenger," or the recent "Albatross," to determine doubtful points of ocean currents, of animal or vegetable life, or whatever the donor might choose; or it would keep at work in our own mountains and forests, or in those of South America, or in unknown central Asia, geographical, geological, or biological explorations, whose regular publications would be known everywhere.

Lesser sums — too small even to found an academy of the highest grade — make splendid foundations for a professorship or lectureship in a great institution. The D. O. Mills Professorship of Philosophy, held at the State university by Professor Howison, is already doing much to stimulate interest in that subject, and its influence will increase with the years. From $50,000 to $75,000 is needed for such a professorship. Or for the same money a lectureship, like the Gifford Lectureship of Edinburgh University, first held by Max Müller, could be created. It would be of incalculable benefit to the people of this State to have, year by year, such men as Bryce or Fiske brought out to give a course of important lectures, which, in published form, would then be of permanent value and record. Lesser lectureships, which would perhaps bring out a lecturer only every other year, or for a briefer time, could be founded for less money.

A fellowship is usually based on an endowment of $10,000. This sum enables some one brilliant young man or woman annually to pursue advanced special studies, here or abroad, and is often the means of bringing out some distinguished and notable piece of work.

Or for still less — $4,000 to $8,000 — scholarships may be founded that for all time shall send one struggling boy or girl after another through college, giving them more light and strength with which to go out and battle with the world. Hidden talents may thus be developed that will be of untold benefit to the race, and a constant reward and honor to the benefactor. To be known as the man that brought Virgil out, proved to be Mæcenas's title to immortality. As these words are written, it is announced that Mrs. Hearst is just becoming the founder of five of these scholarships in the State university. As long as civilization shall last, a group of young women of select promise will thus be enrolled as her scholars, owing what they may become to her.

There is another great field where more endowments are needed. Academic, college, and university work should not be altogether intellectual. Careful statistics have of late years shown that with the best average scholarship has gone some athletic training. With every great institution of learning there should be a large, airy, well equipped gymnasium, with funds sufficient for the best examiners and directors. It would be hard to find an endowment of late years that has been put to better use than that of the Hemenway Gymnasium of Harvard. Much active work has been done there without any lessening of intellectual achievement, and the best instructors of physical training throughout the United States have been sent out from there, after a thorough training under Professor Sargent.

Such gymnasia are too rare in the schools of this State. At the State university there is one, with full provision for young men, but scant opportunity for training for young women. At Palo Alto there is ample provision for both. In the minor colleges, the high schools, and academies, there is little provision of the sort for boys, and less for girls. A women's gymnasium for the State university, or gymnasia in the high schools,

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would be one of the best possible directions for endowments. Where both cannot be provided, the physical training is more necessary for girls than for boys, partly because good health is more vital to future mothers than future fathers, and partly because there are many other ways in which boys can get it.

Nor should it be felt that because the high schools are public institutions, they are not proper fields for endowment. Just as State universities need private re-enforcements to keep up to the best, the high schools, if they are going to keep up to the pace set by the universities, should stand higher than the public taxes will place them.

These are only a few suggestions of the principal ways in which given sums of money may be used to advantage educationally. No one who makes himself familiar with these, and many more like them,—who sees how all the forces at work in a great university join to multiply the efficiency of each endowment, —ever prefers to become the founder of a weak and inadequate institution of his own, rather than to link his name and his generous act with the undying greatness of a great university.

*Milicent W. Shinn*
*Charlotte Anita Whitney.*

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# VERISIMILITUDE.

## V.

As Mary reached the front entrance of her home, "Littlejohn" was riding swiftly by. Although evidently in a hurry to pass around the house, and enter the open *patio* gate, he reined in his horse, setting the spurs and heavy silver trappings of his bridle all a-ringing with the suddenness of the halt. He, like many of the foreign engineers, affected the extreme of equestrian adornments, for which enterprising Chilean dealers found a ready market in their sister republic.

He raised his broad hat and smiled, as he drew from an inner pocket a crumpled note, reaching down and handing it to Mary, with the remark,

"I suppose you'll not consider me the best of messengers, for I don't bring you good news."

He added, seeing her start with evident consternation, "O, nothing *very* bad; but some married people are such spoons that an accident such as this—"

"Accident! What is it?" interrupted Mary, trembling now.

"Pshaw, Mary; don't be frightened! Do you suppose, if it were anything serious, I would speak of it in this way? Read your note, and you will soon enough see what is the matter."

And he rode impatiently on, saying to himself, "What blessed fools women are, to be sure! The best of them are always getting up heroics when there's no occasion! Here I was, trying to let her down a bit easily in having to disappoint her about old John's coming,—" "Old John" was his favorite epithet for his cousin, intended rather to express his contempt for the other's plodding character, than as any allusion to his age; for what seniority there was, was his own,—"I was only trying to joke a little, when she must at once imagine something awful had befallen him! How glad I am I have n't anyone—"

He stopped short, and became for

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an instant almost hideous, as a black frown gathered over his handsome features. To give vent, perhaps, to some sudden displeasure that had cut short his inward gratulation, he drove the cruel spurs into his tired horse's flank, making him rear and wildly plunge, and bound into the *patio*, where a number of men were already lounging about, awaiting the summons to dinner.

"I wonder if Feliz is asleep, or tipsy, that dinner is so late tonight!" growled one; and Alvarez muttered, in passing through the house, "For cruelty to animals, commend me to the average North American! What a little cad that man is, at best!"

From which it will appear that the admiration he felt for Mary by no means extended itself to her husband's near relative.

Mary, meanwhile, now rejoined by her small daughter, had hastily read the following note: "I cannot return tonight. There has been a big land-slide in the *Quebrada Negra*. John will tell you all about it, if you ask him. I must remain here, to see the chief engineer and superintendent, who are coming up tonight to confer about it. I do hope you are feeling quite well, but cannot help fearing one of those attacks may come on again while I am away. I shall be back as soon as possible,— cannot say just when. Kiss Helen for papa. John."

Mary crumpled in her hand the already sorry-looking missive,— scrawled, as it had been, on a leaf torn from John's note-book, and with the pommel of his saddle for a writing desk,— and passed in, at once relieved and disappointed.

She need not now unburden her overcharged heart. She might still bear on in silence the humiliation that oppressed her. A few more hours, at least, might now pass before she should have to confront him she had so truly loved, with a knowledge of his treachery!

And yet — inconsistent creature — she missed her husband none the less. She must surely be made of very unheroic material, to miss him *now*. But— he was so seldom away beyond the day, and the life was so devoid of incident; in short, despite Mary's just anger, she had sorrowfully to confess to herself— *she missed him.*

## VI.

Early next morning three good horses bearing side-saddles stood among the group of animals awaiting their riders. The curiosity of both Hetty and Caroline to see a real land-slide had been so openly expressed, that those of the engineers whose duty lay in that direction could do no less than invite them to accompany them,— the *cavallerizo* also to be one of the party for their return escort. At the very last, Mary consented to join them, leaving Helen in charge of Finita, the native wife of the Frenchman that presided over the industries of the great gloomy kitchen across the *patio*.

They were just setting out when Alvarez, on a glossy horse, into whose sides he pressed the great jingling silver spurs, rounded the corner, and called out, "No need of Ambrosio's going," and as he came nearer, added with a laugh, "that is, unless the ladies prefer the company of Ambrosio on the way back!"

Hetty gave him a look, and all stopped a moment, while the Chilean hostler rode slowly out of the group and back to his daily duties.

For some distance the road, winding along the edge of the river, was broad enough to permit two to ride abreast. Some of the men chatted about their work as they rode, while those paired off with the ladies — of whom, as one of their cavaliers said, there were not enough to go around — endeavored gallantly to divert the conversation to less "shoppy" channels. In spite of Hetty's plain glance of invitation, Alvarez hung

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"*Ay de mi, señora!*"—the same old Spanish wail Incarnacion had uttered! "*Ay de mi!* I do not believe it is often such as you come among us more sinful beings! I could swear no impure, no selfish thought has ever found harbor in your great, pure heart. Sometimes God permits true hearts to be lodged in the same tenement with ugly faces, but, Mary,—" what infinite tenderness he put into the English name! "In your case the most noble work has been accomplished,—a beautiful soul in a beautiful body. No! I *will* speak, even if I must hereafter never speak again! And how can I, young, full of love for the true and the beautiful, help recognizing it in you, and—"

"You must not, you must not continue!" at last Mary interrupted. "And that I have so far listened to you shows how far from your ideal I must be." She smiled bitterly, though tremulously, and avoided seeking his ardent gaze.

"That she does not look at me," thought Álvarez, "shows she is afraid of herself, in spite of her efforts to silence me. I am safe enough."

But he waited in silence, as she continued, "No, Señor Alvarez, I am a very weak, miserable creature, and—and—you must not think of or speak to me any more as you have thought and spoken."

As she ceased, he resumed quickly: "Do not blame yourself for listening to me,—Mary. I gave you no opportunity to do otherwise." Then, in an exultant tone she was not slow to notice, "You may forbid me to *speak*, señora, but I shall think, none the less. *Gracias á Dios!* one's thoughts are one's own. No man nor woman may direct them, and mine shall always be of you,—of *you*,—do you hear? That is, my inmost, truest, sweetest, best thought. And if in the years to come another woman's face and voice tempt me to ask her to cast her lot with mine, the remembrance of the one perfect being I have known will drive away the temptation. I know it! I feel it! And alas! I come of a race true to its emotions and principles!"

"Mad boy!" resumed Mary, as he for a moment paused. "Do you realize what such talk amounts to? how it—*insults* me?" Yes! she had the courage to say it, even though her whole heart for the moment yearned toward this vehement youth, so susceptible was her sensitive being to sympathy,—the subtle sympathy of such a passionate, poetic nature, —mad though she justly called it.

"And, Señor Alvarez," she continued, more quickly, "do you for a moment reflect that I am the wife of your superior?—that if I chose, I might make serious trouble for you,—if I chose to reveal to—my—husband—"

A choking recollection of the new barrier between that husband and herself stopped her, even before her companion broke in almost rudely, his olive skin reddened as she had never seen it, and his low tones vibrating with suppressed passion:—

"Stop, señora! Though you *be* the 'wife of my superior,' stop! Do not sully your sweet soul with such a taunt, worthy only of one of your *compatriotes* here, not of you, not of Madonna Mary!"

"Señor Alvarez, I beg your pardon. You are far better than I, after all, you see. The end did not justify the means. It *was* unworthy of me, or—any—good woman!" She now looked up bravely into Alvarez's eyes, her better, stronger nature again to the fore. Her pure eyes sent across to him a message he could not misinterpret. They said, "Forgive, as I hope to be forgiven; but let us never again indulge in such conversation! I am, at least, no flirt!"

He reached his unoccupied hand over the space between their horses, and for an instant left it, all gloved as it was, lying on *her* riding glove; then he resolutely turned his face away, and did not again look toward her till she had left him, to travel on, like the rest, by her-

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self, in silence, along the dizzy path over-hanging the river.

In silence, as far, at least, as the riders were concerned. For the water below them made noise enough to prevent any solitude from being oppressive. Far overhead a sweep of broad, black wings now and then attested the grand flight of the condor, seeking his waiting prey in the valley below. No other sign of life appeared.

And thus the little procession passed on, till the *quebrada* began again to widen out, showing, in the near distance, a little town very like the one left behind. But between it and them intervened the scene of the great landslide.

A simultaneous exclamation of astonishment burst from all that now beheld it for the first time. For where, when they last passed this way, the river had flowed between green, level stretches, reaching to the gates of the little town, a broad, bluish-green lake now spread out before them, whose either bank was a rapid slope of black mud extending almost to the very mountain peaks. Over this newly-deposited soil their animals carefully stepped, soon bringing in view all that was left of the tremendous ledge that had, in a moment, given way, changing the whole character of the locality.

From a group of men standing near the scene of the disaster, John Elder now came forward, greeting all pleasantly. And Alvarez failed not to note that a brighter look came into his face when he found his wife among the party.

Mutual greetings passed between them and the officials who had hurried up from below to learn the full extent of the catastrophe. In answer to the many questions of the new-comers, John said, pointing towards the right, where a narrow cleft in the mountains revealed a smaller valley opening out from the wider one, "We have always felt that point of the *Quebrada Negra* to be a treacherous one, because of the many small streams flowing along the table-land above. I have often noticed them, as I rode along, trickling over the edge, and wondered what would happen if they *should* dislodge the scanty turf on the summit,—which is, without a doubt, what they have done."

"Assuredly so!" assented the chief engineer; an old man to whom English was rather a late acquisition,—only one of several languages he had at his tongue's end,—and manipulated by him in the most precise manner. He scorned little words, this really remarkable linguist. His adjectives and adverbs were always of the longest and most sonorous. So he said, "Assuredly so!" and then went on to point out the treacherous character of the black loam that had fallen from the valley to which it had given its name.

"What a blessing no lives were lost!" murmured Caroline, as he concluded.

"Ah! But, my dear madame, that is just the point upon which we can have no complete securitee. For some of the worthy villagers do assert that just before the time of the calamity three equestrians — two men and a woman — passed by, in this direction. If this statement be true, what a death must have befallen these hapless beings!"

A sudden, swift silence fell upon the company, as each made a mental picture of the awful blotting out of life that came upon those riders and the patient beasts that bore them. And now, none might ever pierce through the millions of tons of soil that had engulfed them,—none might ever carry the certain news of their fate to those who would wait long and vainly for their return. And each of the men thought, "It is just what might have happened to me, riding, as I do, so often over this spot!"

And Mary said to herself, "From what a fate has not John been spared!"

*Sybil Russell Bogue.*

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

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# WHAT IS PRACTICAL EDUCATION?

"No consideration could induce me to allow one of my children to be educated in any school where Latin and Greek are a part of the course of study. My children are to me as the apple of my eye, and I have carefully considered this question in the light of my duty to give them an education; and from my standpoint as a father, as a business man, as a practical man, as a lover of my kind, I fully believe that a collegiate education is a hindrance, rather than a help."[1]

This opinion, recently expressed so vehemently before an association of California teachers by a business man, and in part anticipated by earlier utterances of similar purport from the compiler of "Triumphant Democracy" and the author of "Twenty Years in Wall Street," puts one on the defensive who would say a word for university education. These sentiments, expressed by one who describes himself as coming from "water contracts, railroads, iron plants, lawsuits, and a multitude of other matters," to give his views on education, really voice the opinion of many of our Captains of Industry.

If, then, a university education is a mistake, the progress of the world has been held back by so much, and is being retarded now by reason of all the college-bred men who have lived and are living in it. If this be so, then it would be well to convert Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, and all the rest, into town lots, and if possible eliminate from the sick-room, the pulpit, the press, and the cabinets, of the world whatever of intellect and character is attributed to a college education. One might begin by taking these elements out of the history of our own national legislature. But if this were too drastic, one might at least renounce Greek and Latin, as being of no "practical" use. To be sure, Aristotle knew something of political science, and the Roman law constitutes a goodly portion of our own jurisprudence today. But if these were gone we should still know how to sue a promissory note, and there would yet be left to us the speeches of three hundred Congressmen on the Tariff and on Silver.

However, the arguments of the just quoted "father, business man, practical man, and lover of his kind," to prove that Latin and Greek not only are useless, but do actual harm by "perverting the taste and confusing the vocabulary," are interesting, as showing to what an extent the current pseudo-practical tendencies are going. "It is," he says, "the absurdity of absurdities to suppose that our minds are strengthened, our tastes improved, and our knowledge of English increased, as much by the study of dead languages as by the study of our own mother tongue." And thence the conclusion that his children, at least, shall not be brought within the baleful influence of the dead languages. But he forgets that a study of our own mother tongue, our orphan English, cannot be made without a study of its parents,—both dead,—namely, Anglo-Saxon and Latin.

Keeping down all the while to the "practical" point of view from which he speaks, one finds that the particular illustrations he cites are suggestive of their own answers. He asserts, as do many other practical men, that a college education unfits a man for an active business life, and points with approval to "one of the most prominent bankers in the world, who employs more than a hundred clerks, and makes it an invari-

[1] Bryant Howard, in an address before the teachers of the Southwest Summer Training School at Pacific Beach, published in the *Golden Era*, (San Diego,) July, 1891.

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able rule to reject all applicants for positions if they are graduates of colleges." And yet the ablest public financier our country has known — he who established our national credit — was hailed as "The Collegian! The Collegian!" when in 1774, as a stripling of seventeen, a student of King's College in New York, he mounted a platform at a critical meeting held in order to win over to the Revolution the Tory element in that colony.

Nor is it difficult to point out other instances of the power of university men in public finance. One of the greatest business operations of the century — the conversion of the English debt, a few years since — was effected by one who graduated at Oxford, taking a first-class in classics,— Mr. Goschen, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. A perplexing politico-financial problem — one that concerns all the powers of Europe, has already caused war, and is an ever-threatening source of diplomatic dispute, the Egyptian debt — is being rapidly solved; and a looted treasury, chaotic procedure, and systematic bribery, have been followed by honesty, order, and a large annual surplus, under the administration of a frail young Oxford graduate, who is scarcely yet of middle age,— Mr. Alfred Milner, the Under Secretary of State for Finance in Egypt.

In statesmanship, too, a field that demands the highest form of practical wisdom, it seems hardly probable that the fathers of the Republic, Adams, Hamilton, Madison, and Jefferson, were injured by the years they spent in college. The young student, Sam Adams, the "Helmsman of the Revolution," on Commencement Day at Harvard, in 1743, took as the subject of his thesis for the degree of Master of Arts, "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved," and in the presence of the royal governor and crown officers he asserted the right of resistance by the people to arbitrary measures. From that time on he was the voice of the people through all the struggle preliminary to the War of Independence. In 1887, there was a government commission at work in England on the subject of the Currency, a topic that is certainly not a toy for the "unpractical" to play with. And yet it was the chairman of this commission, a man of study, of wide culture, of the best training a university could give, who was said to have displayed the quickest apprehension of the arguments brought forward, and of their practical application to the ends to be obtained; and Arthur J. Balfour, the same quiet, keen, studious man, however acute he may have proved to be then, has since distinguished himself more signally in practical politics by his management of the Irish question, and at the present moment threatens to wrest from the Liberal party the credit for a result it has almost ruined itself to achieve.

To recall another instance, let me refer to the fact that the legal safety of every business corporation in the land, with their millions of invested capital, rests upon an adjudication of the United States Supreme Court, in a case won after a superb argument by an advocate stimulated to the loftiest eloquence through love for a little college among the New Hampshire hills. No more noble tribute of gratitude to higher education was ever given than the closing words of Daniel Webster, when pleading for the life of Dartmouth College. With Chief-Justice Marshall in tears, and the rest of the Court moved as it has never been before or since, Mr. Webster closed his argument: "It is, as I have said, a small college, — and yet there are those who love it. I know not how others may feel, but when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the Senate House, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not for this right hand have her turn to me and say, '*Et tu*

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*quoque mi fili!' And thou, too, my son!"*

In war, the collegiate man has ever done his duty. The thousand Harvard men who served their country in the Civil War, bore their part well; and that colonel of the 54th Massachusetts regiment of colored troops who was killed in the assault on Fort Wagner and "buried with his niggers," is one of the glories of the old college at Cambridge. But why multiply examples to prove that an education acquired in any institution which has Latin and Greek in its curriculum is not a hindrance to a student in the performance of his duties as a citizen in the every day struggles of later life? Every page of history is illuminated with the achievements of those who have had what was deemed, for their time, a liberal training. Instances like these should suggest that a university education is at least not more of a hindrance than a help in the practical affairs of life, even those of cent per cent.

But, after all, the question is not so much what the errors or success of a college of fifty, or a hundred, or four hundred, years ago may have been. In our day there is no ascetic scholar, no hooded alchemist, who sits moping in a barred cell to speculate upon the possibility of changing a baser metal into gold. Just at present it is the "practical" American politician who is preaching that doctrine. He has only reached that point, while the alchemist and astrologer, the mediæval sophist, has thrown aside his hood and his staff, and developed into the nineteenth century professor — Agassiz, Morse, Bell, or Koch. When the juggler of stocks lifts up against our scholars a voice grown noisy in the insane clamor of the Exchange, he does not know that the objects of his scorn no longer exist; that he is railing against a host of phantoms.

It is the university of today that concerns us. What is it here for, and what is it doing? Are its teachers filled with a plenitude of wisdom? Are the great majority of its students earnest youn men, who are coming to have soun minds in sound bodies? Does the stud of mathematics, and physics, and politi cal economy, the laws of the productio and distribution of wealth, make a bet ter civil, electrical, mechanical, or minin engineer? Does a knowledge of Roma law and of Roman life, of Plato's Re public and of Greek life, of history, o physiology and chemistry, make a bet ter lawyer? Does the study of sociol ogy, of charities and corrections, of th laws of organic evolution, of the lates researches of Egyptian and Assyria archæologists, make a broader and mor tolerant clergyman? All of these que tions may be answered in the affirma tive, without once leaving the utilitaria point of view.

A former president of the America Institute of Mechanical Engineers, wh is perhaps the most fruitful writer i the United States on engineering topic and the head of a great school of th mechanic arts, advises that as a rule sound general collegiate education, in cluding the classics, is the best prepara tion for entering upon a technical pro fession. And here he touches the rea essence of the matter. One shoul assert that rule in all professions, an in all occupations, as far as time an money will permit young men to ob serve it. As was said on one occasio by Mr. Goschen, who has already bee alluded to: "A man needs educatio not only as a means of livelihood, but a a means of life."

"As a means of life," and this livin at all points, this knowing the best tha has been done and thought in the world was never so necessary as it is at pres ent. The most potent fact today is th one elicited by the fierce questionin spirit of modern scientific research, ac cumulating indisputable evidence of th universal law of evolution. This law working in every conception of th mind and every movement of a finge

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nds all individuals, all races, and all nes into one interdependent connec-n. All men are our brothers. All ochs are our own. He is educated 10, contemplating the perfect symme- of a Greek statue fixed at eternal se in marble, sees ancient Greece it-lf, "the giver of Greek art, and the ide to a free and right use of reason d to scientific method, and the founder our mathematics, and physics, and tronomy, and biology." He is edu-ted who can make his own livelihood, d live his life so earned; who can ld his own belief and yet take another int of view, whence he may look road for more light. He is not to be isled by fantastic theories concerning e relation of man to physical nature, man to man, or of man to God. He is Burke, wisest of thinkers on affairs of ite, with his sympathies broad as In-a and America and Europe. Much ore is it necessary in these days, when e suffering and joys of the whole world e flashed to us hour by hour, that we ould not only know this fact and that, it also have the higher power of relat-g the facts to our own sense of what right and beautiful. A famine in ussia, the discovery of a coal mine in ennessee, or of a bacillus or a planet, of the fragments of lost Greek plays eathing an Egyptian mummy, all ke find the educated man alive and mpathetic at every point, unconscious-relating the mere facts to "his sense conduct, his sense of beauty,"—and nestly earning his livelihood mean-iile.

The practical man who comes from vater contracts, railroads, iron plants, wsuits, and a multitude of other mat-rs," to say that a college education is hindrance rather than a help, should member that under and through all ntracts are the principles of the Roman w, that were conditioned by the life of empire now long "dead," and that ve been saved for us in a language just as "dead"; that the curve of a rail and the swaying rush of a locomotive involve an operation of mechanical forces calculated in mathematical symbols, and ultimately demanding the severest abstractions of the intellect; that iron plants are nourished by geology and metallurgy, and their worth is really weighed by the theoretical atoms of chemistry; that lawsuits are at last resort decided by judges whose native powers have been strengthened by a familiarity with the authorities in all departments of knowledge, and whose expression has been clarified and vitalized by an appreciation of the literature of the emotions, by fiction, and by poetry.

In the right sense, a bank note and quaternions, a turning lathe and the poetry of Shelley, are all practical. To recall the words of another, "We should have wonder and praise not only for the invention that reduces the distance between New York and Philadelphia by an hour, but also for the essays of Charles Lamb, that can reduce it to nothing."

The most comprehensive, and as it would seem the final, definition of a university is, that it is "an institution where any person may find instruction in any study." Actually, however, the university of today is much more limited in its scope. First, it offers instruction in certain professions, upon the practice of which one may depend directly for a livelihood, — as electrical, mechanical, civil, or mining engineering, industrial chemistry, law, medicine, the ministry, or teaching (including original investigation). Second, it seeks to ground the students in such knowledge, that whatever they may do afterwards, it will have a "practical," though not always direct, bearing upon their future usefulness in their occupation. In this function the university has to do with facts, the facts of history, of all the natural sciences, of political, social, and economic science.

This is the acquisition of mere knowledge as such, but besides, it acts as a

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mental discipline in the observation of facts, and the relating of them to one another. Here the university imparts the results of what observation has done, and the right method of observation. To the editor, lawyer, clergyman, physician, statesman, business man, or farmer, to any laboring man, if he can get it, to every man indeed who desires anything more than animal conversation with his fellow men, a wide knowledge of facts and an understanding of the right method of seeing and judging them, makes every object, animate and inanimate, instinct with life and law, though this power of observation does not necessarily make these objects of vital interest to him. They may still remain purely objective, and be nothing more than material manifestations.

> A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

However, it is the intellectual power so acquired that makes the lawyer move with ease and precision from a case involving the smallest details of Cypriote antiquities, to a contested will case demanding a study of all the insanities, and the most recent reports of the Society for Psychical Research. This knowledge saves the business man from economic delusions, and the clergyman from false charity; it gives a reason to every turn of a surgeon's wrist, and teaches the farmer what crops will bring back to the soil the virtues of which other crops have robbed it.

But the highest purpose of a university is the last,— the last that shall be first. To know only mere facts, even connected facts, is to know the rigid members of a lifeless body. These facts must be related to our sense of conduct, our sense of beauty.

"And when he was demanded of the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God should come, he answered them and said, The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, Lo, there! for behold the Kingdom of God is within you."

Next to inspiration is interpretation, and in the universities are interpreted Homer and Shakspeare, Horace and Virgil, Dante, Molière, Goethe, Browning, and all the princes of the imagination, through which they purge our passions with pity by laughter or terror. It is with poetry and philosophy, with the immortals just named, with Socrates, Kant, and Spencer, that the university borders on the domain of supremest Power. Through these are reached the essential nature of man, and a way is opened out for Truth. Browning tells us, that

> Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
> There is an inmost center in us all,
> Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
> Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
> This perfect clear perception — which is truth.
> A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
> Blinds it and makes all error; and to KNOW,
> Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
> Than in effecting entry for a light
> Snpposed to be without.

It is unfortunately true that our universities are not yet symmetrical, but that will come when Science, and Philosophy, and Poetry, have quelled the warfare of sects, and Religion is allowed to take the head place it should hold.

These, then, are the functions of a university. To California they are of peculiar import. The greatest of ancient civilizations, those of Greece and Rome, were born under genial skies, amid hills clothed in vine and olive. Thence, in color and light, sprang the graceful arts, the wisdom of philosophers, the conquest of barbarous peoples, the mastery of the world. Though for this California of vine and olive, of sunny skies, and purple mountains, we may not foretell a like glory, we may, with the continual increase of her material wealth, hope for a time when she in part, at least, will

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Hold the Orient in fee
And be the safeguard of the West,—

vhen out of her material stores there hall be nourished a richness of mind, a ichness of beauty, that, like those of Aediterranean lands, shall endure for all the world after her own mines and fields fail to respond with abundance. The two universities in California have a great part to play in the attainment of the highest life of the State. Without them that life can never be attained.

*Edwin H. Woodruff.*

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# ETC.

WE have somewhat given up this number of the VERLAND to the librarians. Their coming hither one of the most important of the similar events in ie history of the city. It is most fortunate for San rancisco that she has acquired a good reputation as 1 entertainer of conventions, for some of these draw er into the current of the world's intellectual life in way that the ordinary means of communication — r books and mail — do not accomplish. The effect such gatherings is much as when foreigners come international conventions in America,— the iests are astonished to find how much we know, id we are astonished to find how much there is for to learn. We have a great deal of intellectual rce in California, and many individuals of whom iy community might be proud,— more than the ast realizes. But we have not the social trend to-ard things of the mind, the esteem for books and isdom, the backing from the public for those who e working for the highest things, that some com-unities enjoy; and therefore, rather than because e are "new" or distant, we have to lean a good al on the East in such matters. We are not new, fact; our civilization was transplanted here full own; nor are we distant,— the center of the earth under us as surely as under any other community. it, like every other old civilization settled in a new ace, ours has suffered a great distraction through e rush of new material demands and opportun-es, and has had to begin over again to a certain tent. A few men keep touch faithfully with what doing in intellectnal lines elsewhere; but the pub-does not, and is constantly liable to fall behind. iy such event as the visit of the librarians awakes to needs and deficiencies it had hardly perceived fore, and is an invaluable encouragement to the iall but stanch garrison here.

IT seems quite within the possibilities that the e library may be a great coming popular force, as netrating and invincible as the free schools or the press. It will have its dangers and its drawbacks, as the schools and the press have. Political control, the fiction habit,— these occur at once as shadows on the hopeful prospect of public enlightenment that the great increase of free libraries offers. Not that fiction is in itself objectionable,— the race has been too thoroughly brought up on stories to begin to be afraid of them at this late day; but it does seem a very dubious benefit that is to be derived from tax-ing the public to provide young girls with an unlim-ited supply of washy current novels. These are dangers, however, which librarians know and are on their guard about; and through such measures as the wise policy of forming an alliance with the teach-ers of the schools in behalf of good reading, much of the tendency to bad reading can be stopped in its very incipiency. No more sensible and worthy edu-cational move was ever made than this alliance,— of which we believe the present president of the asso-ciation, Mr. Green, of Worcester, is the originator and most active promoter.

IT will be seen by our prospectus, published on another page, that the OVERLAND is about to re-duce its price to $3. This is in obedience to a ten-dency for some time visible among the popular mag-azines, and doubtless due to the great increase in availability of the illustrative arts,— the growth of a class of young illustrators, where there had been but a few high-priced ones about New York and Boston; the diffusion among printers of a knowledge of print-ing fine pictures; and the processes of mechanical engraving. This reduction in price, as our prospec-tus notes, is made in connection with a distinct in-crease in attractive quality. It seems almost magic that a magazine can pay far more than would be paid for a book manuscript, and then sell the material for far less than it would cost in book form. It is no wonder it is reported everywhere that as magazines, and public libraries, and cheap editions increase, the private sale of the better class of books falls away.

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The OVERLAND agrees that this is not an unmixed good work on the part of magazines. It is surely a pity that one should read nothing more consecutive and exhaustive than magazine articles,— a pity that he should not have the power to hold his attention to a subject for more than ten or fifteen pages. But there is a good deal of literature and knowledge that is in no way so well given as through the magazines; and for the rest, the reader of magazines gets a wide outlook into the best activities, the varied life of the world, such as none but a person of great leisure could get in any other way. With regard to the Pacific region, the OVERLAND hopes to continue to give this type of literature, this sort of outlook, with increasing merit and wider appreciation because of the change here announced.

WE are this month joined in the effort to represent this region — or at least the Californian part of it — by another magazine, whose first number gives evidence of good standards, both in illustration and letter-press. The managers are embarking on a task that will not prove easy,— probably not so easy as they now expect it to be; but, with good capital and good management, there is no reason why they should not attain success.

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# BOOK REVIEWS.

### Briefer Notice.

A SECOND edition of *Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education* [1] has just been issued. A careful and extended review of the book was given in this magazine at the time of the issue of the first edition, and it is only necessary now to say that a call for a second issue proves the truth of what was then said of its value and usefulness.——*Il Mio Poema* [2] is a long and rather musical poem in Italian, which will not appeal to the general reader, and is not of sufficient merit to make it a formidable rival of better known poems as a practical exercise for the learner. ——There are few more pleasing reprints of foreign books than the series known as the *Romans Choisis*. The latest volume, About's *L'Homme à L'Oreille Cassée*, [3] is as good as its predecessors. Not only is the story a charming one, but the typographical appearance of the volume is excellent. The type is good, the margins wide, and the print clear,— blessings that go far toward popularizing the series.——Students of Tennyson will find much that is helpful in Davidson's *Prolegomena to In Memoriam*, [4] although many will hesitate to endorse the opinion of the author, that *In Memoriam* is not only the greatest English poem of the century, but of the same importance as the Oresteia, the Divina Comedia, and Faust. ——What constitutes the best material for a school reader is yet a matter of much doubt with educators. There are still leading firms which issue the old line series of readers, filled with miscellaneous selections from literary masterpieces, and of these the new Harper's Series [5] is a good example. It will instill unconsciously a love of good prose and poetry into the reader, and is free from the suspicion of being prepared with an eye to the elocutionary effect.——*The Information Reader, No. 1*, [6] however, is one of the new class, which believes in imparting simply true facts and useful information to the child, instead of cultivating his imagination. The first volume is devoted to foods and beverages, and is good in its way, excepting a certain tendency toward fanaticism in its temperance teachings.——The new manual of geometry by Seth T. Stewart [7] is a model according to the later ideas of what the study of that subject should be. It is very comprehensive, written in a clear style, and abounds in a multitude of exercises designed to make practical the general knowledge gained from the study of the theorems.

[1] Thomas Jefferson's Views on Public Education. By John C. Henderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1890.

[2] Il Mio Poema. By Pietro Ridolfi-Bolognesi. Firenze: 1890.

[3] L'Homme a L'Oreille Cassée. Par Edmond About. New York: William R. Jenkins: 1891.

[4] Prolegomena to In Memoriam. By David Davidson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1889.

[5] Harper's Sixth Reader. By James Baldwin. New York: Harper & Bros.: 1890.

[6] The Information Reader, No. 1. Foods and Beverages. By E. A. Beal. Boston: Boston School Supply Co.: 1891.

[7] Plane and Solid Geometry. By Seth T. Stewart. American Book Company: New York: 1891.

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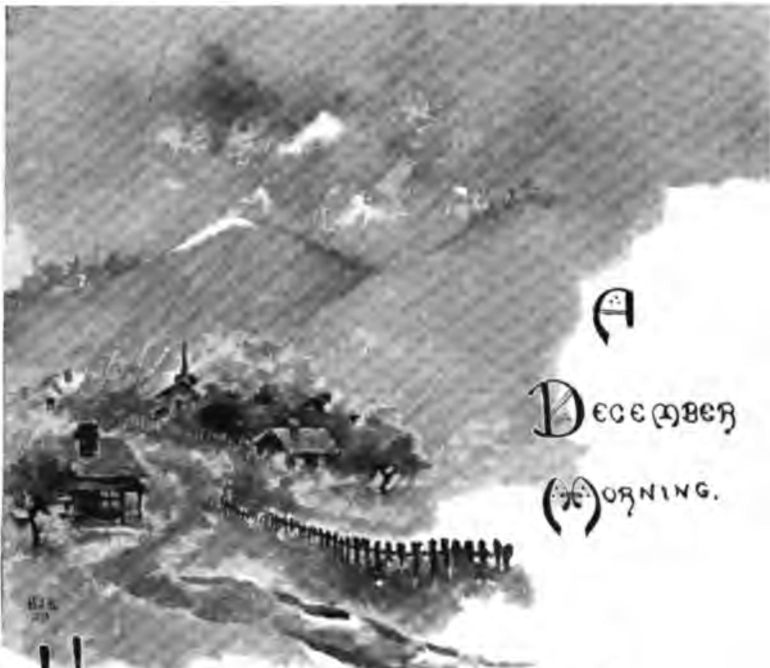
THE

# OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. (SECOND SERIES.)—DECEMBER, 1891—NO. 108.




Heavily, heavily hang the skies
Over the slopes of the moist green hills,
Steadily, steadily, slantingwise
Showers the rain to the land that lies
Prone to the storm, its myriad rills,
Tawny with earth,—and the morning chills
Gray where the sun is slow to rise.

Charles S. Green.

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## FLOWER AND SEED GROWING.

THE flowers of California are the pride of her population and the marvel of travelers visiting her boundaries. Shortly after the first rains the valleys, mesas, and downs, are adrift with blooms, while every hill stands knee-deep in a sea of color. Many of these flowers are wonderfully soft or brilliant in hue, and of strange form and perfume. The glorious carnival is kept up until the hot midsummer sun fades the gorgeous mosaic into sober shades of purple, gold, and brown.

Before the era of the horticulturist, the great valleys of the State were magnificent flower-fields of inconceivable luxuriance and diversity, surpassing every portrayal of brush or pen. In the sublime isolation of these uncultivated wilds, Nature expressed an abandonment of color, odor, and rhythmic sound. Humming birds dipped in nectared cups, dragon flies made steely lines through a golden net of sunshine, butterflies floated sensuously, and bumble-bees droned their mellow bass to the fine, incessant hum of smaller insects. No wonder is it that the early pioneers were enchanted with the redundant beauty of the picture. Not a few of the more fragile species of flowers admired by them have almost if not altogether vanished from the soil. Only the searching eye of the botanist may possibly discover a forlorn specimen taking refuge in the outspread arms of a cañon remote from the plain. May not this floral recluse have owed its existence to some ancestral prophet flower, that breathed to companions the old, old warning to "flee to the mountains"? For herds and flocks were multiplying in these fair pastures, and plants that

Photo by Brewster

A CAÑON FLOWER RETREAT.

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Photo by Brewster.

ROMNEYA COULTERI.

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escaped their treading were in danger of ultimate extinction by the husbandman. Certain it is that the disciple of wood-lore oftenest haunts the foothills and mountain inclosures for flowers which once thronged the San Joaquin, Sacramento, and Santa Clara valleys.

However carelessly California guards her floral treasures, the flowers themselves bear no ill-will; the memory of the tragedies that befell their numbers goes out with the sun that witnessed them. At each recurring season they crowd every inch of mould the plow has left unturned. The slopes and laps of the hills hold multitudes of pretty, nodding heads, to which one blithely nods in answer. Nay, even the sharp chins of bald bowlders nourish a stubble glistening with the bloom of a kind of wild dewplant, or grow a sweeping beard of mountain mimulus hung thick with golden trumpets.

In the cooler temperature of bosky cañons, stream-nurtured flowers linger far into the summer, long after their sisters in the valley have perished from drought and heat. A semi-tropic sun will "nip in the bud" just as effectually as Jack Frost performs this ungracious act in colder climes. For this reason the rich green livery of a coast landscape retains its splendid ornaments of blossom and bud many fragrant days after the interior valleys have donned autumnal tints.

If California's public parks and home grounds display few of her native plants, the same thing cannot be said against European gardens. For years past English and German gardeners have successfully grown some of the finest of our wild flowers. Of these the favorites are the *Eschscholtzia*, *Calochortus*, and that wonderful shrub poppy, the *Romneya Coulteri*. An English writer says of the latter: "I have just seen this glorious flower in Kew gardens. With us it is one of the rarest and choicest of border plants."

The *Romneya* is a hardy perennial, which thrives amidst the unflinching rocks of sun-heated cañons from Santa Barbara far southward into Lower California. It attains a height of five to ten feet, its glaucous, deeply divided leaves making an effective showing against the neutral gray of granite walls. In May the full hirsute buds expand their snowy, crinkled petals, disclosing large central tufts of yellow stamens. The flowers often measure six or eight inches across, and usually remain in bloom several days.

This queen of the poppy family is not easily managed in cultivation. The seeds take a year to germinate, and the young plants will not bear transplanting. A San Francisco florist, who has made a specialty of introducing species from the California flora into Europe, finds the surest method of propagating the *Romneya* is from root cuttings. He has, however, more demand for the seed, which is gathered in the vicinity of San Diego, and brings ten dollars per pound at wholesale.

Of all the flower procession on the Coast, the *Eschscholtzia* is by far the most widely known and admired. Its precedence was duly established by a recent act of the State Floral Society, which voted it the floral emblem of the State. No dissenting voice was raised but that of the botanist, whose habitual reliance upon exact differentia made him mildly disputant: "The popular name of 'California Poppy,' and the emblematic exaltation given this flower, are both misleading to the public mind. The *Eschscholtzia* is not a true poppy, though it is classed with the *Papaveraceæ*. The *Romneya Coulteri* and the *Dendromecon Californica* come nearer being poppies than the *Eschscholtzia*, and are limited to the boundaries of this State and the upper portion of Lower California; whereas the 'California Poppy' extends into Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington."

Notwithstanding these technical objections, nearly every lover of the California flora unhesitatingly declares its

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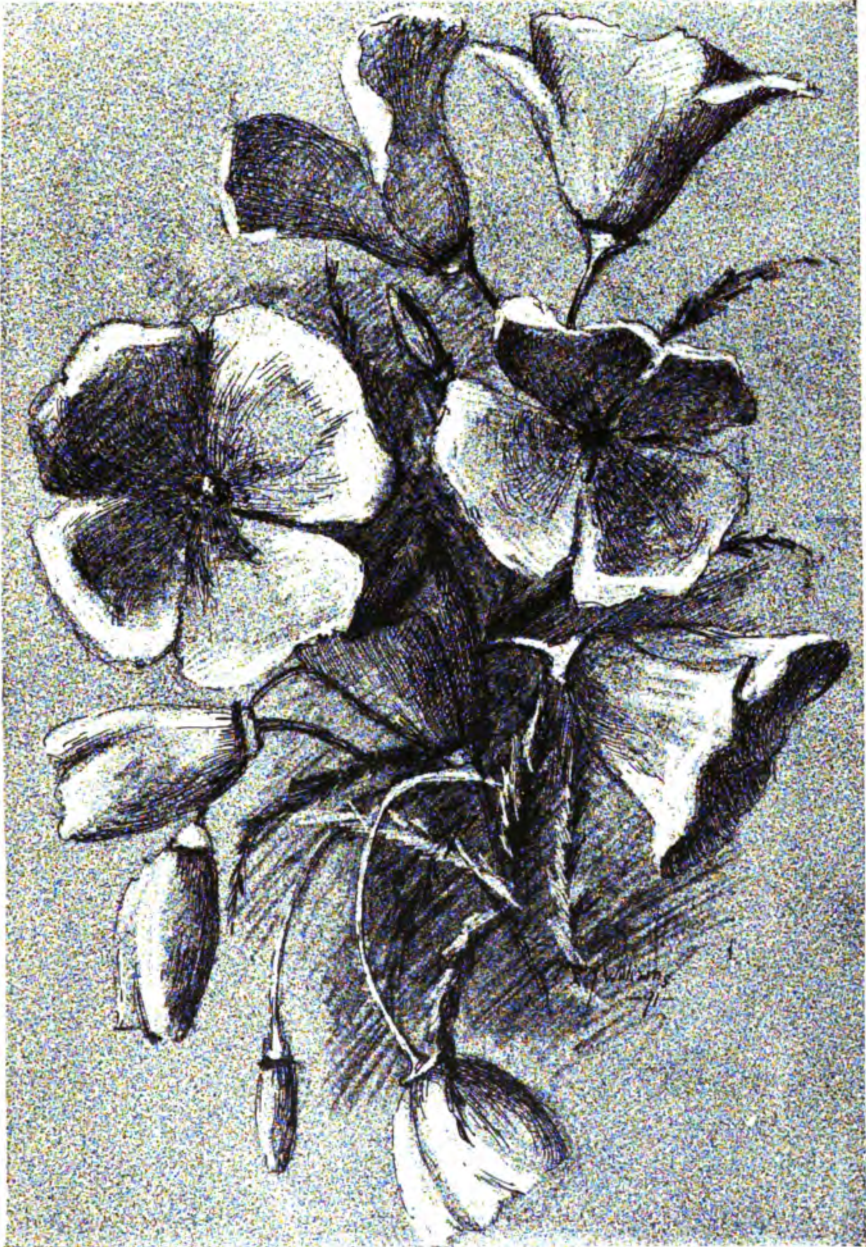

**Drawn from Painting by Miss Chittenden.**

ESCHSCHOLTZIA CALIFORNICA.

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favor of these flame-painted, satiny cups, which give a noonday glare to a landscape otherwise cool and reposeful. In June the orange poppy plains are the glory of outdoor picturings, a joyful blaze of color, which seems a condensation of all the veined gold in the earth underneath, and the focal point of all the sun rays overhead.

Nowhere is this poppy so large in size and sumptuous in color as upon the Island of Santa Catalina. It is the opinion of Professor Edward L. Greene that the several distinctively California species of the *Eschscholtzia* and *Dendromecon*, have been brought over from the Channel Islands to the mainland.

CALOCHORTUS.

In fact, these islands, according to the same authority, furnish the botanist singular instances of the individuality of insular floras. Professor Greene says: "That a small ridge of mountains rising out of the sea at only twenty-five miles distance from the mainland should present forty-eight species of phanerogamic plants not to be found on the continent itself, is, to my understanding of the case, a fact entirely unique in phytogeography."

MARIPOSA LILY.

Though several varieties of the *Eschscholtzia* are easily cultivated in the Eastern States and in Europe, the flowers obtained in these countries are of inferior size and hue. The deterioration is also evident in the seeds taken from these aliens, even when planted in native soil. This degeneracy is more to be regretted when one learns, upon investigation, that many California florists have a trick of sending to Europe for their stock of *Eschscholtzia* seed. After the introduction there of certain of our wild flowers, florists in this State, especially those doing business in San Francisco, generally depend upon foreign

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importation for home supplies of the seeds of these plants. Owing to the cheapness of labor in the old country, a pound of seed can be sold there for a dime, and is afterwards retailed in the United States for ten cents an ounce. Thousands of packages of *Eschscholtzia* seed which are gathered in Europe are annually sold on this Coast. In extenuation of this circumstance, a metropolitan florist will plead his inability to get a living price for home-grown seeds, which are presumably no better than the cheaper foreign seed.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

In Germany and England, as is well known, seeds are picked and dried largely by women and children, who are content to receive a few pence for a day's labor; or, which is yet a matter of greater profit to the florist, the " 'prentice hand," who costs him nothing, is yearly set to work among the pods, pericarps, and thistle-downs, of the seed harvest. It is only by devoting himself to such specialties as cannot be produced elsewhere that a California seed-grower experiences financial success.

The wide-spread appreciation of the *Calochortus*, familiarly termed the "Mariposa Lily," or "Butterfly Tulip," is shown by the immense number of these bulbs exported from California every year. A Ukiah man has gained the sobriquet of the "CalochortusCrank." He digs a hundred thousand bulbs each successive season, which he sells at a low figure to city florists, who in turn supply the general market.

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There are eight to ten species of the *Calochortus* commonly recognized, though a San Diego dealer in native seeds and bulbs has twenty-four varieties set down in his catalogue.

In Southern California, on vast projecting mountain fronts difficult of ascent to the hardiest climber, there can be seen in later spring whole colonies of stately, straight-necked lilies, lifting skyward their large, creamy chalices in the unspeakable solitude that exists upon all remote summits. These imperial flowers are the *Calochortus Nuttallii*, a noble variety of the genus, and true Parsees in their worship of the sun.

But assuredly the loveliest of all this liliaceous group is the "Celestial Tulip," which is the delight of children going a-Maying in coast cañons. They call them "Fairy Bells," and so they look, with their tiny, tuneless clappers concealed within the pearl-white, globular flowers pendulous from tall, slender stems. Be the day ever so breathless, these ethereal, hair-fringed bells cease not to vibrate as if stirred by invisible fingers.

In addition to the superb flowers already mentioned, there are various other native shrubs and plants of California whose commercial value is well established. A glance at the catalogue of European florists shows in the list ascribed to this State, the scarlet larkspur, elegant varieties of *Dodecatheon*, *Brodiæa*, *Mimulus*, *Lobelia cardinalis*, *Ceanothus*, *Phacelia*, *Azalea*, *Rhododendron*, *Clematis*, *Cercis*, our pretty "cream cups" and "baby-blue-eyes," and a late acquisition, the *Lathyrus splendens*, a vine, which heaps up vivid masses of deep rose and bright green in far desert precincts. Among the bulbs, one is pleased to note our beautiful *Lilium Parryii*, named after the distinguished Dr. C. C. Parry, on whom rests the honor of its introduction into Europe. This lily grows abundantly back of the San Bernardino Mountains, where acres of swampy lands are lighted by its profusion of lemon-yellow, and the warm winds bear a surpassing fragrance from each bell.

Among the native shrubs that ought to receive universal attention with nurserymen is the *Lyonothamnus asplenifolius*. Dr. Asa Gray called this genus after its discoverer, William S. Lyon of Los Angeles. It is found upon Santa Catalina, Santa Cruz,and Santa Rosa Islands, and Prof. H. C. Ford, in speaking of this shrub, says: "The *Lyonothamnus* adds another singularly beautiful tree to our already long and desirable list, and should be introduced in ornamental planting. Its showy flowers, fern-like foliage, and general novelty, should make it a favorite. Its propagation by seeds ought not to be difficult, as they are produced in profusion."

In the past few years there has been an astonishing diversity of ornamental cacti collected by a scientific gentleman of San Diego. A majority of these "vegetable devil fish," as some one aptly terms this curious family, have found Eastern and foreign markets, and yet others have gone to make up such noteworthy attractions in the State as the "Arizona gardens" at Monterey, and in the Golden Gate Park of San Francisco, and the gorgeous parade of cactus blossoms at Coronado. Take it all in all, California appears to have given the horticulturist a greater variety of plants than any other State in the Union, Florida excepted.

Through the agency of botanists and enterprising nurserymen on the Pacific Coast, there is, in the last ten years, a gratifying increase in the list of native plants offered to purchasers. Yet withal, it does not take a Thoreau to discover that heretofore the garden wealth of California has been little more than suggested. Much of her flora is but imperfectly classified, and there still remains a vast field for both the scientific and the commercial collector of floral beauties.

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In 1852, the first florist's establishment was opened in San Francisco, and soon did a flourishing business. Common varieties of roses were auctioneered off at twenty and twenty-five cents each. Camellias without stems brought all the way from one to two dollars, and Cape jasmine sold at wholesale for three dollars a dozen. In those days, wax imitations of camellias cost the florist five dollars per dozen. Now, the plenitude of the genuine blooms has entirely done away with what was once a paying industry to a few tireless women. The pioneer nurseryman in California found that the conditions of climate and soil necessitated the reconstruction of many of his previous methods of gardening. Past experience and florists' books were of little help in his new environments. The plants he had been accustomed to relegate to the hothouse, bloomed freely in the open air, and he was forced to fill his conservatories with unfamiliar exotics brought here at great expense and labor. Nevertheless, those were halcyon days for the San Francisco florist, and if he has continued in the business up to the present time, he is sure to be at odds with his destiny. His discontent takes the form of a settled disapproval of Italian, Japanese, and Chinese competition on the one hand, and the immense floral influx, tide-like in its diurnal regularity, sent from the splendid private estate of Timothy Hopkins, which, all the world now knows, came to him without sufficient property to keep it up, and has thus been made to support itself. It is estimated that fully three-fourths of the cut flowers sold in San Francisco are raised at this nursery.

The only alternative for the metro-

VIOLET BOY.

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Photo by I. N. Cook.

A SANTA BARBARA ROSE COTTAGE.

politan florist is to make town lots of his garden and depend upon suburban sources for his stock of plants and flowers. That this is done profitably is shown by the increasing number of city florists, few of whom grow their own supplies. In 1874 there were thirty-three florists' establishments in San Francisco, whereas now there are not less than seventy-five, all doing a fairly remunerative business. A "Florists' Club" has recently been organized, which proposes, through co-operation, to further the interests of skilled dealers. It objects, as a body, to the immunity from license fees now enjoyed by the Italians who monopolize the street traffic in flowers. They can safely undersell the regular florist, who is at the expense of keeping up an establishment, while the unlicensed corner of a thoroughfare serves equally well these street venders.

The selling of violets began with the Italian vegetable peddler, who kept fresh bunches of fragrant Neapolitans inartistically "dumped" alongside the odorous leeks and cabbages of the market-stand. A lover at that period must have had mixed sentiments as well as perfumes while selecting from among scullionly vegetables a nosegay for his sweetheart. It was in 1865 that a second variety of the violet, the Maria Louise, was brought to this State, and later, the whole charming family have combined in winter months to give a springtime color and perfume to recesses and corners of city streets. One has always a regret that these impromptu floral booths are not presided over by picturesque girls, instead of untidy, garlic smelling Italian boys, or decrepit men.

There are extensive flower gardens in South San Francisco cultivated exclusively by Italians, who also garner a large per cent of their supplies from private grounds in and around the city. They are rarely skilled florists, but then, the climate of California has a way of coaxing vegetation to exuberant maturity in happy disregard of learned terms and usages. Italian nurserymen usually employ boys to sell bouquets. These urchins remain in the streets until the crowd disperses at eventide.

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Photo by A. J. Treat.

THE VIOLETS UNDER THE OAKS.

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when they make the rounds of the principal hotels, then the theaters, and finally the low dives underground, until their last bouquet has found a purchaser.

The violet in California is the most prolific marketable flower that bridges the gap between the fall chrysanthemums and spring's firstlings of the nursery. At Sherwood Hall, there are five acres of violets of the varieties known as the Neapolitan, Maria Louise, Czar, Palmesia, and double white Swanley, all growing thriftily in the rich leaf-mould under gigantic oaks. The circling tree shadows on the level ground are striped with rows of violets reaching to the very trunks of the oaks. There are always enough blooms here to scent the air faintly; but in the height of flowering, there is the delicious breath from countless little heads, tucked away under the green hoods of rain-bathed leaves. The work of picking the lovely favorites is left to the patient hands of Chinamen, who are kept busy from six to eight months in the year. Every morning the crop is shipped to San Francisco and sold at wholesale rates to regular dealers.

The old deer park is now set to two hundred and fifty choice varieties of chrysanthemums, numbering fifty thousand plants. In blossom time the picture they present is memorably beautiful. As the result of intelligent forcing, a lavish yield of matchless blooms from this collection was forwarded last May to the State Floral Exhibition held in San Francisco. A spring display of chrysanthemums must have surprised floriculturists the world over.

Another specialty in the same nursery is the sweet pea in all its perfect variations. One's earliest recollection of this flower is the old-fashioned kind so dear to the heart, which was sure to be a conspicuous feature of country posy-yards, and is felicitously described as

> "on tiptoe for a flight,
> With wings of gentle flush, o'er delicate white."

In addition to this pink pea, there are thirty other distinct varieties, all trained to high wire trellises, along sunny openings in the oak groves. There is every shade, from the dark crimson and purple pea to modulated tints of unimaginable softness. A novelty in the way of a pale lavender promises to be in high favor the coming season. The different colors are picked and made into separate bunches ready for marketing. In the past season, before the variegated cloud of blooms had thinned on the perfumed hedges, orders were received for pea seeds to the amount of more than a ton. When the cradled kernels are ripe, they are carefully gathered and sorted by Chinamen. The pods that have burst or become spirally twisted through an evolved, diffusive energy, are dropped forthwith into sacks suspended to convenient stakes; while those as yet imperfectly dried are spread upon Chinese mats in the sun until their desiccation is complete.

Besides the flowers furnished home markets, there are shipped to Tacoma, Seattle, Salt Lake, and Chicago, plants, seeds, and transportable cut flowers like the violet, aster, chrysanthemum, pink, tuberose, sweet pea, and lily, and daily consignments of from one to two thousand fronds of maiden-hair fern. Roses and carnations intended for the cut-flower trade are here, as elsewhere, grown under glass. Comparatively little artifical heat is required even in conservatories near the sea. The same plants do equally as well in the open air, but the green-house blossoms are more ineffable in color than if allowed the full wantonness of sun and wind. These darlings of the hothouse are also not liable to insect depredations,—an important desideratum.

Roses stand first in the market demand, and after them, carnations, chrysanthemums, violets, sweet peas, lilies and asters, though various others have had their season of favoritism. It is hardly believable, but flowers are

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Photo by I. N. Cook.

CALLA FIELD.

looked upon as "stylish" or "old-fashioned," much as garments are subject to the freaks of leading modistes and manufacturers. Shakespeare's maidens showed a preference for simple woodland florets, the violet, primrose, and eglantine; while in the same age, Spenser makes mention of the faultless

"Pincke and purple Cullambine
With Gilliflowres."

A colonial garden bed was made up of a lovable tangle of sweet-william, phlox, mignonette, marigolds, and spice pinks, with walls overclimbed by yellow jasmine, honeysuckle, and roses; not the patrician La France, Niphetos, and Perle des Jardines, but the half single reds and whites, with their incomparable fragrance. The waxy tuberose, Cape jasmine, and camellia, have given place to the less stiff marguerite, chrysanthemum, coreopsis, and nasturtium, arranged in disorderly nosegays so unlike the prim bouquet of former custom.

The California State Floral Society, founded in 1889, has taken practical measures to develop the interests of floriculture on the Pacific Coast. In July of the same year, a committee was appointed by them to secure an approximate report of the "ornamental horticultural industries of California." Some useful facts were thereby obtained and published in the Census Bulletin at Washington. From this statistical showing, we learn that 300 acres, with 500,000 square feet of glass area, were at that time devoted to commercial floriculture in California; while 1,000 men and 150 women were given employment in the various nurseries. The average wages paid both sexes was $1.50 per day, and the total value of the establishments was estimated to be $200,000.

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The magnitude of the floral embellishments of city parks and other public grounds in this State, indicate the prevalent sentiment of its people. That great pleasure resort, the Golden Gate Park of San Francisco, is unique in its exhibit of plants which are elsewhere cultivated under glass. One of these tender species is the fuchsia, which is a riotous climber in bay gardens, often fringing the eaves of cottages with its red-veined leaves and highly colored pendants.

Floral societies have lately been organized in all the prominent cities of California, and the flower fairs given by them are often prodigies of decorative art. The Southern California Floral Society surpasses all the others in its elaborate and expensive exhibitions. Through its agency, two car-loads of orange blossoms and callas were sent to Chicago last April, along with that phenomenon of California horticulture, the Orange Carnival. In packing, the stems of the orange blossoms were first dipped in melted wax and afterwards placed between layers of moist cotton. The thirty-five thousand callas were put in wet sawdust, their heads supported by damp moss. Both stood the transportation admirably, and so suggested a new method of disposing of the surplus of orange and calla blooms. Though the calla is most prolific here, it has hitherto been raised chiefly for local ornamentation and the shipment of its tubers.

To see a calla meadow such as grows in the outskirts of Los Angeles is to acquire a new valuation of life,—so immeasurably is the soul quickened by extraordinary forms of beauty. Beyond this cool amplitude of green and white, nearer the great, silent hills, are sheltered outdoor pools where the Egyptian lotus opens its enchanting flowers. The tubers of these lilies are sold to local buyers or shipped East.

Many will agree with Shakespeare's Perdita that

> "the fairest flowers o' the season
> Are our carnations."

These variable beauties are produced on a large scale in nurseries adjacent to San José, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. The Portia, a pure cardinal, is a favorite with metropolitan customers, though it is beginning to have a rival in the beautiful new strain propagated at Redondo Beach. A Philadel-

Photo by Mrs. Childs.

DOCTOR YATES IN HIS FERNERY.

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Photo by N. H. Reed.

A PAMPAS HEDGE.

phia florist recently ordered ten thousand of these Redondo Beach carnations.

The rose festivals at Santa Barbara are literal feasts of roses. In this modern Vale of Cashmere the very dwellings are mammoth rose-bowers, with a glimpse of gabled roof and chimney above a caressing profusion of snowy Larmarques and gold-hearted Maréchal Niels. Indeed, there is probably no other country where the rose in its sweet variableness reaches the degree of perfection it does in California. With proper pruning, it attains the girth of a small tree, and a climbing rose, when allowed undisputed right of way, will cover a thousand square feet of lattice.

There is one retreat in the idyllic town of Santa Barbara that visitors are sure to seek. This is the conservatory of Doctor Lorenzo G. Yates, author of "All Known Ferns." When conversing upon his favorite topic, this learned gentleman has the childlike enthusiasm characteristic of men engaged in scientific pursuits. Doctor Yates is an authority on California ferns, and it is due chiefly to his efforts that her rarest *filices* are now given place in private and public greenhouses in the State. The *Adiantums*, or maidenhair ferns, so delightfully blended in the handiwork of florists, are abundantly represented in California, all the species indigenous to the United States being found here, with perhaps one or two exceptions. The jagged background of many a cañon cascade is woven across by the intricate embroidery of these delicate ferns, with long wisps of attenuate grass.

A highly prized lace-fern, botanically classed the *Cheilanthes Cooperæ*, grows near Santa Barbara. It is called after Mrs. Ellwood Cooper, and is the only American fern given the name of a lady botanist. On the Cooper estate, a morning's drive from Santa Barbara, is the most complete outdoor conservatory in all California. Back of the olive orchards that make the place famous, is the isolated home nook surrounded by a noble congregation of native trees and shrubs. In the center of this wild greenery a bewildering array of exotics from far countries bud and bloom in glad forgetfulness of fatherland, and a royal condescension to more plebeian associates. Over the tops of giant trees are voluminous mantles of rose vines

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and scarlet passion flowers, or showers of purple and white clematis with loosened tendrils floating in mid air. Where the patches of sun gold linger the longest, countless cacti wriggle, twist, and stab, yet manage to hold up, unfrayed and soft as silk, superb blossoms breathing the balms of an Elysium. All about are the brave, warm blooms of geraniums, oleanders, roses, and honey-sweet heliotrope, beside two hundred feet of lavender hedge. Here a gorgeous barrier of amaryllis is backed by the shining foliage of camellias, flame-flowered hibiscus, rosy petaled azaleas, begonias of every lovely shade, magnolias, poinsettias, and divers radiant, lilies in the angle of a wall ; while all sorts of ferny herbage look out from the elephantine leaves of tropical palms. A dreaming spot, with flecks of sunshine filtering through the leaves on the massed colors, and a myriad odors afloat on the languorous winds stealing up a precipitous gorge from the sea.

The pampas plantations of Santa Barbara are a notable feature of her suburbs. They are acres in extent, and the exportation of the plumes is a unique and profitable branch of California floriculture. The hills of pampas grass are set in rows ten to sixteen feet apart, on soil previously prepared by thorough cultivation. A few plumes appear the first year, and the second season each hill produces from fifteen to one hundred and fifty stately feathers, often twenty feet in height. In 1887 the plumes were in demand at fifty and sixty dollars per thousand, but the average wholesale price is thirty dollars. An acre of pampas grass has been known to yield ten thousand plumes annually. England and Germany send the largest orders for California pampas blooms.

As an industrial pursuit, California floriculture has hitherto been confined to supplying the demands of local and foreign flower markets. Recently, however, there has been a new departure at Rosalita Farm in Los Gatos. The manufacture of the essential oils of rose and of geranium has been put to practical test here, with the most gratifying results. The process was carefully

Drawn from Photo by Reed.

CURING PAMPAS PLUMES.

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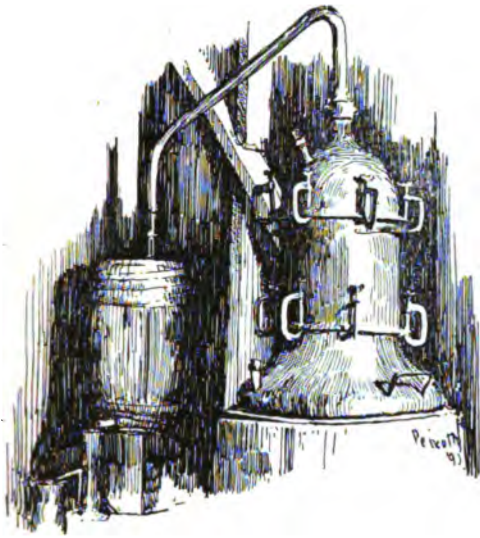

AN ATTAR OF ROSE STILL.

studied in France and ten thousand rose bushes, of the variety known at Grasse as the "Rose de Provens," were imported direct from that place, and now cover several acres. A still was also brought over from France. It is a simple apparatus, consisting of a furnace under a copper boiler, surmounted by a receptacle of the same metal, in which are placed the petals or leaves to be distilled. The dome above the flower-receiver is joined by a tube to a condensing pipe, which is immersed in cask of water kept cool by constant circulation. The condensed steam from the petals trickles into a glass receiver in which one may perceive a film of oil gathering upon the surface of the water. This is the essential oil or attar of rose, and needs only settling to be ready for market. The water accumulated in the glass receiver is refreshingly soft and fragrant, and is a pure article of rose water, which sells on the place for one dollar and seventy-five cents a gallon. There is little danger of a surplus of the attar of rose, as it takes 36,000 pounds of the petals to make one pound of the oil.

Besides roses there are acres planted to geraniums, cassia, and a peculiar species of orange tree used only for its flowers. A thousand pounds of the leaves of the rose geranium are distilled to produce one pound of the oil, which brings eighteen dollars at wholesale.

From repeated experiments at this

THE SEED PACKING HOUSE.



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Photo by Brewster.
MRS. THEODOSIA B. SHEPHERD.

farm there is every evidence that the manufacture of flower oils and perfumes can be carried on in California even more successfully than is done today in France, India, Persia, and Turkey. The finest attar of rose is claimed to come from Turkey, where the season of rose blooming lasts barely a month. Taking into consideration California's prolonged blossoming period, the industry ought certainly to prove as profitable here as there, even with the additional expense of higher-priced labor.

French perfumes are admitted to be adulterated for transatlantic buyers, under the mistaken supposition that Americans do not appreciate the refinement of odor so delectable to the sensitive perceptions of French purchasers. Conceding this bluntness of sense to be a fact, it would only redound to the advantage of California perfume-makers, who would naturally require a generation or two to bring the art on a par with European manufacturers, during which transitional stage it is possible the American nostril might be educated up to the sensibility of the more esthetic French organ.

No inconsiderable number of women in California gain a livelihood by the

Photo by A. W. Lohn.
BEATING OUT SMILAX SEED.

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delightful occupation of raising flowers, bulbs, and seeds, for market, while others living in suburban San Francisco carry daily to the city huge hampers of garden spoils, or wild blooms and ferns months have a natural out-of-door air, with their heaps of blossoms and tasseled grasses, fresh and gay as ever graced the flower markets of ancient Athens or aboriginal Mexico.

Photo by Brewster.

HAWORTHIA.

still jeweled with the dews of their last night's vigil on hill or cañon steep. These supplies are bought by florists, or left on sale at the Woman's Exchange, whose windows and counters in spring

A San Mateo lady makes a handsome income from her violet beds, and two equally energetic women of Oakland have a contract with a city florist to furnish him La France roses at

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Drawn from Photo by Brewster.

ABYSSINIAN BANANA.

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sixty cents a dozen. San Diego has an enthusiastic lady, a graduate of the State University, who stands foremost among her successful floriculturists, while Ventura claims the pioneer woman seed-grower on the Coast in the person of Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd. There is hardly a florists' publication in America but has given more or less account of the work of this indomitable little woman, though barely eight years have passed since, without means and broken in health, she grew her first seeds for market in the old mission town of San Buenaventura.

At the outset of her undertaking, she was warmly encouraged by the eminent seedsman, Peter Henderson, who wrote her as follows:—

"I think an excellent business might be done in seeds of the scarcer varieties, as I am certain that California, before fifty years, will be the great seed and bulb growing country of the world. You have the exact conditions of climate necessary to grow seeds, and I would advise you at once to begin systematically."

Mrs. Shepherd now fills orders from prominent Eastern florists, with occasional calls from Europe, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands. Her gardens compass eight acres of the fertile soil of this section, and are under her personal supervision and management. Her plot of French cannas includes new seedlings of odd styles and splendid coloring. One of these, the "Ventura," is larger flowered than the celebrated "Star of '91." It has immense graceful panicles, with long drooping petals of a rich, deep carmine.

If the hedge of heliotrope curtaining the warm south wall is the sweetest thing in this seaside garden, the great Abyssinian banana, stiffly thrusting from its flaunting leaves its single monstrosity of a flower, is altogether the most curious feature of the place. This scaly, cylindrical blossom, gradually flaring into thick, terminal petals of dark maroon, has a curving length of six feet from the orange cluster of seed fruit where it joins the trunk. Near this striking object is a stately Haworthia, one of the aloe family, which seems to be as much at home here as if rooted in its native soil of South Africa.

Last year Mrs. Shepherd harvested one hundred and sixty pounds of smilax seed. The smilax vines form high screens of fine varnished foliage. When the tiny, star-like flowers have given place to innumerable scarlet berries, the vines are cut close to the ground and piled into large squares of cloth to be thoroughly flayed by the Chinese help. Afterwards the bruised leaves and berries are put into a tub of water, the leaves and pulp floating to the top, when they are skimmed off; while the seeds, instinctively mindful of their heavier responsibilities in life, settle sensibly to the bottom.

The packing all of the seeds and plants for shipment is done by Mrs. Shepherd and her three daughters, who are intelligent and efficient assistants.

California should have botanic gardens with catalogues giving the scientific and local names of plants, their habitat and general properties, so that even the most casual visitor would be more or less interested and instructed. It is the intention of Professor Greene to establish such a garden the coming spring at the State University, and its special feature will be a collection of native shrubs and flowers.

Meanwhile, under the eternal surveillance of monumental mountains, the boundless blossoming of this great, golden West repeats itself after each russet summer, for in Nature's vast nursery a diviner than man has decreed that "seed-time and harvest shall not cease."

*Ninetta Eames.*

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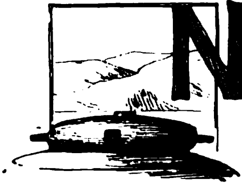
# THE DEFENSES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.



No subject of a military character is of more vital importance to California and the Pacific States than that of their sea-coast defenses, and none should receive more promptly the careful attention and liberal support of the government. It is impossible to foretell the day in which we shall become embroiled with some foreign power, powerful in ships and armament, to the extent of a serious conflict; and California is too wealthy and too valuable a State to be left completely at the mercy of such intruders. A modern system of defense, put in position at once, and manned as far as immediate necessity requires, would result in a saving of millions of dollars over the cost of being taken in a war in the present situation; for these harbors, once lost to the government, would be regained only after a long and costly struggle.

That perfect state of society which certain highly humane moralists and lawgivers hold before us, has by no means yet arrived, and we cannot repose in the presence of our fellow nations in a state of defenseless security. The reprisals, the indemnities wrenched by one nation from another, even within recent years, stand as monuments of warning commanding us to fortify ourselves. The entire system of warfare, keeping pace with the developments of the age, has been completely altered almost within the past ten years, and we can no longer depend upon the proud achievements of the past or our boasted isolation to protect ourselves, our property, or political institutions. The era of heavy rifled cannon, of dirigible torpedoes, heavy armor, and smokeless powder, is upon us, and we must not delay in accommodating ourselves to the change.

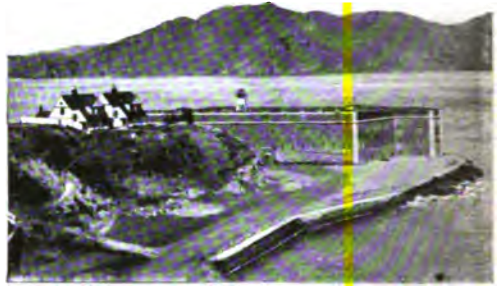


Photo by Taber.
ACROSS THE GATE FROM FORT WINFIELD SCOTT.

The present state of defense of the Pacific Coast is such as would tempt

Photo by George W. Reed.
LOOKING TOWARD THE GATE FROM NEAR ALCATRAZ.

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the cupidity and avarice of any naval power upon the globe, and that occupation by any first-class naval power could not be prevented, is evident at a glance. The forts are not in order; they are armed with low power guns of obsolete patterns, and they could not easily be replaced by the heavy calibers of modern design, for these are so massive that they could not be transported, and would have to be built cruisers rendered efficient a blockade of the Southern ports to such a degree as to cripple the military power of nine millions of people. In the same way even now, within no longer than a few months, it would be possible to blockade every important port of entry to this country; and years would elapse before it would be possible to make a successful resistance against such an invading power.

Photo by Taber.

THE UPPER BAY AND ALCATRAZ FROM NORTH BEACH.

near the sites proposed for their erection.

Should a state of war be entered upon, and the coast become occupied by a foreign power, such occupancy would not be of temporary duration. Business interests would be paralyzed, the value of all property depreciated, and the wealth acquired by years of industry and economy swept away during the years that would succeed such a foreign entry.

During the last war a few wooden

It has been estimated that the United States could be placed under an indemnity for five billions in gold. Over one tenth of the value of this in destructible property lies upon the Pacific Coast within the reach of naval vessels. Indemnities do not necessarily assume the forms of bullion and coin; our staple products would be just as valuable to the enemy as our gold, and such contributions, being used continually to build up his navies and equip and supply his armies, would vastly pro-

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Photo by Taber.
POINT LOMA, THE SAFEGUARD OF SAN DIEGO.

long the state of resistance, and render our ultimate success against him at least highly doubtful. The naturally strong positions of San Diego, San Francisco, and the mouth of the Columbia River, when once fortified and equipped with modern armament, would become as impregnable as Gibraltar, and could be reversed and turned against us, almost without hope of recapture. The loss of these strategic points would probably be fatal to the Republic. The transcontinental railways can transport men, but they cannot compete with vessels in the transportation of high power guns and the heavy armament of modern war. The bridges and trestles of these railways would be endangered by the transportation of such guns, and even if it succeeded it would be at an expense far above what would arise were a suitable plant established upon the Pacific Coast, and the guns manufactured, or at least assembled thereat. Although a scarcity of some particular material near the coast may be urged, it can be transported across the continent far more readily than the finished product. The security of the transcontinental railways would in time of war be far too uncertain to make it advisable for

Photo by Taber.
ARMY HEADQUARTERS AT LOS ANGELES.

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the government to depend upon the eastern section of the country for its manufacture of war material.

Plants similar to those now being perfected at Watertown and Watervliet should be established on the Pacific Coast for the construction of the most approved modern guns and war material for both Army and Navy. Such a plant would cost not less than a million dollars, or about one twenty-fifth of the value of the coin and bullion lying stored up in the branch United States mint in San Francisco at the mercy of any third-rate naval power that chooses to train its guns upon this coast.

Since modern heavy rifles have by their increased range necessitated the advance of exterior lines of defense to a distance of eight or ten miles from the object defended, where only a few years ago one mile was more than ample, the United States must acquire additional sites for defensive works. It will be necessary to secure and perfect the titles to all such strategic points as are necessary to the general system. Such purchases on the Pacific Coast, it is estimated, will amount to about a quarter of a million dollars.

Let us consider the present actual condition of the different cities and harbors along the Pacific.

Most prominent stands San Francisco. Situated as it is at a central point of the Pacific Coast, being its metropolis, chief port of entry, and securest harbor, it would undoubtedly become the objective of any operations from the direction of the Pacific. So great is its importance that the Fortifications Board of 1886 estimated for its proper defense, 238 guns and 6,372 men; only one gun and twenty-four men less than for the city of New York, which has a population more than ten times as great. It was also considered as next in importance to New York. At present we find in and around this bay the following preparations for defense:—

At the entrance of the harbor, on opposite sides of the Golden Gate, are being erected new emplacements for heavy guns with parapets of maximum thickness; torpedo casemates and cable galleries are in process of construction; the old batteries of eight, twelve, and fifteen-inch smooth-bore Rodman guns are in position ready to be used until the new are placed. Properly fortified and armed, with the necessary accompaniment of submarine mines and torpedoes, these two points will prevent the entrance of all vessels, both on account of their great command, and the narrowness of the channel, which is at this point not greater than one mile.

Toward the land from the Golden Gate, out of view of the entrance, and upon opposite sides of the harbor, lie the garrisons of Angel Island and the Presidio, where may be kept troops for the service of the different batteries that command the harbor. In the vicinity of these posts are batteries of old-fashioned guns, supplied with ammunition and material for making the strongest defense of which they are capable.

A little over a mile northwest of the city of San Francisco, within and commanding the entrance of the harbor at a distance of three miles, is Alcatraz Island, a rock of about ten acres horizontal area. This is now supplied with batteries of eight and fifteen-inch guns. If any hostile vessel should be fortunate enough to pass the Gate, the guns of Alcatraz would prevent its ultimately reaching the city. This end would be assisted by the batteries of Fort Mason, or Black Point, which lie on the southern shore of the harbor, about one mile from Alcatraz, at the western limits of the city. The main ship channel lies between Alcatraz and Fort Mason.

It is proposed to reduce the level of Alcatraz to about seventy feet from mean high water, and erect thereon a modern armored fort with heavy guns



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mounted in turret, communicating with observers on the shore by cables. The proper completion of this, and its adjuncts of mines and torpedoes, will render the Golden Gate impossible of entrance.

Next in importance to San Francisco is the town of San Diego. It is situated fifteen miles north of the Mexican frontier, on San Diego Bay, next after that of San Francisco the best harbor on the coast. Because of this, and for the advantages of its railroads, in event of the failure of an attempt upon San Francisco, San Diego would become the objective point for operations along the coast. The deep water along the coast line would allow so close an approach of ships that the bay, without better defenses than it possesses at present, would be entirely exposed to the fire of an enemy. These defenses consist of a fort on Ballast Point to command the entrance. This position is such that with proper works and rifled guns the entrance of the harbor can be rendered extremely difficult. General Schofield, during a recent visit to San Diego, was much impressed by its necessity for better defenses. A board was appointed by the last Congress to examine into and report upon this question; but the report, although completed, has not yet been made public.

San Pedro and Santa Monica bays are both exposed points. They are not excellent harbors, yet, except in winter, they would form a desirable place for an enemy's hostile operations against Southern California. The destruction of the improvements and railroad facilities at Wilmington and Santa Barbara would make both objective points for a hostile force.

San Luis Obispo Bay has no strategical importance.

Monterey Bay is important on account of its comparatively safe anchorage and its railroad connections with the interior. If the harbor of San Francisco were rendered impregnable, this bay would be of immense strategic value for operations against San Francisco. As it has now no defenses, it is exposed to such an attack, and if the enemy failed in entering San Francisco, it would become an objective point for the landing of an army for the invasion of the country, and would be a base of hostile operations against San Francisco.

North of San Francisco, as far as the mouth of the Columbia River, are at present no harbors which could be lost with serious results to the interior. The mouth of the Columbia is so difficult and dangerous that it possesses few advantages as a port. The channels are very changeable. The defenses now consist of Fort Canby, with its earthen batteries on the north side, on Cape Disappointment, and Fort Stephens on Point Adams. This channel can readily be defended by obstructions and submarine mines.

The next entrance of importance is the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which leads around Vancouver Island to Puget Sound. Here all the extent of coast is exposed to the hostilities of the British, should we be engaged in war with them. The growing towns of these harbors will in time assume such proportions as to demand defense, but the present necessities are not urgent.

What difficulties may grow out of such questions of dispute as the Behring Sea trouble, the triple protectorate of Samoa, or the late unpleasantness in Chile, it is a matter of no certainty to predict. Lesser differences than these have smoldered and been fanned into causes for war; not for war of great general results, perhaps, but of sufficient duration to cripple the commercial interests of an exposed coast, and effect the ruin of thousands of people. That infinite sense of peace which settles upon a nation just before the breaking out of a great war, is an omen of evil that the history of centuries compels us to view with alarm. The vast amounts ex-

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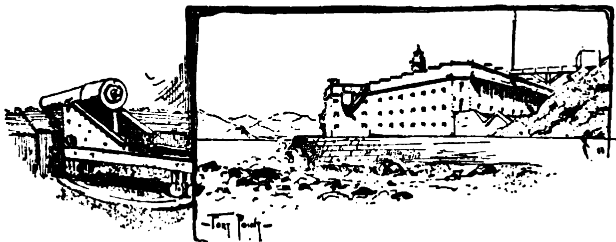
pended for security from personal violence by protection by the police, and for insurance upon life and property, assures us that citizens to a certain degree do possess foresight in rendering themselves secure from the chances and unknown developments of the future; but that this foresight does not extend far enough to cause them to defend and fortify that domain, the security of which constitutes the source of all their wealth and prosperity, must reluctantly be admitted.

It is the duty of the representatives of the people to urge in Congress that money be appropriated for the defense of the Coast; it is the duty of the people to encourage this action of the representatives by sentiment and vote; it is the duty of the press to set forth the actual condition of the Coast, and to show its necessity for protection.

That the sums of money necessary to be expended in the defense of the Pacific Coast should be allowed to increase the prosperity of the East, instead of adding to the value of the productions of California, would be an error for which the representatives of California alone could be held responsible. Let the work of producing this war material be sought by manufacturers on the Coast, and the building capacity and power of their plants will keep pace with the demands. The necessity for heavy forging and finishing plants exists, and if it becomes necessary for the government to establish its own plants, the financial benefits to individuals and to the State itself will be small indeed.

When a State whose resources are various and almost unlimited, whose wealth has for years been the stimulus of the prosperity of a great nation, falls asleep, and in the contentment of prosperity fails to answer the requirements of that position which its innate value has enabled it to attain, it cannot complain when on awakening it finds that in the strong growth of States around it, it has been outstripped and is no longer necessary to the welfare and progress of that great nation. Commerce will pass around by other channels, products of the soil and of manufacture will be obtained from other sources, division of territory will follow, and its ports will be defended out of the revenue of other States, with regard alone to the security of the nation at large.

*Alvin H. Sydenham.*



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# VERISIMILITUDE.

## VII.

"ALL the labor of weeks has, of course, been lost," remarked John, as they entered the little "hotel" hard by. "And what a mercy that it occurred now, instead of after the laying of the track, when trains would have been passing by!"

"As far as that is concerned," replied another engineer, "it seems to me that the catastrophe will give us a far better line than the old one; for see the broad, level place now furnished us, to which it can now be diverted."

The conversation thus turned into technical channels so flowed on, the women keeping the discreet silence supposed to be good form under such circumstances; and the whole party proceeded to a hearty breakfast, with the sharpened appetites of travelers.

Afterwards, John managed to whisper in his wife's ear, "I cannot return with you, dear, much as I would like to, but have no doubt I shall be home to-night, —late, perhaps, though."

Mary assented quietly, looking the while gravely in his smiling face, where she vainly sought some token of duplicity, some shrinking from her searching glance. He added, however, hurriedly, "I do hope you are feeling quite well again. A good night's rest must have done you good. That was a queer attack for *you* to have, but I am glad you came down today. The ride will be good for you; and besides—" still lower —" it has given me much pleasure."

His lover-like though hasty speech was interrupted in two ways: first by a faint, almost imperceptible gesture of dissent from Mary, and at the same moment by the approach and clear, sharp tones of the chief engineer, who came lightly towards Mary, rubbing his thin, delicate hands together, and saying laughingly:—

"Fie, Meester Elder! This will never do, never! never in the world! Husbands are politely supposed to be quite ob*lee*vious of their wives in the presence of others."

And not in the least heeding the flush that rose for the moment to John's cheek, he continued:

"Come, Mrs. Elder, take one leettle walk with me outside, before you must again mount your horse!"

He tucked Mary's hand under his arm, and deliberately walked her away from her husband. The vexation John had felt was, however, already gone; so well was he aware that any little attention to Mary from the courtly old European was intended no less as a compliment to himself than to her.

Just as the equestrian party—now greatly reduced in numbers—was reentering the rude gateway of Sachara, their ears were greeted by the sound of a very peculiar music.

This came from about half a dozen primitive instruments played upon by natives, of whom a much larger number, of both sexes, were gathered about, effectually barring the passage of the street. The attire of the musicians, like that of the rest of the company, plainly advertised a holiday.

With the men, the alteration was chiefly apparent in the greater freshness and cleanliness of the entire person; but instead of the commonly shapeless felt hat that sometimes adorned their rough heads, they wore now a much smaller head covering, from which depended long veils, made of a coarse netting into whose every knot was fastened a large silver coin.

Over the women's shoulders were folded bright striped *ponchos*, fastened

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at the breast by long silver pins whose heads were often four inches across and beaten into open-work designs, showing no inconsiderable skill on the part of the native silversmith, who had fashioned them out of virgin metal taken from mines not many leagues away.

And each of these curious brooches, as well as the heavy mugs and plates, which never saw the light except on just such occasions as the present, had a history. Many of them dated back for generations, to the time while yet the primitive methods of the old miners still paid for the amount of labor given the undertaking; the time before water—the miner's enemy—had rushed into already deep borings, making the workers rush out, and in most cases, stay out. Dickens's Mr. Pipchin has not been the only one who has "broken his heart pumping the water out of a Peruvian mine."

Presently, a lull in the musical efforts came, and our party availed themselves of it to press on past the players. The ladies soon appeared on the baleony above to watch the progress of the *fiesta*, glad little Helen clinging to her mother's hand and chattering with delight at her return, heedless of the weary looks and absent manner of that mother, who had, these two days past, been through so much.

In a little while the men surrounding the players began to dance, and the women to pass around among them *copilas* of fiery aguardiente, as they moved slowly to the minor strains of the primitive musical instruments. Of these, the principal one was an ancient harp, of a construction seen, I fancy, in very few lands, and bearing the marks of many repairs in the course of its long existence.

It was at first, doleful enough dancing; but, as the *copilas* came at more frequent intervals, the movements of the feet increased in due proportion, in spite of the uninspiring strains that impelled them,—minor melodies, old as the silver ornaments that appeared at the feast. And as the men's pace quickened, the women began to join in the exercise, many of them unstrapping small blankets from their backs, and taking therefrom their opened-eyed, but quiet occupants, to lie on the ground and watch the further proceedings with whatever of interest or indifference they might choose.

Prominent among the mothers moved Incarnacion, whose child, older than many of the others, toddled at her side. But as the drinking grew deeper, the *cholita's* protecting grasp on the small hand became loosened, and he too was ere long left to take care of himself, while his mamma joined more eagerly in a diversion, which was fast becoming a drunken revel.

As the handsome child seated himself among the group of babies at the roadside, Hetty, with a sharp glance at Caroline, remarked, "If those youngsters were at all like civilized infants, they would stand a pretty good chance of getting their death of cold, lying on the grass, after last night's hard rain."

"I presume some of them will, as it is," answered Caroline indifferently. "Even Indian children can't stand everything. But if they do, what will it matter to their parents? A few tears will be shed, perhaps, followed by a grand wake, and another opportunity to guzzle themselves into indifference, and then their miserable lives will go on just as before."

Mary pointed significantly at Helen, who was drinking in this speech with open-eyed wonder, and replied, "When you speak of the 'indifference' of these people at the loss of their children, you must remember that they are taught to believe that young children escape so much in dying, they ought not to mourn for them."

"You have a deal more sympathy for these creatures than I have," said Caroline. "To me they seem little better than cattle; indeed, I am sure

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cattle would never drink themselves into such a state as they are fast approaching. And," turning full toward Mary, "do you really believe it is the thought that their little ones avoid Purgatory, in dying young, that makes them take their loss so easily?"

Mary hardly knew how to answer this question. The whole tenor of the talk annoyed her, in the presence of little Helen. So she simply turned and gazed in silence at the queer dancers, keeping one figure constantly well in view.

The holiday-makers kept it up unweariedly for hours, quite tiring out the trio of spectators, and noisily separated only when the long shadows of the inclosing mountains warned them of the rapid approach of night.

From her inner window, Mary saw Incarnacion walking unsteadily by, dragging the weary child to their miserable home, and she vaguely wondered anew why there was so much wrongdoing in the world.

## VIII.

ANOTHER night Mary passed alone, a second, hurried note having apprised her of her husband's lengthened stay in Cachahuara.

The next morning, in passing out from the breakfast room, she felt a slight pull at her skirts, and looking down, saw a small boy, who spoke to her in timid tones.

"Señorita,—Señorita! My sister sent me to beg you to come quickly to her, for the *huauito* is very ill."

He stopped short, and Mary answered quickly, "And who is thy sister? And who is the *huauito?*"

"It is Incarnacion Bravo that wants the Señorita," said the bashful child, and forthwith vanished through the open door.

Mary only delayed to get her hat and consign Helen to the ladies' care, before she turned her footsteps—unwilling footsteps enough—in the direction the boy had taken.

She found little Juan indeed ill. Recalling at once the mother's complaints of his fretfulness, two days ago, she felt sure that the slight ailment, whatever it might have been, had through exposure developed into the present serious trouble. In a flash, the flippant remarks of Caroline also came into her mind, as she saw Incarnacion's tear-stained face bending over the flushed, fevered child on her lap.

The atmosphere of the cottage was almost intolerable, but Mary noted little of this, so absorbed was she in the small sufferer, whose labored breathing showed to how desperate a pass even these few hours had brought him.

"Has no doctor seen him?" she asked at length.

"*Ay de mi*, Señora, there is no *medico* here!" sobbed Incarnacion. "Must he die, Señora?"

"I cannot tell, my poor woman. But there's one thing I *can* do. I will go back at once and send some one for one of the company doctors. Juan shall have all the help possible, poor, lonely mother!"

Her voice shook as she uttered these words, and Incarnacion looked up, even in her sore trouble, full of surprise at the feeling thus manifested.

Out of the dingy abode—a sad-enough sick room—sped Mary, giving herself no moment to pause till she reached her own home. Here she saw Alvarez slowly crossing the *patio*, and at the sight made a sudden determination.

"Señor Alvarez!" she called out breathlessly, quite forgetting in her excitement under what circumstances they had last spoken to each other. "Señor Alvarez, will you do me a great favor?"

He stopped, smiled, and replied in quite his usual dignified manner, to the effect that she had only to ask for him to comply with all the pleasure in the world.

She hurriedly stated the case, flush-

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ing deeply as she remembered all, but bravely getting on in her request that he would personally attend to the matter for her. "You know there are no others of the engineers here now," she continued, "and if I sent one of the Chinamen, Doctor Sano might not understand or take the interest—"

"Say no more!" Alvarez interrupted. "I will see that he is there within an hour, at the furthest. I will ride at once to the hospital, and bring him back with me, if I find him. But, Señorita," looking earnestly, solicitously in her face, "ought *you* to be there? The child may have—you know not what. You have your sweet little girl to think of, worth a thousand such, to say nothing of your own self!"

"Hush! I am not afraid. I feel quite sure the boy has pneumonia, or some kindred trouble. I must return at once. I may be able to help them a great deal,—at least, to ease the little fellow's sufferings somewhat."

And she did. When the doctor came, he found the small patient, after a hot bath and the application of such simple remedies as Mary's home experience had taught her to use, much relieved. Still, he would give little encouragement as to the final result.

Hours passed, and Mary was preparing to return to her own child,—alive and well, thank God! whatever else might befall,—when a heavy shadow darkened the doorway. With her back to the light, and bending over the sick child, she did not perceive its cause till Incarnacion started up with an expression of joy in her face that for the moment completely transformed it. Even then Mary did not turn, but as the woman uttered the one word, "Juan!" she shook visibly, and bent still lower over the little patient.

A low conversation between the evidently reluctant visitor and Incarnacion followed, of which Mary caught occasionally a word or sentence, and so learned that it was Alvarez she must thank for this most unpleasant meeting. He it was that had told John of the state of affairs, and begged him to do something for the sufferer.

"Can I ever—ever—turn and meet him?" was her constant thought.

## IX.

BUT she was saved all necessity for such a movement; for presently she felt an ungentle hand forcibly dragging her away from her charge, and heard the words, "What are *you* here for, Mary?"—in a voice surely, surely, not the pleasant one of her husband! The tones were harsh, as with conflicting emotions, of which anger seemed the predominant one. The grip on her arm was of a vice, nor did it loosen till she was well out of the hut.

Then, she ventured an upward look, and found it was directed full in the face of—*not* her husband, indeed,—but, as the reader has already divined, of "Littlejohn."

She did not lose her self-command, strained as had been her nerves all day. It was too inexpressible a relief. But you may be sure small attention was paid to her companion's complaints and self-excusings, as he led her home, in the fast deepening obscurity.

She was, now the instant of the discovery of her mistake was passed, filled with a sense of self-abasement, of unutterable humiliation, that made her quite insensible to all outward impressions; mechanically she mounted the steep stairway leading to her rooms; mechanically she divested herself of the clothing worn all day in the fetid air of the sick room. And when, with the dash of cold water on her throbbing brow, she began a little to come out of her absorbed state, her first thought was of her own child, who reigned alone in her good father's affections.

"Come!" she called out to the little girl already patiently awaiting the sum-

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mons. "Come!" and she covered her with kisses and endearments till Helen wondered "why mamma was so glad, — so glad."

And it was thus that John — *her* John — found her, a little later.

Did she tell him all, as she fell on his neck, after their unusual separation? No, not then! Nor did he at all suspect how the wife he loved had doubted him, as she fondly hovered about, feeling too humble to make many advances to one she had so wronged.

On the morrow, as she again entered the cottage, Mary was told by the doctor of a great change for the worse in his small patient, whose life, in all probability, would end before another day had dawned. "It doesn't take much to kill off the young of these people," he added phlegmatically. "Disease has only to complete what privation and neglect have well begun."

Three days more passed. The doctors prophecy had not lagged in its fulfillment; and Mary, with her faithful John at her side, sat at her own casement and watched the rude funeral procession passing slowly on to the old church whose harsh bell tolled, tolled its dismal welcome to the little form now approaching it for the last time. At the head of the coffin marched the white-robed priests, acolytes bearing swinging censers at each side. The coffin itself — a rude box covered with bright blue cotton — lay open on the shoulders of four men, its occupant lying staring stonily upward with unclosed yet unseeing eyes.

Behind pressed the mourners, — all women; and still behind them, men and boys bearing rockets and other pyrotechnics, which they sent off with much noise, at every peal of the bell.

And seeing this, and watching the young mother, who was parting with her all, — the young mother whose grief she had not failed to try to soften with loving words of deepest sympathy, — Mary poured forth the story of her own trouble, of her terrible doubt of him who had merited all her confidence, and humbly — most humbly — begged the forgiveness she felt by no means sure of.

As she proceeded, John's face darkened, but she bore steadily on to the bitter end. Not an excuse did she make for herself. She only begged him, for the sake of their child, if he could not for their own, to forgive, forgive! — this man of unbending integrity, whose only thought had been for her.

## X.

HE lowered his head on his hands as Mary concluded, and remained in unbroken silence for what was to her a weary time.

Then he looked up, and holding out his arms, beckoned her to her rightful place within them, while he said slowly:

"To say I am not bitterly, grievously disappointed to find that my — wife's — confidence in me was not sufficient to bear the strain of the chance tale of a poor ignorant *cholita*, without even giving me the opportunity to prove its falsity, would certainly be untrue; and I could not pretend to anything else, even to save you some of the regret you are feeling, I am sure, more deeply than you have ever felt anything before in your life. But the more I think of it, the more clearly I can see how such a mistake might be made, — *by any one but my Mary!* Not by her! O, not by her!" and the strong man's voice trembled, as he continued, "How *she* could fall into it, will always be a mystery to me! But," — after another silence, — "I do not forget how you tried to bear your supposed burden — and to help the unfortunate girl you thought had a claim on your consideration. And besides, do I not know how full of faults are the best of us, — though few, I thought, had less than my Mary," with a world of tenderness and pathos in his tones. "And, wife, do I not realize also, how much you have to overlook in him to whom you have given your life? I am

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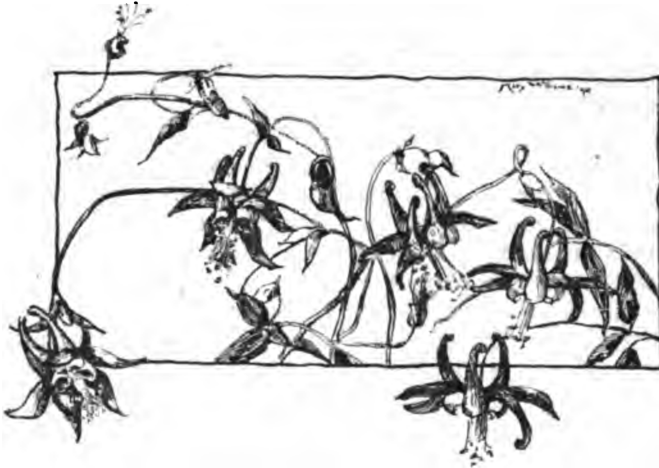
often thoughtless and absorbed, and neglect the little attentions that a true wife merits, and that are, I suppose, dearer to her than any husband imagines.

Mary started, as she suddenly recalled Alvarez to mind, and his insinuations, —insinuations that her husband must never hear, though, as far as she herself was concerned, she would willingly have told him all.

But John proceeded, blessedly unconscious of further complications, "So I think I had better not forgive you." She started again, and tried to loosen herself from his encircling arms, while she looked deprecatingly up into his grave eyes. "But—" here he suddenly smiled brightly—"I shall try to think there is nothing to forgive; with only this reservation,—that my Mary, if ever again the slightest occasion for distrust comes up, must at once confront me with it, and above all things, never again, for one moment, confound me with a cousin whose life and ways of thought I desire as little to imitate as those of yonder poor untaught creatures, now laying away the poor babe, who is so utterly blameless, but yet who, during his short existence, has proved such a source of misery and ill-feeling."

*Sybil Russell Bogue.*

[THE END.]



## TO PHILOMEL.

NOT that I wish to see the lilies blow,
  Nor the bright stars that gem the night new-born,
Nor wish to see the sparkling waters flow,
  Nor the bright color of the ripening corn,
Nor flickering sunlight, filtered through the leaves,
Nor rainbows bending o'er Niagara's eaves.

For these mine eyes were sightless. But they knew
  The glories far surpassing any stars,—
That wealth of love, so kindly, strange, and true,
  It seemed a prodigal from heaven's bars,
A waif strayed from the bounds of Paradise,
In thy sweet, sad, and melancholy eyes.

*D. W. Ravenscroft.*

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# THE DEAD BLUE RIVER.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY of November, 1868, contained an article of mine entitled "The Dead Rivers of California," which advocated the propositions: first, that many large deposits of auriferous gravel on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada were deposited by rivers now dead; second, that these deposits were made before the upheaval of the Sierra Nevada; and third, that the largest of these dead rivers, to which I gave the name of the Dead Blue, can be traced about sixty miles, nearly with the meridian, from Downieville to the vicinity of Placerville.

The last twenty-three years have furnished us with much additional light on this important subject, which I now resume, bringing the information down to the present time, and restating all the main facts, so that the readers of to-day may understand the matter without referring to my previous essay. With the aid of illustrations, which the OVERLAND did not publish in 1868, I hope now to convey some of my ideas more clearly than I did then, especially to readers not familiar with hydraulic mines on the line of the supposed Dead Blue River.

In its natural state, gold is found in alluvium, from which it is obtained by washing, and in rock, from which it is separated by crushing and washing. The auriferous alluvium, sometimes called gravel or sand, comprises such material as is deposited by rivers in their beds, including gravel, bowlders, sand, and clay, with which is mixed the gold in particles; some of them so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and others weighing pounds. Much, and perhaps most, of the gold yield of California has been obtained from deep beds of alluvium, lying considerably above the level of the living streams in their vicinity. Such beds are called high gravel or deep gravel. They were unquestionably deposited by rivers. Their stones were not only rounded, but were also distributed in their present positions by currents of water. The largest bowlders and the stones with the greatest specific gravity, and the largest pieces of gold, as classes, are near the bottom; and the average sizes decrease toward the top. The flat stones point down stream. The long stones lie in the line of the current, not across it. These deposits have all their material arranged as we find similar material in the beds of living rivers. They have channels, long and relatively narrow, with banks. Their beds have uniform grades, showing the direction in which the river flowed; they have pot-holes, worn by the current; they have crevices, rich with gold and black sand. It is now universally admitted that the largest and richest beds of deep auriferous gravel in California were deposited by rivers now dead. In his "Auriferous Gravels of the Sierra Nevada," Prof. J. D. Whitney, the highest authority on the geology of California, publishes and accepts (page 489) the opinion of his assistant, the late W. A. Goodyear, that "There can be little doubt that Dutch Flat, Gold Run, Indiana Hill, Iowa Hill, Wisconsin Hill, and some points on the Forest Hill divide, mark the ancient course of a river." Dutch Flat and Forest Hill are fifteen miles apart, and the bed of gravel connecting them, except in places where it has been washed away by the living streams which have cut cañons at right angles across the dead river and to lower levels, is half a mile wide and three hundred feet deep, with banks of rock on each side.

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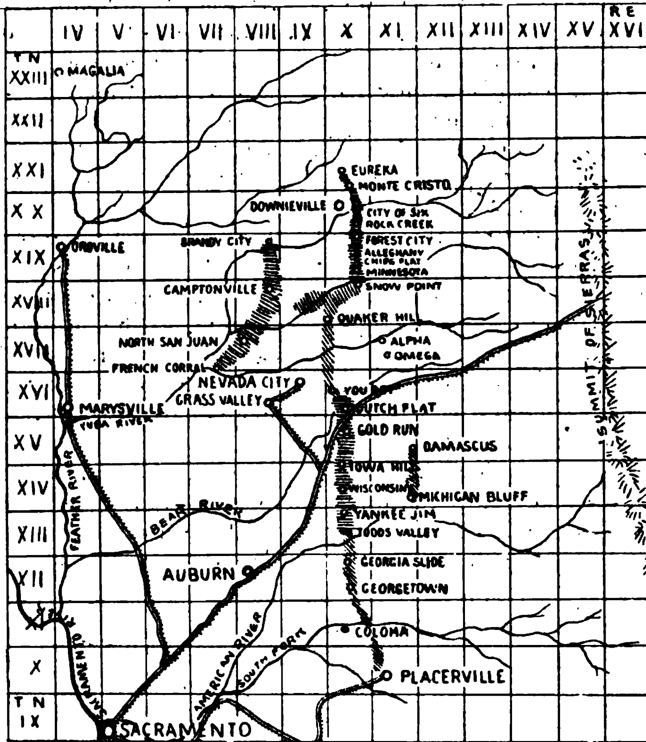
The main changes that have occurred since 1868 on the question of the dead rivers of California, are: first, that in his "Auriferous Gravels," Professor Whitney has asserted that the deep gravels were deposited by streams formed after the elevation of the Sierra Nevada; second, that he has denied the existence of any continuous stream from Downieville to Placerville; third, that Professor John LeConte has published several articles in the *American Journal of Science*, vols. XIX. and XXXII., taking the position that the dead rivers were formed before the upheaval, or the last upheaval, of the Sierra Nevada; fourth, that numerous sections of the beds of the dead rivers have been followed by miners, who everywhere found additional evidences of the fluviatile origin of the deposits of deep gravel; and fifth, that




MAP OF DEAD BLUE AND OTHER DEAD RIVERS.

The dead rivers are shown by shaded lines, except that from Magalia to Oroville, omitted. The straight lines are the lines of the townships in the federal land surveys, each township being six miles square, and designated by numbers running from an east and west line known as a base, and a north and south line known as a meridian. The numbers of the townships are shown at the left, and those of the ranges at the top of the map. The city of Sacramento is in Township IX north and Range V east. The map includes all the townships from IX to XXIII north, and all the ranges from IV to XVI east of the base and meridian of Mount Diablo, the summit of which is the center of the federal land surveys in this region.

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let. South of Georgetown the amount of erosion is so great that little deep gravel can be now found there, and of the gravel supposed to belong to the Dead Blue there is doubt whether it has not changed its position.

That portion of the Dead Blue River known to us was lifted up to an elevation varying from 2,500 to 5,000 feet above the sea, and being left on the steep slope of a mountain chain which rises along its crest to the height of 8,000 feet, was exposed to the powerful eroding influences of streams crossing it at right angles for several hundred thousand years. Glaciers that disappeared long since helped to grind down the sides of the mountain; the living rivers of the Sierra Nevada cross the Dead Blue, and have cut down through its volcanic covering, its banks, its gravel, and its bed-rock, to a depth of 2,000 feet below the bottom of the old river.

The Dead Blue River was discovered by the aid of the intersecting cañons. The miners washing gravel in the bars and banks of different branches of the Yuba River found leads of gold on the mountain sides, and following them, came to deep and wide beds of gravel, which ran horizontally into the ridges. The general color of this stratum was blue; and when it was found that a similar deposit ran through several ridges, it was called "the big blue lead."

Wherever this gravel is covered with volcanic rock, there the only method of washing it with profit is to drift; that is, to tunnel into the mountain and carry out the lower stratum on cars to the surface, where it can be thrown into a sluice. In those places where the volcanic covering has disappeared, there the hydraulic process can be used. At Dutch Flat and Gold Run many acres of gravel three hundred feet deep were thus washed away.

In some cañons that cut across the Dead Blue, the lead has not been found, because of the uncertainty about its position, and because of the masses of barren material that have slid down over it, covering it to a great depth. Besides, it is possible that the level of the gravel has been changed by slides. At the City of Six the bed-rock is one hundred feet lower than at Rock Creek.

It is a noteworthy fact that all the sections of dead rivers that have been distinctly traced for a distance of five miles or more in the latitude of the Dead Blue, run nearly with the meridian, and none of them with the present drainage. These sections are: first, the Dead Blue in Sierra County, from the City of Six to Minnesota, six miles; second, the Dead Blue in Placer County, from Gold Run to Yankee Jim, fifteen miles; third, the Damascus dead river, from that place to Michigan Bluff, eight miles; fourth, the dead river from North San Juan to French Corral, six miles; and fifth, the dead Feather, from Magalia to Oroville, twenty miles. All these rivers, save the last, which was buried at a comparatively recent date, under basalt much harder than the adjacent slate, are intersected by the streams of the present day. The theory that there was a large river from Downieville to Placervile, pre-supposes that the deep gravels on the channel were deposited before the upheaval of the Sierra Nevada. Such a stream could not have cut a deep bed for sixty miles half way between the summit and base of the range, in a line parallel with its course. In his "Auriferous Gravels," Professor Whitney expresses his opinion that the mountain chain is older than the gravels on its western slope. His main reason, or rather that of his assistant, the late W. A. Goodyear, who made the chief contribution on the age of these gravels to his book, is that he had not anywhere observed such faults as he thought ought to be observable if the mountain had been uplifted after the formation of the river beds. This was an unsafe kind of evidence; because the materials in the hydraulic mines where he made his

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Run; O, Iowa Hill; P, Wisconsin Hill; Q, Yankee Jim; R, Todd's Valley; S, Georgia Slide; and T, Placerville.

The mining camps of Forest City and Alleghany are about one mile apart, on the opposite sides of a ridge which lies between Oregon Creek and Kanaka Creek. An examination of the vertical section showing their position indicates that the top of this ridge is barren. The stratum covering the auriferous gravel in this place, as in most others on the line of the Dead Blue, is lava, too deep and hard to be washed away. For the purpose of getting the gold, the miners drifted into the ridge, making a continuous tunnel from one camp to the other. The ridge between Chips Flat and Minnesota, and that between Ruby and the City of Six, have been tunneled through in like manner.

The elevation of the bed of the Dead Blue, near Downieville, is about 5,000 feet above the sea; and near Placerville about 2,800, showing an average descent of more than 30 feet to the mile. No river so large has so steep a grade as this, in a soft bed-rock; and while a live stream, the Dead Blue certainly did not have such a current as this grade would imply. Its gravel must have been deposited in a more gentle current, and we must presume that the bed of the Dead Blue has been lifted up unequally, that part about Downieville having been raised more than that near Placerville.

From bottom to top the gravel is arranged with a regularity that could not be the result of any force save that of a great river with a strong current. Near the bed-rock there are numerous large bowlders weighing several tons each; in a higher stratum there are bowlders of half a ton; in the next stratum cobble-stones as large as a man's head; and so on, decreasing to the top, where the characteristic material is a small pebble.

Like the gravel, the gold in the bed of the Dead Blue has been deposited with that system which we find in living streams and which is not possible except under the influence of a strong current of water flowing through a relatively narrow channel during a long succession of years. Neither chance, nor glacial action, nor any movement of water in a sea or lake will account for this regularity. The big nuggets, at well as the big bowlders, are more numerous near the bed-rock. The largest pieces of gold found in the Dead Blue weigh sixty ounces or more. In places where the bed-rock slopes, making an exceptionally swift current, there the quantity of gold is less than where the current was checked, just below rapids.

When an auriferous tributary comes into the Dead Blue River, it affects the quality of the gold, just as in a live stream. Two forks of the Dead Blue unite in the Bald Mountain claim north of Rock Creek, one with gold 895 fine,—that is, containing 895 parts of pure gold in 1000,—and the other with gold 960 fine, in the lower stratum of gravel. South of the junction the gold is 935 fine. The Dead Blue increases in size as it goes southward, showing the gain from various tributary streams.

The fineness of the gold is about the same along the stream so far as traced. The dust from Alleghany is 900 fine; from Chips Flat 888; from Snow Point 880; from Alpha 917 to 968; from Omega 950 to 975; from You Bet 907 to 984; from Dutch Flat 934 to 970; from Gold Run 950 to 975; from Iowa Hill 900; from Yankee Jim 900. Some allowance must be made for differences in the strata, that from the highest strata being the finest; for assays of small and exceptional lots of gold, and also for the differences in the gold dealers from whom the figures of the fineness have been obtained. But after making all these allowances, we find that these figures show a remarkable uniformity as compared with those obtained from mining camps where the gold is taken from shallow placers.

As the head of the Dead Blue has not been discovered, so neither has its out-

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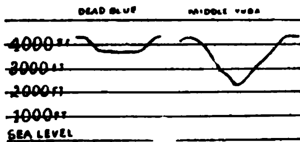
ascertained: "In a country which has remained steady [in elevation] for a long time, the topography consists of wide, trough-like river beds, separated by low, rounded divides. On the contrary, in a country rising or recently risen, we have deep, narrow cañons and high, sharp divides, or else high table-lands between. Therefore, deep, narrow cañons are evidence of recent and rapid rising; the deeper the cañon the more rapid has been the rising."

When we apply this law to the dead and the live rivers of the Sierra, we see that the former were gentler in their grade, wider in the bed, and lower in their banks than the latter, and that the ancient rivers flowed in shallow beds, like wide troughs, while the modern streams occupy the bottoms of V-shaped cañons. The following diagrams show the beds of the Dead Blue and Middle Yuba on the southern boundary of Sierra County, both on the scale of 4,000 feet to the half inch.



Professor Le Conte adds that "At the end of the tertiary period the then existing river system was obliterated . . . contemporaneously with the lava flow. . . . The tertiary rivers were working during the whole cretaceous and tertiary, the present rivers during the quaternary and present. . . . It is impossible to explain this except by supposing a great rise, probably several thousand feet, with increased slope of the range at the end of the tertiary."

The lava is an important factor in the calculation of the age of the deep gravels. From latitude 38° to the northern boundary of the State an immense flood of volcanic material poured out from the top of the Sierra over its western slope, covering many thousands of square miles, including all those auriferous deposits that I include under the title of the Dead Blue River. When this stream existed there was little or no lava in its basin; none is found in its gravels. It belongs therefore to a geological period, when the Sierra Nevada was not yet a high chain.

The present lowness of the banks of the dead rivers cannot be charged to erosion since the stream ceased to exist. They have been protected against water, frost, glacier, and all other wearing and destroying influences, by their cap of lava, which still remains on many ridges as it was soon after the ancient stream ceased to flow.

It is highly improbable that so many considerable streams in the same region could have flowed to the due south, at a time when the drainage was to the southwestward.

Another notable fact is that the channel from Downieville to Minnesota is in the same line with that from Dutch Flat to Todd's Valley; that the distance between them is only fifteen miles, in which distance on the same line we find a similar channel at Quaker Hill and You Bet. Different as are the theories of the two eminent authorities in other respects, both require us to believe that in the fifteen miles between Minnesota and Dutch Flat there were three great rivers, about equal in size, similar in width, depth, quantity, and appearance of gravel, and in amount of gold, two of them running due south in the same line, and at about the same elevation, and separated by similar deposits across Nevada County. Many probabilities favor the theory of one river more than that of three rivers.

One of the objections made to the hypothesis of the Dead Blue River is that in Nevada and Placer counties several bodies of deep gravel are found lying in channels or leads parallel with those of the live rivers. These deposits are either small or are west of the Dead Blue; and those of the latter class may

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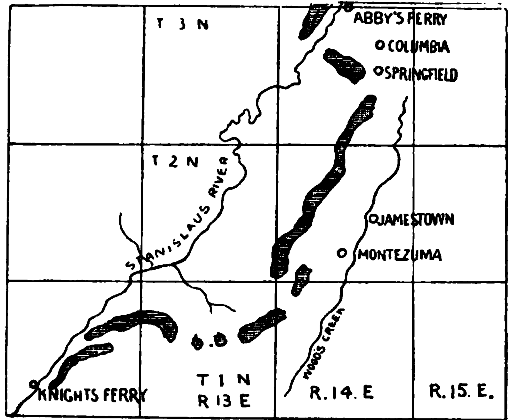
have obtained their material from that stream by transportation in water, by glaciers, or by slides.

The theory of a large river from Downieville to the vicinity of Placerville implies that it existed before, and was destroyed by, the upheaval of the Sierra Nevada. Such a stream could not have maintained for sixty miles a course parallel with the main ridge of steep and high mountains, half way between their summit and base. And in harmony with the prior existence of the great river are the two facts that the rise of this chain was accompanied by great volcanic activity along the summit, from which poured a flood of lava which covered the ancient river beds, and that their gravels contain no lava.

A dead river not included in the preceding list, smaller than the Dead Blue, poorer in gold, less profitable to the individual miners who washed its gravels, and in many respects less interesting, is the Dead Stanislaus, which for twenty miles runs near to and parallel with the present Stanislaus River in the western part of Tuolumne County. Unlike the Dead Blue, the Dead Stanislaus runs at right angles to the course of the Sierra, and parallel to the present drainage. Its direction, as well as the large proportion of volcanic rock in its gravel, proves that it was not formed until after the Sierra had been upheaved.

After the Dead Stanislaus had existed for many centuries, had worn a channel 300 feet deep, had collected much gold from the erosion of auriferous quartz veins in its vicinity, and had deposited a large amount of gravel in its bed, a volcano broke out near its head in the Sierra and threw out a vast quantity of sand, which passed into its channel and left a deposit there 100 feet deep. Before water enough could come to clear out this stratum, a flood of molten lava followed and filled up the banks to a depth of 150 feet. When cool, this lava became basalt, which is much harder than slate, the bed-rock of the region.



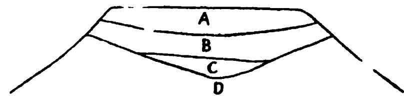

MAP OF THE DEAD STANISLAUS.

From J. D. Whitney's "Auriferous Gravels."

The scale is six miles between lines. Knights Ferry i in township I north, range XII east, of the U. S. surveys. The shaded places show the Table Mountain covering the Dead Stanislaus.

In the course of ages, the eroding forces of nature carried away much of the surface of the earth near the Dead Stanislaus, leaving the harder basalt standing as a mountain twenty-five miles long and half a mile wide, rising 2,000 feet above the level of the adjacent streams. This elevation is popularly known as Table Mountain, the flatness of its top suggesting the idea of a table.

Like the Dead Blue, this river is auriferous, and has been explored for its gold. Under the 150 feet of basalt and 100 of volcanic sand, there are 80 feet of clay and gravel, the 10 feet nearest the bottom being rich enough to pay for wheeling out through tunnels which average more than half a mile in length. This stream has been worked out, so that it no longer has any prominence in the mining of the State; but




TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE DEAD STANISLAUS.

From J. D. Whitney's "Auriferous Gravels."

The scale is 1,000 feet to an inch. A represents the cap of basalt; B is the volcanic sand; C is the gravel; and D is the slate or country rock.



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as a feature of the Californian landscape it will ever be notable.

The Dead Stanislaus suggests some interesting comparisons with the Dead Blue. The present Stanislaus is larger and longer than Bear River; but nowhere in the course of the Dead Stanislaus, not even at a distance of seventy miles from the summit of the Sierra Nevada and at an elevation of 1,600 feet above the sea, does it contain to the lineal yard one tenth of the gravel or gold, or one twentieth of the quartz found in the dead river at Dutch Flat, which, according to Mr. Goodyear's theory, had flowed only thirty miles from its head, and was still at an elevation of more than 3,000 feet above the sea. The geological character of the basin of the present Stanislaus is similar, indeed, I may say it is exactly similar, to that of the basin of the Bear River, and if the gravels of the Dead Blue and the Dead Stanislaus had been deposited by streams of the same geological period, flowing in the same direction, the materials of the gravels, and the size of the streams should have been about the same. Instead, however, of sameness in the gravel, we find a most remarkable dissimilarity, one of the features of which is the considerable proportion of lava in the gravel of the Dead Stanislaus, showing that its basin was formed after the upheaval of the Sierra Nevada.

From the shape of the channel in the Dead Stanislaus, we may infer that it was formed at a time when the Sierra had not reached its present elevation, and that the river had occupied its bed for many centuries. It is the only dead river that had a southwest course, and that was filled up by lava, which still retains its position. The statement of Professor LeConte that the tertiary, river system was obliterated "contemporaneously with the lava flow" when the Sierra Nevada was uplifted is probably true, but the obliteration was not by the lava flow in El Dorado, Placer, Nevada, and Sierra counties. We find there large bodies of lava, but in no case do we find a river bed filled with it. The streams were dislocated by the change of elevation, not filled up by volcanic material.

The question whether the deep gravels at Downieville, Quaker Hill, and Dutch Flat, belong to one dead river or the three different streams has much industrial importance. It involves many millions of dollars. Its correct solution will save vast sums that would otherwise be lost in unproductive search for auriferous deposits. California will continue to produce gold for centuries. The region adjacent to the line of the Dead Blue River will never be exhausted. The golden treasures there buried are so vast, so deep, and at present so difficult of access, that they will stimulate enterprise and reward labor to very remote times. The line of deep gravel from Downieville to Placerville has produced probably $250,000,000. In many places it has yielded as much as five dollars to the square foot of bedrock. The discovery of its wealth; the invention of methods for extracting its gold; the establishment of mining camps and building of towns along its line; the construction of roads to give access to these camps and towns; the building of flumes, ditches, and reservoirs to furnish them with water,— these, in the aggregate, are entitled to a considerable space in any complete history of California.

I admit that my theory of the Dead Blue River is not proved. A thorough study of its whole course by some competent person is much needed as a basis of a trustworthy opinion on the question whether its gravels came from one stream or from several. My main purposes in this article are to provoke further investigations and discussions by geologists; to solicit the opinions of miners and mining engineers; to call attention to the scientific interest and industrial importance of the resources of

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the deep gravels; and to bring to the notice of general readers in California a controversy which such eminent men as Whitney and LeConte have been conducting in a very quiet way in Eastern publications.

*John S. Hittell.*

TO MR. JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

FOR shame, for shame!
The fair rose to defame,
  And spot
  With hinted blot
The lily's virgin name.

Our Poppy need not fear
The lily dear
  Nor modest rose
  That blows
For us thro' all the year.

In California's heart
There is for each a part,—
  Tho' dearest
  And nearest,
My Poppy sweet, thou art.

*H. T.*

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# A CHRISTMAS IN THE MAALEE SCRUB.

The Maalee Scrub is a dense belt of the Maalee tree, *Eucalyptus dumosus*, which stretches along on the left bank of the Murray, sometimes quite close to that river and then again at a distance of several miles from it. It is six hundred miles in length, and from thirty to sixty in width. It is quite destitute of fresh water, except just after heavy rains, and even the blacks fear to penetrate its recesses. They believe that it is the haunt of the Mindth, a hideous dragon. There are small plains and salt lakes scattered through it, which the wild cattle range around by day, while at night they resort to the Murray for water.

On the 23d of December, 1872, I started from Carwarp, our home station on the Murray River, in search of a bunch of cattle, which had strayed from the run and were supposed to be making back to the place where they had been bred, in the Adelaide country.

Late in the afternoon I came on what I believed to be their tracks. They led out into the Maalee Scrub. I followed them, and pushed on until the approach of night warned me that it was time to look out for a good camping place.

Very fortunately I came to a spot where some splitters had been getting out some fence poles, and found their water-cask not quite empty; so I was able to water my sturdy stock-horse. Then I hobbled him out, and kindling a fire, soon made myself a billy full of tea,—a billy is a small tin pail,—and toasted some johnny-cakes; and then spreading my 'possum rug, I took a comfortable smoke and soon dropped off to sleep.

Like all stockmen, I carried with me some flour, tea, and sugar. I had also a Colt's revolver slung by my side, so I felt quite secure, though far from any human habitation.

Just before sunrise I awoke, replenished the fire, filled and put on the billy, and taking my bridle started to catch my horse. To my great surprise he was not to be seen. Now this was an unusual occurrence, for Donald seldom strayed far from camp.

I could readily find the spot where he had been grazing, so I began to trace his tracks from there. I had not followed them but a short distance when I discovered by numerous hoof-marks that a herd of loose horses had passed that way during the night, and that he had gone away in their company.

I concluded that I had better follow him on, instead of trying to make the best of my way home on foot, for I did not believe he would run long with the wild mob, and I thought I should soon overtake him. So I went back to camp, had breakfast, filled the billy to take along with me, and shouldering my rug and saddle, set out after Donald.

Mile after mile I trudged through the dreary wastes, following the trail of the herd over hillocks of sand, which had been some ocean bed in ages long gone by, never catching sight of any living thing, except now and then of a striped snake gliding through the porcupine grass. At last I came to a wide salt-brush plain, and stopped on its border to rest and refresh myself.

Though the sun was not visible, the hot, stifling air of the scrub had made me very thirsty, so I soon disposed of the remaining contents of the billy. Then I dropped off into a sound sleep for a couple of hours.

When I waked, with renewed vigor,

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I resumed my tracking across the plain. But I speedily found here that the herd of horses, after grazing around, had scattered in different directions; and their hoof-marks were not distinguishable on the hard baked soil of the plain, as they had been on the sand.

While I stood considering what was best to be done, an "old man" kangaroo burst out of the scrub and went bounding along over the plain, taking twenty feet at a jump, but stopping occasionally to look back where at some distance behind him a pack of dingoes, or wild dogs, were panting on his track. The fugitive could very easily outstrip his pursuers for a time, but in a long chase their tireless gallop would inevitably wear him out. I watched the chase with interest until the animals disappeared on the other side of the plain.

Then I came back to my own affairs. I now began to realize that I was in a very unpleasant predicament. I had not the slightest notion of where I was, for I had been too busily engaged in tracking the horses to take particular notice of the country through which I had passed. Moreover, it was already getting on toward evening, and in that region the twilight is of very short duration.

I determined to begin with camp as soon as I could find a suitable place. Wood and water were the chief requisites. Wood was everywhere, but where was water to be procured in the Maalee Scrub?

Fortunately I was well acquainted with the customs of the wild blacks, and knew their expedients in such emergencies. First, after a long search, I found a thicket of quantongs,—a small native peach,—the fruit of which I gathered eagerly. The sub-acid juice was very refreshing, but the fruit was scanty, and I did not find enough to satisfy my wants. The quantongs, however, were not the real object of my search, but another tree; and at no great distance I discovered several of these.

I deposited my burdens on the ground beside them and kindled a fire. Then, taking my light ax, I cut and sharpened a stout stake of Maalee hard wood, and dug down into the sandy soil until I had laid bare the tap-root of one of the trees I have spoken of. I do not know what is the botanical name of this tree,—and in fact I do not believe that it is known to any European. It has abundant dark green leaves and wide-spreading branches. I cut this root, and placing my billy under it, I had the satisfaction of seeing a tiny streamlet of limpid water slowly trickling out of it.

This sap is perfectly tasteless, so I mixed my johnny-cakes with it, and while they were toasting on the red embers enough of the liquid had exuded to make a satisfactory pot of tea. When it was over, I sought for and cut another root, and placed the billy under it to gather water for my breakfast. Then I filled my pipe, and pillowed on my saddle, I gazed up at the Southern Cross as it rose above the tree-tops, remembering it was Christmas eve, and thought of that other star which had shone over Bethlehem's plains, and had guided the Magi to the cradle of our Messiah, and so fell peacefully asleep, alone in the heart of the dreaded scrub.

Christmas morning dawned in a dense fog. I arose, boiled the water collected during the night, and made my tea. My stock of flour was exhausted, so I contented myself with a few mouthfuls of the tea and set forth to see if I could find my way back to friends and safety. Unfortunately I was unable to see the sun all the morning, on account of the fog. My aim, of course, was to cut across the belt to reach the Murray, where I should be sure of water and could soon find settlements; but should I take a course lengthwise of the scrub, I might walk all day and be practically no nearer the goal.

In fact, when towards noon the mist

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cleared off, I found that I was heading nearly northeast, a course that would carry me parallel with the Murray. I had, therefore, made no headway all the morning. I at once altered my course to due west, and tramped steadily along, resting occasionally.

I succeeded in shooting with my revolver a brush wallaby, or small kangaroo, which hopped out of the scrub close to me. Later in the day I saw some flocks of black cockatoos, which is a sure sign that water is near. Soon after this I came out on a plain covered with "pig faces," or mesembryanthemum, in the center of which there had formerly been a small lake. But this was now nearly dried up, and the pool that remained was converted into mud by the trampling of wild cattle.

However, by using the billy lid, I contrived to dip up some of the filthy puddle. Then putting sand between the folds of my handkerchief, I managed to filter it sufficiently to make some tea. The wallaby, when roasted, furnished a tolerable meal, to which a handful of "pig faces" lent a relish, as that herb is full of a very saline juice. And thus I made my Christmas dinner.

As I lay by my lonely camp-fire this "Merry Christmas" night, I could not help thinking with sad remembrance of past festivities at this joyous season. At last I fell asleep, only to dream of gigantic turkeys, plum-puddings, and mince-pies.

Next morning, after a very scanty breakfast on the remains of the evening's meal, I turned my back to the rising sun, and pushed steadily onwards, for I was now certain of the direction I must travel to reach the river. I knew that it could not be more than thirty miles distant; but the heat was excessive, for it was in summer there, and I was sorely tempted to abandon my 'possum-rug and saddle.

During the day I saw several small lowens, gallinaceous birds about the size of guinea-fowls, which they somewhat resemble. But I was not able to get a shot at them before they vanished in the scrub. Vexed at my bad luck, I was trudging sullenly along, wondering where supper was to come from, when to my great delight, I discovered a pile of brush about two feet high and eighteen inches in diameter; this I knew to be a lowen's nest, where a number of these birds had deposited their eggs to be hatched out by the heat of the sun and that produced by the decaying leaves.

I lost no time in examining its contents, and found in the upper tiers twenty eggs. They are nearly as large as those of the domestic fowl, so I was contented with these. I left the lower tier untouched, the more willingly as they had been longer laid, and I guessed that the process of hatching had very probably rendered them too highly flavored to suit my taste.

I knew that as I must now be approaching the confines of the Maalee, there would be no use in looking for the "water tree," as that is only to be found far in the interior of the scrub. So I had to go thirsty, and content myself with a rather insipid meal of eggs, some roasted in the ashes and some raw.

Next morning, after dispatching what remained of the eggs, I made an early start, and after traveling for a couple of hours, I at last emerged from the scrub. I caught sight at once of the lofty gum-trees that fringe the Murray. I pressed eagerly on, and soon I came to a well traveled road. I crossed this, and hurrying to the river bank, I plunged into the limpid waters.

When my thirst was satisfied, and I was thoroughly refreshed with the cool bath, I came out and kindling a fire on the bank, boiled water for the last of my tea. Then, with renewed vigor, I journeyed up the road until I came to a three-rail fence and saw the cluster of buildings that formed a "head station."

There I was hospitably entertained, as a matter of course, and finding that I

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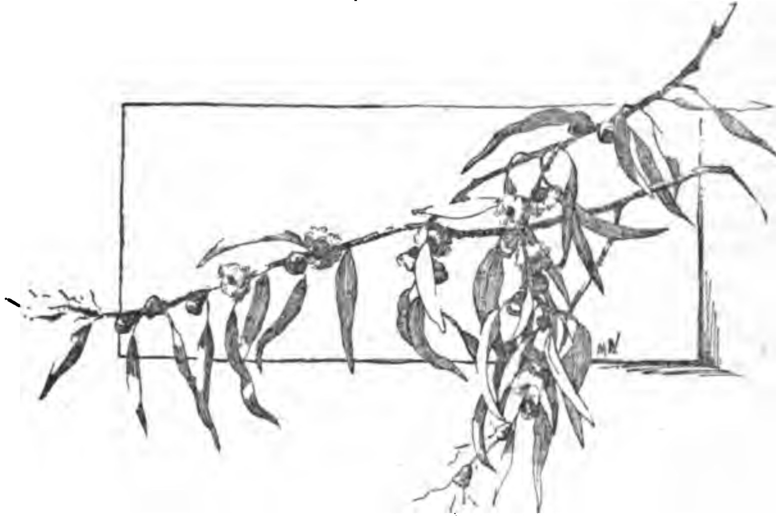
was then seventy miles from our own station, I rested for the remainder of that day. Next morning I borrowed a horse and set out for home.

I arrived there in due time, and found that Old Donald had returned three days before. All hands had been searching for tracks of me in the Maalee, and they had become convinced that I had perished in the scrub.

*T. J. B.*



## SOIL STUDIES AND SOIL MAPS.

THE plan for a "Soil Exhibit" at the Columbian World's Exposition brings forward the question of soil samples and soil maps from the experiment stations of the several States; and as I have been charged with the care of that exhibit by the executive committee of this association, I think it important to discuss the matter, in order to unify action as much as possible.

The taking of soil specimens, and the outlining of soil areas on maps, involves the vexed question of soil classification, on which much has been said and written, but without coming to a basis that can serve for all cases. In fact, the many different points of view from which the subject may be approached precludes the adoption of a strictly uniform plan. We may approach the matter from the geological, physical, chemical, or botanical standpoint, as well as from that of the practical agriculturist; but neither of these, alone, will be found satisfactory; for soil-classification must always depend more or less upon the numberless and infinitely varied local conditions that influence vegetation, and must be correlated with these.

Since, however, the object of soil-surveys is essentially practical — is to enable us either to generalize from the experience had on other lands, or to predict the agricultural qualities of new lands — the *prima facie* evidence of the *natural vegetation*, which results from the secular co-adaptation of soils and plants under given climatic conditions, is manifestly of first importance. It is

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almost self-evident that whenever we shall learn to interpret correctly and accurately the meaning, from the farmer's standpoint, of the indications given by the local floras and sylvas, we shall be able to deduce from them, measurably, the same results we now gather from long agricultural experience, or from culture tests with fertilizers. It is also evident that in countries long settled and under cultivation, these important factors become obscured and more or less unavailable, by the modification or disappearance of the original vegetation under the disturbing influence of human agencies. It is, then, doubly important that the original state of things should be put on record as quickly as possible; and this I consider to be, in all cases, the first step to be taken in constructing the soil map of a State. Such a judiciously constructed botanical map is, in many cases, quite sufficient to indicate summarily the agricultural capabilities of extensive regions.

Thus, in the Gulf States, the broad distinction between oak and pine lands at once determines the limits of the highly productive as against the relatively poor soil-regions. These distinctions are popularly so well known and recognized that they habitually serve the farmer or settler to form an estimate of the price he can afford to pay for land; and this fact, together with the popular use of other available indices, led Professor Samuel Johnson to say, in an article on soil analysis published in 1861, that he "would rather trust an old farmer to judge of the agricultural value of a soil, than the best chemist alive."

In this I entirely agree with him, so long as the chemist concerned is nothing more than a chemist. But there is no reason, I may say there is no excuse, why the officers of our stations should not know all that the old farmer does, and a great deal more besides. If I am not mistaken, that is precisely what is expected of the stations, and what in this country is their chief *raison d'etre*. If they can tell the farmer nothing about what chiefly interests him at this time, —the special adaptations of his soil, and the cheapest methods for their improvement,—his disappointment will soon make itself felt in the legislative halls, no matter what opinions some of us may hold regarding the purely educational and scientific functions of the stations.

We have heard from Professor Caldwell how few of the culture experiments thus far made by our stations have yielded any profitable results. How can it be otherwise, so long as "a soil" is regarded and treated by each experimenter as though it were something definite or practically uniform, and is reported upon with only the most elementary reference to its special character, physicial or chemical? What would be thought of a geologist or metallurgist who should handle the ideas of "rock" or "ore" in a similarly miscellaneous fashion? Besides, without such knowledge, the station experiments even when successful, remain of purely local significance, and may not apply to the next field adjoining.

It seems to me that the detailed study of the soils of each of the States by their respective stations can not be longer deferred, if they would fulfil their mission and the reasonable expectations of their constituencies. It is true that the funds for the actual carrying out of soil-surveys in the field can be commanded by but a few; but the main features of any State, as shown by its surface configuration and natural vegetation, can be effectually, even though slowly, ascertained by correspondence with intelligent farmers. As a class, they are men of keen and correct observation; and I have found in a plainly worded question-circular a very effective means of securing the data desired, which can be currently plotted on a map, and soon develop into a copious

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and connected source of information upon which to base soil maps. Of course the circular calls not merely for soil samples taken upon a rational and uniform plan, but for all other data, whether of depth, subsoil, "lay," natural vegetation, and experience had in cultivation, that may lie within the scope of the observer. These data, together with a cursory physical examination of the specimens sent, should put the station observer in possession of all that the "old farmer" knows on the subject in question.

What more can he do, and should he know?

First of all, he must understand the *climatic conditions* under which the soil occurs and has to be cultivated. West of the 100th meridian these frequently overbalance all others; *scanty rainfall* being the determining factor to which the physical and chemical conditions are more or less subordinate, the same natural vegetation being oftentimes found on upland and lowland, on the desert and the best agricultural land. It is only when irrigation modifies or does away with the exclusive control of climate that the characteristic differences appear. There are other causes which create in the arid regions a much greater uniformity of natural vegetation than we commonly find in the regions of summer rains. To these I shall presently refer.

In the wooded, summer-rain region of the Mississippi valley and on the Atlantic slope, physical and chemical differences in soils exert so pronounced an influence that he who runs may read, provided he be prepared to interpret what he sees. Here the forest vegetation is specially instructive, and popular distinctions based on this factor are universal, and in most cases, cogently correct in practice. It is upon this basis that I originally set to work to determine, by physical and chemical analysis if possible, the intrinsic causes of the preference of certain trees for certain soils, and thus to get a scientific basis for the "old farmer's" judgment. I say this in answer to the oft-repeated allegation that in attaching great value to soil analysis, I have gone back to the excessive and "exploded" expectations at first entertained in this direction by Liebig and his followers. I do not doubt that had that astute observer had our virgin soils and forests before him in place of the worn-out and "denaturalized" lands of Europe, he would at once have caught up the same thread with energy. My methods of work have always been strictly inductive; and if, in comparing, in thousands of cases, the character of the natural vegetation with the farmer's experience and with the results of chemical and physical soil analysis, I have come to some very definite conclusions in regard to many points that to others may be considered questionable, all I have to say is that I cordially invite all to examine the record and judge for themselves. Those who decline to go to that trouble can hardly set themselves up as competent judges in the premises.

In the beginning of this work I was favored by the exceptionally advantageous conditions afforded by the geological conformation of the State of Mississippi, of which the geological survey was then in progress. In crossing that State from east to west, in its northern portion, the vegetative features change at short intervals in a very striking manner, as a consequence of the arrangement of the formations into narrow parallel belts running north and south. Roughly speaking, the changes observed are primarily that already mentioned, from pine to oak and back again, several times repeated. The most cursory examination proved that these changes corresponded to that from a *non-calcareous* formation to a *calcareous* one, and *vice versa*; the pine giving way to the oak and its concomitant trees, so soon as one approaches the outcrop of a *calcareous* formation. That

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this is true, is doubtless now known to all students of the subject; but remember that the tree referred to is the pine proper (in the Gulf States, *P. mitis*, *Australis*, and *taeda*,) and by no means the whole order of conifers ; for the juniper is, on the contrary, an unfailing indication of a calcareous soil, in that same region and elsewhere.

Having thus gained a working hypothesis,—that pine means a soil poor in lime, and oaks in general one that is at least fairly supplied,—I soon observed that certain other trees have a still more definite significance, occurring naturally only on soils having an easily ascertainable excess of lime. Such are the crab-apple and wild-plum thickets in the uplands, and in both uplands and lowlands, the tulip tree or poplar *(Liriodendron)*, honey locust, and some others. On the other hand, the presence of certain other trees and shrubs among the pine serves to accentuate the poverty in lime.

It is needless to say that these presumptions were quickly submitted by me to the test of chemical analysis, which, while corroborating the general induction, yet soon showed the need of qualifications, corollaries, and conditions to be fulfilled, in order that the hypothesis might stand. Among the first limitations observed was the fact that certain oaks grow in equal abundance on highly calcareous and extremely non-calcareous soil ; such are the black-jack and post-oak *(Q. ferruginea, stellata)*, which as species occupy the highly calcareous black prairie of northeast Mississippi, as well as the poorest sandy "black-jack ridges" of the middle part of the State. But it is also true that while the *species* of these trees is readily recognizable, yet in their *development* the trees of the prairies differ so widely from those of the poor ridges that an ordinary observer would hardly think of their specific identity. The sturdy, excurrent, but almost always somewhat curved trunks of the prairie post-oak, with its compact and densely leaved top, is as unlike its wisp-broom-shaped, lanky brethren of the poor ridges, with open tops and branches thinly clad with tufts of small leaves, as if it were a totally different tree. Similarly, the compact, appletree-shaped black-jack of the prairie stands in striking contrast to its few-branched, gnarled, poverty-stricken congeners of the ridges.

I select these details among a thousand that could be given, in order to insist upon the necessity of observing not only the species, but also the particular development of the trees upon which soil maps may be based. And it will not do to object that this is putting too fine a point upon the matter ; for the "old farmer" has been there before you, and knows how to judge by these signs just as well as by the botanical species of the tree. He will be willing to pay a fair price for land that bears good-looking pines only ; but if in addition he sees here and there a little gnarled black-jack, and worse than all, dwarfed black gum and gray huckleberry bushes, he will generally conclude that the land is too poor to make a living on; and he is almost invariably right in his judgment. It is not, then, easy for him to understand why his application to his State experiment station for more light upon the needs and adaptations of his soil should evoke from that institution an emphatic statement that no such light can be given by an examination of the soil ; and that, generally speaking, the agricultural chemist is powerless to do more in the way of soil recognition than the backwoodsman has done before him, unless it be by long and weary culture experiments, such as we have heard about from Professor Caldwell.

Is this *Non possumus!* justified? If so, then the experiment stations established in the newer States and Territories will be of little avail so far as the first and pressing needs of the incoming population are concerned; for these people do

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not inquire about the best varieties of peas or tomatoes, the precise ration for milch cows or working oxen, nor even the best mode of feeding hogs for flesh or fat. They are, first of all, interested in knowing where they can make a decent living, and on what crops, adapted to the soil and climate, they can best throw their efforts. It will hardly do to inform these people that the stations can do nothing for them in solving these vital questions. Moreover, it is not true that such services can not be rendered.

*To determine by the physical and chemical examination of virgin soils what are the determining factors of certain natural vegetative preferences which are invariably followed by certain agricultural results* is, in my view, far from being an insolvable problem; and it is one of such fundamental importance in this country that any reasonable promise of practically useful results should justify its most active investigation. So far as chemical soil analysis is concerned, I think I may fairly claim that my investigations, pursued for thirty-five years past, from the Gulf States to the Pacific Coast and to the British boundary, have led to a few apparently axiomatic rules in the interpretation of chemical soil analysis, involving the qualitative and quantatitive relations between plant-food percentages obtained by a certain method of analysis, and the agricultural results to be expected in practice; *always provided that the concomitant physical conditions be fully known and considered at the same time.* This implies that the taking of soil samples must be done systematically and discriminatingly; and it is surprising how well this is generally done by farmers under the simple instructions I have formulated in a circular.

To scientific observers, of course, it will come easy to take a wider scope of observation; and it need hardly be said that an excellent preliminary idea of the soils of a region can be gained from a geological map, provided only, that such maps include the quaternary and modern formations, as has of late been done. This will lead at once to the important preliminary distinctions of sedentary, colluvial, and alluvial soils. But it is idle to expect any correct practical results from a mere duplication of geological coloring based upon the character of the underlying rocks, which may or may not have anything to do with the soil stratum.

While I am sensible of the fact that this is not the place to enter into the details of the systematic interpretation of physical and chemical soil-analysis, which I have given summarily, at least, in several former publications.[1] I think it may serve a good purpose to call attention to some of the main points in the premises, for the benefit of those who have not seen the papers referred to.

As regards, first, the physical examination of soil samples, I remark that for practical purposes, the elaborate mechanical analysis, whether by the automatic apparatus constructed by myself, or by the "beaker method," is rarely called for. It is very necessary for the elucidation of many obscure points in the behavior of soils, from a theoretical point of view; but a sufficient insight into the agricultural qualities of almost any soil can be gained by much simpler means, which can also advantageously serve for the identification and discrimination of soils. The latter is an exceedingly important matter; for if we can be sure that the knowledge or experience acquired in certain well known districts is applicable to another not so well known, we shall have gained a point of the most vital importance to the settler, worth in itself, alone, a very large amount of trouble.

First of all, the lightness or heaviness of a soil, so far as ascertainable without

[1]Report on Cotton Production in the United States; 10th Census Reports, Vol. 5, p. 55. Also, Report on the Experiment Stations of the University of California, p. 151.

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elaborate analysis, may be quite fully expressed in every-day language, intelligible to any thinking farmer. The greater or less facility with which air-dry lumps crush between the fingers; the change of color, and the greater or less rapidity with which the dry lumps soften on wetting; the degree of plasticity assumed on being kneaded after wetting; the degree of fineness of the sand felt in that process, and so forth, are data forming quite a full epitome of the tilling qualities of the soil; and the determination of which, together with the record in due form, is a matter of fifteen minutes' time. Then the washing out of the sand, its approximate weighing, out of say twenty grams of air-dry soil, and its examination under the microscope for its mineralogical in-ingredients, may occupy another thirty minutes. This mineralogical determination is of the greatest practical consequence. In my practice, it serves so often for complete identification of soils that its use has materially diminished the chemical soil-work in my laboratory. If we have a granitic soil, experience teaches us that it is likely to be rich in potash, and at least moderately so in phosphoric acid, while relatively poor in lime; while soils derived from diorites, diabases or basalts would be poor in potash and rich in lime; those from serpentinous rocks, poor in all but magnesia and silica, and so on. There should be no difficulty in determining under the lens or microscope, if needful by the aid of the polarizer and of a few chemical tests, the nature of the undecomposed minerals forming the "sand" in a soil, and deducing therefrom a fair approximate estimate of its prominent chemical features from an agricultural point of view, as to abundance or scarcity of important ingredients. Should the "sand" prove to be essenially quartz only, we may be sure that it has either been derived from rocks poor in *all* plant-food ingredients, or that (if the grains should be much rounded) it has been carried such a distance from its place of origin tha chemical disintegration has destroye the original minerals; in which case chemical examination alone can give u an insight into the nature of the material It is then likely to be a very much "generalized" soil, of no very promi nent characteristics.

It is certain that this simple exami nation goes very much farther into the nature of the soil than the "old farm er's" judgment could have gone, and affords light on the probable adap tations that it would have taken years to obtain by other methods. I moreover adds materially to the possi bilities of defining soils and soil areas and correlating them with the evidence afforded by the natural vegetation, and the geological formations of the region

There are other essential points fre quently demonstrated by such examin ation. Among the commonest causes of infertility is a defective subsoil—im pervious to roots but pervious to water, or impervious to both. Th fact that such a subsoil exists, its exac nature, the existence within it of bog ore grains or spots, proving imperfec drainage and the abstraction of the soi phosphates into a useless form; th presence of calcareous or other concre tions in the same, and many othe points, can readily be ascertained from specimens sent by farmers under prope instructions. And here again, the ag ricultural expert can easily go far be yond the "old farmer" in determining the cause of trouble as well as the rem edies.

In this connection I must call atten tion again to a singular omission exist ing in all works on agricultural chemis try that have come under my eye. I is the more singular as it refers to a substance that manifestly exerts, in a vast number of cases, a controlling in fluence upon the agricultural value o soils. I refer to the absence of any definite statement in regard to the re

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lations of *lime* in soil as against subsoil, and upland as against valley land of the same derivation. The well-known solubility of lime carbonate in soil water implies that it must be carried with the latter in its natural movement downward; in thousands of cases the fact is manifest in the formation of calcareous concretions ("white gravel") in the denser subsoil; but that this must be *generally* true, even where it is *not* evident to the eye, is nowhere stated; I myself, did not draw the obvious conclusion until the fact was shown by numerous analyses of soils and corresponding subsoils. It then occurred to me that the same relation must logically exist between upland and the corresponding lowlands, under ordinary conditions; and this also was abundantly confirmed by analysis. The question then arose, how far the greater thriftiness of lowland as compared with upland might be due to this circumstance; it being *marled*, so to speak, by the upland leachings. I could bring much evidence on this point, but it would carry me too far into detail.

Another and widely important conclusion connected with the same simple phenomenon is that the soils of the arid regions,—areas of deficient rainfall, especially as regards summer rains,—must contain accumulations of lime carbonate; an *a fortiori* conclusion from the fact that they even contain soluble salts of the alkalies,—the "alkali" of evil repute. Analyses of soils from all over the arid regions of the United States have abundantly verified this induction; *all* contain percentages of calcic carbonate far in excess of any soils in the region of summer rains that are not sedentary or residual soils overlying calcareous formations; and very few of them would be in the slightest degree benefited by liming, except that in some cases their physical condition might be improved by better flocculation of the clay. So far as analyses have gone, I estimate that, aside from the residual soils mentioned, the soils of California and Montana, for example, contain from six to ten times the amount of lime that is found in the lands of the region of summer rains east of the Mississippi. Similarly, the soils of the rainy region in western Oregon and Washington contain far less lime than do those of similar derivation in the arid region east of the Cascade Range.

As a rule, then, the subdivision so important in the rainy regions—that between calcareous and non-calcareous soils—will not have to be made at all by the stations lying west of the 100th meridian. All these soils may be considered as naturally "marled," and logically as possessing the advantages of marled lands; concerning which I need say no more. But is it not reasonable to assume that this fact has something to do with the extraordinary cultural results produced on the lands of the arid regions by irrigation? And may it not be justly claimed that soil investigation which leads to such conclusions as these, with all the practical consequences that will be apparent, without mention, to agricultural chemists, should be part of the business of each experiment station, the ancient prejudices notwithstanding?

Among the results to which a merely statistical discussion of the series of soil analyses made under my direction for the last thirty-five years leads, is that soils containing a relatively considerable proportion of lime (as determined by the method of analysis I have often described) can be thrifty and durable with a much smaller supply of phosphoric acid and potash (as, again, ascertained by that same method of analysis) than lands poor in lime. This, also, is in accordance with agricultural experience. Lime "enriches the father, but impoverishes the son," when used in excess on soils under cultivation. Lime sets free or makes available, plant food otherwise unavailable to crops; but if repeated under exhaustive culture, it exhausts

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the soil all the more rapidly. If this is true *under cultivation*, it must be so in *virgin soils* also; the secular action of lime cannot have done less than to produce, in calcareous soils, a higher general availability of mineral plant food. Is it not, then, of high importance to ascertain, at the very least, *this* important factor by means of chemical soil analysis? It is true that in order to realize this we must modify the usual definition of a "calcareous soil" to this effect: that whenever the *vegetation* indicates the presence of lime carbonate, the soil must agriculturally be considered as a calcareous one, even if it does not (as the text books postulate) contain from ten to forty per cent of lime carbonate. Very much smaller percentages suffice to do all that lime *can* do; in very sandy soils less than two tenths of one per cent impart the calcareous character to vegetation; in very heavy clay soils, from one half to three fourths of one per cent is necessary for the same purpose. But any further addition of lime to such soils changes the character of the vegetation no further, unless pushed to the extent of modifying materially its physical condition.

It may be asked, and I have often asked myself, why these controlling characteristics of lime have not been so fully recognized and defined in Europe, the fatherland of agricultural chemistry; where nevertheless we hear much of the "poor chalk soils"? I think the word "chalk" tells the story; for it is obvious that so pure a lime carbonate cannot form acceptable soils, any more than can dolomite or serpentine. Most of the softer limestones of the United States are *very impure*, therefore form very fertile residual soils, and likewise add to the fertility of colluvial and other lands of which they form an ingredient. With us, "a limestone country is a rich country"; and there is good reason why it should be so.

But there is another phase of the subject, regarding another of the most important soil ingredients, viz: humus. When we cross these United States by rail we meet here and there regions where the soil is "as black as your hat"; and we instinctively say, here is a rich soil. But what is the cause of this dark tint? You say, an abundance of humus, or vegetable mold. To some extent this is true, but it is not the whole truth; for you may pass on to the pine lands of the Lake region and of Canada, and find soil much richer in humus, but it is brown, and far from thrifty; it is covered with sedges and horsetail rush. That is "sour land"; to reclaim it you must *lime* it, as is well known. But when you examine the black prairies of Illinois, Missouri, or Texas, or the black "adobe" soils of California, you find that they have already been limed by nature. In other words, *the black humus is an unfailing indication of a calcareous soil;* and agriculturally it forms the crowning glory of soils. Its blackness makes it appear so abundant; in reality, when the amount is determined by the Grandeau method of extraction (not by the delusive one of combustion), the amount producing these dark tints is often found to be surprisingly small. But it is evident that it is in a highly effective condition for plant nutrition; naturally, since the presence of lime carbonate is known to be the necessary condition for active nitrification in the soil, upon which depends the supply of nitrogen to crops.

The invariably calcareous nature of our black prairie soils led me to consider carefully the case of the Tshernosem, or black earth of Central Russia. The record shows that it is a swamp or lake formation on a substratum of highly calcareous "loess"; it is the exact analogue of the intensely black soil that in past times covered the "Cane Hills" of the loess region of Mississippi and Louisiana; and analysis shows it to be highly calcareous. It is only another illustration of our popular maxim, already

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quoted, that "a limestone country is a rich country."

But I will not weary the reader with further details; I think I have said enough to induce those who have looked upon soil examination, and especially upon chemical soil analysis, as bootless trouble, to reconsider the matter and determine by experiment, or should they so desire, by the examination of the record of my work in the several States, how far soil examination can be made to produce practically important results. Let me once more recall to mind that what I have said refers to *virgin soils*, and that I do not claim that in soils long cultivated and manured, chemical analysis can do much, although physical examination is as important and as fruitful as ever. I have also to recall that, as in a very large proportion even of the older States the character of the original vegetation can still be ascertained; and as moreover the history of the cultivation of each field west of the Alleghanies can in most cases still be traced: much can be done to recover the apparently lost record. Moreover, since it is claimed that chemical analysis is powerless to ascertain the changes made in the soil by cultivation without fertilization ("exhaustive cultivation"), which still prevails so widely: *such* soils, to all intents and purposes of examination, are still virgin; and therefore the stations in charge of such territory cannot claim that they are relieved from the duty of soil examination. Moreover, even in the long cultivated regions the *subsoils* are, in the overwhelming majority of cases, untouched by actual fertilization; they have at most only been touched by solutions of fertilizers, and generally not much of these. The subsoils are therefore still in condition to be investigated, both from the chemical and physical standpoint, and can supply valuable data concerning the original, virgin soils.

We of the United States have opportunities for investigation denied to our colleagues of the old world, who have been led to declare as intrinsically impossible what was simply rendered difficult by the antecedent historic conditions. We are trammeled by no such obstacles; the field is clear before us and our stations have the best possible opportunity, and the most urgent call, to cultivate it without delay to its full extent. I have asked the active interest of the American Association for the Promotion of Agricultural Science in obtaining for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago as representative an exhibit as possible of the principal soils of the several States;—feeling sure that their Experiment Stations would find the subject not only interesting, but extremely profitable in engaging the interest of farmers in the work of agricultural experiment. And I desire to enter here my emphatic protest against the claim set up by some, that we should consider the stations as places set aside mainly for purposes of scientific investigation and education in the ordinary sense. I deny this, not only as not being in accord with the intent of the law creating the stations, but I claim broadly that the best interests of science *and* of industrial education will be subserved by the stations' devoting themselves to the actual questions that puzzle the farmers, rather than to the investigation of supposititious theoretical cases. Let us not imitate the observer in one of the Russian universities, who in order to determine the functions of clay in the soils of southern Russia, sent for an invoice of porcelain clay to his home in Saxony. Let us deal with the problems and the material as we find them; there is no need of hunting up remote subjects in the annals of the European stations for further elaboration; we are confronted with thousands of new and interesting questions, arising in an almost untrodden field, and crowding upon us. It certainly will be our own fault if our failure to take hold of the practical subjects before us shall bring

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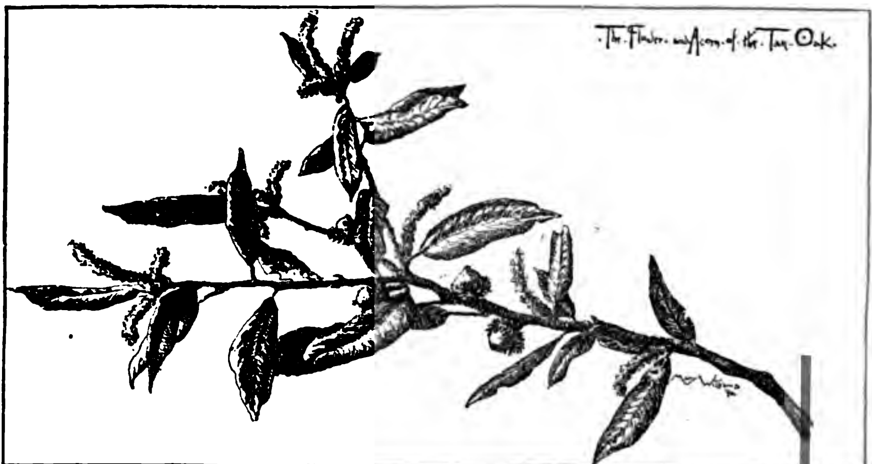
reproach and perhaps disaster upon the American Experiment stations.

As the above is going to press, I note in the supplement to *Harper's Weekly* of October 17th, an article by Mr. John Gilmer Speed, in which the writer criticises somewhat severely what he calls the abstrusely technical work and publications of some of the American stations, and thinks that most farmers are likely to think "the experiments useless in themselves and a wanton waste of public funds." "What the farmer needs," Mr. Speed adds, "is concrete information, which he can grasp," and the essayist proceeds to illustrate at some length the work of the stations. In so doing, he unfortunately draws his illustrations almost exclusively from the publications of those east of the Mississippi River, whose work is in the nature of the case relegated more to the domain of exact science, and whose results cannot therefore be so well set forth in popular language; the criticism is hardly applicable to the Western stations, or to those of the Pacific Coast. The writer also echoes the axiom so strenuously insisted upon by those who hold that soil examination is of doubtful utility, to wit, that "the rational method to determine what ingredients of plant food a soil fails to furnish in abundance, and how these unfurnished materials can be most economically supplied, is to put the question to the soil with different fertilizing materials, and get the reply in the crops produced." — Certainly — if you cannot do better, and are satisfied and financially able to wait until a repetition of the experiment for several years assures you that your result was not a seasonal accident, or due to want of skill in experimentation. For the stations cannot make these experiments for the individual farmer; their own fertilizer experiments are valid only for their own grounds, in the absence of systematic identification of soils. While one may find fault with portions of Mr. Speed's presentation of the subject, he certainly echoes the impressions of a portion of the constituency for whose benefit the stations were established.

*E. W. Hilgard.*

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# THE SANTA BARBARA ISLANDS.

Photo by I. N. Cook.
THE PASSAGE BETWEEN THE ANACAPAS.

ROMANTIC, isolated, almost unknown to the world in general, the Santa Barbara Islands have thus far almost entirely eluded the tourist's eye. Strange, indeed, it is, that in these days of travel and still-hunting for novelty, this natural museum of wonders should keep out of the route-books. Geographies and encyclopedias hardly mention this group, which in many respects resembles that unique cluster, the Channel Islands, off the Normandy coast.

But this omission on the part of book-makers helps to reserve one fresh, unbeaten byway for the few not content with the ruts of travel. These gardens in the sea are more lonely and untrodden today than for centuries before the white man's coming,—for before that event they were densely populated. Now they are little more than sheepwalks. Trespassing is very sternly forbidden by the various owners and lessees, and the aborigines that once must have enjoyed an ideal existence there have perished.

And few among the thousands who gaze admiringly over the leagues of shining water have even tried to visit these almost mysterious islands. To residents and strangers alike they are simply charming accessories to the mainland prospect. All the coast steamers and mail steamships pass in sight of the islands, but the only vessels that land there regularly are schooners that bring away our market supply of mutton. Italian fishermen



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and Chinese junk crews know the waters well and depend on them for inexhaustible fishing.

If smugglers also do not there ply their trade, they miss the best vantage-ground on the Pacific, as the lonely coasts abound in deep caves and convenient landing-places for small boats.

Avoided as they are now, however, these neglected shores had the distinction of entertaining the first excursion party to California, 349 years ago. Very restful and serene must have looked the Santa Barbara Islands to their first visitors from afar, when, one October afternoon in 1542, that gallant sea rover, Cabrillo, and his crew of buccaneers sailed up the blue and silver channel. Outside a sou'wester was raging, and according to the ancient diary, still preserved, of the *Piloto Mayor*, or sailing master, the two unwieldy vessels, a galleon and convoy, were right fortunate to make any sort of harbor. Finding this tranquil waterway as unruffled by the roaring winds outside as one of their own Andalusian lakes, the spent sailors rejoiced and hastened to cast anchor in quiet moorings near one of the "Islands of Rest and Peace, where," says the chronicle, "neither gales nor rude tides disturbed the shelter."

The Spaniards remained here long enough to make an inventory of their discovery. On either side of the thirty-mile wide channel rose mountain walls. The lofty Santa Ynez on the mainland was margined by a crescent of rich coast valleys. The two larger islands, mostly precipitous at shore line, ascended with many a broad upland curve and terrace to a mountain backbone. Heavy woods of pine, oak, and ironwood, interspersed with meadows of brown grass, swept from cliff-edge to summit.

But it was not the forsaken, uninhabited region it is now. No ax destroyed the timber, no cattle or sheep browsed the rich pastures, but myriads of human beings had here their home. Smokes from thousands of fires spiraled the landscape as far as eye could reach, both on the mainland and the islands. Cabrillo and his companions found the natives well-disposed, peaceable fisher-folk, who, though in numbers literally swarming the islands, subsisted with little exertion on the natural food supply. They had many canoes and traded with each other and

Photo by Cook.

THE GREAT CAVE, ANACAPA.

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with the mainland. Then, as now, the channel teemed with many varieties of fine fish, both shoal and deep-water. Around the islands, in the vicinity of kelp beds and reefs, thousands of sea otter, seals, and sea-lions, found a breeding-ground. There were some forty species of mollusca, sea fowls and their eggs, mast, wild grains and berries, edible roots, land birds, wild fruits, and sea kale, to vary the bill of fare. The larger islands are well watered and the temperature that of the Eastern Levant.

Here the happy explorers spent the winter, diversifying their time by frequent forays to the mainland,—which they thought was another island,—and by an extended expedition to the northland. But Cabrillo in climbing the hills on Santa Rosa Island had broken his arm early in the winter. On the northern coasts exposure to the weather and bad surgery brought on a fatal illness. The bold navigator was fain to hasten back to his Bueno Porto island shelter, but died soon after, and was buried.

The spot where his bones found final "rest and peace" is by some authorties said to be on the island of La Posesion,—now San Miguel,—near Cuyler's Harbor; though centuries and the drifting sands have obliterated all traces of his tomb. There is also a more plausible legend that he was buried in one of the beautiful caves on Santa Cruz Island, which he had named San Salvador, after his flagship. Santa Cruz was his favorite island.

Photo by Cook.

CAMP AT LADY HARBOR, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

After Cabrillo's death his *Piloto Mayor*, a Levantine named Ferrelo, took command, and lingered long about the Channel Islands. He kept a voluminous diary, and so did some of his men, verified copies of which are filed in the mission library at Santa Barbara; the originals being among the Spanish archives in Spain.

According to them, and to the rec-

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ords of later explorers, also of the mission padres, there then was a denser population on the islands than on any other part of the Pacific Coast. These aborigines were greatly superior to other California Indians in physique and intelligence, and are conjectured to have been a branch of the ancient Toltecs. A collection of skulls, exhumed from various burial mounds on the islands, was sent from here eight years ago to the Smithsonian Institute. These skulls have excited much scientific discussion and show marked superiority in moral and intellectual development to the land tribes of Indians. This would suggest that our island predecessors might have evolved into a superior people had necessity, mothering invention, incited to exertion.

For untold ages life must been, with them, an idyllic affair. They were a simple and industrious race, living on what the soil and sea gave them. They wove cloth and baskets, fashioning, sometimes with tasteful ornamentation, their weapons, household utensils, and personal adornments. About thirty tons of curiously interesting relics have been taken from their burial mounds and rancherias.

Most of these curios are now at the Smithsonian Institute, some remain in Santa Barbara, and Dr. L. G. Yates of that city has written and illustrated a number of extremely interesting papers on the subject for our State Mining Bureau. The relics consist of beadwork, shellwork in infinite variety of devices, *ollas* or water-jars of fine steatite, cooking pots, baskets, warclubs of agate, whalebone, and sandstone, crumbling fabrics of woven grass-cloths, feather robes, money, arrow-heads, spears, drills, charms, knives, whistles, cranes, mortars, stone disks, balls of war paint, bone swords, and so forth.

But as not one of this ancient race is left, their story will soon be merely legendary. Their extinction began with the raids of Alaskan and Aleut pirates, who shortly after Cabrillo's time made a plunder-ground of these happy islands. With superior weapons and Tartar cruelty, these marauders would attack an island, kill every male they could find, and carry off all the booty they could crowd into their boats. A terrible drought is supposed to have killed off nearly all the remaining inhabitants, one rainless year. A generation has passed since the last remnants of this unique and mysterious people died, and it is not certainly known even to which of the great human families they belonged. Now a few sheepherders and solitary fishermen alone frequent the waters and shores once so populous. Seal hunters are busy there at some seasons, and an occasional excursion is made by a steamer-load of sightseers, who are taken to the most uninteresting points on the islands, allowed to look around for an hour or so, and brought back the same day.

South California credits her equable coast climate largely to the presence of these islands, while their picturesque beauty adds a distinct feature to her catalogue of scenic attractions. There is an alluring yet inaccessible air about these far-away mountains in the sea. They fascinate, yet wave the beholder back. The feeling grows the longer one lives in sight of them, and increases after having visited them. Looking across at their dimly luminous outlines from a lounging place on the beach, or better yet, from a high perch on the hills, the longing for a closer view of those dreamland mountains stirs all the rover in one's makeup.

On clear days, or days when, as often happens, mirage is in the air, the islands of San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and Anacapa, bound the greater limit of the southern ocean horizon looking from Santa Barbara. A graceful chain of amethyst or violet-hued peaks, they seem to float on the very rim of the water line, changing color-tone with each step of the sun, and taking on new

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Drawn from Photo by Cook.

ENTRANCE TO TRIPLE CAVE, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

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phases of expression as their shadows deepen or melt away. Often, under certain atmospheric alchemy, they appear linked together, overlapping like a continuous chain of mountains suspended in air, with only a ribbon of rosy mist for visible foundation.

Sometimes they indulge in a *dansa diablo*, as the Spanish fishermen here call it. That usually occurs between two rains in autumn, when the air, clear as a lens, is braided into currents of varying density. This mirage is an omen of ill luck to the superstitious boatman, who will rarely consent to speak of it, and who gives the Anacapa, or Demon Island as the Indians call it, a wide berth for weeks thereafter. Local tradition has it that only Spanish sailors are safe from the spells of these demons, as a good priest of Spain first blessed the Anacapa, consecrating it for his countrymen.

Photo by Cook.

SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

October 31, 1890, a very remarkable mirage was witnessed by hundreds of persons from the Santa Barbara beach. For nearly an hour the illusion lasted, every eye being held by the fantastic transformation apparently going on thirty miles away. The island peaks lengthened to sky-steeples, detached from their bases and sailed upward to disappear and make room for others thousands of feet high. Gigantic cupolas formed, to break like bubbles of lapis-lazuli. Hueneme cliffs, fifty miles away, lifted high on the distorted air-mirror and threw out a fairy spanwork of piers and bridges to clasp with the islands, and spin a sort of reel around the channel, now a lake with no outlet.

The Anacapa first became a balloon, then a dragon, as became the Island of Demons; next a turreted fortress; then a medusa, and lastly a devil-fish, with antennæ writhing, and crouching like a great sea tarantula for a spring.

"No, I go not for rock cod to the islands this two or three weeks. Not till rain fall on Anacapa."

It was the Italian fisher-king of the channel who answered thus the next

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Photo by Cook.

THE ROAD TO THE ISLANDS.

day after the mirage. He would say no more, but shut himself in his vine-walled piazza for a month's net-mending.

During the mirage a spectral craft rose and melted away many times, always absorbed in the Anacapa. Finally it approached the pier, gliding straight in from the toils of the *dansa*. It was the Undine, a safe, strong little boat propelled by a tiny steam motor. Its single, sailless mast had hardly evened with the wharf when an old sailor shouted:—

"You will not be going to sea again soon?"

"Yes, to Anacapa in a day or two."

The Undine went as usual with Joe Lord,—an old experienced sailor,—an engineer, and a Spanish boy. It never came back. Search found the Spanish boy half starved on an island reef. The Undine had capsized without known cause off the coast of Anacapa. The white sailors were drowned, and—an unprecedented thing in these waters—their bodies were never recovered. The Undine can be seen at the bottom of the channel just this side of the Island of Demons.

This strange island repays the visitor for a few days' cruise around its unutterably desolate shores, and despite the Undine's fate a pleasure voyage was later successfully made. Three islands,—or one, with two wave-gnawed cuts through it,—Anacapa is a narrow rock nearly seven miles long. The western part is one thousand feet high; the middle and eastern three hundred and four hundred feet. The nearer it is approached the more forbidding it looks. It is solid, volcanic rock, with only one landing place, a little sand spit. All other approaches are cut off by abrupt and ghastly declivities of

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rock that have been carved by the weather into repellant shapes. Through a slight fog, which nearly always blurs this island, the coast seems corniced with grimacing faces of skulls, hideous gargoyles that make one shiver. No ferns nor flowers could we find, only on the highest part a large upland or fell is covered with a queer succulent carpet of moss, on which a flock of seventy-five fat sheep were feeding. The present lessee, Captain Elliott, has now a small acreage planted to grains, fruits and alfalfa, which thrive well.

There is no water, but fog and dew are absorbed by the herbage. Sheep brought from Anacapa do not know the taste of clear water, and have been known to die of thirst beside a running stream.

Off the south shore are enormous kelp fields, the breeding place of sea otter, black seals, and the leopard or spotted seal. A wreck — the mail steamship Winfield Scott — happened near this island about thirty years ago, and since that time Anacapa has swarmed with rats and mice, presumably from the ship. There was not a human being on the island when we visited it, and only a makeshift of a dwelling for occasional use by the proprietor.

Passing many outlying rocks and reef islands, we sailed into the Cathedral Cave. An arched roof one hundred feet high sloped down to a floor of four hundred by one hundred and fifty feet at the bottom. This floor was white sand, rimming a bay of clear water, through which marine plants, shells, and darting fishes, could be clearly seen at the pebbly bottom. Another spacious cave, high above tide water, is a veritable mine of aboriginal relics. A clear fountain of good water — the only spring on the island — gushes from a cleft in the rock into several artificial rock basins. For several feet in depth this cave is floored with all sorts of bones, shells, and other debris of an

Photo by Cook.

A NATURAL BRIDGE.

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Indian rancheria. Still another cave, or series of caves, reaches far into the mountain, and is inaccessible at high water. The Natural Bridge is only one of countless basaltic freaks wrought by the four elements. Gull Rock, one and one half miles from shore, is a fortress-like column, accessible only to water-fowl, seals, and expert climbers. I found the top a vast guano deposit.

A very remarkable peculiarity of the Channel Islands is their parallelism with the coast, each having its longest axis in line with the trend of the nearest strip of mainland. The four principal ones, Anacapa, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel, lie in order as mentioned from east to west, and upon the map appear strung like beads on the 34th parallel of latitude. To the southeast of these are the minor groups of San Nicolas, San Clemente, Santa Barbara, and Santa Catalina, with numerous outlying rocks, unnamed islands, and detached reefs, forming altogether quite an archipelago. All but the four Channel Islands proper parallel the main land of Los Angeles and San Diego. Of volcanic origin, they are all undoubtedly the crests of submerged mountain ranges, corresponding in direction with the shore system. But between the two ranges stretches an ocean valley nearly two hundred miles long, the smoothest natural roadstead of salt water in the world, navigators aver. On each side of it mountain walls temper or divert rough winds, the islands forming a magnificent breakwater against heavy tides.

My first visit to Santa Cruz, the second channel island going west, was in the month of April, the beauty-time of the year. Our party of nine had persuaded (not easily) Larco, the fisher-in-chief, to take take us in his best sloop, the Genova, with his head boatman Pasquale as crew. The sloop, lateen sail rigged, was clean and trim, with a snug hold, in which we stowed what we called necessaries. There were plenty of provisions, a small tent for two of our party, who were semi-invalids, guns, fishing tackle, knapsacks, a guitar, camera, artists' outfits, flower-presses, about sixty fathoms of fishing nets, and a lot of books. The last we might have omitted.



In our party were two amateur artists, three newspaper reporters, the landscape painter, Mr. H. C. Ford, and his wife, and Mr. E. P. Roe and sister, son and daughter of the novelist. Our trip was a succession of surprises and adventures hardly to be met with in an ordinary lifetime on shore.

Midway of the channel, with Santa Cruz looming high before us, a green silhouette against a tumbled mass of white cumuli, we got becalmed. The water was smooth as glass, the sun too hot and glistening for comfort. Sunshades and siestas were in order while the limp sails waited for the breeze Larco said the tumbled clouds must bring in an hour so. Suddenly a strange spouting aroused us and a big baby whale rose a quarter of a mile away; his mother immediately appeared also. We were greatly excited over this novel sight and talked it over, wishing they had been nearer for a better view.

"They were close enough," said Pasquale; "Larco here lost his best schooner off the Farallones by a whale rising under it. A boat would splinter like kindling wood—" a chorus of exclamations finished the sentence, for a huge mound had parted the water not twenty yards from us. Another joined it. Two monstrous bulks arose like dripping islands of bronze just ahead of the boat.

"There is a big fellow on our right!" yelled some one.

"And two astern!"

The whales were all around us, only a few yards or rods away, and our boat rocked with the swell their bodies made. Full grown specimens of the California species, they looked fairly mountainous to our land-lubber gaze. Our sloop seemed like a cockle-shell convoyed by leviathans. Either of those seven mon-

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sters could have sent us all to eternity with one flip of his tail.

But whales are as stupidly good-natured as cows when let alone. We let them alone, and rowing lustily away, over the very spot where one had sunk after spouting, we saw them no more.

After this the sight of shark fins was tame, and we hardly spoke when passing through a fleet of hundreds of fairy sails of the Portuguese-men-of-war, spreading their gossamer wings an oar's length away.

Seabirds rested on our mast, and strange landbirds came out to meet us, as still rowing, we made slow time. Suddenly a breeze shivered the channel into ripples, then ridges, and in five minutes whitecaps were signaling each other from leaping towers of foam all around us. It is a trick of the island waters to change thus quickly, but our sailors laughed merrily at the gale.

"No more rowing," Larco said. "Our horses have come."

The wind and sea grew rougher as we neared the island, and showers of spray dashed over us with each bound of our flying sloop. Santa Cruz looked fully its twenty-four hundred feet of altitude, and the afternoon sun brought out every line and feature distinctly. From its upper battlements of green a succession of broken hills inclined to the land's edge. The bewitchment of April had found even these remote alley-ways of spring and her vivid coloring brought out the softer charms of the landscape in rare contrast to their rugged settings. Parting the broad mesas, all aglow with poppies and dandelions, here and there a blackened ridge cropped out like a volcanic monogram. Along the high sea wall, or verging on ravines, these basaltic obtrusions became precipices, fringed now by occasional drapings of cliff mosses and the island clematis.

Santa Cruz is about twenty-two and a half miles long by five and a half in average breadth, with a superficial area of about eighty square miles. The northeastern shore line is mostly an irregular rampart of black basalt, with sheer descent in many places of from fifty to two hundred feet. A few narrow beaches mark the debouchment of water courses from wooded cañons. Jagged promontories reach out at frequent intervals, extending far into the breakers. The waves have sawn some of these through at the base, leaving gigantic piers and bridge-spans high above the water line.

Our sloop passed under one of these, missing the arch by a mast length. Partially submerged reefs show where other promontories have succumbed to the gnawing of the tide. Along them detached columns still do battle, like stony giants or cliff goblins at bay.

Layer upon layer of shells overcrust every atom of rock surface, giving it a scaly, etched effect. The water plays wild pranks over the notched walls. Leaping sometimes forty feet high with each movement of the tide, little serpents of foam burrow and honeycomb the cliffs and narrow promontories into the queerest shapes. They make windows through which to fling silver shuttles of spray; they bore hidden galleries where the surf dashes in at one extremity to come out at its remoter opening and fall in a powdery fretwork of mist. Nothing stranger could be imagined than these mysterious cascades bursting at regular intervals from a cliff cornice, or from a mouthlike cavity in the crest of a reef column.

From Lady Harbor for miles westward this grotesquerie of basalt and shellwork marks every foot of the coast line. Arches and caves alternate with freakish projections. The coast is like a fortification in ruins, laid by that sapper and miner, the tide, in the thousands of centuries since the volcano upreared these sea islands.

Rounding a wicked-looking reef, our boat plunged toward a narrow gate in the sea wall, and entering between two jawlike projections, we glided at once from the gale and rough sea into an

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absolutely smooth harbor. It was calm as an artificial pond, and so clear that before shoal water was reached we could see the shelly bottom. A wide strip of pebbly beach was before us, margining a little cone-shaped valley some three hundred by eighty yards in area, with a small stream running through it. This apexed at the mouth of a tree-shaded cañon and was one of the prettiest spots imaginable, at once graceful and rugged, with steep, flowery bluffs on one side and a high precipice on the other.

Oak, willow, and holly, curtained the upper end of the glen; and instantly exploring this retreat we found pools of clear mountain water at the confluence of two ravines. The air was musical with the sound of cascades; each ravine, with its steep incline from highlands and over bowlders, was a succession of fern beds, rushes, and lush water plants, with only the frequent flash of waterfalls to show that there was a stream.

This camping spot was our headquarters for a week. There was plenty of driftwood for fires. Abalones and fish formed the staple of our diet. Wild pigs and gawking sheep, which had no sense of discretion about running away, fed placidly within bullet range, but we molested them not. After a few days of cruising about the island, sleeping under the tent of the sky, and living on campers' fare, we began to dread a return to civilization. This was an ideal gipsying, the experience of a lifetime.

Each night and morning the nets were drawn in, bringing up marvelous catches of fish, little and big, barracouda, bass, rockcod, bonito, halibut, pompanoes, redfish, flounders, and several varieties found only in these waters. Once a seal, drowned in the net, was hauled in. Several flesh-eating sharks and a devilfish also varied the catch. At night the mackerel nets were cast, always pulling in heavy. There was no more high wind, and our sloop fearlessly made the roughest headlands.

The island was all abloom, the air summery. We landed at hundreds of points, scaling the rocky ladders of the cliffs to the downs above. Thousands of sheep were feeding on the uplands, but not a living soul could be seen shepherding them. I have since learned that there were seventy thousand sheep on the island at that time. Now there are about sixty thousand. It is a veritable paradise for sheep. No fences to restrain, no dogs to harry, no dust to blacken the snowy fleece. They were the first clean looking flocks I had seen in California.

Flowers and grass brimmed even to the precipice's edge, and with the pale green of the wild oats, filled all the interspaces between granite ridge and cañon. Dotted everywhere were woodland thickets, amber and olive with the shimmer of new-born leaves. Our botanists filled their portfolios, though only 203 specimens of plants were found. But Professor Greene, who did the Island flora very thoroughly the same season, found and enumerated 341 species, according to his article in the Bulletin of the Academy of Sciences on collection of "Classified Ferns and Plants of Santa Cruz Island." Twenty-eight of these were peculiar to this island alone. Seventeen varieties of ferns are found here.

Our geologists also were busy with notebook and hammer, and found great variety of specimens. The whole island is of volcanic formation, the eastern portion abounding in trachyte and trachdolorite, covered in certain sections with portions of the tertiary period. There are veins of chalcedony, numerous beds of flint, and in a cut of the cañada we found submarine rocks under volcanic. There are extensive chalk deposits, pudding-stones, sandstone, with here and there a conglomerate of volcanic rock, metamorphic schists,

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steatite, and the varied debris of ages of sedimentary formations.

At Prisoners' Harbor is a substantial wharf, and the only houses to be seen on a circumnavigation of the island. Here the schooners belonging to the Santa Cruz Island Company load and unload, finding good harborage the year round. The Company has begun putting the soil in this vicinity to a better use than mere pasturage. Orchards planted many years ago were found to do excellently with all sorts of fruits raised on the mainland, but experiment with wine grapes has persuaded Mr. Justinian Caire that this island is suited to viticulture. Quite a large area is now in bearing vines, and a superb wine is the result. At times from fifty to one hundred men are employed in this business. Expert wine-makers from south France have supervision, and they promise to astonish the world one day with the product of this vineyard, rooted in a volcano bed and ripened by warm salt winds in an isle of the sundown. From accessible stone quarries near at hand has been taken all the material for wine-cellars, press, and store-rooms. Mr. Caire is principal owner, and overseer of all the affairs of Santa Cruz, and may well be optimistic in his views of the possible future of his beautiful little sea-kingdom.

My article would not be complete without a history of Prisoners' Harbor, formerly kept by the Mexican government as a penal settlement. To this Botany Bay were sent some score or so of cutthroats, banditti, and the like, with provisions, live stock, seeds for planting, and so forth. These worthies did not appreciate the beauties of their place of exile. Worse than Calibans, they planned to leave immediately, after eating up everything, including seeds and live stock. Constructing a rude raft of tree-trunks, they covered it with hides from their slain cattle, and made it water-tight with a smearing of asphaltum found all along shore. On this craft they crossed the Channel to Santa Barbara, and forced a dubious welcome from the good mission padres, who had infinite trouble with their unbidden guests.

Castillero, the discoverer of quicksilver at Almaden, next came into possession by a Mexican grant. He sold to two firms, Barron, Forbes, & Company, and Jecker, Torre, & Company. The new owners in 1852 placed two hundred sheep on the island, finding it well watered and timbered. These have multiplied on their unshepherded ranges, bringing enormous incomes to their owners in both wool and mutton. Dr. J. B. Shaw was superintendent of the island for some years, and added the breeding of fine cattle to the sheep industry.

In years of drought, or when the island becomes overstocked, a *matanza*, or huge slaughter-house, is put in order and the sheep—sometimes over twenty thousand—are killed for their hides, tallow, and glue. 12,000 sheep were matanzaed in 1875. 25,000 were slaughtered in 1877.

But the greater part of the island coast is wild and lonely in the extreme. In all my sailing around and about it I never saw a human figure except at Prisoners' Harbor. All the better for the artist and lover of wild nature.

During our stay there we were up at dawn every morning. O, that I could describe those early mornings, when out on the warm, dark spread of waters we waited for the paling of the morning star, or watched the moon set in the further occident over the thousand-league waste of the Pacific!

On these expeditions we hardly spoke. Often our artists, professionals though they were, sat in a sort of daze, watching the lights and streamers and prismatic tones that each sunrise and sunset hung, a glorified aurora borealis, over the universe, with the Channel for its mirror. Each day brought a new rev-

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elation of beauty, the water changing like an artist's palette with rapid laying on and blending of resplendent colors.

Once a warm, semi-opaque mist wrapped us as we rowed around ghostly headlands. Through it we could dimly perceive the outline of cave or arch with brilliant vines and phlox overhanging them. Once, as the sun arose, we came upon that rare spectacle, a fog rainbow. Over a gruesome amphitheater of chasms it hung, and through it pale apparitions, the phantoms of the surf, could be seen climbing and melting on the breast of the abyss. Adding to the weird sensation came awful moanings and wails from somewhere beyond.

Larco, with the dramatic instinct of your true Latin sailor, had chosen this time to usher us into the famous lair of the the sea-lions. As we passed under a natural arch, which looked like Dore's gateway to Hades, the moans and roarings grew louder. Under another arch, which can only be made at low tide, we came upon a scene never to be pictured nor forgotten. A semicircle of beetling precipices walled in a black bay full of high rocky islets. These were hidden from sight by myriads of sea-lions. The tawny creatures looked like pyramids of enormous snails. For five minutes we watched them before a black-maned old fellow on the central bowlder saw us, and roared with comical dismay. One or two harmless pistol shots sent the whole leonine convention bellowing and tumbling into the water. But their funny, black mustached faces kept popping up all around us, and glad were all parties when we discreetly backed out of their den.

The Triple or Valdez Cave, about three miles west of Lady Harbor, is one of the most interesting freaks of this strange region. We chose a bright, rather sultry day to visit it, when there was almost no force to the breakers, as most of our journey lay among shore reefs and islands. Under a shelving bluff—a rib of the mountain's backbone broken short off at the sea wall—is a great arch, as round and symmetrical as if hewn by measurement. It roofs a cave whose spacious recesses and snowy carpet of sand invite the stranger to enter. No wind nor draft intrudes, but a delicious coolness tempered the noontime heat. Rimming the entrance an almost waveless tide came with soft laps and murmurs. Curious shells lay about, while, from crevices in roof and walls, and forming a lintel over the keystone of the arch, delicate lichens, mosses, and rock-creepers, twined and nestled or swung in graceful pendulums of green, marking the standstill of time in this majestic sea temple. We renamed it Merlin's Palace. At right and left two minor arches lead out, each with its trailing portiére of vine festoons. The right hand arch opens on a beautiful cove of white sand at foot of a series of lawny terraces leading to the downs above. Here we found many treasures of shells, flowers, ferns, and geological specimens. We named it Eden Cove.

The left arch was a surprise of a different nature. It was filled with the noise of churning breakers, and was promptly named the Devil's Boudoir. No sunshine entered; the place was a cul-de-sac of shelly reefs worn into a thousand frightful and sinister figures by the water, which rushing in through a straightened channel became a caldron of foam.

We climbed out on the shelly bridges and found tons of abalones. Some of these were as large as a shade-hat and they looked very odd, each with its monovalve up like a hood-trap, drinking in the showers of spray. Larco cautioned us to beware of touching them except with a sharp knife, as each has its *cardo* anchored in the solid rock and shutting down on a hand would hold the strongest man prisoner.

Last September a party of us camped by this Triple Cave, finding it as warm and dry as a house. The surf line deepens gradually from wading

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depth near the entrance, and forms a beautiful aquarium. Through several fathoms of the golden-green water the bottom is clearly visible. Many of these transparent shoals we found full of queer crawling things. Swirls of sea grass and kelp make a submarine thicket, through which brilliant fishes, crabs, anemones, starfish, and the like, are at home with the coral and sea palms; sea ferns and an infinite variety of algæ abound, while shells and pebbles line the bottom.

The largest cave, called Painted Cave, on Santa Cruz Island is near the northwestern curve, and was lately discovered. Last month Captain Brownsill of the sloop Big Loafer, guided a small party of us to explore this immense cavern. We rowed in, in a small skiff, through a succession of arches resembling those of a gothic cathedral. When about fifteen hundred feet from the entrance the cave branches off to right and left. From lack of proper torches, in the utter darkness we could not fully explore to the ends. The entire visible interior is brilliant with natural frescoes in color, made by mineral waters oozing through the porous rock. There was no beach, and the inner cave is closed at high tide. It is a sea lions' den.

At the Painted Cave an amber glow seemed to come from the deeper water, probably the effect of reflected sunbeams. This glow formed a halo of little yellow points around every submerged object, and with each pulse of the tide there was a curious undulating movement, as though some hand from the further depths was rocking this tiny cove cradle.

There is another sea-lions's den near the spot. It is a hole or natural tunnel leading to unknown caves up under the mountain. The sailors say that it must be miles long, and contain high and dry chambers, for when full tide covers the entrance and shuts off the hideous roarings and bellowings always heard at other times, the sea-lions do not come out, as they must from a cave filled with water. Thousands of them breed there.

There are no snakes or poisonous reptiles on the islands; no tarantulas, scorpions, frogs, or centipedes,—a small red fox and the skunk, are, I believe, the only wild animals.

Santa Rosa is slightly smaller than Santa Cruz and resembles it in its general soil, products, and adaptability to cultivation. It is very irregular, nearly quadrilateral, with a precipitous broken coast line. It is not so high as Santa Cruz, its loftiest peak being only about six hundred feet. Its greatest length is 16½ miles. The average length is 9¾ miles; average width about 7½ miles. Its area is about 74 square miles. There are a few good landings, but no bays nor harbors. It is now in possession of A. P. More, and is pasturage for about sixty thousand sheep; no other use being made of it. It is a very valuable property and from good authority I learn that the owner last year refused $750,000 for it, his price being a million. A few herders remain on the island most of the year, and during the semi-annual shearing times a large force of Spanish shearers is employed. In flora and fauna, Indian relics and geological features, this island closely resembles Santa Cruz. The coast and inland rocks are worn by the weather into caves and fissures. Many of these seem to have served as dwellings for the aborigines.

One hundred and fifty varieties of mollusca from this island alone have been named, of which nearly thirty were used by the Indians as food. There is a wharf at Five-mile Bight. Few visitors are allowed to land.

San Miguel, the western of the Channel Islands, is 7⅓ by 2½ miles in dimensions. It belongs to San Luis Obispo County, and like the others, is devoted to sheep-raising. It is the least interesting of the four.

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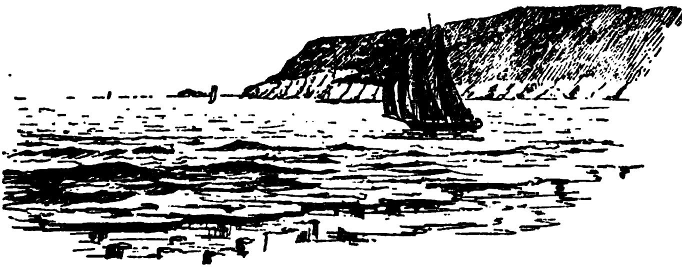
Of the minor islands San Nicolas is famous as the home for years of a solitary woman, who lived on fish, roots, and seal-blubber and dressed in skins and feather robes. She was finally rescued and brought to Santa Barbara, where she died. No clue was ever found to her nationality or language. She was brown-skinned, with intelligent features, small hands and feet, and she was wonderfully refined for an Indian or Malaysian.

Far-off Catalina furnishes us with shiploads of glistening pebbles, of which I am so fortunate as to possess a garden walk. On this island in 1603 Viscaiño found a bronze-haired race of fishermen and traders, who lived in shell-thatched houses and sacrificed birds to an idol in a temple. Each island has its story or legend.

Tales of buried treasure haunt all these whilom retreats of the old buccaneers. Many have searched especially for Cabrillo's treasure, supposed to be hidden somewhere on Santa Cruz. But if any such has ever been found the finder kept his secret well.

*Martinette Kinsell.*



## CONTRAST.

HERE, through wide windows, traceried o'er and o'er
With fretted frost-work,—carven spire and dome,
Gray rocks encrusted with a silver foam,
Pale flowers that scatter fragrance nevermore,
And bud and leaf and spray in countless store,—
O'er desolate wastes of snow my glance doth roam
To ice-clad hills, the haunt of elf and gnome,
Bedecked like palaces of fairy-lore.

For you the summer's myriad raptures wait
Where Nature's Eden unpolluted lies;—
The song of happy birds, the hum of bees,
The salt winds blown across the crested seas,—
And earth our dream of heaven typifies
In sunset glories of the Golden Gate!

*Sarah Dyer Hobart.*

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# A $30,000 THANKSGIVING DINNER.

YOU might call it $34,000 to be exact; and this is the way it came about:

During the summer and fall of '55, there was a great deal of excitement about gold in Table Mountain. Several companies had prospected there, and had mines partially developed, and the miners generally had come to the idea that the gold ran through the chain of mountains, north and south. They had got on to the idea that the geologists have talked so much about since, that there was a dead river under the mountain, covered over with lava; and the story was that it was wonderfully rich in gold. There was one miner came round to Big Oak Flat and told us that when they got the drift in at one place, and struck pay dirt, he saw a piece of gold sticking out of the face of the drift as long as your hand and as big as three fingers. Well, we did n't know whether that was just so or not, you know; but several miners from Big Oak Flat and the two Garotes had visited the diggings and knew they were rich. They had prospected south then in their own neighborhood, and they were pretty sure the old river came down through that way.

Well, they talked it round among the miners in the various districts thereabout, and talked about forming a company. It had to be drift mining, you know, requiring shafts,—a bigger job than a man could manage alone, or with his partner, and it would take money. Finally a miners' meeting was called at First Garote,—this was in the latter part of December, '55,—and the company was formed. It was called the Table Mountain Mining Company.

There were seventeen of us clubbed together, and we bound ourselves to put in one thousand dollars apiece, in money or labor. This was to be a fifty per cent payment on our stock, the mine being put at $34,000. There was Matt Foote, and the partners, Chaffee and Chamberlain, Tom White, and the other White, his father, my brother Frank, and I, and a mill-man named Reed, and a lot more,—I don't remember their names now,—all old miners, every one of them, except Matt Foote, who kept the store at Second Garote, and Reed, and perhaps one or two others. There was n't one of them that had any thousand dollars, except the store-keepers. People went ahead in those days, you know, depending on chances for the money, Chamberlain was president, and Matt Foote secretary and treasurer. They're both right there now, where Second Garote used to be. There are not more than three or four others left of the crowd.

Many of them were to put in the one thousand dollars in labor and other ways,—to contribute tools, and supplies, for instance, Books were opened, and kept in regular form,—well, not regular mercantile form at all; the miners kept them among themselves, you know. During the winter contributions were made, from time to time, as the fellows could do it, in money, tools and provisions, and credited up on the books, and at the opening of spring, as early as possible after the snow left the ground, those that were to contribute labor got to work. They selected the ground, put up log cabins, built dams for securing the necessary water, and then began sinking two shafts. Of the seventeen, the actual working force of practical miners on the ground was about ten. My brother was one of them, and Chaffee and Chamberlain were in

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charge. I had to keep at work at my own claim, so as to contribute supplies for the workers, and I could n't leave my wife, anyway. Those that gave all their time were credited right up on the thousand dollars, so much a day, and those that worked on their own claims sent money and supplies.

It was curious to see how the fellows did,—one way and another, they would make up their shares. Now besides some money that I sent in, I turned over some of my own supplies,—I had laid in a supply of food for the winter from San Francisco, and had it packed in, so I kept drawing on this for supplies for the mine, and having it credited, and then they made a pack-mule of me. You see the place was about fifteen miles east of Big Oak Flat, between that and the Yosemite, beyond the Garotes; and as there could be no forge there, I had to carry the tools back and forth to Second Garote. One of the party, who was a blacksmith, agreed to do the blacksmith work against his account, and I was to get the tools to him and back.

There was lots of blacksmith work to be done in the mines, and it was always a trouble when there was no shop in reach. Picks have to be steeled over and over,—a pick is formed, the body of iron and the points of the best steel, and if a man is only prospecting, off in the mountains, his pick will hold out pretty well; but in steady work on a shaft, it is another matter. Then there are hooks,—repairing of cranks,—drills, —all sorts of such things.

I would start from home at daybreak, and get there about noon, carrying a load of picks on my back, just as many as I could lift, seventy to eighty pounds, a pick weighs ten or twelve pounds, and I would carry seven or eight of them. Then I would come back bringing the return load of picks or such other tools as needed it,—drills, perhaps. They were ingenious fellows, you know,—fixed things themselves, and got along with as little blacksmith work as possible; but there had to be some, and there was no other way to get it done. I would go twice or three times a week; and one trip, up and back, was counted a day's work for me.

It was a rough mountain trail all the way up from Second Garote. The mine was sunk in a little valley at the foot of Table Mountain, and Second Garote was the nearest point. As you go into the mountains in that direction, you go steadily up hill, not up and down. Provisions were packed in with little trains from Big Oak Flat. We had no animals at the Garotes, but the merchants at Big Oak Flat had pack trains going down to Chinese Camp, which was a big place, and the center for all that country. It was the nearest place they could get things wholesale. Once a week they could let a train come on to the Garotes if it was necessary,—not a whole train, either, only a few animals- We could get the use of these to send up provisions now and then to the mine; but of course they had to have a regular dependence, every few days, for the blacksmith work.

Those that went up to the mine abandoned their own claims. Their claims were respected just the same, and they could come back to them whenever they wanted. There may have been some law about forfeiting claims if they were not worked for a certain time, but it did n't hold with us. You see they made their own camp laws those days; we were out of the pale of the usual law. If it was established in the State then, we never bothered about it. Everybody there knew about these fellows, and nobody would have thought of touching their claims. New fellows came in, but we made no account of them: if any one of them had tried to do such a thing, the whole camp would have risen and driven him out.

Well, they worked on at the mine all summer; careful prospecting was kept up as they went along, with

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just enough encouragement to keep up expectation. It was very slow work, sinking by hand and windlass, but by fall they had put the two shafts down about a hundred feet, and it proved they were perfectly right about the river, for they struck river bowlders,— just as round as a cannon ball, and some of them the most beautiful green color you ever saw, as pretty as if they 'd been painted, showing that water with mineral in it had flowed over them sometime.

But before they could get through the bowlders and find gravel, the water came in. They had no way, with the mining of those days, to get it out except hoisting it in tubs, so these two shafts were not much use, and the question was whether to sink another shaft next year or to throw up the job. We could spend the winter getting together supplies again, and we had just enough encouragement not to know whether it was worth while or not.

But the miners were most of them losing faith, and they were pretty much busted by this time. Winter was coming on; and so in November a miner's meeting was called at Matt Foote's store at Second Garote to study ways and means, and decide whether work should be continued.

My brother and I went over early in the evening, and told my wife we would be back early. Most of the seventeen owners were there, but a few of those that were most discouraged sent word that they would surrender their share to the rest. So the whole property belonged to those who were present, and we could do as we chose with it.

Well, we discussed it this way and that, and did n't seem to come to any conclusion. Chamberlain and Chaffee had faith in it, you see, and the rest of us thought it was just a gamble whether it was worth all we might put into it or worth nothing. The evening was pretty well gone and we had n't come to any decision, when one of the miners made a proposition. He proposed that we play a game of rounce, and the last man out should have the mine. Then he could do just as he chose with it, stop it or go on with it.

In rounce as many as you please can take a hand, and they are played out in turn, one by one. I have n't heard of the game for thirty years, I guess; but every body knew it then. It's not what they call freeze-out, but a peculiar game,— something on the principle of poker.

Well, that took the notion of the crowd, and they called for cards and all sat down and started in. One after another of the boys dropped out, and as each one went, his share in the mine came to the rest of us, till finally it got past midnight, and there were only two left in the game, and those were Chaffee and I.

Now, the effect of the game is, that the first one goes out pretty quick, and the next one takes a little longer, and when it comes to the last two, they might play three hours, and not get out. So we played on a while, and finally Chamberlain, Chaffee's partner, who had been frozen out some time before, and stood looking on, said he had a proposition to make.

You see, Chamberlain and Chaffee wanted the mine, and they knew that I did n't. There was considerable mining property there,— two or three hundred dollars' worth of tools and fixings on the ground, besides the cabins and reservoir, and they thought they could just store the traps, and develop the mine whenever they were able. They had confidence in it. So Chamberlain proposed that we come to an understanding on some terms, and I throw up my hand and let Chaffee take the mine.

Well, if I won the game I lost, for I could n't run the mine anyway. I was broke, and I had no confidence in it, and did not want it on my hands. I thought it would cost more than it was

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worth to lug the tools in. So I was ready to take any offer they would make. Chamberlain asked what I would take, and I intimated pretty plainly that I would take about what he'd give. Then they offered to put up for a Thanksgiving dinner for my wife to give the boys, —all members of the company at Second Garote. It should be the very best of everything that could be procured, and my wife should boss the cooking, and they would give her fifty dollars in gold.

They would have turkeys if they had to go to Sonora for them,—there were a few there, and they were about twenty-five dollars apiece; I don't know who raised them. Sonora was away beyond Chinese Camp, way across the Tuolumne River, thirty miles away. They limited it to Sonora, or Columbia in the opposite direction. They would have turkeys if they could be got within that distance, but no further.

Well, the boys were all very much in favor of my accepting this proposition, and I did n't wait long. We got very enthusiastic about it, and I proposed we should all go over and talk to my wife about it. So we all tramped off, laughing and talking, over to my cabin, which was by itself, at quite a distance, and found my wife scared to death at being left alone all this time; when she heard us coming she thought it must be a gang of rowdies from Sonora way. I had not been married long, and did n't know much about the way she would feel about such things. She was very good-natured about it, though, and when she got over her fright she agreed to help the boys out on the dinner, and there was great excitement about it for days.

This was n't the sort of dinner you could cook in a cabin kitchen, you understand; so all hands pitched in,—that is, Chamberlain, and Chaffee, and my brother, and I,—and built an oven, out under the big live oaks, near my cabin, and then the partners began to collect in the materials; and when the time came, everything else was given up, and we four turned in to cook, my wife bossing and we doing the work,—only the most critical things, of course, she would n't let anybody touch but herself.

Well, everything was done up to the very best Eastern style. You could n't get a better Thanksgiving dinner in New England. The turkeys had been found at Sonora, and the boys stipulated expressly that there would be no less than four big pasties,—you see my wife was famous for her meat pies. We always had a meat pie on Sunday, and all up and down the country, from Big Oak Flat, and Chinese Camp, and Coulterville, everybody that had any sort of claim would come in to see us Sundays, and the fame of it would go up and down everywhere. Chamberlain and Chaffee had ransacked in every direction, and everything you could want to have was there.

Dinner was served at noon. It was set out in the shade of the oaks, handy by the oven. The tables were made of slabs, and we sat on slabs. It was pretty near time for snow, but they did n't mind that, you know. Everything is pleasant there till the snow comes. Sixteen out of the seventeen sat down to the table,—one fellow could n't be there, for some reason. Chamberlain and Chaffee did most of the waiting, and my wife and I presided, for of course it was our dinner.

Well, that was probably the finest miner's dinner that was ever served in the mountains. It was worth a mine, and all the trouble it had cost us. There were the turkeys and the meat pies; there were mashed potatoes, and canned vegetables, peas and string beans and such things; of course, you could n't have parsnips and turnips then,—we depended a good deal on canned goods. There were mince and apple pies, and jellies, and cake, and doughnuts. My brother made the doughnuts,—he knew how; we had been cooking for ourselves,

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you know, before I got married, and we all could do it,—well, probably not as well as my wife, unless it was some things, such as slapjacks or beans. And Chaffee made the biscuits; Chaffee was famous all through the mountains for his biscuits. I suppose he was the best biscuit-maker in the mines, and they talked about his biscuits in far-away camps, wherever there was anybody that ever mined at the Garotes. They are famous to this very day, as many a Yosemite camping party knows.

It was all served up in the nicest way, just as well as it could be anywhere. It lasted all the afternoon pretty much. We had fruit, canned peaches and other fruit, and box raisins, and nuts,—English walnuts were the only kind we had in those days,—and coffee, and bottled cider. Every fellow brought his own tin plate and three-tined fork,—that was the only kind we had, of course. We had speeches: they congratulated Chaffee for his success at the game of rounce, and the madam for the success of her dinner, and we never had a finer time in our lives.

You must remember that all meats at that time were twenty-five cents a pound, potatoes twenty-five cents a pound,—nothing was less than twenty-five cents a pound. It could n't have cost them less than several hundred dollars. Chamberlain and Chaffee never got even on that dinner, for they never got along to where they could follow up the mine, and it was abandoned. It may have been worth the $34,000, or it may not: but that was its face value at the time—and the dinner did justice to it, too!

There are just a few old miners left now of that crowd that sat down there. None of them will ever forget it. That was one of the dinners you remember as long as you live.

*Fred M. Stocking.*

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# SELF-HAUNTED.

## I.

"WELL, Doctor," said I, "what is the verdict?"

The doctor was standing in front of me as I rested in my easy chair, with both hands thrust in his pockets; and the rattle of keys and the silver jingle of loose change were the only sounds I had heard for at least two minutes.

"You must go away for a thorough rest," said the Doctor, "where neither correspondents nor printer's devils can reach you, you must lounge, you must eat, you must be passive, you must sleep."

"Well, but," said I pettishly, twisting in my chair, "what is the matter with me?"

"Nothing and everything," replied the Doctor oracularly. "You have no organic disease, but your nervous system is in such a condition that you are on the very verge of a breakdown. Another fortnight of work, it may be even a week, would produce results that it might take years to combat. Come now," he continued after a slight pause, "think of yourself dispassionately. You can neither eat nor sleep, it is a labor to get up in the morning, and a toil to go to bed at night. You have to drag yourself forcibly to your work by the iron chains of duty. You are as irritable as — well we will say 'the old gentleman.' Nothing is right for you, and you are right for nothing. In short, life has become a burden. You must go away, say a thousand miles,— better still, three thousand."

Just then Clayton came in with the coffee. He was my butler, valet, and general factotum. He had been with me ten years, and knew all about me. I picked him up in London, where he was very much down on his luck. I believed his story, and took him without a character. Clayton was devoted to me.

"Clayton," said I, "Doctor Arbor says I want rest,— that I must go away three thousand miles or so to find it. He has been giving me a pretty character, I tell you. Among his other accusations he informed me that I was as irritable as the devil, only he put it more politely."

The right corner of Clayton's mouth went up, although he made visible efforts to keep it down.

"Well, " I continued, "what do you say?"

"Well, sir," said Clayton, "I can't say as your temper 'ave been the same as usual, not just lately."

"Oh!" I ejaculated.

"In fact, sir," continued Clayton, with a little more spirit," you 'ave called me more 'ard names the last six weeks nor ever you done all the ten years I've been in your service, beggin' your pardon."

"O," said I, "you need n't beg *my* pardon; if what you say is true, I ought to beg yours, I think."

Clayton glided away, and I turned my head, and gazed resignedly at the Doctor. "I am afraid you are right," I said slowly: "there must be something radically wrong when I take to calling Clayton names."

Then my gaze fell upon a neat pile of manuscript on the writing table and a partly covered sheet on the blotter.

"But my novel!" I exclaimed. "What about that?" You must let me finish it; it is three parts done."

For an answer the Doctor took the manuscript in his hand, and walking to

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my cabinet opened a drawer with a key in it, placed the manuscript carefully inside, shut the drawer, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he turned and looked at me as a mother looks at her baby when she has taken a lump of sugar from it for its good.

"You will probably rewrite it when you return," was his consoling remark. "In the meantime it is safe."

Well, I was not angry. In fact I felt a sense of relief at the idea that my affairs were taken out of my hands, and that I was relieved of responsibility as to my actions.

The Doctor sat down and sipped his coffee. There was silence, which I broke.

"Twelve years ago," said I, "I spent three months in the mountains above San Bernardino, in California. I was alone with Nature, and she was very charming to me. And now I come to think of it, I never felt better in my life than when I came down from my mountain lair to resume the serious business of life. Yes, I will go there," I mused, and I reached my hand out for the *cafe noir* just fortified with a teaspoonful of kirsch.

But the Doctor interposed laughingly, "No, sir," said he, "no more brain stimulants at present, if you please," and he rang the bell. When Clayton appeared, "Bring Mr. Tasbert a milk-shake, Clayton," and as Clayton was retiring, "And Clayton, Mr. Tasbert and you are going to camp in the mountains in California; see that everything is provided in as short a time as possible."

"A milk-shake!" I murmured. "What next!" and repeating, "a milk-shake!" and gazing dreamily at the Doctor I suppose I must have fallen asleep, for when I came to consciousness the Doctor was gone and the milk-shake had replaced the black coffee on the table at my side.

II.

Clayton was a model servant. All the relations a man could possibly possess, rolled into one, could not have given me more thought, time, care, and consideration, than Clayton in his one slim, serious, well-bred person was able to bestow for my use and enjoyment. All care was taken off my hands. I had but to rest in my drawing-room car, getting off at the dining stations for the principal meal of the day, and in the mornings for breakfast. Clayton ushered me to a separate table where I partook of viands as different in point of cooking from those my fellow-travelers were consuming as a club dinner is from a meal at a "two-bit restaurant." How it was done, I don't altogether know, but I know my nerves were on the mend notwithstanding the jarring of the cars, before San Bernardino was reached. There Clayton established me at the hotel, and after serious interviews with the manager and the cook, went up the mountains to arrange the camp.

At the end of a week he came down looking bright and brown.

"Why, Clayton," said I, "how well you look!"

"I think you'll be pleased, sir," said he, "with the situation of the camp. There 's only one thing as I 'm doubtful of, but I thought it all out, and I come to the conclusion as there might come a time during the three months when you might like to have a gentleman handy to speak to once in a while, and so I pitched the camp under a group o' hoaks, about a hundred yards from the camp o' this hother gentleman what his servant says feels powerful lonesome sometimes, and wanders about a deal by hisself."

A week before, I should hav[e] scolded Clayton for not sticking to m[y] orders to the letter and providing us with a solitary camp, but I contente[d] myself

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with saying, "Well, Clayton, I did not bargain for a neighbor, you remember, so if I am not satisfied, you will have to strike camp and pitch it somewhere else."

"Very right, sir," said Clayton, and there the matter ended.

After a glorious but toilsome ride up a very rough and ready mountain road, we reached the camp as the sun was sinking, and the west was glorious with golden and ruddy clouds. Each tent was pitched under a large oak tree, and the soothing murmur of the mountain stream that was to supply us with water could be heard beneficently sending its continuous flow to vivify the lands and inhabitants below us. Clayton led me from under the trees to a plateau, from which a magnificent view unfolded itself before us. Towns, villages, and cultivated lands, were before us, with here and there the rocky bed of a river whose waters flowed underground. I gazed and gazed, and the peace of Nature at rest began its system of permeation. Like "Joey Ladle," I took it in at the pores.

I had been standing, gazing some minutes, when Clayton attracted my attention. He pointed to the westward, and on a plateau similar to the one upon which we stood, boldly outlined against the sky, I saw the tall gaunt figure of a man, long of limb and broad of shoulder. He stood quite still with his back to us. Presently he turned and the sharp outline of his face, with its sparse pointed beard showed up clear against the background of a fiery red cloud. One lock of hair was lifted by the gentle breeze and took the shape of a horn. "Mephistopheles!" I muttered.

"That is your neighbor, sir," said Clayton.

"O, indeed! and what is his name?"

"His own servant does n't know that, sir," replied Clayton.

"How do you know?"

"Because I asked him, sir. He only knows him as 'the Boss.'"

## III.

The days glided by, and I lounged, and ate, and slept according to the orders of my medical adviser. I never put pen to paper, but left myself to Nature and Clayton, and let them do what they liked with me. As for Nature, she took me to her broad bosom, and clasped me in her expansive arms, and gently soothed me as a mother does a tired and irritable child. If Clayton suggested a walk, I took one; if he spoke of a drive, I was willing to accompany him.

I did not see "the Boss" for a long time, and I was so selfishly absorbed in my own returning well-being that I gave him only an occasional passing thought. But the novelist, who *may* have "an eye for nature," *must* have two eyes for human nature, and as I became more myself I began to speculate more and more about my silent, unsociable neighbor. I wove all sorts of fantastic stories about him, made him the hero of a dozen tragedies, and the villain of half as many melodramas. Now he was a defaulting clerk keeping out of the way of his principals in this out of the world place; now he was a poor beggar deserted by his wife, and had come to the mountains to brood over his wrongs and sorrows. One way or another, the man was hardly ever out of my thoughts; he haunted me, and refused to be dismissed.

Now we know that if a melody haunts us, the only way to get rid of it is to sing it aloud and void it from the secret chambers of the brain. In like manner I determined to try and make the acquaintance of the Boss, and so by personal contact annul the oppression of imagination by which I was haunted.

One evening I went out to my plateau as usual, to enjoy the panorama and the gorgeous sunset, and there on his

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plateau stood the Boss. His profile was towards me, his hands were thrust into his pockets, and the stooping shoulders and bowed head indicated either the profoundest thought or the deepest dejection. I gazed with curiosity, and as I gazed my curiosity became sympathy, and I determined, come what might, that this human brother should not lack a human hand to grasp his own in either pity or sympathy.

I went to sleep with my mind full of the Boss, and in the morning somewhat to my surprise my enthusiasm had not abated.

"Clayton," said I at breakfast, "have you heard anything more of our Mephistophelean neighbor?"

"Well," said Clayton, "I 've pumped the tall Chinee as waits upon him, but all I can get out of him is as the Boss is 'heap lich,' 'heap much money,' 'heap good,' 'heap lestless,' 'heap quiet,' and a lot more heaps of the same sort. The fact is, sir, he don't understand me nor I don't understand 'im, and he ain't much company for one as 'as been used to one of his own species for a companion."

"Poor Clayton," said I, "I am afraid you find it very dull up here."

"Well, sir," replied Clayton, "it is dull, there ain't no denying, and if you could spare me sometimes of a evening after dinner, there 's a store about two miles off where they do say there 's a lively lot gathers occasional, and though the place is blue with tobacco smoke, and they spit a deal more than is pleasant, yet it 'ud be a change for me, there ain't no gainsaying, and change is good both for man and beast."

"Go by all means, my good Clayton," said I, "I have been selfish not to think of your loneliness before."

And after that my factotum spent most of his evenings at Vanderdecken's store. But I was not always alone as you shall hear.

On the morning after my resolution to know the Unknown, I strolled along in the direction of his camp, and met him also strolling in the direction of my camp, with a huge cigar in his mouth.

"Good morning," said I, and made as if I would stop.

"Good morning," said he, and strolled deliberately on.

"Congenial soul," I muttered sarcastically, to soothe my baffled charity, — or was it vanity?

The next morning we met again, and so for several mornings, and nothing but the barest greeting passed between us. Then came a pause of some days. I was unfortunate in my choice of route, or the Boss avoided me, and we did not meet. Then again we met, and my companion contented himself with a nod only in response to my cordial greeting.

Worse and worse. Any man but a Wolverine would have said, "Let the surly brute have his way," and would have given up the pursuit. But I was determined and at last I had my reward.

I was seated on one of a pair of broad stones at a place where two roads met, when the Boss passed. "Good day," I remarked.

"Good day," he replied, and he actually looked at me.

"Won't you sit down and have a chat," I continued. "We two solitary beings ought to try and amuse each other, I think."

The Boss stood in front of me and I perceived a twinkle in his very serious and somewhat wild eyes.

"My dear sir," said he, "I hope you will always be ready to admit that it was you who sought my society, not I yours. On that condition I will consent to sit and chat to you."

"O," I laughed, "I am quite willing to tell you that I have been anxious to know you for over a fortnight now, and have been taking great pains to arrive at that desirable end."

"Well," said this singular individual, "I can tell you for your information

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that I am not a pleasant person to know. I am no society man, and when — after a pause — when my spells come on I am fit company for no one."

"What a pity!" thought I. "Delirium tremens; or perhaps opium."

"At such times," he continued in his soft, slow, somewhat drawling tones, "I walk, and walk, and walk, and my conscience walks with me, until we are both exhausted. . . . Now am I not a pretty fellow to know?"

He was not anxious for my verdict. He sat on his stone and puffed away at his cigar with his long, lean aquiline face given up to perfect seriousness, and his attitude denoting perfect indifference.

"I am not afraid," said I, although his last words had conjured up a series of fresh pictures before my mind's eye. "I am not afraid," and I held out my hand.

"So be it," said he as he took my hand, and with one strong shake let it go. And then we fell to talking on all sorts of topics.

After that morning we often met, and in a short time became constant companions. I do not think he ever sought me, but he would always come to me when I asked him, and I sought him every day. His personality engrossed me; he was so strong a man mentally, so rich in information, so clever in talk, so shrewd, so clear. But he had moods, decidedly he had moods. Sometimes he would talk at great length, holding me spellbound. He had been all over the world and knew the best of every country. Sometimes he would let hours pass without uttering a word, listening to me as if he did not hear, with eyes turned inward and an air of being somewhere else.

But I learned to respect these moods, and left him to himself during his silent fits, sitting by him and enjoying his presence, but refraining from interference with his thoughts.



One day I said to him laughing: "All this time we have not asked each other's names. My name is Tarbert, — Fitzgerald Tarbert; and yours?"

"The Boss," he replied, holding me with his eye as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding-guest. "Some day," he continued, "I promise you you shall know my real name, but not yet."

What could I say? This singular being had not sought my acquaintance, and if he did not choose to tell me his name I could not insist.

But after this we were more friendly than ever, and I felt great delight because he occasionally called me Fitz.. One night he said,

"I have been up here in this mountain lair for five successive years, but I think this will be my last."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, I think this will be my last. At this time of the year I am always haunted. Does the brain work in cycles? Can you tell me that? If not, why every year does my conscience wake supreme in the months of July, August, and September, and every year with aggravated supremacy? It begins in July with a restlessness that is unconquerable; it goes on through August and September with ever-recurring recollections strengthened by imagination and fortified by remorse, until I am literally beside myself. Yes," he continued with a grim smile, "my body walks unconsciously, with my other *I* beside it, looking it seriously in the face, taunting it, haunting it, heaping up memories, calling up ghosts, until the period of exhaustion sets in."

"But, my dear Boss," said I, "you should not be alone. Have you no dear one?"—

"Ah, yes," he interrupted; "but do you think I would drag my dear ones into my hell? My wife puts her arms round my neck and says, 'Let me go with you, dearest, my place

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is by your side!' But she most of all must never know. No, no, no, that would be destruction indeed."

"Have you no son," I ventured, "who would be glad to share your solitude?"

He laughed outright, for the first and only time in our acquaintance.

"My dainty son!" he replied. "My son who was born in a palace, has been waited upon hand and foot since his birth, who has been to Oxford (where by the by he did *not* take a degree), who has been received at every European court, and whose associates are the nobility of the old world! What sympathy do you think there can be between him and his father, who up to the age of twenty lived in a log hut in Montana? I was going to his room one day to give him the news of the result of a race that I knew he was interested in. I paused outside the half-opened door, hearing voices, and this was the speech I overheard,

"Awful rum old chap, the guv'nor; not half bad, don't ye know,— comes down with the cash with great regularity and promptitude,— but rum, very rum."

"This classical speech, the result of an Oxford education, was, I am bound to say for the credit of my son's guests, received in silence, but on the countenance of the servant, who just then emerged from the door, there was a grin, which changed with ludicrous rapidity when he encountered the rum old guv'nor himself in the hall."

"And your daughter?" I ventured.

"Yes, I have a daughter," he replied. "Life hitherto has all been beautiful outside to her, and let it remain so as long as possible. She loves me truly, but understand me. Thank God, no. She is lovely,— Spanish in movement, and figure, and temperament (her mother is a Spaniard); she has the delicate hands and feet and vivacious temperament of the American. She is very charming, and after my return in October, or if I do not return," he said with intensity of emphasis, "will become the Princess Delano. Yes, at last she has accepted him, and her happiness is assured." These last sentences were uttered musingly and as if my friend were unaware of my presence; and indeed for an hour at least he lay back in his chair with eyes wide open and fixed as if in a trance, and then rising suddenly he left me without a word.

## IV.

It was evening. I was sitting in the moonlight when the Boss came in. I jumped up to light the lamp.

"No, no," he begged, "let us remain as we are."

So we sat in perfect silence an hour, at the end of which time, I, who abhor darkness, or a half-light, got up resolutely and lighted the lamp.

"What can minister to a mind diseased?" This was asked gently, nay almost playfully.

"Well," I answered in the same tone, "they say the lunatic asylums do that sometimes."

He was quite unmoved. "No, my friend," he replied still gently, "it is not that. I have no delusions. It is only that I know my past, and my present is not unworthy of it."

The Boss was haggard and worn. The balls of his eyes looked prominent, his skin was yellow, his fingers twitched as they lay on the arms of his chair.

"You have been walking again?" I asked.

"All last night," he replied quietly; and after a pause, in the same gentle, spent voice he continued. "But I was not alone. The ghosts of the murdered and the robbed, the tortured and the oppressed, accompanied me." I suppose he saw me start, and no wonder. "Do not be alarmed," he said in answer to my movement. "I have never shed any blood, nor have I put my hands

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into any man's pocket. Nevertheless I am —" and then he paused again.

"Yes," he went on, "these ghosts formed a long procession. There were young women with shawls over their heads, with anxious, haggard eyes and worn cheeks, women whose hands were horny with toil, and whose eyes were weary with serving. These murmured hoarsely: 'Return us what you lured us into giving you.' There were men, jaunty and trim in their dress, but with fierce faces and vengeful eyes, and these murmured with oaths, 'We robbed and were imprisoned for you,— give it back! give it back!' There were comely matrons who shrieked in my ears, 'Our little ones were starved and went shabby for you; return what we gave you.' Old women with scant, white locks and tattered clothing tried to clutch me with lean fingers crooked, and with sunken eyes and open mouth like masks of Tragedy, said no word, but looked unutterable things. Old men raised knotted sticks and threatened me, and glared with mad eyes in which the passion of the gambler had quenched the calm light of experience. Ah! it was horrible! and all so real, so real!" He shuddered.

"And then came a crowd of men and women, some with the mark of ropes around their necks, some with faces drawn and bodies tortured with poisons, and last, always last, and worst,"— here he put his hand over his eyes.

At that moment Clayton appeared at the door of the tent and looked in, with a pallid and ghastly face. His lips worked, but at first no words came, and he gasped for breath. "O, sir," he began presently, while the Boss still sat with his eyes shaded, "O, sir," and even now the words came pantingly, his agitation was so great. "O, sir, such a dreadful thing has happened! Dick Darley — shot hisself through the brain — in the store,— and fell dead acrost my feet. O Lord! He spent all his money and took his wife's savings to buy Orleans State Lottery tickets, and his numbers was every one blanks. He was a telling us this with a sort o' wan smile on his face, and we was all looking at him when he out with his revolver and blows out his brains. O, sir," continued Clayton, "some of his poor brains bespattered my clothes," and the man began to cry with strangling sobs.

I rushed to a little cabinet for brandy, placed Clayton in my easiest chair, soothed him and ministered to him to to the best of my ability, and then wondering why the Boss had not offered to aid me, turned, to find him gone.

When Clayton was a little calmer, "Sir," said he, "did you notice the Boss?"

"No," I said; "I was entirely taken up with you and your story."

"O, sir," said Clayton, "he looked awful, he looked like a dying man."

I slept no wink that night. I had supped full of horrors. First, the Boss's horribly realistic description of his ghosts. It sounds tame as I wrote it, but the man's concentrated inward agony gave it a power and intensity that fascinated and horrified.

Then, Clayton's story. Ah! what a night I spent. Imagination was hard at work about the Boss and his visions, Dick Darley, and his poor, innocent wife and children.

The next morning broke calm and clear. How indifferent is nature! Here is an agitated, sleepless man, there one whose conscience is a hell, again one lying down with a hole in his head, done to death by his own miserable hand,— and, in another place, a woman weeping, heart-broken, clasping her children wildly to her breast. Nature is so old, she has seen all these things so many times! To the very old all things are alike indifferent.

As for me, I resented the bright sunshine and the singing birds. I should have welcomed a storm. A hurricane would have been more in sympathy with my mood than this sweet serenity.

Clayton, who as a servant was a

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very clever automaton, prepared my breakfast as usual. Nothing was forgotten, nothing was badly done. If it had not been for the man's pale face and sleepless eyes I might have thought last night's story had never happened. We were both of us silent and gloomy.

It was about eleven o'clock and I was lying in my hammock trying to read, and having to go back half a dozen times to fix the sentences in my mind, when Clayton appeared at the door of the tent.

"O, sir," said he, "there 's more of it yet!" And then he paused. "The Boss is dead!"

"Dead!" I yelled, and again, "Dead!" I flung myself from the hammock and looked helplessly round.

I encountered the yellow face of Ah Lung, the Boss's Chinaman, looking over Clayton's shoulder.

"Yes," he said, "Boss dead. Boss no come bleakfast, 'im go look, Boss lie stiff, 'im go feel fingers, all stiff, dead, quite dead." The pallor of the man's face was livid; he looked like a corpse himself.

I walked quickly in the direction of the Boss's camp, Ah Lung by my side, Clayton following wearily behind.

"Him velly good man," said Ah Lung; "velly lich, velly good man. Him give sixty dollars a month; velly good man." It was only afterwards that I remembered Ah Lung's words.

I entered the Boss's tent, and even in the face of such a tragedy I could not help noticing the extraordinary richness of the fittings. The poor Boss was indeed dead. On the table was a gold-topped bottle labeled "chloral" and near it a Venetian pitcher filled with water, and a goblet that matched it.

My poor friend had taken an overdose of chloral,—accidentally, no doubt. It was easily accounted for. He was in the habit of taking chloral, had felt his restlessness coming on, and unable to bear another sleepless night, had resorted to his usual remedy, and as is so often the case, had taken too much. I explained this to Clayton and Ah Lung, and then I sat down to think. Presently my attention was arrested by two envelopes, side by side on a table against the wall of the tent. I rose and crossed to the table and found that one envelope was addressed to me and one to Mrs. Dick Darley.

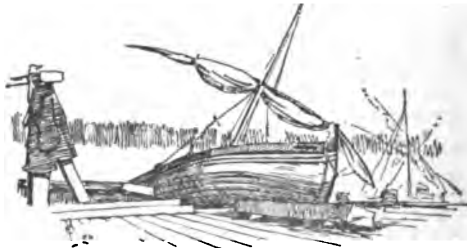
I tore mine open with feverish fingers. It contained only a card. On the side nearest to me I read: "Telegraph Mrs. Bicknell, Palazzo della Riva, Venice"; and on the other I read,—

"*Edward Levando,*
*Orleans State Lottery.*"

The mystery was solved. This death was no accident, but a deliberate suicide. The tortured conscience could bear no more. Dick Darley's dreadful end had put a period to the miserable life that had enriched itself at the expense of others.

Edward Levando had married his wife under a false name, and she had never known his history or the sources of wealth.

*Edith Blumer.*



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## TOMORROW.

"Ah wait," he cries, " but a little longer,"—
The young eyes glowing with holy fire,—
"And man through me shall grow purer, stronger;
My words shall echo, my deeds inspire.
It lifts man's soul from its weight of sorrow—
The Good—the Beauty—I dream and plan;
There comes tomorrow, and then tomorrow,
And yet tomorrow, and I a man."

*By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow*
*The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay,*
*And murmured, "Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow!"—*
*Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter,*
*Sounding long after,*
*And dying away?*

The swift years speed and his life is Duty;—
Ah, the old time light in the eyes is dead;—
" I am faithful still to my dream of Beauty;
Tomorrow, tomorrow is mine!" he said.

*By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow*
*The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay,*
*And murmured, "Tomorrow is mine! Tomorrow!"—*
*Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter,*
*Sounding long after,*
*And dying away?*

The swift years speed and the light is failing;
The dim eyes turn to the misty west;
The white head droops, and he stands bewailing,—
Earth's wearied, dejected, disheartened guest.
"Too late! There will be no morrow's greeting;
Of my grand, great Work but the ruined shell;
I have always dreamed, as the years were fleeting,
'There is yet tomorrow!'"—The dark night fell.

*By the cliff whence the waves their black gloom borrow*
*The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay;*
*" There is yet tomorrow!" she echoed, " Tomorrow!"—*
*Was there a thrill as of tender sadness,*
*Changing to gladness,*
*And dying away?*

*Charlotte W. Thurston.*

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# AN INCIDENT OF THE GOLD BLUFF EXCITEMENT.

THE reader, by referring to a chart of the coast, will find, a little north of Trinidad, a headland called Gihon Bluff. The following paper tells how it came by this name, and the incidents related form a part of the history of the Gold Bluff excitement of 1850.

When I landed in San Francisco, in the middle of January, 1850, after a six months' voyage around the Horn, the first acquaintance I met was Mr. Fred Kohler, afterwards Chief of the Fire Department. He had a jewelry store in a low, one-story building on Clay Street, a few doors above Kearny, and next door to the office of Colonel Stevenson,—who was, by the way, a very active man in those days. In the rear of this store was a large shed, where Mr. Kohler and Mr. David C. Broderick conducted what was known as the "Miners' Mint," where they coined gold dust into five and ten dollar pieces. On the other side was a house called the American Hotel—a well kept place, among whose guests I recall Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Herman, and Miss Tallfry, afterward wife of Surgeon Woods, of the Charleston.

I had known Mr. Kohler in New York, so I stepped in to see him at once. He seemed delighted to see me, and with the usual hospitality of the day, invited me to swing my hammock in the "Mint." This was big luck, for lodgings were scarce and dear,—many of the inhabitants lived in tents, and even a good-sized packing box did not go long without a tenant; so I accepted with gratitude.

I had not been long in the "Mint" when I made the acquaintance of Mr. Jack Tillman, an employee of Mr. Kohler. Jack was much given to poetry, and of a lively imagination. He was getting $16 a day,—some jewelers received $20—but like every one else then, he expected to strike it rich in the mines, and wages of any amount were of little consequence. The business of the "Mint" brought together many miners, and the air was fnll of exciting stories of rich discoveries. One of the most enticing reports was about the Forks of the Klamath aud Trinity rivers. Jack became greatly excited over these stories, and we talked it over and determined to try our fortunes at the Forks.

But the way to get there was the question, as the country was little known and said to be inhabited by troublesome Indians. This did not deter us, as the spirit of adventure was strong within us.

An old-fashioned bark named the Hector, Captain Kemp master, Mr. Fred Woodworth consignee, was moored astern of the old Niantic, (then used as a store ship,) at the corner of Clay and Sansome streets. She was up for Trinidad Bay, and we decided to take passage on her. I think the fare was sixty dollars in the cabin.

We provided ourselves with the ordinary camping outfit,—a small tent and some provisions,—and embarked. We found the cabin aceommodations limited to four-bunks, but there was a camp of some forty or fifty Frenchmen between decks. These were a fine body of men, very intelligent; many of them were professional men.

The bark sailed about the middle of March, and went rapidly down the bay on an ebb tide; but when we got outside we were met by a strong head wind, which lasted throughout the voyage; and as the Hector was a poor sailer close-hauled, we made little headway. The occupant of the berth below me was a little man named Captain Trundy.

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He was a sea-faring man, but he had been married just before he left home for the gold fields; and as the bark would pitch and heave, and day after day make no apparent headway, it told terribly on the Captain. We were thrown so closely together that he became confidential; and he would curse his luck for having left so dear a spouse, and wonder if he would ever see her again!

We kept on this way for about three weeks, and then the provisions began to give out. The captain ran up within seven or eight miles of land, but could not see anything that looked like Trinidad, so he concluded to put about and return to San Francisco. As the land seemed so near, however, it was proposed to lower a boat, make the shore, and try, if possible, to find out our position. To this the captain consented; but as he was short of hands, four of us volunteered to go. We put in some provisions and water and pushed off. We had not gone far when we were up to the thwarts with water, and were reluctantly compelled to turn back. We barely reached the ship in a sinking condition. The boat had been so long out of water that her seams were all open.

As I look back now, what a foolish venture that was! for had we reached the shore, what possible information could we expect to get? The beach was even then strewn with the wreck of a vessel that had gone ashore but a short time before, and I think all hands were killed by the Indians. Had we escaped the Indians, we never could have got off again, the surf was so high. The plight we were in saved us a good deal of ridicule as we made the bark.

The Captain now concluded he had run too far north, so he put about, and running before the wind, it was not long before we came to anchor in Trinidad Bay.

We had scarcely landed when we were notified by a Doctor Clapp that the place was all pre-empted, but that, by courtesy, we might remain. Mr. Tillman and I immediately began pitching our tent and getting things into order. We then started out to take in the town, which seemed to consist of about a dozen tents pitched in the most accessible place. One near me was fitted up with a rude bar. Among the inhabitants of this rudimentary town, I remember that I met Judge Tobin, now of the Hibernia Bank, and Mrs. Tobin, Smythe Clarke, of the Bohemian Club, Frank Lemon, Harry Mathews and Mr. Cogswell, of Oakland, Major Sailes, Major Rowe, D. B. Horton, of Los Angeles, and J. P. Sheppard.

Shortly after we went to bed, the heavens opened, and down came the rain, likewise the tent, owing to our inexperience in putting it up. This gave me time to reflect, and I could not help thinking I was a fool to come all the way round the Horn to such a fine place as San Francisco, and then leave it to begin life in this way. But with the morning the clouds broke away and the sun came out bright and beautiful. So after a good breakfast, we got our tent up again, and after putting it in order, started out to see the children of the forest.

The novelty of our appearance was a little dulled to them by those that had preceded us, but they were entirely new to us. They were perfectly friendly and good-natured, but eternally begging. "*Ah-cheek ah-auny*," or something like it, that meant, "Give us something," was in the mouth of every one, from the chief down to the smallest child. They would not touch our food, but wanted anything else, from a button to a hatchet.

The woods around Trinidad were, at this time, the spring of the year, very beautiful. What with them, and the novelty of being in an Indian country, I quite forgot my original plan for a time, and spent many days in wandering about the woods and visiting the Indians, and was very happy.

Meanwhile a party of about a dozen

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were getting ready to start for the Trinity River gold fields; and they invited me to join them. I accepted the invitation, and hastened my preparations, as we were to start in a few days. Our route to the Trinity would be over a mountainous country, traversed only by Indian trails, and all our provisions, tools, and arms, had to be packed on our backs, for there were no pack animals in Trinidad at that time. Mr. Mathews owned a large pack train that was coming over the mountains, but his mules had not yet arrived; and even if they had, packing was a dollar a pound, which was a poor show for us. Mr. Mathews had just come in in advance of his train, and represented the Indians as dangerous; but the news did not deter us from starting as soon as all was ready.

The way we packed things on the back in those days was to get the biggest sack we could find, sew up the open end, make an opening in the center to put the head through, and throw it thus over the shoulders; then we would fill up the ends with all a fellow could stagger under. Mind you, we were supposed to be carrying provisions for a month. I recollect one fellow, a New Zealander, who, besides his blankets, tools, and arms, had a one hundred pound sack of flour on his shoulders.

During all this time the weather was delightful. So we made an early start, bidding farewell to Jack Tillman, who was not going with us, and soon found ourselves following an Indian trail through the beautiful forest. We were so heavily loaded down that one poor fellow, in going down a steep place, was overbalanced and went head over heels. Why he was not strangled is a mystery, but he was not, neither was he hurt. You could n't hurt anybody in those days.

How I enjoyed this trip through the woods! 'T is true, the pack was heavy, but what was that? — my heart was light. Had I been handicapped like Captain Trundy it would have been a different matter. We were a motley set as we straggled along, but all in high spirits, expecting rich finds. We knew nothing whatever about the route, except that we had to strike off perhaps eighty miles to the north and inland. We had met no one that had been over it except Mr. Mathews, and there was no road of any sort to follow.

After struggling on all day, and making some nine or ten miles, — were I to judge by my feelings, I should say fifty, — we came to a bluff looking down on a beach, and out on the ocean. As it was near the close of the day, we camped here.

When we got about in the morning, we found that a number of things were missing from the camp. We talked the matter over, and several of us started to find the thieves. Presently we struck a narrow trail that led down to the beach. We followed it, and had not gone far when we came upon a group of miserable huts. My companions at once began firing their guns. The occupants of the huts, who had been fast asleep, ran out and scattered. Some of the party went into the huts, and found a rifle and other articles, which the Indians had stolen during the night; likewise about a dozen hatchets, which they had picked up from time to time at Trinidad. On this, our men began firing at the Indians. I protested strongly against this cowardly and wanton murder of the poor naked savages, but I know there were several killed. One poor fellow in particular had run and hid himself among the rocks when the firing began, but his curiosity tempted him to peep out, and he had no sooner showed himself than a ball struck him in the breast. He leaped into the air and then fell back. I went and clambered over the rocks and saw him lying in a heap, his long hair spreading about him in every direction. In another instance I jumped

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and caught the hammer of a gun on my finger as it descended, and saved one life. All this was very early in the morning and seemed to me a dreadful way to begin our journey.

As the party retraced their steps up the narrow trail, I happened to be the last, and by accident I glanced back. But for that, I should have had an arrow in my back: an Indian had crept up behind me, and with his arrow drawn to his shoulder was about to discharge it. Seeing himself discovered, he fled to the brush.

When we got back to camp, we found those that had remained preparing breakfast. They were all quite jubilant at what had happened, and said that was the way to serve Indians. When I remonstrated, they simply laughed at me. I singled out one who I thought sympathized with me, took him aside, and proposed that we return together. I was afraid to go back through the woods alone, and I did not wish to remain with the party. Much to my disappointment, he refused, and repeated as the rest did, that that was the way to serve Indians.

Up to this time I had enjoyed my trip; my load was heavy, but I was strong, the forest was new to me, and I suffered nothing from fatigue. But now everything was changed. I was associated with men who thought nothing of murder. My heart was heavy, and I would have given anything to have left them instantly. I had never seen such an affair before, and it made me sick at heart.

After breakfast we descended to the beach, and continued our journey mostly through the sand. This was very fatiguing, and it made it more so that I had nothing in common with my party, and would not talk with them. Towards the close of the day we reached what I think are called the Bald Hills. Here we were to leave the coast, and strike inland over a mountainous country. Before we began the ascent we sat down to rest. Presently as we sat there, a young Indian girl came along the beach, and right up to us. She seemed to be in the greatest distress, sobbing and waving her hands. We had doubtless killed her father, or some one dear to her. As she passed by, she looked back at us with such agonized reproach that it lessened the courage of those bravoes perceptibly.

After a weary climb we made the summit, and sat down to rest. We could see from here the beach we had just passed over, some nine or ten miles. Presently we saw in the distance what appeared like a body of Indians coming to attack us. The girl, we concluded, had been a messenger, sent ahead to warn the Indians in advance of us of our approach. We were badly scared, for there was no cover on these Bald Hills; but we made a breastwork with our rolls of blankets and camping traps, behind which we could lie down when it became necessary. Had the Indians come up, I would have joined their side could I have made them understand, for I was put in the position of having to fight, to save my own life, on the side of men that I now detested and believed altogether in the wrong. It was a trying moment as we saw them coming nearer and nearer. How we strained our eyes!

Presently some one said, "No Indian would carry a rifle on his shoulder in that way!" Could they be white men? We did not know of any party that was intending to start immediately after us. But yes, away in the distance we caught the faintest strain of the old song, "Dearest Mae." As they approached, there could be no mistake.

I was so delighted at the chance to get away from this miserable set that I sprang up and ran down to meet the newcomers. I hastily told them all that had happened, and begged to be allowed to join them. When they heard my story they said, "Come by all means!"

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Greatly relieved, I took up my march with them. They proved not to be bound for the mines, but an exploring party, going up the coast to find portages, and anchorages for vessels ; so they had already reached the point where their route diverged from that of the first party, going on along the coast, instead of striking up over the hills. I had no objection to this change of program,—anything to get away from the crowd of bravoes, and to escape going through eighty miles or so of Indian country in such company. To tell the truth, I was not especially set on getting to the mines; I was out in search of adventure,—if the mines came in, well and good; if they did n't, well and good.

"Where are your blankets and arms?" some one said.

I told him I had left them behind, and I would rather go without them than meet those fellows again; I had a real horror of it. They told me I must have my outfit, so I made them promise to wait for me, and reluctantly went back.

When I reached the top, where the other party still were, without saying a word, I began to pack up. The leader came up and demanded of me where I was going. I told him plainly that I was going to leave, and why. They said I should not do it, and made threats to prevent me. I felt that it admitted of no debate,—I was going to leave; and picking up my rifle, I asked, "Who will stop me?" and went on packing up as quickly as I could, and then descended rapidly to the waiting party.

As soon as I joined them, we moved on, and before long came to camp. As we sat around the fire that night, I could not but notice the difference between them and my late companions. Though they were roughly dressed, their conversation was that of business and professional men. One of them I afterward knew as Mr. Gray, of the firm of Fonda & Gray.

The next day about noon we made Klamath River. I cannot describe my feelings as we came upon this beautiful stream. We rounded a bluff, and there was that sheet of silver flowing swiftly on and mingling its waters with the Pacific just a few yards away. Looking up stream, we saw that the thick woods grew from the highlands down to the water's edge. In the distance we could see an Indian gliding along in his canoe. This was Sunday, and there seemed to be a Sabbath stillness; no sound could be heard except the occasional wail of some wild animal in the forest. It did seem like intruding on forbidden ground.

The river seemed alive with salmon and seal,—yet here in this sequestered place was going on that interminable war, the struggle for existence. A seal would dive and presently appear with a salmon in his mouth, which he would thrash upon the water, breaking it to pieces. Then a cloud of gulls would swoop down upon him, and seize the pieces, so that, though surrounded with plenty, he had to fight for the little he got, like common humanity.

We must have been the first white men that ever stood on that bank, and we saw the primeval forest undisturbed. No one knew anything about the country then. Yet oddly enough, another pioneer party was arriving there simultaneously with us, and on the same errand, though from San Francisco, not Trinidad.

The schooner Laura Virginia, Captain Ottinger, had just come to anchor on the north side, about a mile away. We hailed an Indian in a canoe by firing a gun. He came up to the bank, looking at us with so much curiosity that we concluded we were the first white men he had ever seen. For a few beads, he willingly set us across to the other side. Soon after we landed, a boat came from the schooner and invited us on board.

As we neared the schooner, I recognized my friend Jack Tillman. She had touched at Trinidad and he had

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taken passage for San Francisco. The Laura had on board a large party, who intended to pre-empt all sites that would be available for portage to the northern mines. They all seemed happy to be at anchor, for they had had a rough and dangerous time in crossing the bar. They were a jolly set, and invited me to spend the night on board.

In the morning, as I was about to leave, Mr. Charles B. Young, one of our early bankers, came up to me and made me a proposition. He wanted me to join one of his party, to go ashore and take up a town site on the south bank of the river. I was to receive one hundred dollars a month and provisions, and remain until the schooner came back.

I accepted the proposition, and was then introduced to a Mr. James Kellogg (at present with Puget Sound Lumber Company), who was to be my companion.

It was not long before a boat was loaded with tools and provisions, and the captain and some of the crew came ashore and put up for us a log and brush house in the woods, about one hundred feet from the river bank, which was here about ten feet high. The house was built by selecting a large tree, which supported the ridgepole; against this were placed logs in a slanting position. These were covered with brush, and the front was protected by a wicker door, which was to be closed at night. On the trunk of the tree, at the back of the hut, were hung all our arms and tools, making it look like a hardware shop. After finishing this hut, the captain and the others bade us goodby; and I do not think any of us felt over-cheerful as they departed.

Now began our life among the Indians. We had not been long alone when we were visited by a party of them. They were splendid looking men,—fine faces, long hair falling down their backs, well developed bodies, but nude. They were very friendly, and glad to see us. The first break they made was to take in the cabin. By standing in the door Mr. Kellogg prevented them from entering, which they tried several times to do. The display of arms and tools on the tree attracted their curiosity and interest irresistibly. As they took their departure they expressed more than ordinary friendship. Kellogg thought they overdid the thing.

That night we slept the sleep of youth and fatigue. In the morning we saw a large empty space on the tree that was so artistically arranged the night before. Those fellows had actually entered our cabin, crawled over us, and stolen two of our axes and other tools without waking us! We had not thought of being on the lookout; we felt safe, there.

I was not sorry to have the axes gone, for we had been expected to clear away the forest. But I now for the first time realized our position, alone among savages,—for the schooner left that morning. I was most fortunate in my companion, however. Mr. Kellogg was a kind, well-informed gentleman. So we set about making the best of our situation.

We had one ax left. So after breakfast Kellogg would map out the work by selecting the biggest tree for me to annihilate. Now Kellogg knew just as much about woodcraft as I did; so after hacking about five minutes, he would come around to see how my work was progressing. During one of these respites he ventured the question whether I knew anything about Swedenborg. I was sorry to own up that I did not, but intimated that I should be glad to gain any information he could impart. The subject seemed a little intricate, but Mr. Kellogg was a zealous teacher, and he must have considered me an interested scholar, for when I thought I had chopped enough, I would

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bring up Swedenborg and ask for more light,—and that was the end of chopping for that day.

The Indians when they first came to visit us were very friendly, and generally brought their wives and children along, and made a family visit, spending a good deal of time with us; and between Swedenborg and them, the time seemed to pass delightfully. They pleased me very much. They were a fine class of humanity, undeveloped of course as to our civilized ideas of property, but they lived according to their lights, and they were physically perfect,—the result of the fine living they could have there, joined with exercise; plenty to eat, and work to get it. The men were naked, the women wore bead aprons, and were scrupulously modest. These families were very social and pleasant, they almost seemed as if they were civilized.

We picked up something of their language, and they of ours; but we could have gotten along without any language, the Indians are so wonderfully vivid and expressive with signs; you can get into communication right away.

But this life was too good to last long. We noticed that the family visits began to drop off, and strange Indians began to make us feel very uncomfortable. They would glide close to the bank in their canoe, not making the least noise, and in an instant, half a dozen would be before us, as though they had risen from the earth.

Fortunately for me, Mr. Kellogg was a very cool and brave man. On such occasions he would sit right in the door,—and they would come and peer over him, and try to get into the house! It was very evident that they intended to take us by surprise, for they had an irresistible desire to get what we had left. They had by this time stolen nearly everything we had. Mr. Kellogg had a Colt's repeating rifle, which with the exception of a little smooth-bore rifle belonging to me, was all the arms we had. So as soon as these suspicious parties made their appearance, Mr. Kellogg, not wishing to show the least appearance of alarm, would throw his cloak over his shoulder, conceal a hammer under it, and await events. Meanwhile I would take the repeater and retire about sixty feet, to have them covered in case of an attack.

On one occasion, as Kellogg sat guard in this way, one ugly devil stood over him with a long knife in his hand. Kellogg looked him square in the eye, for he knew he meant mischief. I had him already covered, awaiting the signal. But Kellogg seized the savage by the arm, and in a cool, determined manner led him to his canoe, and told him to leave, which he did, followed by the others, whom I had no trouble then in starting. I mention this as a singular instance of coolness and nerve. I am satisfied that had Kellogg shown the least fear he would have been killed.

Many days as the sun began to sink in the west, and we sat watching it on the bank of that beautiful stream, we wondered if we should ever see it rise! Every now and then an Indian, in the role of a friend, would drop in and tell us that our throats were to be cut that night. We were by this time on the war-path, but want of sleep and constant strain of nerve began to tell on us. Our one ax we guarded with special care. In order that it should never be out of sight it was placed in a conspicuous spot, where we could continually see it from any point,—but, alas, it went too. They had had their eye on that all along, and many and frequent were their incursions to get it. We had foiled them many times. But on this occasion, without the least warning, six Indians suddenly appeared before us, and seeing them naked threw us off our guard concerning the ax, though we always stood apart and were watchful. They seemed to be in unusually high spirits, and quite frolic-

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some, for Indians, and we made as if we shared their feelings. Just as they were about to depart, two of them went up to Mr. Kellogg and put their arms affectionately about him; two others made an advance upon me, which I repelled; the other two, our attention thus taken, walked quickly down to the canoe. All at once they all disappeared as if they had sprung into the air. We thought instantly of the ax. It was gone.

We had a canoe, which we always drew up on the bank before going to bed. This they were eternally trying to steal. Often they would come in the middle of the night, and be just in the very act of vanishing with it; but it was heavy and they could not get it without some noise. We were now so trained that the slightest cracking of a twig would make us start up. One night, hearing the faintest crack, I crept to the wicket door. There were six Indians, three on a side, quietly walking off with the canoe. I sang out, and quick as thought they dropped the canoe and vanished, except one. This one, failing to get away quickly, and thinking that he was covered, came crouching right to the door. He seemed almost paralyzed with fear, expecting to be shot. Seen through the lattice door, with just light enough to show his dusky form and long hair falling over him, he looked like a devil.

We now concluded to take turns standing watch. I would generally take the first watch,—sitting in suspense, with my rifle, ready to spring out. What I suffered most from was that the nervous strain made me cold. O, what would I not give to sleep in peace! I do not remember how long this would last, but after a time I would conclude to just shut my eye for a moment,—and that eye would never open again till the sun was well up and we had had a good night's rest.

The Indians were now getting so bold, and we so worn out, that we concluded to leave. About a half mile between us and the beach, a party of five or six had taken up a location on the bank of the river, and had built a log house. They told us that they were terribly harassed by the Indians, and almost everything had been stolen from them. At their request we joined their number, still waiting the return of the schooner. Among them was a Mr. Arthur, a brother-in-law of Mr. Beals, a Front Street merchant. They had come in to divide our claim, of course, and hold the place for some other party,—but all desire of taking up land and animosity of rival claimants was lost in the instinct of self-protection.

The Indians were so aggressive that a conflict on several occasions was barely averted. It had got to the point when something had to be done. Mr. Kellogg and I determined to bring it to an issue, so that night before going to bed it was agreed to open fire on any intruder. As Mr. Kellogg was rather near-sighted, he gave me his repeater, trusting to me.

We all lay that night with our arms alongside us; but somehow I could not sleep. The idea got into my head that should the rifle go off it would tear my side out; so I set it standing against the logs.

I had fallen into a sound sleep, when Mr. Kellogg touched, me at the same time whispering, "Gihon, see that Indian!"

Instantly I was wide awake. Sure enough, there he stood. The campfire was nearly out, and cast just light enough to see his form: he had taken down the door, and in a stooping position was in the act of entering. As I reached for my rifle, I made a slight noise, and the figure moved; sitting up in bed, I fired as quickly as possible, right for the center of the door. Instantly the figure fell. For a time all was silence, while I sat waiting for the next one. Then to our amazement a voice said, "Who are you firing at?"

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"My God!" I said, "Arthur, is that you?"

When Mr. Arthur found the bullet was aimed at him he turned quite faint, so that we had to carry him in. When he recovered, he said he heard a noise, and had crept to the door; but just then he heard me reach for my rifle, and looked around. That was what saved him, for the ball, aimed at the center of the door, had grazed him right across the breast, tearing his shirt.

There was no more sleep that night. Poor Arthur, it was a long time before he regained his composure! and a long time before I did, for I should have felt bad about it all my life if I had killed him.

We felt that this kind of life could not continue. We had got down to one pan; and every night we expected to have the house set on fire or torn down, and to be speared as we tried to escape. If they had been more used to white men they would have used us up. But they had no idea what power we might have in reserve; they were dreadfully afraid of our guns, and they thought there was something supernatural about us, and no one knew what we might do.

One morning a party of four, one of them a Mr. Hoyt, came to our camp. They brought a specimen of gold that had just been discovered on the beach, at a place that they called Gold Bluff. The leader of the party was a German, named Ehrenburg; he will be well remembered by old-timers. He was a small man, but wiry; he was a surveyor by profession, but had traded and lived among the Indians a great deal, and was very daring among them, — a second Kit Carson. He wanted volunteers to go to Trinidad with him, as he was very anxious to take his specimens there, and make arrangements for mining. As Mr. Kellogg was very anxious to get letters, and know what was going on, he readily consented to my going along. I think our party consisted of six, one of whom was Mr. Gray.

We were about fifty miles from Trinidad, and Gold Bluff was on the way, about ten miles from us. Ehrenburg must have heard there were whites on the Klamath, and so came up there first to strengthen his party before making the trip. He expected trouble at Redwood Creek, about half-way to Trinidad, for he had heard that the Indians there were very hostile, and had tried to drown several parties in ferrying them across.

Redwood Creek is a small stream that flows into a large lagoon, which is separated from the ocean by a narrow beach. In the winter, or after heavy rains in the spring, this lagoon rises, and breaks through the sand-spit to the ocean, flowing with great force. When I passed this place before, this channel had not been made, so that our travel along the beach was uninterrupted; but now it was running like a mill-race. When we came up and wanted to be set across, the Indians were very sulky, and exacting in their demands. Ehrenburg, however, was provided with some beads and trinkets, and managed to make a bargain, so we got along all right.

The next day we made Trinidad. The news that we brought of the finding of gold, and the specimens, made quite an excitement, and started a party who proposed to set out the very next day, and stake out claims. In this party were Major Rowe, Smythe Clarke, Frank Lemon, P. B. Horton, and five or six others. They did in fact get off the next day in the morning, after hasty preparations.

About noon, Ehrenburg came to my tent, and proposed that Mr. Hoyt and I should start that afternoon, without telling our purpose, and push past the other party, and stake out claims before them. We had just come in from a

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fifty-mile walk, and there were no volunteers for this forced march. But Hoyt and I consented to go.

We had one small rifle and a pistol, and before starting, we provided ourselves with small swords, which we bought from a Frenchman, who had for sale beads and other trinkets for trading with the Indians. These swords were made like large daggers, about two feet long. The handle of mine had not been riveted, but this I did not know.

It was afternoon before we started, but as we were lightly packed, we walked very rapidly, and about dusk came up with the other party. They were quite surprised to see us, and pressed us very hard to sup and camp with them that night. This Hoyt objected to, for fear of losing time, but I saw no reason for pushing on, as we should have to camp very soon anyway, and alone, so I reasoned him out of the idea.

Now this camp was on the very spot where I had camped before, when we had the first experience with the Indians, and the occurrences of that night were still fresh in my mind. After sitting and talking round the camp-fire awhile, we lay down, forming a circle round the fire. Hoyt and I lay a little way apart, by ourselves. We had walked so fast that we were too tired to sleep, so we lay talking and speculating on what our companions would think of our forced march. Everything around was as still as death, when I heard something disturbing one of the pans. Recollecting at once the former scene, and meaning to prevent a repetition of it, I seized my sword, which lay at my side, and without a moment's consideration sprang across the embers of the fire in the direction of the sound.

One of the party, seeing me in this attitude, the sword in my hand, thought the Indians were upon us, and gave an unearthly yell.

How fearfully it echoed through the forest! The party had a couple of mules staked out, and these mules were so scared that they arose and gave a deep groan. Everybody was now awake, and it came near being the death of me, for had I not spoken quickly, I should have been shot; several pistols were drawn on me. There was no more sleep that night.

By break of day we were off, without waiting for breakfast. At noon we stopped to rest, and about two o'clock we made Redwood Creek. As we approached the Indian village, which was a little way back from the beach, the Indians appeard to fall into a great altercation among themselves, and would pay no attention to us. We appeared to be the cause of the discussion. Whatever they were proposing to do evidently met with great opposition. This was unusual, for Indians are natuarlly rather silent.

We signaled to them that we wanted to be ferried across. Presently, three or four came. They were very surly, and would not bargain unless we would give them our swords and blankets. We had provided the usual beads, but these they would not look at. We had each a fine red blanket on our shoulders, and they would shake their heads gruffly at the beads, and stand off and twitch the blankets, in a domineering, surly way, and point to the swords.

We then motioned to them that a party was coming over the bluffs behind us, and that we would return and join them. When they saw we were really going to return, they wanted to take us for nothing. They gave a signal, and presently a canoe came along with five Indians in it. We would not get in until some of them got out. This they refused to do, until they saw that we were in earnest about going back; then two of them jumped out and swam around. We knew their purpose, and wanted to get away, but we could not help ourselves, so we got in. We had hardly left the bank when the swimmers climbed in again.

Now, the canoe was very cranky, be-

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ing so narrow, and so much top weight; and the lagoon was running with great rapidity into the breakers close by.

When we got about the middle of the stream, the Indians began to rock the canoe as if in fun. Hoyt sat in the bow, holding his "pepper-box" pistol, and I was in the stern with my small rifle. When it became apparent that they intended to upset us, we pointed our weapons at them in so determined a manner that they seemed paralyzed. Those on shore began shouting to them, demanding, we supposed, that they upset the canoe, and then, finding that could not be done, that we be brought back. Accordingly, we were paddled back to the shore we had left. When we reached the bank, it was with some difficulty that we clambered ashore, as the sand gave way under our feet. Why they did not push us back into the current I never could understand, for we had to actually push them aside to make a landing.

We told them they were no friends, and we would go back and join the other party. We had not gone far when we were joined by two Indians unarmed. Then three or four more came along, with two or three women. They laughed and talked with us in the most playful manner. All at once Hoyt looked around and saw that the women had been sent back, and under cover of the high land we saw several Indians running with bows and arrows.

Hoyt thought this boded no good, and called my attention to it. He noticed also as we walked slowly along, that close by my side walked an Indian who carried a small hatchet,— the only one there that had any weapon. At one time, as we were laughing and talking, Hoyt caught his eye and told me to look out for him,— he looked ugly; but I had no fear, as all the others were unarmed.

I had scarcely returned this answer, when a couple of fellows seized Hoyt. As I turned round to see what was the matter, two more seized my rifle, and while I was wrestling with them for it, I heard something that sounded like a gun exploding,— the fellow with the hatchet had struck me above the left temple and cut a horrible gash in my head. Hoyt had freed himself, and looking for me, became terribly agitated at seeing the blood flow down my face and breast. It was a most singular thing that the blow did not stun me, not even daze me for an instant, but had the effect of making me very cool and determined; in fact, I felt like a changed man from the instant.

Hoyt began firing, rather wildly, but he shot one man in the side, and another through the right hand. This made them furious, and they danced around us like devils, while the fellow with his hand bleeding would hold it up, rush at us, and urge the others to revenge.

They began to close in on us, and we could see the beach covered with Indians hastening towards us, bringing bows and arrows. They had got my rifle away and I had only the sword. Matters seemed desperate, but I determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. We had to break away from these fellows before the others came on with weapons. Even then it went against me to take life, but as they closed around me, I made a rush on one of them and stabbed him in the groin. When he saw the weapon coming, unarmed as he was, he folded his arms across his breast, to ward off the blow. They knew nothing of stabbing; they fought with slashing when they used knives, so he did not know how to meet the thrust.

I had no sooner drawn blood than my reluctance disappeared. I would have been willing to stab the whole tribe; and as they closed upon me again, I sprang at one fellow and drove my weapon right through his body.

But then I had an awful set-back! I attempted to withdraw the blade,— and what was my consternation when I saw

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the handle come off in my hand, leaving the blade in his body!

To this day it gives me a dreadful feeling when I recall it. I felt for a moment that fate was against me, and let the handle drop helplessly from my extended hand. Then the thought came, "Get the blade!" I tried to draw it, but an Indian rushed foward to cut me down, with Hoyt's sword in his hand. That was the first time I knew that he had lost it. I made another attempt, which he met in the same way. He seemed satisfied to beat me off, instead of following me up, though he could have killed me easily,—the most singular thing. As I sprang back to avoid him, another fellow seized a rock, and hurled it at me with great force, but I dodged it

All this time, the fellow who had my rifle would come quite close to me, squat, take aim, holding the rifle at arm's length, and try to fire, but he could not get it to go off. This kept us in some suspense. Finally two or three of them put their heads together, and this time did manage to set the hammer. He now came at me again, got down on his haunches, held the rifle at arm's length, turned his head away, and fired. Of course the ball went wide of the mark, and great was his surprise when he discovered nobody was killed. He kept this up for some time,—he would fall back, set the hammer, and come at us again; but what a relief it was when that gun went off.

Hoyt was a heavy man, and not much accustomed to violent exertion; he was brave but he was considerably excited seeing the condition I was in, and was firing at random. I cried to him that we must throw off our blankets and free ourselves, doing it myself as I spoke. This came near being fatal to me, for in excitedly throwing off his blankets he accidentally discharged his pistol, and the ball passed close to my breast, cutting the shirt. I said firmly: "Hoyt, let me have that pistol,—I can do better execution with it." He instantly handed it to me. He saw that I was cool, and knew that he was agitated.

Ahead of us was a bluff, which projected across the beach and into the ocean. It must have been about a mile away. O, could we reach that bluff! would our friends show themselves in time to save us? The wounds I had given seemed to have made a turning point in our favor: the Indians drew back, and while some seemed to be attending to their wounded friends, and others quarreling over the blankets we had thrown away, it gave us a chance to make for the bluff, and we reached it after an exhausting walk, or run, over the beach.

This is the bluff I have spoken of, now known as Gihon Bluff. Reaching its foot, we started up the trail, hoping and longing to meet our friends.

We had not gone far, Hoyt in the lead, when an Indian came stealthily up behind, and sunk an arrow deep into my left shoulder. Still I pushed on, looking every moment for help, until at last from exhaustion I missed the trail, and fell into the underbrush.

On looking up I saw an Indian not ten feet above me. He had me at his mercy now, but so wild was he with excitement that nearly all his arrows missed and many I managed to dodge. The bush in which I was sunk protected my body, and I had only to move my head and shoulders, with slight exertion. I did not experience any fear. But I remember thinking there was something horrible—like a devil—in that Indian's look, bending down over me, trying to kill me, his faee distorted with the most awful rage; and every time he let fly an arrow he uttered a sort of wail of hatred.

I was losing strength, however, and further resistance seemed impossible. Seeing me in despair and about to give up, the savage grew more determined



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and accurate in his aim. One arrow passed through my left ear and swung by the center; another would have gone through my neck, but I threw up my arm, when it entered below the elbow, and came out near my shoulder; another struck above the elbow joint, leaving a large barb in my arm; another took me glancing on my right temple, and as I turned my head, another in my right ear.

As these arrows penetrated my flesh, I experienced no pain, but a strong feeling of sleep came over me, and I felt myself growing weaker and weaker from the loss of blood; but like an animal at bay I sprang up to grapple with my enemy, and strangle him,—when an arrow struck me square in the right temple with such force that it shivered and broke. For a time everything grew dark. It seemed as though the last moment had come. Could I stand it any longer, it was with such great difficulty that I kept on my feet?

I had not staggered far when I fell over Hoyt; he had fallen, and lay on his face, hidden by the brush. He said, "Gihon, for God's sake, go on,—I can go no further. He was not wounded, but completely worn out.

He drew the arrow from my back, and as he did so I said sternly, "Hoyt, you *must* get up; they 'll be on you, and you can't escape."

Poor fellow, as he got up, and was trying to get along, an arrow struck him about the middle of the left thigh, and passed clear through.

At last, bleeding and torn, I reached the summit, expecting to hail friends close at hand. But alas! none were in sight. It was in vain that I strained my eyes for assistance far down along the beach in the direction that it should come. Not a living thing was in sight.

I was now standing on the edge of a high bluff, overlooking the ocean. The face of this bluff was very steep and jagged; in fact, too dangerous for any one to think of going down except from sheer necessity. I had been standing here but an instant when, turning around, I beheld a party of Indians coming up behind me.

There was no alternative but to go down the bluff, so, jumping over in a moment of desperation, I went rolling, bumping, and sliding down over rocks and stones, and finally landed on a pile of rocks below, bleeding and bruised, and my clothes almost torn from me. For a time I was somewhat dazed, bewildered, and breathless.

I regained my feet with much difficulty, and had not gone but a few steps, when a savage stood right before me. I was between him and the breakers. Now began a renewal of the scene I had just gone through. This thing was repeated at least a dozen times, but one arrow cut me across the breast, making a slight wound.

All this time I had with difficulty managed to keep hold of Hoyt's pistol, and although I believed it was empty, I had used it to keep at bay the Indian who was shooting at me on the trail, by pretending to shoot him, and thus kept him at some distance while I made the top of the bluff. In the same way I now kept this Indian at some distance, by continually pointing the pistol at him.

Meantime Hoyt had struck a trail that led to the beach, somewhat lower down, and reached it about one hundred and fifty feet ahead of me; and as I was now too weak to make any more resistance, and thought this fellow would finish me easily, I called to Hoyt, but he did not look around. I stood, meanwhile, coolly aiming at the Indian, and now, not expecting the pistol would go off, but merely instinctively, I pulled the trigger. To my amazement, it went off. Hoyt looked around at the sound, in time to see the fellow jump into the air and fall.

But this had no sooner happened than another Indian presented himself, and seeing his companion fall, he picked

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up his bow and quiver, in which one arrow still remained, took a cool and steady aim at me, and shot it. The arrow buried itself in the sand at my feet. The Indian then turned to attend to his wounded companion, and I managed to hurry on and join Hoyt, who was limping along, the arrow still in his thigh.

We got along some little distance, with great effort; but looking back we could see a number of Indians. As they would come up, they would stop and gather about their wounded comrade.

Now began our most distressing time. Could we but make that other bluff! It was nearly a mile away, and it was just as much as we could do to drag along. We did not dare to hope, for we expected at any moment they would come on after us. Nor was this the worst: we expected every moment to fall into an ambush of some who had come around the sand dunes. Finally we made the foot of the bluff, but we were too weak to make the ascent.

We sat down and rested, almost driven to despair. We could look back and see Indians in increasing numbers. Even now, should they resume the attack, we could not get away.

My wounds began to pain me now. The sun was going down, and I was getting stiff and cold. As a forlorn hope we began the ascent. Hoyt tried to help me, but my shoulder pained so I could not bear to have him touch me.

Almost to the top we struggled along,—the Indians watching us, night coming on, and where were we to hide?

Had we escaped so far only to be killed at last? In front, rounding a paint of the trail, and coming toward us, Mr. Hoyt saw a couple of Indians.

I was in such a shocking condition, all covered with blood, that Hoyt said to me, "Hide! hide! till they. pass." He was afraid that if they saw my condition they would surmise what had happened, and finish us. But before I could get out of sight, they were upon us.

They were both fine-looking men, clothed in skins, after their fashion. Each had his bow and quiver. When they saw me, they stood like statues for a minute, and passed on in silence. Would they return and kill us?

It was now getting quite dark, and I was about giving up. We had made the summit, and looked in vain for comfort or protection. The cold spring wind from the ocean cut me to the bone; the loss of blood and pain were now telling on me at last in the extreme; we could not keep on much longer, and a night on this exposed spot, without fire, food, shelter, or clothing, seemed inevitable, with the probability that the Indians would follow us up and finish us. The hope that our friends might come had now died out. We kept on, however, and in a few minutes, suddenly, Mr. Horton and Smythe Clarke were there in front of us.

I had been so played with by fate, between hope of escape and despair, and the continued suspense had been such a strain, that now when relief came, I saw them with indifference.

A few moments later, the rest of the party appeared. They all turned back at once, and helped us down to the beach they had left, and after traveling about a quarter of a mile came to a little brush, with which they could make us a shelter. They did everything that humanity and kindness could suggest. They gave us their clothes and blankets, warmed water, and dressed my wounds. Major Rowe, who was a veteran of the Mexican War, and somewhat skilled in surgery, took charge of us, and with a packing needle and some twine, put a couple of stitches in my head. Meanwhile the others, fearing the attack would be renewed, set to work to build a breastwork.

As there was plenty of driftwood on

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the beach, it was not long before they had quite a fort, and sat down to discuss the situation. It was decided that in the morning they would send to Trinidad for volunteers, and chastise the Indians.

When they referred to me, it was something in this way: "Poor fellow, he stood it well, but he can't last till morning." Somehow, I thought differently. But one thing gave me great uneasiness,—what if the arrows should be poisoned?

In the morning Smythe Clarke and a companion started for Trinidad, and on the third day they returned with some thirty or forty volunteers. Among them were Judge Tobin, Mr. Harry Mathews, Captain Trundy, and a Doctor Anderson, of New York. That night the plan of attack was laid out, and in the early morning the party started, leaving Trundy and two others to stand guard over us.

All this time Hoyt and I were in the hospital. My head was in such a condition that I did not dare move, for fear of inflammation. I kept thinking I felt something move under me, but I was too weak to investigate. Trundy was kind and attentive, and every now and then would come to see how we got on, but he found the day an ordeal, and we would hear him say, as he paced up and down: "What the deuce brought me here? These blasted Indians will kill us, and I shall never see my little wife again!"

As the sun was about setting, the army returned. They reported that the Indians had discovered their advance,—had doubtless been warned by the two that passed us, who must have known the party was just behind,—and had cleared out. They had encountered squads of them all through the woods, but the only one of our party that was hurt was Judge Tobin, who had received an arrow wound in the thigh. They had burned the village, and destroyed all the provisions, besides taking five prisoners. One of these prisoners was a girl, and another the man Hoyt had shot through the hand. He was in a wretched condition: he had done nothing for the wound, and it was nearly a week old. They had seen the bodies of the men we had wounded, who were in a dying condition, had found my rifle, filled with sand and gravel, and had picked up a number of arrows.

That night everybody was too tired to do anything, and action was postponed till morning. A guard was placed over the prisoners, and they were tied, but during the night the girl and one of the men managed to escape.

When morning came, and we had had breakfast, we held a council to decide what to do with the remaining prisoners. Everything was conducted in an orderly manner. Some were for letting them off; others for shooting them; others for whipping and letting them go.

"Don't whip an Indian!" I said. "Either let them off or kill them."

A show of hands was called for, and the result was that for the safety of travelers in the future they must be shot as an example.

This is the way it was carried out: an Indian was led down to the edge of the surf, placed with his back to it, and there he stood, straight and still and cool, till a volley riddled his body. He sank, and was borne off by the undertow. The other two looked on without the least show of emotion, and as their turns came, each one walked silently forward, faced about, stood without a quiver looking at the rifles, and met his fate. The man whose hand was hurt was one of these three.

Doctor Anderson removed the stitches from my head, and told me I must not be removed for eight or ten days. But the combined party were about to return to Trinidad, and though some of them kindly offered to stay with me, I begged to go. They had brought a couple of mules, and when they saw I was determined not to stay, they let me

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have one of these. I was carefully lifted and placed on his back; and then, when the blankets where I had lain all this time, were taken up we found out what I had felt moving: a number of snakes had taken their abode beneath.

I suffered little from the journey, except occasionally from the throbbing of my head, when the mule had to step over the rocks. In Trinidad there was a French doctor,— I think his name was Gras,— who paid me a great deal of attention. Mr. Mathews also was very kind, and let us have a little house, and used to spend a good deal of time bathing my wounds to keep down inflammation. No one could have received more kindness and human sympathy than I did. I was the first victim of Indian troubles, and everybody was interested in me. The Indians used to come in and see me, and look at my wounds with awe and interest.

As I thought the matter over, at this time and later, some things became clear to me. The friendliness on the Klamath, turning to hostility, as if the Indians had heard something; the unusual excitement on Redwood Creek when Hoyt and I were seen coming; the single armed man, keeping by me with the hatchet,— all these things pointed to me. I have had no doubt that I was recognized on the Klamath as one of the party concerned in that wanton murder the second day out from Trinidad with the Australians; I had been a marked man and had not known it, and hostility had been drawn on the whole party on my account. Had they been less in fear of the whites, I and my companions would have paid the reckoning promptly. As it was, they could not bring themselves to the attack till fate seemed to put me in their hands, and even then their fear of our unknown powers paralyzed their assault, when they could easily have made an end of us. I bore them no ill will,— the first aggression came from our side.

The schooner Sierra Nevada, Captain Edwards, gave me passage, and I returned to San Francisco. I never saw Hoyt again, but I learned that he returned to New York soon after, and was practicing dentistry. I shall never forget his good, kind face. After the first excitement he seemed to accept the situation, and without a murmur plodded along. He stayed by me, when he was the better able of the two to get on, and without his help and encouragement I could never have got over the bluff.

Among the souvenirs of that little adventure, I still keep the contract signed by Mr. Young,— the writing almost obliterated with blood,— the barb in my arm, and the deep scar on my head.

*Thomas Gihon.*

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# ETC.

THE net result of comments on the fall elections in the East seems to be that they mark an almost total disappearance of the Farmers' Alliance movement, and a distinct set-back to the effort for free coinage of silver; demonstrate once more, and over a wider range, the excellent working of the Australian ballot system; and give no decisive party advantage. Such advantage as there was fell to the Republicans, because it was won in Ohio, where no local question complicated the result; but even here an interpretation of the vote is made impossible by the importation of the silver question into a canvass that should have been made on the sole question of the endorsement of Mr. McKinley. The foolish blunder of the Democratic platform in thus confusing an issue which it should have been the effort of both parties to define as clearly as possible, was followed up by the managers of the Republican campaign with more political shrewdness than statesmanship Whether a State election ought to turn on national issues or not, when it does, the issues ought to be clear; and especially the question of a high protective tariff, now it has at last been made the leading party question, should be kept clear of entanglements till it has been finally settled. The only one that should take precedence of it at present in national affairs is that of integrity. The last presidential election should be an example for the next, which should seek a more decisive verdict (for it will be remembered that President Harrison was elected by a majority of the electoral vote and a minority of the popular — a very indecisive result) on a question as clearly stated. It will be the effort of politicians on both sides to prevent this.

THE local matter of deepest public interest is, of course, the proceedings and status of the Grand Jury, — constituted by extraordinary methods, for the achievement of an extraordinary task. Whether it is a legal jury or not is a question for experts; whether, even if upheld by the Supreme Court, it can fulfill the expectations that have been aroused concerning it, — namely, that it will indict and bring to trial the leaders of bribery and theft in San Francisco politics, — is a question for time to determine. The experience of other cities in such struggles is not encouraging: yet who despairs of final success in them despairs of humanity. Civilization cannot survive the continuance and increase of governmental corruption in cities, joined with the increase of city populations and influence.

Two events of great importance in another region of human activity tell a plainer story than any of the political events of the month. These are the final dismissal of the case against the Andover professors, and the break-down of the heresy trial of Doctor Briggs. Andover is the principal Congregational theological seminary; Doctor Briggs, a leading professor in one of the two chief Presbyterian seminaries. The Andover professors, some years ago, published a book which was exceedingly dull reading, but which committed them clearly in favor of what is called "the historical criticism" of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, (that is, practically, the repudiation of tradition and the belief of the Church in the past as valid evidence with regard to their origin,) and also put foward tentatively an original speculation with regard to the future life. The question was at once raised whether they had a right to teach these things under the conditions on which the endowments of the seminary were held. The controversy passed from the governing boards of the seminary into the civil courts, from which it has now been dropped on a technicality.

The occurrences in the Briggs case are fresh in our readers' memories. He had made an address in which he emphasized his known sympathy with this same "historical criticism" of the Scriptures, and his known opinion that the Protestant churches exalted them too exclusively and indiscriminately as standards of faith. His seminary upheld him, if not in these views, at least in his right to teach them under Presbyterian creeds. His presbytery was then brought to a somewhat reluctant vote to try him for heresy, and availed itself of technical points, which he raised against the indictment, and of placating expressions on his part, to drop the prosecution, — with the general approval of the Presbyterian press throughout the country.

THE situation thus made is perfectly clear. Both prosecutions were dropped on technicalities; in both cases the prosecutors themselves are visibly relieved to have waived the struggle; in neither does the bulk of the denomination commit itself to any agreement with the views criticized, but tacitly — and in the case of Doctor Briggs reluctantly — admits the

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right of its professors to hold and teach them. The attitude of each denomination, as a body, is permissory, rather than approving. In the West probably, in the South certainly, it would not even be permissory; and the Briggs' case may possibly be called up again by a higher church court, including Western and Southern delegates. But it is easy to foresee what changes impend in the feeling of the rank and file of the denominations from the fact that their seminaries for the training of the clergy are practically in the hands of what may be called the "broad church" wing.

A BEGINNING of what may be in a mild sense a new era socially was pointed out last year in the surprising falling off of the death rate among infants born of college educated mothers,—from twenty-five per cent to ten per cent. When these figures are considered in connection with the yearly increase in the number of women seeking the higher education, it may be foreseen what large changes in vital statistics another century may witness from this cause. It is probable that there is a decline in the number of children born coincidently with the rise in vitality and health; but of this we have no information. College women have not graduated in considerable numbers till lately, and as a consequence they are but now beginning to exert a perceptible influence as young mothers. If it is to be as marked in every stage of the bringing up of the next generation as it has been in the infantile, it will certainly be a most desirable force in society. Oddly enough, in all the phases of the discussion of the higher education of women, this effect—the tendency to more serious and efficient motherhood—seems never to have been taken sufficiently into consideration, though it has been incidentally urged. Another indication that it exists has just come forward, in the gravitation of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ (which has heretofore been largely occupied with sociological questions) toward the subject of child psychology,—a branch of science still scarcely existent, for lack of material.

### Recollections vs. Facts.

IN the OVERLAND for November, the "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln" quote him as saying at one of his public receptions, concerning General Meade, then in command of the Army of the Potomac, "There is the man who lost the opportunity of his life, by not cutting Lee's army to pieces at Falling Waters."

I quote from information afforded by Colonel Carswell McClellan of the General Staff, Third, Fifth, and Sixth Army Corps,—"I do not believe it as stated. In the first place, the time and circumstances surrounding could not have invited such a departure from Mr. Lincoln's habitual caution and discretion. A public reception is not usually selected for such utterances. In the second place, I decline to believe Mr. Lincoln capable of such an ungenerons and unjust reflection on one who had rendered the service performed by General Meade. Thirdly, there was nothing to justify such a remark."

To be on the safe side, I must premise the statement of the fact leading me to make this assertion, by a trite notation or two. I think you will agree with me that when Mr. Lincoln wrote to General McClellan that "the Commander-in-Chief may order what he pleases," he inadvertently advanced an untenable claim.

The obligations attaching to command far outweigh the prerogatives, which are only conferred as a means to the end. From the time of Pericles it has been held by all masters of the art of war—Alva, Marlborough, Frederick, Napoleon, *et id omne*—that "good generals only fight battles when necessity compels them to, or the opportunity is eminently propitious." It is true that with us some men entrusted with rank and power ignored all such conservative rules, and when their opportunities came within their reach, regardless of the interests at stake, sacrificed the lives of the men entrusted to them that they might win the name of "Fighting Tom, Dick, or Harry," from a popular prejudice which imagines that benefit followed when "volunteers rushed in, where regulars feared to tread." But the remark attributed to Mr. Lincoln acknowledges that General Meade was a good soldier, even while it inconsistently couples with the admission a sneer at his having disregarded his own personal interests in favor of his command. I fully recognize the power and prevalence of the dictum, "Look out for number one first," but I am not ready to acknowledge that "*Noblesse oblige*" is yet to be entirely ignored in estimating the value of public character and service.

Now for the facts leading to or bearing on Falling Waters. One of the circumstances—and by no means the least—leading General Lee to accept battle at Gettysburg, was the fact that he held the mountain passes in the rear and could easily defend them in case of defeat and necessary retreat. During the night of July 4th his army commenced their retreat through those passes,—the trains and wounded having commenced the movement on the night of July 3d and continued it through the 4th. On July 5th Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps and a brigade of cavalry, was pushed after the main army retreating on the Cashtown Road; Budford's cavalry was sent by way of Frederick to capture and destroy the enemy's train at Williamsport; and Kilpatrick was

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started on a similar errand by way of the Monterey Pass; and another brigade was pushed out on the Cashtown Road on July 6th. General Sedgwick reported the main body of the enemy in the vicinity of the Fairfield Pass, and stated that he could take the Pass if necessary, but that it was strong and would involve delay and that it would be a waste of time to try to push the enemy further on that road. There was, of course, a possibility that Lee could have been rounded up before reaching Hagerstown, by a vigorous advance of the whole Army of the Potomac by the Fairfield and Cashtown passes, but it was a bare possibility, and General Meade's task imposed upon him the careful consideration of probabilities. Therefore the Army of the Potomac was moved by the left flank through the passes of the Catoctin Mountains, because he believed that he could thus follow Lee more rapidly than by direct pursuit. Heavy rains, commencing on the night of July 7th and continuing through July 8th, retarded Meade's movements so that his army was not through the Blue Ridge and in position covering the roads to Hagerstown and Williamsport until the night of July 9th. On the afternoon of July 6th Kilpatrick had attacked the enemy at Hagerstown and Buford at Williamsport, but both were repulsed, the Confederate cavalry being on hand with infantry supports.

In addition to the start of several hours gained by withdrawal during the night, Lee's route from Gettysburg to Williamsport, was about half the length of that taken by General Meade. The head of Lee's column reached Hagerstown on the afternoon of July 6th, and the rear on the morning of July 7th. Consequently, when he discovered the impassable condition of the river, he had ample time in which to entrench himself securely while making the necessary preparations for a crossing.

Soon after coming up with the enemy, General Meade, in company with Generals A. A. Humphreys and Warren, examined the positions taken up by Lee. General Humphreys states that it "presented no vulnerable points,"— though much was concealed from view, and that "its flanks were secure and could not be turned."

From July 7th to 10th spirited engagements were maintained by the cavalry of the two armies. On July 11th all the corps of the Army of the Potomac were thrown forward to ascertain by reconnoissance how the enemy was posted. The movement was continued on the 12th, close up to the Confederate lines.

On the evening of July 12th General Meade determined upon a reconnoissance in force, supported by the whole army, and an attack, if promise of success developed. On assembling his corps commanders, however, he found them unanimously and strongly opposed to the movement, and therefore postponed his order until he could himself again examine the position. This he did the next day, and the order was issued for the reconnoissance to be made on the morning of July 14th. That reconnoissance discovered the fact that Lee had withdrawn during the night of July 13th.

General Meade, when reinforced by French's command and the temporary command of "Baldy" Smith, possibly had ten thousand more men than Lee could muster, but it must be remembered that the Army of Northern Virginia, though just defeated, was not demoralized, nor was it more fatigued than the Army of the Potomac. To have ordered his army to the direct assault that would have been necessary, would have been a repetition by Meade of Burnside's criminal blundering at Fredericksburg, when General Humphreys says "the entrenchments were not more formidable than those of Williamsport." The same authority (in his "Gettysburg to the Rapidan") says, after their evacuation "a careful survey of the entrenched position of the enemy was made, and showed that an assault upon it would have resulted disastrously to us." In his address at the Meade Memorial Meeting in Philadelphia, he states it,— "Had he (Meade) assaulted he would have been repulsed with heavy loss, and without inflicting any material injury on the enemy." Generals Humphreys and Hunt I regard as without superiors in their ability to comprehend the requirements and possibilities of military exigencies.

General Meade had a fearful load to carry in July, 1863. The Washington authorities were outdoing themselves in their favorite idiocy of "holding in" and "urging on" at one and the same time. That Meade held his course as judiciously as he did is vastly to his credit, and therein lay the secret of the criticism showered upon him. That Lee recrossed the Potomac and was enabled to prolong the war was due to the pusillanimity of the authorities who failed to collect and place across his line of retreat a force which could readily have been spared from points where they were useless, and could easily have covered and disputed the river crossings, while the Army of the Potomac attended to him in front.

Meade's unselfish service will shine brightly in history in contrast with the murderous selfishness of Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor.

Major General H. J. Hunt, then Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, also says: "Meade was suddenly placed in command. From that moment all his acts and intentions, as I can judge of them, were just what they ought to have been, except perhaps in his order to attack at Falling Waters on the

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morning of the 13th, and especially on the 14th of July, when his corps commanders reported against it. . . . He was right . . . as to his pursuit of Lee. Rarely has more skill, vigor or wisdom, been shown under such circumstances as he was placed in, and it would, I think, belittle his grand record of that campaign by a formal defense against his detractors."

General F. A. Walker, Adjutant General, Second Army Corps, says in a recent letter: "The case to my mind is not a difficult oue. When men like Generals Humphreys and Morgan say that a position cannot be carried, I for one am content to stay in camp. The criticisms of General Meade very generally proceed upon the presumption that Lee's army was broken and demoralized and that it was perfectly safe to 'monkey' with it to any extent."

Colonel C. H. Morgan, Inspector General, Second Army Corps, says, "A careful examination has made it apparent that we could not cross the stream in our front in line of battle, and it was too near the enemy to cross and reform."

Major General Humphreys further says, "Lee's intrenchments at Williamsport (Falling Waters) were not less formidable than those he occupied at Marye's Heights" (Fredericksburg).

Brevet Brigadier General R. R. Dawes, First Corps, says in a letter, July 27, 1863: "General Meade did wisely in not attacking Lee in his entrenched position at Williamsport. . . . I examined the Rebel fortifications then, which were strong, well constructed, and think he would have certainly failed to carry them by direct assault. Both flanks of the works were on the Potomac. We had no other alternative than direct assault. I take no stock in the stuff printed in the newspapers about the demoralization of the Rebel Army after Gettysberg. They were worn out and tired as we were, but their cartridge boxes had plenty of ammunition, and they would have lain quietly in their rifle pits and shot us down."

And again in 1891: "It is my belief our army would have been repulsed. Our later experience at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor and in many other assaults is a sufficient indication of the fact."

General E. P. Alexander, Chief of Artillery (Confederate), Army of Northern Virginia,—*Century*, January, 1887,—says, "The morale of the (Confederate) army seemed not at all affected. Had Meade attacked us at Downsville (Falling Waters), where we were stopped for several days by high water in the Potomac, I believe we should have repulsed him easily."

It is not that any labored defense of General Meade's action at Falling Waters on July 13, 1863, is necessary, if the facts are appreciated, save that to the world such reticent, modest, and sensitive men as he usually appear lacking in those qualities that go to make brilliant failures, at the expense of others, steps to ultimate reward, through that world's admiration for attempt and effect, though ill-timed, wasteful, and criminal, as would have been Meade's had he gloriously (?) wasted a few thousand more of the Army of the Potomac, on the day President Lincoln says he "missed the opportunity of his life," and it is only that such language is claimed as the personal and studied opionion of so just, sensible, and politic a man as Abraham Lincoln, that the necessity arises to controvert it.

Other commanders of the Army of the Potomac did not fail to "miss" such "opportunities" at Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and other places, and with varying results, better known to the participants than to the critic of today, and when the true unbiased history of its four years shall be written, the "hit" at Gettysburg will be recognized as quite compensating for the problematical "miss" at Falli ng Waters.

*A. D. Cutler.*

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# BOOK REVIEWS.

### Hornaday's Taxidermy.[1]

THERE is ample room for such a treatise on taxidermy as that just issued by the Scribners. Of the many books on the subject now in the field almost none are really satisfactory. Most are mere popular text-books, arranged for amateurs and written by people who had small knowledge of their subject, or else so technical that no one but the trained taxidermist could find them of use.

Mr. Hornaday, while modestly entitling his book a "Manual for the Amateur Collector," has gone into the subject deeply enough to satisfy the most exacting professional. His long experience has given him the practical knowledge so necessary for the museum builder in his work, and some rare gift of common sense has enabled him to set this knowledge forth clearly and simply in his book. More than that, the

[1]Taxidermy and Zoölogical Collecting. By William T. Hornaday. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons: 1891.

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style of the writing is so pleasant, there is such a vein of quiet humor running through its pages that the lay reader, who has no especial interest in the subject on its technical side, will be beguiled into reading the book merely from its literary interest. There are chapters on collecting and preserving all sorts of specimens, including mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and invertebrates. Much space is given to taxidermy, the fitting of the laboratory, preliminary work, mounting in all its branches, ornamental work, grouping, and many other details. A special section is devoted to collecting and mounting skeletons, and W. J. Holland, the well known entomologist, adds a chapter on the collection and preservation of insects.

Perhaps the best feature of the book is its discouragement of miscellaneous collecting by young people who have no scientific purpose in view. Where intelligent study and careful classification follow on the capture of the unfortunate specimens, the end is good and really justifies the taking of animal life. But where, as is too commonly the case, the youthful interest goes no further than the sport of acquirement or the eagerness to accumulate more specimens than his fellow collectors have, the pursuit of collecting becomes demoralizing in the extreme. The book is beautifully gotten up and contains a large number of excellent illustrations and explanatory plates.

## Briefer Notice.

*Native Life in India*,[1] another volume of the Young People's Library, is a revised edition of Henry Rice's "Native Life in South India." It consists of sketches of the social and religious characteristics of the Hindus, and is based principally upon observations in the Madras presidency. Caste among the Hindus, their view of marriage, funeral customs, family life, and religious observances, are described. The language, literature, and the history of their religious beliefs, are touched upon, and much matter of interest is contained within the limits of a few pages.———Even if Shakespeare had not written the play dealing with the same events, Mr. Willard's tragedy[2] would not have excited any very great interest. It is even and well written but the blank verse is wofully prosy, and the movement and sentiment fatally mild and calm. One would scarcely say that the author deliberately followed Shakespeare; but there is scarcely a scene that does not almost unconsciously invite comparison.———To those who are interested and look on life as something to be taken seriously, in its light as well as its heavy aspects, Miller's *Making the Most of Life*[3] will prove of benefit and interest. It is a volume of short sermons delivered out of the pulpit, and like most sermons of these days, appeals to the feelings rather than to the understanding. ———*Life on the Kongo*[4] gives a missionary's experiences in the very scenes of Stanley's explorations. The characteristics of the savage inhabitants, their strange superstitions, and the aspect of the land where they live, are briefly described. The statements have the reliablity of first hand information. The book has a number of illustrations,— one of them the portrait of Henry M. Stanley.———Kirchhoff's *Journey to Hawaii*[5] is an interesting diary of travel to that country written in German and very prettily printed by a foreign firm. It is pleasant reading and would make a good class room text for teaching German.———The new volume of *Appleton's School Physics*[6] is a revised edition of the old Quackenbos Physics with chapters on special subjects by specialists in particular lines. Like all modern text-books it is amply illustrated and aims to be practical rather than theoretical in its text.——— Maxwell's *Advanced Grammar*[7] is at once a text-book and a volume for reference. It covers much that a decade ago was relegated to rhetoric rather than grammar,— notably in the chapters on Prosody and the Economy of Attention. The portion which treats of the formation of words and their analysis is especially valuable.———Within the year an exhaustive review of Quick's *Educational Reformers*[8] has appeared in these pages. It is only necessary therefore in noting the new and revised edition to speak a word as to the changes in the older text. The author has greatly enlarged the work, added several chapters on noted men and rearranged the older text, writing in detail to explain and make clear many points that before were not so. The same insight characterizes the choice of the "new" reformers, and the book remains as bright and readable as before. It is a wise thing in Mr. Harris to include it in the International Series.

[1]Native Life in India. By Rev. Henry Rice. Pacific Press Pub. Co.: Oakland: 1891.

[2]Julius Cæsar: An Historical Tragedy in Five Acts. By Edward Willard. Philadelphia: Horace Willard: 1891.

[3]Making the Most of Life. By J. R. Miller, D. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: 1891.

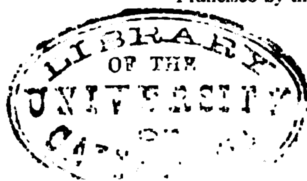
[4]Life on the Kongo. By Rev. W. Holman Bentley. Oakland: 1891: Pacific Press Publishing Co.

[5]Eine Reise nach Hawaii. Von Theodor Kirchhoff. Altona: 1891. For sale in San Francisco by F. W. Barkhaus.

[6]Appleton's School Physics. New York: American Book Company: 1891.

[7]Advanced Lessons in English Grammar. By Wm. H. Maxwell. New York: American Book Company: 1891.

[8]Essays on Educational Reformers. By Robert Herbert Quick. International Educational Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.: 1890. For sale in San Francisco by the Bancroft Co.



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