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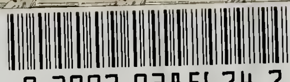
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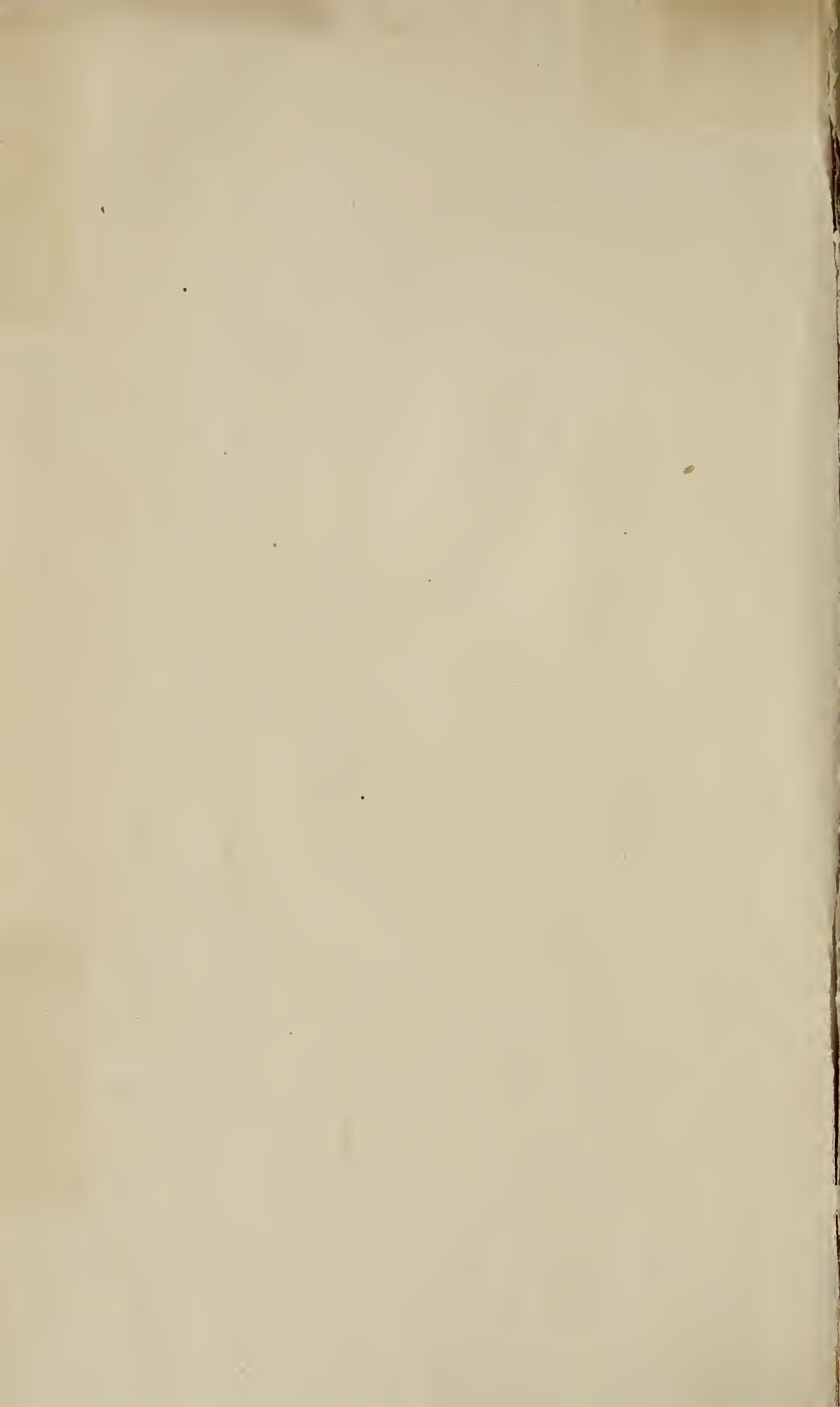
Section 11. The Librarian shall cause to be kept a register of all books issued and returned; and all books taken by the members of the Legislature, or its officers, shall be returned at the close of the session. If any person injure or fail to return any book taken from the Library, he shall forfeit and pay to the Librarian, for the benefit of the Library, three times the value thereof; and before the Controller shall issue his warrant in favor of any member or officer of the Legislature, or of this State, for his per diem, allowance, or salary, he shall be satisfied that such member or officer has returned all books taken out of the Library by him, and has settled all accounts for injuring such books or otherwise.

Sec. 15. Books may be taken from the Library by the members of the Legislature and its officers during the session of the same, and at any time by the Governor and the officers of the Executive Department of this State who are required to keep their offices at the seat of government, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General and the Trustees of the Library.



THE

INV. 1898.

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOLUME I.

SAN FRANCISCO:
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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. I.—JULY, 1868—NO. I.

A BREEZE FROM THE WOODS.

"SHALL we go to the Springs this year?" asked a demure woman as she handed the tea and toast across the table.

Now there are more than five thousand springs in the Coast Range which have never been defiled. It isn't necessary for the preservation of one's mortal system that it should be daily saturated with a strong solution of potash or sulphur. As a pickle, I much prefer a few gallons dipped up from the ocean, or a spring bath from a little mountain stream. Do you think it is evidence of sanity in a hungry man to expect a wholesome dinner in a country hotel kept expressly for city boarders? We will have a vacation nevertheless. If our homes were in Paradise, I think we should need it. One might get tired even of looking at sapphire walls and golden pavements. Did you observe how promptly that artisan dropped his tools when he heard the mid-day warning? Many a man gets more than one significant warning to drop his tools—all his instruments of handicraft and brain work—at mid-summer and be off. If he does not heed this protest of nature, there will come a day when the right hand will lose its cunning and the brain its best fibre. It is better to sit down wearily under the shadow of a great rock and take a new baptism from the ooze and drip, than to trudge on as a money-making pilgrim up the bald mountain, because forsooth some men have reached it at mid-day—and found nothing. What we need is not so much to seek something better in the long run than we have found. There may be a sweet, even throb to all the pulsations of domestic life, and no small comfort in gown and slippers, and the unfolding of the damp evening newspaper. But the heaven, of what sort it is, may seem a little fresher by leaving it for a month's airing. It is a point gained to break away from these old conditions and to go forth somewhat from one's self. The lobster breaks his shell and next time takes on a larger one. He is a better lobster for that one habit of his. The trouble with many men is that they never have but one shell, and have never expanded enough to fill that. They do not need a vacation, when the beginning and end of them is vacuity. It is possible that the horizon may shut down too closely about one and be too brazen withal; and that as we go the weary round the cycle of our own thoughts

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will be finished with every revolution of the earth. There is no great difference after all in a desert of sand and a desert of houses, when both by a law of association suggest eternal sameness and barrenness. There is a wearisome sameness in this human current which is shot through the narrow grooves of the great city. What inspiration does one get from this human concussion? Are there any sparks of divine fire struck off, or struck into a man by it? In all this jostling crowd is there any prophet who knows certainly what his dinner shall be on the morrow? The struggle is mainly one for beef and pudding, with some show of fine raiment, and possibly a clapboard house in which there is no end to stucco. The smallest fraction may yet be used to express the value of that element of civilization which teaches society how much it needs rather than how little will suffice.

Argenti, the banker, fared sumptuously every day. But you noticed that he had the gout cruelly. You didn't find him at any fashionable watering-place, last summer. His pavilion was under an oak tree, with the padding of a pair of blankets. His meat and drink for six weeks was broiled venison and spring water. What his rifle did not procure and the spring supply, he utterly refused to swallow. He went up the mountain-side with muffled feet and a vexed spirit. He came down *per saltem* singing something about the soul of one Brown, which he said was marching on. It is not necessary that our modern pulpiteers should go back to the diet of locusts and wild honey. But there is comfortable assurance that there is no gout in that fare. And if more of naturalness and fiery earnestness would come of that way of living, it might be worth the trial. There is fullness of meat and drink, and much leanness of soul. It only needs some manifestation of individuality, with an honest simplicity, to suggest a commission of lunacy.

"This," said the divinity who served the toast and tea, "is your vacation philosophy. How much of it are you going to reduce to practice?"

As much as we can crowd into three weeks, or more of rational living. There might be a charm in savage life if it were not for the fearfully white teeth of the wolf and the cannibal. There is nothing in Blot's book which teaches how a missionary should be cooked; and a roast pig, that pleasant adjunct, is only well done by the Fejee Islanders. And so, after some further discussion, oracular and otherwise, it was agreed that precedents should go for nothing; and that the vacation of three weeks should be spent with a rational regard for health, economy and pleasure. Ourselves, including a half-grown boy, would count three, and our neighbors—husband and wife—would make up the convenient number of five. It was agreed, moreover, that we should not enter a hotel, nor accept any private hospitality which included in-door lodging. No journeys for the benefit of baggage smashers. No more notable incident will happen on this part of the planet, for some time to come, than the fact that two females, not averse to a fresh ribbon in spring-time, consented to a journey of three weeks without taking along a trunk of the size of a Swiss cottage, or so much as a single bandbox. Railroads, steamboats and stages were to be given over, as things wholly reprobate. There happened to be on the farm of one of the party, three half-breed horses, well broken to harness and saddle. These, with a light, covered spring wagon, should suffice for all purposes of locomotion—a single span before the wagon, and the third horse with a saddle, to admit of an occasional change. The half-breed horses, which would not sell in the market for fifty dollars each, are the best in the world for such a campaign. They never stumble, are not frightened at a

bit of bad road; under the saddle they will pick their own way, jumping over a log or a small stream with the nimbleness of a deer. A tether on the grass at night keeps them in good trim. Bred in the country, they are the proper equine companions with which to plunge into the forest and to go over unfrequented roads. They have an instinct which is marvelously acute. They will take the scent of a grizzly in the night sooner than the best trained dog, and are quite as courageous; for both dog and horse will break for camp, at the first sniff of one of these monsters. When stage horses start on a tearing run over a mountain road at midnight, look for bear tracks in the morning. It is but fair to say that bruin does not generally meddle with people who are not of a meddlesome turn of mind. When put upon his mettle, he goes in for a square fight; and as far as my scanty data may be relied upon, he whips in a majority of instances. A Henry rifle, two shot-guns, a small military tent, some heavy blankets, and a good supply of fishing-tackle, with two or three cooking utensils and some small stores, made up the equipment. No wonder-mongering was to be done. It was not in order, therefore, to go to the Big Trees, Yosemite or the Geysers. There are more wonders on a square mile of the Coast Range than most of us know anything about.

No vacation is worth having which does not, abruptly if need be, turn one away from all familiar sights and sounds, all the jarring, creaking and abrasion of city life. The opening vista in the redwood forest where the path is flecked with tremulous shadows and gleams of sunlight, will lead near enough to Paradise, provided one docs not take a book or a newspaper along, and never blasphemes against nature by enquiring the price of stocks. The young lady who undertook to read Byron at the Geysers last summer, was greeted with an angry hiss of steam which made her sitting place very uncomfortable. There was but one snatch of Norma sung during this excursion. Something was said about its being sung "divinely;" but the fact that every grey squirrel barked, and every magpie chattered within the space of forty furlongs, left a lingering doubt about the heavenliness of that particular strain of music. It is useless to mock at nature, for in the end she will make all true souls ashamed. An excursion into the woods calls for some faith in Providence, and some also in rifles and fishing gear; and when dinner depends upon some sort of game which is flying over head, or running in the bushes, one must walk circumspectly withal, and remember to keep the eye of faith wide open. It is of no use to cite the instance of the prophet who was fed by ravens. He had a fit of the blues, and could not have drawn a bead upon a rifle. Besides, if he knew that game was coming to him, what was the use of going after it?

Here and there a pair of doves were flitting about, and now and then a cotton-tail rabbit made an awkward jump from one clump of bushes to another. It was a handsome beginning for the youngster, who sent a stone into the hazel bush and took bunny on the keen jump as he came out. It was a sign that there would be no famine in the wilderness. Another brace of rabbits and half a dozen wild doves settled the dinner question. Wild game needs to be hung up for a season to mellow; the quail does not improve in this way, but pigeons and wild ducks and venison are vastly better for it. A trout affords an excellent mountain lunch, and the sooner he is eaten after coming out of the water the better. And so of all the best game fish.

Did it ever occur to you that while women may be skillful fishers of men, and will even make them bite at the bare hook —they make the poorest trout fishers in the world? There is an awkward fling

of the line, as if the first purpose was to scare every fish out of the water. There is a great doubt if any trout of the old school ever takes a bait thrown in by feminine hands; if indeed he is tempted into taking it, he makes off with it, and that is the last sign of him for that day. That last remark is uttered at some peril, if the most vehement feminine protest means any thing serious. Two speckled fellows were taken from a little pool under a bridge, the most unlikely place in the world according to common observation, and yet chosen by the trout because some sort of food is shaken down through the bridge at every crossing of a vehicle. Two more from a pool above, and there were enough for lunch. There may be sport in taking life thus. But whoever puts the smallest life out in mere wantonness, and for the sport of slaying, without reference to a human want, is a barbarian. These carniverous teeth show that we are creatures of prey. But conscience ought to be the Lord's game keeper and give us unmistakable warning when we have slain enough. Had there been a mission to shed innocent blood for the love of it, a couple of wild cats which were traveling along a narrow trail, with the ugliest faces ever put upon any of the feline tribe, would have come to grief. Their short, stumpy tails and bad countenances came near drawing the fire of one of the pieces. But although wild game is better than tame meat, there is no evidence on record that a wild cat is any better than a tame one. They only needed handsome tails to have been taken for half-grown tigers. If every creature with an unlovely countenance is to be put to death on that account, what would become of some men and women who are not particularly angelic? The pussies are out for their dinner, and so are we. We cannot eat them, and they must not eat us. Each of them may feast on a brace of song-birds before night. But it may be assumed that each of the females who make up the party are competent to make way with a brace of innocent doves for dinner.

If it were not for the fox, the wild-cat and the hawk, the quail is so wonderfully prolific here that it would overrun the country, destroying vineyards and grain fields without limit. I suspect, also, that the great hooded owl drops down from his perch at night, and regales himself on young quails, whose nightly covert he knows as well as any bird in the woods. It is easy enough to find out what the owl eats, but does anybody know who eats the owl? You may criticise him as a singing bird, and he is rather monotonous along in the small hours of the morning. But worse music than that may be heard in-doors, and not half so impressive, withal. There is no harm in noting that the two or three attempts to sing Sweet Home by the camp-fire on the first night were failures. At the time when the tears should have started, there was a break and a laugh which echoed far up in the ravine. Nobody had lost a home, but five happy mortals had found one, the roof of which was of emerald, supported by great pillars of redwood, which cast their shadows far out in the wilderness, as the flames shot up from the camp-fire. The game supper was no failure. One only needs to throw overboard two-thirds of the modern appliances of the kitchen, including the cast-iron stove—that diabolical invention of modern times—to insure perfect success in the simple business of cooking a dinner. Do not, good friends, forget the currant jelly, or you may weary of doves and cotton-tails, as the Israelites did of quails and manna. And if you want the elixir of life, make the tea of soft spring water, which you will never find issuing out of any limestone or chalk rock, or where flints much abound.

The little white tent had a wierd aspect, as though it might have been a ghost in the forest. It was absurdly in-

trusive, and harmonized with nothing in the woods or fore-ground save the white wall of mist that every night trended landward from the ocean, but never touched the shore. After a little time, the novelty of the camp wears off, and a blessed peace comes down on weary eyes and souls. There is no use in keeping one eye open because a dry stick cracks now and then, or the night-hawk sputters as he goes by. Daylight comes at four o'clock, and the woods are thronged with animated life. The song-sparrow begins to twitter, finches and linnets hop about; and down in the oaks the robins sing, and the woodpeckers are tapping the dry limbs overhead. The grey squirrel arches his handsome tail and runs along in merry glee; and there is such a wealth and joy of abounding life—such a sweet concord of sounds and brimming over of gladness—that Heaven seems a little nearer for the morning anthem. But a heavenly state is not inconsistent with a reasonable appetite.

Never did trout bite more ravenously than at sunrise that morning. The shadows were on the pools, and the gamey fellows more than once jumped clear out of the water for an early breakfast. In losing theirs, we got our own. In the long run, the losses and gains may be nicely balanced. *Mem.:* It is far better that the trout should be losers at present. The philosophy may be fishy, but it points towards a good humanizing breakfast. And it cannot have escaped notice, that the greater part of that philosophy which the world is in no hurry to crucify points towards the dinner-table.

Did it ever strike you that the asceticism of the middle ages, which retreated to the cloister content with water-cresses as a bill of fare, was never very fruitful of high and profound discourse? The philosopher who goes up into the clouds to talk, and prefers gruel to trout before going, makes an epigastric mistake. He has taken in the wrong ballast; and has omitted some good phosphorescent material, which might have created a nimbus around his head as he entered the clouds. A mistake in the gastric region leads to errors of the head and heart. I do not know whether there is any ground of hope for a people who have not only invented cast-iron stoves, but have invented "help" in the form of the she-Titans who have made a wholesome dinner well nigh impossible. Death on a pale horse is poetical enough. But death in the black stove of many a kitchen is terribly realistic. If these trout were to be cooked by "hireling hands," the very woods would be desecrated, and the smoke of the sacrifice would be an abomination.

Does a brook trout ever become a salmon trout? But the former goes down to the sea, and comes back the next year a larger fish. He ascends the same stream, and may be a foot or more in length, according to the size of the stream. I refer, of course, to those Coast Range streams which communicate with the ocean. If a bar or lagoon is formed at the mouth of a stream, so that it is closed for a few months, and nearly all the fish are taken out by the hook, on the opening of the lagoon or creek a fresh supply of trout will come in from the ocean, differing in no conceivable way from brook trout, except that they are larger. They take the grasshopper and the worm like honest fish bred up to a country diet. Some icthyologist may show a distinction without a difference. The camp-fire reveals none.

The ocean slope of the Coast Range is much the best for a summer excursion. The woods and the waters are full of life. There is a stretch of sixty miles or more from the San Gregorio Creek in San Mateo County, to the Aptos Creek on Monterey Bay, in Santa Cruz County, where there is an average of one good trout stream for every five miles of coast line. There are wooded slopes, dense

redwood forests, and mountains in the back ground where the lion still has a weakness for sucking-colts, and the grizzly will sometimes make a breakfast on a cow, in default of tender pigs. But neither lion nor bear is lord of the forest. Both are sneaking cowards, the lion not even fighting for her whelps. It is better however, on meeting either, not to prolong the scrutiny, until you have surveyed a tree every way suitable for climbing. The "shinning" having been done, you can make up faces and fling back defiance with some show of coolness. Then all along there is a foreground of yellow harvest fields, farmhouses and orchards; the cattle cluster under the evergreen oaks at mid-day. Wide off is the great sounding sea with its fretting shore line and its eternal reach of waters—so near and yet so remote. Low down on the horizon are the white specks of ships drawing near from the other side of the globe—coming perhaps from the dear old home to lay treasures at your feet in the new one—linking the new and the old together by this swift and silent journey begun as of yesterday, and ended to-day. There is no place afar off. The palms lift up their "fronded" heads just over there; and the cocoanut drops down as from an opening heaven—more is the shame that those frowsy, low-browed cannibals are not content therewith, but so affect the rib roast of a white man, and that too in a tropical climate! If men would always look up for their food they might become angels. But looking down, they may yet become tadpoles or demons. It needs but a little Buddhism grafted on to the development theory to turn some of the human species back into devil-fish. For when one is wholly given up to seek his prey by virtue of suction and tentacula, he might as well live under water as out of it. It might be hard to go back and begin as a crocodile; but if some of our species have once been there and show no improvement worthy of mention since, why, the sooner these voracious, jaw-snapping creatures are turned back, perhaps the better. Ketchum has made a hundred thousand dollars this year in buying up doubtful titles and turning widows and orphans out of their homes. Tell me, oh Brahmin, if this man was not a crocodile a thousand years ago? And if he slips any where a link in his chain of development, where will he be a thousand years hence?

It is a good thing to pitch the tent hard by the sea shore once in a while. Salt is preservative; and there is a tonic in the smell of sea weed. Your best preserved men and women have been duly salted. The deer sometimes come down to get a sip of saline water, and are partial to mineral springs, which one can find every few miles along the mountain slopes. The sea weeds, or mosses, are in their glory. Such hues of carnation and purple, and such delicate tracery as you shall never see in any royal garden. A hook was thrown in for the fish, perchance, with the dyes of Tyrian purple. But there came out a great wide-mouthed, slimy eel, which was kicked down the beach into the water, with a hint never to reveal so much ugliness again on any shore of the round world. Your sea-lion has no beauty to speak of; but he is an expert fisher and knows how to dry himself upon the rocks. When a hundred of them take to the water, with their black heads bobbing about, they might be taken for so many shipwrecked contrabands. How many ages were required for the ocean to quarry these grains of sand, which under a glass become cubes and pentagons as goodly as the stones of Venice? No more under this head, for "quahaugs" and mussels are terribly anti-suggestive.

The young quails are only half-grown; but they run about in very wantonness in all directions. How keen is the instinct of danger in every tenant of the

woods; and yet birds hop about in all directions with a consciousness that no evil will befall them. A couple of woodpeckers on a trunk of a tree just overhead, have curiously ribbed and beaded it up with acorns fitted into holes for winter use. So nicely is the work done, and so exact the fit, that the squirrels cannot get them out. And yet the wild doves which we want for our breakfast, flit away upon the first sign of approach. The era of shot guns is not a millennium era, and the screech of a bursting shell is not exactly a psalm of life. The tenderness of the Hindoo in the matter of taking life for food, I suspect, is because of his philosophy. Soul transmigration holds him in check, otherwise he might be found eating his grandmother. But a school-girl riots on tender lambs, and is not a whit afraid of eating her ancesters. There is a curious linking of innocence with bloodshedding in our times, enough to suggest an unconscious cannibalism, one remove from that of the happy islanders.

An old farmer came up to see us, attracted by the white tent, and having a lurking suspicion that we might be squatters. He confirmed the theory that the flow of water from springs in this region was permanently increased by the great earthquake. "You see," said he, "it gave natur a powerful jog." After the shock, a column of dust arose from the chalk cliffs and falling banks on the shore line, which could have been seen for twenty miles. There was a noise as of the rumbling of chariots in the mountain tops, and the smoke went up as from the shock of armies in battle. The great sea was silent for a moment, and then broke along the shore with a deep sigh as though some mighty relief had come at last. All the trees of the mountain sides bowed their heads as if adoring that Omnipotence which made the mountains tremble at its touch. If one could have been just here, he might have seen the grandest sight of ages; for this was the the very focus of the earthquake. As it was, we got no impression of that event above a suspicion that a mad bull was butting away at the northwest corner of a little country church, with some alarming signs that he was getting the best of the encounter.

One learns to distinguish the sounds of this multitudinous life in the woods after a few days, with great facility. The bark of the coyote becomes as familiar as that of a house dog. But there is the solitary chirp of a bird at midnight, never heard after daylight, of which beyond this we know nothing. We know better from whence come the cries, as of a lost child at night, far up the mountain. The magpies and the jays hop around the tent for crumbs; and a coon helped himself from the sugar box one day in our absence. He was welcome, though a question more nice than wise was raised as to whether, on that occasion, his hands and nose were clean. There is danger of knowing too much. It is better not to know a multitude of small things which are like nettles to the soul. What strangely morbid people are those who can suggest more unpleasant things in half an hour than one ought to hear in a life time! Did I care before the question was raised, whether the coon's nose were clean or otherwise. Now there is a lurking suspicion that it was not. If you offer your friend wine, is it necessary to tell him that barefooted peasants trampled out the grapes? Is honeycomb any the sweeter for a confession that a bee was also ground to pulp between the teeth? We covet retentive memories. But more trash is laid up than most people know what to do with. There is great peace and blessedness in the art of forgetfulness. The memory of one sweet, patient soul is better than a record of a thousand selfish lives.

It was a fine conceit, and womanly withal, which wove a basket out of plantain rods and clover, and brought it into camp filled with wild strawberries.

Thanks too, that the faintest tints of carnation are beginning to touch cheeks that were so pallid a fortnight ago. Every spring bursting from the hill side is a fountain of youth, although none have yet smoothed out certain crow tracks. The madrona, the most brillant of the forest trees, sheds its outer bark every season: when the outer rind curls up and falls off, the renewed tree has a shaft polished like jasper or emerald. When humanity begins to wilt, what a pity that the cuticle does not peel as a sign of rejuvenation! There is also a hint of a sanitary law requiring people averse to bathing to peel every spring.

There is a sense of relief in getting lost now and then in the impenetrable fastness of the woods; and a shade of novelty in the thought that no foot-fall has been heard in some of these dells and jungles for a thousand years. It is not so easy a matter to get lost after all. The bark of every forest tree will show which is the north side, and a bright cambric needle dropped gently upon a dipper of water is a compass of unerring accuracy. A scrap of old newspaper serves as a connecting link with the world beyond. The pyramids were probably the first newspapers—a clumsy but rather permanent edition. Stereotyping in granite was the pioneer process. Then came the pictured rocks—the illustrated newspaper of the aborigines, free, so far as I know, from the diabolism which pollutes the pictorial papers of our time. There are some heights of civilization which are the fruitful subject of gabble and mild contemplation. But who fathoms the slums so deep and bottomless, out of whose depths spring the inspiration of some of the illustrated prints of our time? Photography is the herald of pictorial illustrations which are yet to flood the world. The mentotype has not yet been discovered—a little machine to take the impression of the secret thoughts of a friend, as now his features are transfixed in the twinkling of an eye. The world is not yet sober and circumspect enough for this last invention. And these interior lives might lose something of imaginary symmetry by turning inside out.

But let us hope that the musician is born who will yet come to the woods and take down all the bird songs. What a splendid baritone the horned owl has? Who has written the music of the orioles and thrushes? Who goes to these bird operas at four o'clock in the morning? There is room for one fresh, original music book, the whole of which can be written at a few sittings upon a log just where the forests are shaded off into copses and islands of verdure beyond.

It is something to have lived three weeks without a sight of the sheriff, the doctor, or the undertaker. Something of a victory to have passed out from under the burden of intense anxiety into a condition of serene indifference as to how this boisterous old world is getting on. If so much as a fugitive letter had reached us, it would have been construed into a mild case of assault and battery. The business of rejuvenation commences with lying down on the ground at night with the head due north, that the polar current may strike the weary brain first and gently charge the whole mortal system. The days of renewal may end by circumventing a two-pound trout, or with a long range rifle shot at a running deer. But as no pilgrim ever reached the gates of Paradise with a pack on his back, so it is reasonably certain that heaven never came down to one who carried his burden into the wilderness in vacation.

What a great repose there is in these mountains draped in purple and camping like giants hard by the sea! And yet what an infinite shifting of light and shadow there is on sea and shore! Is the artist yet to be born on this soil who will paint the mountains in the glory of an evening transfiguration; or who will catch the inspiration of these grand

defiles, opening vistas, and landscapes ripened and subdued under the harvest sun? We will leave him our bill of fare that he may take heart on finding that while fame follows translation, a good dinner may safely precede that event. And as for you, oh friend, with the sallow face and sunken eyes—you had better get to the woods and read it for very life.

LONGING.

O foolish wisdom sought in books!
  O aimless fret of household tasks!
O chains that bind the hand and mind—
  A fuller life my spirit asks.

For there the grand hills, summer-crown'd,
  Slope greenly downward to the seas:
One hour of rest upon their breast
  Were worth a year of days like these.

Their cool, soft green to ease the pain
  Of eyes that ache o'er printed words;
This weary noise—the city's voice,
  Lulled in the sound of bees and birds.

For Eden's life within me stirs,
  And scorns the shackles that I wear.
The man-life grand: pure soul, strong hand,
  The limb of steel, the heart of air!

And I could kiss, with longing wild,
  Earth's dear brown bosom, loved so much,
A grass-blade fanned across my hand,
  Would thrill me like a lover's touch.

The trees would talk with me; the flowers
  Their hidden meanings each make known—
The olden lore revived once more,
  When man's and nature's heart were one.

And as the pardoned pair might come
  Back to the garden God first framed,
And hear Him call at even-fall,
  And answer, "Here am I," unshamed—

So I, from out these toils, wherein
  The Eden-faith growns stained and dim,
Would walk, a child, through Nature's wild,
  And hear His voice and answer Him.

BY RAIL THROUGH FRANCE.

WE have come five hundred miles by rail through the heart of France. What a bewitching land it is! What a garden! Surely the leagues of bright green lawns are swept and brushed and watered every day, and their grasses trimmed by the barber. Surely the hedges are shaped and measured, and their symmetry preserved, by the most architectural gardeners. Surely the long, straight rows of stately poplars that divide the beautiful landscape like the squares of a checker-board are set with line and plummet, and their uniform height determined with a spirit-level. Surely the straight, smooth, pure-white turnpikes are jack-planed and sand-papered every day. How else are these marvels of symmetry, cleanliness and order attained? It is wonderful. There are no unsightly stone walls, and never a fence of any kind. There is no dirt, no decay, no rubbish, anywhere—nothing that even hints at untidiness, nothing that even suggests neglect. All is orderly and beautiful—everything is charming to the eye.

We had such glimpses of the Rhone gliding along between its grassy banks; of cosy cottages buried in flowers and shrubbery; of quaint old red-tiled villages, with massy mediæval cathedrals looming out of their midst; of wooded hills with ivy-grown towers and turrets of feudal castles projecting above the foliage; such glimpses of Paradise, it seemed to us, such visions of fabled fairy-land!

We knew, then, what the poet meant, when he sang of

> "——thy cornfields green, and sunny vines,
> O pleasant land of France!"

And it *is* a pleasant land. No word describes it so felicitously as that one.

We are not infatuated with these French railway cars, though. We took first-class passage, not because we wished to attract attention by doing a thing which is uncommon in Europe, but because we could make our journey quicker by so doing. It is hard to make railroading pleasant, in any country. It is too tedious. Stage-coaching is infinitely more delightful. Once I crossed the plains and deserts and mountains of the West, in a stage-coach, from the Missouri line to California, and since then all my pleasure trips must be measured to that rare holiday frolic. Two thousand miles of ceaseless rush and rattle and clatter, by night and by day, and never a weary moment, never a lapse of interest! The first seven hundred miles a level continent, its grassy carpet greener and softer and smoother than any sea, and figured with designs fitted to its magnitude—the shadows of the clouds. Here were no scenes but summer scenes, and no disposition inspired by them but to lie at full length on the mail-sacks, in the grateful breeze, and smoke the pipe of peace—what other, where all was repose and contentment? In cool mornings, before the sun was fairly up, it was worth a lifetime of city toiling and moiling, to perch in the foretop with the driver, and see the six mustangs scamper under the sharp snapping of a whip that never touched them; to scan the blue distances of a world that knew no lords but us; to cleave the wind with uncovered head, and feel the sluggish pulses rousing to the spirit of a speed that pretended to the resistless rush of a typhoon! Then, thirteen hundred miles of desert solitudes; of limitless panorama of bewildering perspective; of mimic cities, of pinnacled cathedrals, of massive fortresses, counterfeited in the eternal rocks

and splendid with the crimson and gold of the setting sun; of dizzy altitudes among fog-wreathed peaks and never-melting snows, where thunders and lightnings and tempests warred magnificently at our feet, and the storm-clouds above swung their shredded banners in our very faces!

But I forget. I am in elegant France now, and not skurrying through the great South Pass and the Wind River Mountains, among antelopes and buffaloes, and painted Indians on the war-path. It is not meet that I should make too disparaging comparisons between hum-drum travel on a railway and that royal summer flight across a continent in a stage-coach. I meant in the beginning to say that railway journeying is tedious and tiresome, and so it is—though at the time, I was thinking particularly of dismal fifty-hour pilgrimages between New York and St. Louis. Of course our trip through France was not really tedious, because all its scenes and experiences were new and strange; but it had its "discrepancies."

The cars are built in compartments that hold eight persons each. Each compartment is partially subdivided, and so there are two tolerably distinct parties of four in it. Four face the other four. The seats and backs are thickly padded and cushioned, and are very comfortable; you can smoke if you wish; there are no bothersome peddlers; you are saved the infliction of a multitude of disagreeable fellow-passengers. So far, so well. But then the conductor locks you in when the train starts; there is no water to drink in the car; there is no heating apparatus for night travel; if a drunken rowdy should get in, you could not remove a matter of twenty seats from him or enter another car; but above all, if you are worn out and must sleep, you must sit up and do it in naps, with cramped legs and in torturing misery that leaves you withered and lifeless the next day—for behold they have not that culmination of all charity and human kindness, a sleeping car, in all France. I prefer the American system.

In France, all is clock-work, all is order. They make no mistakes. Every third man wears a uniform, and whether he be a marshal of the Empire or a brakeman, he is ready and perfectly willing to answer all your questions with tireless politeness, ready to tell you which car to take, yea, and ready to go and put you into it to make sure that you shall not go astray. You cannot pass into the waiting-room of the depot till you have secured your ticket, and you cannot pass from its only exit till the train is at its threshold to receive you. Once on board, the train will not start till your ticket has been examined—till every passenger's ticket has been inspected. This is chiefly for your own good. If by any possibility you have managed to take the wrong train, you will be handed over to a polite official who will take you whither you belong, and bestow you with many an affable bow. Your ticket will be inspected every now and then along the route, and when it is time to change cars you will know it. You are in the hands of officials who zealously study your welfare and your interest, instead of turning their talents to the invention of new methods of discommoding and snubbing you, as is very often the main employment of that exceedingly self-satisfied monarch, the railroad conductor of America.

At the depots no frantic crowding and jostling, no shouting and swearing, and no swaggering intrusion of services by rowdy hackmen. These latter gentry stand outside—stand quietly by their long line of vehicles, and say never a word. A kind of hackman-general seems to have the whole matter of transportation in his hands. He politely receives the passengers and ushers them to the kind of conveyance they want, and tells the driver where to deliver them. There is no "talking back," no dissatisfaction

about overcharging, no grumbling about anything.

But the happiest regulation in French railway government, is—twenty minutes to dinner! No five-minutes boltings of flabby rolls, muddy coffee, questionable eggs, gutta-percha beef, and pies whose conception and execution are a dark and bloody mystery to all save the cook that created them! No; we sat calmly down—it was in old Dijon, which is so easy to spell and so impossible to pronounce—and poured our rich Burgundian wines and munched calmly through a long table d' hote bill of fare, snail-patties, delicious fruits and all; then paid the trifle it cost and stepped happily aboard the train again, without once cursing the railroad company! A rare experience, and one to be treasured forever!

They say they do not have accidents on these French roads, and I think it must be true. If I remember rightly, we passed high above wagon roads, or through tunnels under them, but never crossed them on their own level. About every quarter of a mile, it seemed to me, a man came out and held up a club till the train went by, to signify that everything was safe ahead. Switches were changed a mile in advance, by pulling a wire rope that passed along the ground by the rail, from station to station. Signals for the day and signals for the night gave constant and timely notice of the position of the switches.

No, they have no railroad accidents to speak of, in France. But why? Because when one occurs, *somebody* has to hang for it! Not hang, may be, but be punished with such vigor of emphasis as to make negligence a thing to be shuddered at by railroad officials for many a day thereafter. "No blame attached to the officers"—that lying and disaster-breeding verdict so common to our soft-hearted juries—is seldom rendered in France. If the trouble occurred in the conductor's department, that officer must suffer if his subordinates cannot be proven guilty; if in the engineer's department, and the case be similar, the engineer must answer. The old travelers—those delightful parrots who have "been here before," and know more about the country than Louis Napoleon knows now or ever will know—tell us these things, and we believe them because they are pleasant things to believe, and because they are plausible and savor of the rigid subjection to law and order which we behold about us everywhere.

Meanwhile we are getting foreignized rapidly and with facility. We are getting reconciled to halls and bedchambers with unhomelike stone floors and no carpets—floors that ring to the tread of one's heels with a sharpness that is death to sentimental musing. We are getting used to tidy, noiseless waiters, who glide hither and thither, and hover about your back and your elbows like butterflies, quick to comprehend orders, quick to fill them, thankful for a gratuity, without regard to the amount, and always polite—never otherwise than polite. That is the strangest curiosity yet—a really polite hotel waiter who isn't an idiot. We are getting used to driving right into the central court of the hotel, in the midst of a fragrant circle of vines and flowers, and in the midst also of parties of gentlemen sitting quietly reading the paper and smoking. We are getting used to ice frozen by artificial process in ordinary bottles—the only kind of ice they have here. We are getting used to all these things, but we are *not* getting used to carrying our own soap. We were sufficiently civilized to carry our own combs and tooth-brushes, but this thing of having to ring for soap every time we wash is new to us, and not pleasant at all. We think of it just after we get our heads and faces thoroughly wet, or just when we think we have been in the bath-tub long enough, and then of course

an annoying delay follows. It recalls Marseilles. Those Marseillaise make Marseillaise hymns, and Marseilles vests, and Marseilles soap for all the world; but they never sing their hymns, or wear their vests, or wash with their soap themselves.

We have learned to go through the lingering routine of the table d'hote with patience, with serenity, with satisfaction. We take soup; then wait a few minutes for the fish; a few minutes more and the plates are changed and the roast beef comes; another change, and we take peas; change again and take lentils; change and take snail-patties (I prefer grasshoppers); change and take roast chicken and salad; then strawberry pie and ice cream; then green figs, pears, oranges, green almonds, etc.; finally, coffee. Wine with every course, of course, being in France. With such a cargo on board, digestion is a slow process, and we must sit long in the cool chambers and smoke—and read French newspapers which have a strange fashion of telling a perfectly straight story till you get to the "nub" of it, and then a word drops in that no man can translate, and that story is ruined.

By Lyons and the Saone (where we saw the lady of Lyons and thought little of her comeliness); by Villa Franca, Tonnere, venerable Sens, Melun, Fontainbleau, and scores of other beautiful cities, we swept, always noting the absence of foul ditches, broken fences, cow-lots, unpainted houses and mud; and always noting, as well, the presence of cleanliness, grace, taste in adorning and beautifying, even to the disposition of a tree or the turning of a hedge; the marvel of roads in perfect repair, void of ruts and guiltless of even an inequality of surface; we bowled along, hour after hour, that brilliant summer day, and as nightfall approached we entered a wilderness of odorous flowers and shrubbery, sped through it, and then, excited, delighted, and half persuaded that we were only the sport of a beautiful dream, lo, we stood in magnificent Paris!

HIGH NOON OF THE EMPIRE.

THE summer of 1864, and thenceforward until the spring of the succeeding year, may be called the high noon of the Mexican Empire. Within that period the European powers, not even excepting the little German principalities, had formally recognized and sent their embassadors to the new-born nation of the West. The United States alone held menacingly aloof, and continued earnestly to remonstrate against the Imperial institution lodged upon their southern frontier. Marshal Bazaine had returned from the conquest of Oaxaca, the last Liberal stronghold to the southward. The great continental routes, connecting the central upland plateaux with the two oceans, were in full possession of the Imperial party. All the large towns south of San Luis Potosi, including the capital, Leon, Guadalajara, Puebla, Querétaro, Guanajuato and Jalapa, and all the fortified seaports giving access to the interior on both sides of the continent, had been surrendered, most of them peaceably, to the Imperial forces. The contest had been for the moment abandoned. The Empire was everywhere triumphant. Juarez, with a handful of guerrillas had withdrawn into the confines of Sonora, ready upon an emergency to cross for safety into the United States; while Colonel Garnier with some two thousand tirailleurs and Turcos was far on the march to hunt the Liberal Mexican

in his last place of refuge. Such of the Mexican population as had been opposed to him, worn out with their half century of civil wars, were now beginning to ask themselves if the advent of the accomplished young Austrian Prince and his amiable Carlotta would not, after all, prove to be a positive benefit to the country, by putting an end to the wearisome conflicts between ambitious leaders, and still more important, be their surest bulwark against the dreaded encroachments of their northern neighbor; for with them the belief is inborn, that sooner or later the great republic will overrun and absorb Mexico and her civil and religious institutions.

The Mexican capital, at this epoch, presented a strange and absorbing scene, such as will scarcely ever again be witnessed — the spectacle of a large city in North America occupied by European troops, with the view of founding monarchical institutions in the new world. It was, for the moment, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan of cities. Curious varieties of costume, graceful or grotesque, representing the peoples of central and eastern Europe, met one at every turn. There were heard the incomprehensible tongues of Servia, Crotia, Dalmatia, and the Lower Danube, mingling with the equally bewildering phrases of the Polish and Hungarian; while to offset the softer accents of French, Spanish and other Latin languages, arose now and then the screaming ejaculations of the Egyptian and Nubian, known in Mexico under the general name of "Turcos" — a gibberish defying the lingual lore of any but those practiced, bronzed campaigners, who, since the days of Louis Phillipe, have been advancing the tricolor in the wilds of Africa. Delegates from every corner of Europe were there, and to all of these was a dash of romance in the Mexican expedition peculiarly appetising. All had formed roseate visions of pleasures in the fabled "Halls of the Montezumas," amid gorgeous tropical scenery, birds of burning plumage, and under skies of perpetual summer; and those whose fortunate lot it was to be quartered in the great city, lost no opportunity to make the reality fully equal the dream.

The native population, delighted with the novel scenes around them so opposite to the usual monotony of life in Mexico, followed after the daily pageant like pleased children. They were in no respect behind their European invaders in the race for diversion. The streets of the city flashed with brilliant costumes, and resounded with stirring music; money jingled in the cafes; huge-bodied lumbering carriages gleaming with silver ornaments, and drawn by large easy-paced mules, with silver-mounted harness, moved with dignified trot through the principal thoroughfares, their fair occupants exchanging greetings with friends on either side; venders of lottery tickets, beggars and street musicians flourished. Mexico wore anything but the air of a city under military rule. It was a very Babel of tongues; a panorama of varied costume; an ever-moving throng, combining the military splendor and polished civilization of Europe, with the semi-barbaric elements of a strange and decadent race, retaining even to this day many of the characteristics described by the old Spanish chroniclers as existing in the days of Hernando Cortes. Austrian, Polish, French, Belgian and Mexican uniforms mingled in the crowd; the Zouaves, of whom there were several thousands in the city, predominating. At all hours the latter were to be seen walking with that loose, swinging gait peculiar to this branch of the French service. They seem to have been selected with a special view to litheness of form and power of endurance. Whole regiments of them had served in Africa, whence they had brought swarthy, bronzed faces, and great muscular development. Every man was an athlete.

Standing at the corner of the grand

plaza, and the calle de los Plateros, one of the chief fashionable promenades, one might see in half an hour a bewildering contrast of uniforms, passing and repassing—now a group of officers of the Chasseurs d'Afrique in red and blue, mounted on genuine Arabian horses groomed to perfection and prancing under the light weight of the riders. These French cavalrymen, however, presented a sorry contrast in horsemanship to the graceful riding of the Mexicans, with their resplendent saddles and trappings. This variety of colors was particularly striking on Sundays, at the celebration of military mass at the Cathedral—the largest building on the Western continent—where several thousands of military and citizens stood upon its pavement.

The new order of affairs in the capital did not lessen the public taste for amusement. Of four theaters, the principal were the Imperial and Iturbide. The former was *par excellence* the theater of Mexico, and as its name would indicate, enjoyed exclusively the patronage of their majesties. Here the Italian and French operas held full sway two or three months during the winter. The Imperial box faced the stage, and was elegantly decorated with mirrors, crimson velvet, gilded columns and coats of arms. When the Imperial couple entered their box, which however was seldom, (and never after intelligence of the death of the King of Belgium reached Mexico) the entire audience rose and remained standing until royalty was seated. This was by no means exacted, but was the spontaneous tribute of a people who appreciated the character and disposition of the young couple, against whom there was never harbored the hatred manifested towards Bazaine and his insolent French officials. The Emperor moreover was a liberal patron of the opera, which he generously subsidized during its stay in Mexico.

On occasions honored by the presence of Maximilian and Carlotta, the elite and fashion and the heiresses to the great fortunes of Mexico shone out in all the splendor of magnificent silks and priceless diamonds. The building was packed with representatives of the wealth and elegance of Mexico's capital. The boxes at the Imperial were taken for the season; the most desirable and highest priced having been those nearest the Empress. Each box had an elegant retiring or lounging room, where, between the acts, ices were served, (the ice being brought from the frozen summit of Ystaccihuatl) and the ladies changed their dresses—coming out, from first to last, in about as many varieties of plumage as the prima donna herself.

The Imperial is somewhat larger than Niblo's in New York, and will seat upwards of three thousand persons. It is built entirely of stone, and tastefully ornamented with paintings, frescoes, marbles, and basso relievo in bronze. The building is of great extent, admitting of a spacious entrance vestibule and smoking hall, where the critics promenade, smoke and chat between acts, and a stage of very grand proportions. In carnival time the parquette floor was elevated by machinery to a level with the stage, and then fashionable and gay Mexico let herself loose for the while and joined in the delirious whirl of masquerade dance. Until now, these had been a sort of a half-way affair in Mexico; but the graceful waltzers among the German officers, and the frantic devotees to the Terpsichorean art among the French, soon established the masquerade in all its glory in the Aztec capital. The *coup d'œil* in the Imperial opera house on a grand occasion, especially when the European troupe, with its constellation of stars were giving Italian opera, was dazzling—something memorable in fact. Perhaps no other theatre in the world could present so many noteworthy and exciting features—interesting from the nature of the events

with which they were associated; and forming themselves a part of the remarkable political drama upon which the curtain has so recently fallen in sadness and gloom.

Beside the Mexican beauties of greater or less celebrity—a beauty consisting chiefly of fine eyes and luxuriant hair, no rarity among Spanish-American belles—the dress-circle contained numerous fine women from Europe, some of noble birth, marchionesses, countesses, etc., and presenting a radiant contrast of light hair, blue eyes and delicate complexions to the morenas of native extraction. Altogether, that array of beauty offered a brilliant picture, especially if the Emperor and Empress happened to be present. Everybody was expected then to be in extreme full dress, and a connoisseur in toilet, lorgnette in hand, would find enough to occupy his attention. It was a sumptuous array of rich dresses, incredible jewelry, and gorgeous regimentals. The Imperial couple rarely sat out the opera, and on their departure with the favored two or three who had been honored with a place in their box the same marks of respect were shown by the audience. The writer, with the usual carelessness of his sex in such matters, on this occasion failed to note the details of Carlotta's dress, though seated at no great distance from the Imperial box. The general impression however, produced, was of the most exquisite taste—richness of material, blended with simplicity of ornaments—while the lady, the cynosure of all eyes, bore herself with the ease and dignity becoming her royal birth and exalted station. So did the charming Carlotta appear to two or three Americans whose republican origin, perhaps, constituted them impartial critics of the Empress of Mexico.

Like most large cities, Mexico presents the extremes of wealth and poverty. Beggary is reduced to a system. Incorrigible offenders are known to the police as having for years imposed upon the sympathies of strangers by drugging their own children (or those hired for the purpose) and passing them off for diseased or dying. Attempts were made under the Empire to stop this, but ineffectually. The lame, the blind, and the deformed are thrust in one's path, in every stage of disgusting loathsomeness, clamorous for charity. Deformed creatures too horrible to contemplate are carried in chairs and placed under one's window, until exorcised with a few pieces of copper money; and others crawl along the pavement, shod hands and feet with square blocks of wood to prevent their toilsome progress from wearing away the flesh. There are beggars of all degrees and kinds—church, secular, and society beggars, and those who have their expenses paid and hand over their earnings to their employers. In the dense throngs in the streets these helpless creatures form a feature memorable for their very hideousness.

Turning to the other extreme of society, the city of Mexico contains immense wealth, which is lavished in all the means of comfort and luxury known to civilized life. Houses, whose forbidding exterior of stone and plaster, with grated prison-like windows, give no idea of the grandeur within, are adorned with all that art and wealth can supply, brought from abroad at incredible expense. Costly and elegant furniture, libraries, pianos, paintings, and statuary, and all that goes to complete the appointments of a sumptuous mansion, are displayed oftener with reckless profusion than in conformity with good taste. The private equipages in the streets are a special means of exhibiting wealth. Many are richly ornamented with silver; mules are in general demand for carriages, though a fine span of English or American horses now and then dash along, the reins held by liveried coachmen, while behind sits the footman in all the splendor of red, green and yellow.

The principal drives are the Paseo de

Bucareli, the Paseo de la Viga, along the Calle de los Plateros and the Alemeda. The last named—a park of about twelve acres, handsomely adorned with flowers, shrubs, large shade trees and statuary—is the resort of the fashionable world of Mexico for morning drive and equestrian exercise, and here may be seen some of the famous Mexican riding in all its native grace and love of display; for nowhere does the Mexican gentleman feel so proud as on his horse, with his splendid silver-mounted saddle and gaily ornamented serape. On a fine morning, hundreds of horsemen are curveting along the romantic roads of the Alemeda, now half hidden among the foliage, disappearing behind the fountains and wheeling into sight again, all in apparent confusion, but yet owing to the perfect control of their animals, never coming in contact.

During the Empire the officers were particularly fond of airing their uniforms on the Alemeda, the Austrian and French trotting their heavy imported animals with the peculiar hard, jolting cavalry gait, always losing in contrast with the graceful horsemanship around them. When one of these foreigners (generally effeminate looking gentlemen, with pale faces and spectacles) went thumping by, the Mexicans would quietly make room without a smile; but doubtless these exhibitions of angular elbows, and ungainly motions made fun enough in some more fitting place, where the rules of politeness would not be violated by a hearty laugh.

At no time since the days of its ancient glory in the reigns of the Aztec kings, has the capital of Mexico contained so large a population as during the late Empire. The exhausting wars waged between the Liberal and Church factions had finally driven the wealthy proprietors towards the chief popular centres—the greater number gravitating to the city of Mexico; so that during 1864, there were near two hundred and fifty thousand people within the walls, seeking there the protection to life and security to property guaranteed by the Imperial government against the raids of bands of robbers, whose motto was indiscriminate plunder on the highway, of friend and foe alike, and gravely claiming the rights of military prisoners when captured and executed for their crimes. Merchants and tradesmen who flocked to Mexico at this time, invited by the era of peace which it was believed the Empire would ensure to the distracted country, were surprised to find it the largest and richest city of the American tropics; and so far from realizing their ideal of adobe huts and mud-thatched sheds, as suggested by the rural architecture of tropical-American towns oftenest visited by travelers, they entered a spacious, noble city, whose broad, level and cleanly thoroughfares, handsomely paved and lighted, were crowded with a dense, thriving population, the mart and commercial centre of all that part of the continent.

Nothing could be more erroneous than to picture the Mexican capital after the sea-coast towns. Seated high in the temperate regions of the interior, among the very clouds; under the shaddow of immense volcanoes clad with perpetual snows; approached from all directions by dizzy mountain roads, whose bridges of solid masonry have from time immemorial defied the storms and torrents, and still compel the admiration of the traveler; its history, glowing with romance, and its great cathedral domes and massive towers of semi-Moorish architecture telling of its ancient grandeur, of doughty Spanish warriors, and the heroic deeds of Cortez and his mailed cavaliers; containing within herself all that the most exacting Sybarite could desire in the comforts and elegancies of refined modern life; a climate delicious to a proverb; society peculiarly cosmopolitan, and embracing a

variety of languages—the capital of Mexico may well claim to be one of the most interesting cities in the world and with scarcely a rival in what constitutes a luxurious and charming abode for man. Compactly and regularly built, principally of stone, the first impression is of strength and solidity. The eye rests upon imposing churches, convents and public buildings of curious architecture and adorned with venerable sculpture; shops with richly emblazoned signs and filled with costly imported goods; sumptuously furnished saloons; ancient market places standing on the site of those of the Aztec kingdom; aqueducts, statues and fountains. The stranger observes with the deepest interest the movements of this quaint old capital isolated among the mountains; its gaudy equipages, its fashion and elegance, its discordant sounds and piercing street cries, its evidences of enormous wealth and squalid wretchedness. Beggars and millionaires; stolid looking Indians wrapped in parti colored serape, and veiled ladies sailing along under the folds of the graceful mantilla. Officers airing their epaulettes; cavalrymen in showy uniforms; priests in long black gowns and shovel hats; street musicians, venders of all sorts of wares—everything denoting the various grades of society in a populous country. The mode of life differs little, if any, from that of most large Spanish-American cities: the early rising to enjoy the fresh balmy air; the morning coffee, ride, bath and pasear; the breakfast at noon; the afternoon siesta; dinner, and the evening's amusements of ball, theatre, or the bands performing on the grand plaza or at the Alemeda. It is a city of clock-towers and bells. Night and day their deep-mouthed voices continually remind one of the omnipresent Catholic church, its solemnities and forms.

During the Empire, there were many excellent restaurants, where French cooks held sway and made happy the epauletted gourmands who assembled there to dine and exchange noisy local gossip. A mile out of town on the Tacubaya road were the famous Tivoli gardens, where, under the most inviting of little pavilions, were laid tables for breakfast or dinner, amid the rustling of the cool tropical foliage and the notes of birds flitting about in the leafy stillness. Here, too, the most obsequious of French servants uncorked the champagne, prepared your pousse café and aided you in lighting the fragrant Havana. Not at the Trois Freres in Paris, nor at Delmonico's in New York, shall you find whiter table linen, more devoted attendance, or more exquisite cooking.

In the winter of 1864 the Emperor and Empress resided at the castle of Chapultepec, about three miles from the city, (famous in the history of our Mexican war) and rode thence every morning to the palace in town for transaction of public business, generally arriving at nine o'clock and returning at five. Both were early risers, and were constantly employed. A file of Belgian troops always stood in the palace gateway, and presented arms, amid the rolling of drums and sounding of bugles, to the Imperial carriage as it passed out or in. This was an open barouche of English manufacture, modestly ornamented, and drawn by four large dun-colored mules with silver-mounted harness. These were a part of the Imperial stables, and were presented by a wealthy Mexican at or near Guanajuato. They were said to be the finest mules in Mexico, and of a value far exceeding that of the most approved blood horses, of which Maximilian had several, in charge of English grooms: for it was the policy of the Emperor to conform as much as possible to the customs of his adopted land.

One of the animals was ridden by a Mexican driver, and four Mexican outriders surrounded the equipage; two riding on either side and keeping close to the barouche, and two about five

yards in advance. All these were armed with carbines, slung across their backs, and a profusion of smaller weapons at their belts. Bold, trusty fellows they looked, with their picturesque national costume and substantial trappings, evidently meant rather for service than for show. In a country where all are riders, these men had been noted for their daring and skillful horsemanship. They sat their steeds with admirable grace and steadiness, and it was observed that they never for a moment turned aside, but looked straight to the front as the little cortege passed rapidly along. To these four brigand-looking riders, whose swarthy faces seemed all the more sinister under the broad brimmed sombrero which shaded their gleaming eyes, were entrusted during several hours each day the lives of the Emperor and Empress. And they proved to the last worthy the charge confided to them, while the people were pleased with this exhibition of confidence in their own countrymen.

To be armed when traveling, for ever so short a distance beyond the walls of Mexico, is and always was prudent for even ordinary persons, but for a ruler, be he Governor, Emperor or President, it is a necessity. For the capture and holding for ransom of an Emperor and Empress by a band of swift mountain guerrillas, was worth all the risk of the undertaking. Carlotta and a few lady attendants were once saved from such a fate as she was riding without guards near Chapultepec, by some Indian women who had experienced her charity, and the little party had barely time to escape the half dozen robbers who lay in wait for the carriage, and whose whereabouts was indicated by the poor creatures who always addressed their good patroness by the familiar but endearing name of "Niña."

Maximilian and Carlotta often appeared in public. They usually occupied the barouche alone; but sometimes the remaining seats were filled by their guests who had been invited to dine at Chapultepec. The little troop as above described, upon issuing from the grand entrance of the palace, opening upon the Plaza, drove past the Cathedral, generally down the Calle de los Plateros and thence to the western gates of the city. Towards evening, the streets of Mexico are generally thronged. Then the heat of the day has subsided, and all the world is either on the sidewalks for a pasear, or gazing from the balconies upon the moving panorama beneath. If Mexico can ever be seen or fully comprehended, it is then.

The passing of the Imperial carriage, though almost of daily occurrence, was an event, and a particularly pleasing one to the Mexicans. The pace was always a rapid trot, the clattering of so many ringing hoofs, and the rumbling of the heavy English vehicle, of course attracting general attention. Thousands of hats were removed, the Emperor continually lifting his own and bowing right and left, so as almost to keep up a constant swaying of the body to and fro. The salutations were addressed apparently to none in particular, but to the crowds who filled the streets. If any gentlemen were seated with him in the vehicle they remained uncovered while running this gauntlet of extreme politeness, but the popular greetings were returned by royalty alone.

The Emperor as he passed swiftly by had the appearance of a tall, handsome, gentlemanly person, with a particularly frank and cheerful expression, a deep blue eye, light curling hair, and looking —owing perhaps, to the grave responsibilities he had assumed—rather older than thirty-three, which at this time was his age. He dressed in the extreme of fashion. His apparel, which was generally that of a civilian, was always handsome and if in uniform, showy; and there was about him an air of elegance and scholarly culture well becoming his fine person; for Maximilian enjoyed the

reputation of being one of the most accomplished princes of Europe, speaking six languages perfectly, and being withal an author both in poetry and prose of acknowledged merit. Subsequent personal interviews both with the Emperor and Empress confirmed, in the mind of the writer, all he had heard of their nobleness of disposition, and genuine kindness of heart.

In these public drives Carlotta always sat on the right, and continually bowed and smiled from beneath her parasol in acknowledgment of the popular acclamations. But for these especial marks of respect and courtesy from the throngs, the Imperial party might easily have been mistaken for the family of some wealthy or distinguished citizen: Maximilian with his hat (always a white one) rather jauntily placed, and Carlotta having the dress and appearance of a young lady of the English aristocracy, which the rather full face, fresh color and English style, seemed to favor. Carlotta passed several years at the court of Queen Victoria, her relative and warm friend. At the time of her advent in Mexico she was twenty-three years of age, tall, graceful, and with a face rather haughty than beautiful, yet beaming with the promptings of a gentle and kind heart: she was the friend of the distressed, and literally thousands now live in Mexico who cherish her memory for unnumbered acts of charity. One of the richest ladies of Europe in her own right, she drew liberally on her private fortune to alleviate suffering in every form, and to forward the beneficent objects of the Empire.

There was enough of romance in the mysterious past of that distant land, enough of interest in its wretched present, enough of hope for its future, to tempt the high-souled Maximilian to devote himself to its regeneration, and to placing Mexico in the front rank of nations. Sad indeed to reflect that these aspiring day dreams and worthy ambitions were at last to bear the bitter fruit of disappointment, death and hopeless gloom. Sadder still for Mexico, who in destroying the heroic prince seems to have thrown away her last hope of nationality.

ART BEGINNINGS ON THE PACIFIC.

I.

A GREAT chemist some years ago declared that the civilization of a people could be estimated by the amount of nitric acid they used. History, however, shows that a high order of civilization is not incompatible with the crudest knowledge of chemistry, and of the utilities and elegancies which chemistry has created. It would be more true to say that the civilization of a people may be estimated by their progress in Art, whether we take the word in its broadest sense or in the limited one which applies to the exercise of taste in ornamentation. Art is the very germ of civilization, as it is its crowning flower. Much sinewy growth and sturdy battling precede its blossoming, and are indispensable to it, especially if it is to be perennial.

It is interesting to observe and record the beginnings of Art in a young community, and we propose to do this for San Francisco because it is the metropolis of the Pacific, where some day there will exist a distinct Art School, supported by a cultivated public taste, and where already there are more evidences

of æsthetic culture than exist in any other community so isolated, so exposed to frontier influences, and so youthful. First, it should be said that the term Art is used here in the sense which restricts it to drawing, painting, sculpture and engraving. That understood, let the reader take a brief retrospective glance. In 1835 the first house was built on the rough and sandy site of San Francisco. In 1848 the parent village of Yerba Buena, containing a mixed population of about eight hundred, donned the saintly name which has since become famous and felt the stimulating shock of the gold discovery. During the twenty years that have followed, the city has increased its population to 135,000; has leveled many rocky and sandy heights; has filled in and covered with warehouses two hundred and thirty acres of tide lands, extending the city frontage half a mile beyond the original beach; has created about two hundred millions of wealth; has exported a thousand millions of gold and silver, nearly all the product of California mines; has established manufactures whose annual product is valued at twenty-five millions, and has taken rank as the third American city for the importance of its foreign commerce. These "facts" are known to Mr. Gradgrind, and it must be confessed they justify the pride with which he repeats them; but what can be said of the city's taste for Art, of its devotion to the beautiful for its own sake, of its sympathy with the forms and sounds and colors by which the most exquisite genius of mankind has expressed its purest and sweetest and tenderest ideas, emotions and longings? Let us establish a slight claim to be linked with the world's æsthetic progress, if we would have its better opinion, which looks beyond the mere practicalities, or values them most as they conduce to finer results.

If the records of Art in San Francisco are meagre, and relate more to promise than to achievement, we can remember that New York, when it was over two hundred years old and had a population of nearly 300,000, could boast of little more, and has made most of its progress within the last fifteen years.

Strictly speaking there *are* no records of Art in this city, and only one attempt has been made to write a connected memoir on the subject. In July, 1863, John S. Hittell, one of the most observing and useful literary men of the State, published in *The Pacific Monthly*—a periodical which succeeded the *Hesperian*—an article of nine pages, giving a sketchy account of the most notable pictures and artists then known in the city, but not entering into the antecedents of his topic. Anything like an historical account is only to be gathered from the unwritten recollections of a number of persons who have had more or less familiarity with Art and its votaries here since 1849. In that year the city was scarcely more than a collection of tents on the sandy slope running down to the crescent-shaped beach that has long since disappeared. The inhabitants were all moved by a keen hunger for sudden wealth in its grossest form. There were many designing arts, but no arts of design. There was no society, and there were no libraries nor collections of pictures, except those designated by Burns as "the Deil's pictur-books." In some of the Mission churches south of San Francisco were a few biblical or saintly paintings which had been introduced from Mexico or Spain, and some of these are reported to have been the work of good artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Artists there were, as well as philosophers, scientists and litterateurs, in the first crowd that rushed to these auriferous shores; but all were absorbed in gold-hunting. A few men, like Bayard Taylor, who came here partly to report what they saw as well

as to try their luck in the diggings, made hasty sketches of men and scenery to illustrate their notes; but there was no local demand for the product of pencil or burin, and nobody tried to create one. The great work of the times was to found a State and build a city. Even the first introduction of fine pictures had a purely commercial motive. With few exceptions they were not brought to adorn homes or public halls, but to lend another attraction to the vicious "saloons" wherein fortunes were won or lost on the turn of a card or the toss of a die. In the winter of 1850 S. J. Gower, who had an auction room on Montgomery Street near California, exhibited and sold at low prices the first collection of paintings ever brought to the State, comprising thirty or forty old European pictures of merit, the best of which were burnt in the great fire of 1851. Many inferior pictures were sent here about the same time, but fortunately perished in the flames that twice consumed the city. J. C. Duncan was one of the earliest to introduce and encourage Art in a liberal and critical spirit. In 1851 he bought from the shippers a splendid *Diana starting for the Chase*, painted by Maes, in Holland, a hundred years ago. In 1852 he bought the celebrated *Taking of Samson by the Philistines*, from the masterly hand of Jacobs, of Dresden, which is still retained and well known in this city. He was subsequently the owner of a number of first class European paintings of the modern school, and at one time owned the largest private collection in this city. Among these was a fine Prometheus, ascribed to Andrea del Sarto. In 1854 he brought from Europe about four hundred paintings, mostly of the Flemish school, among them nearly one hundred fine originals, bought directly from the studios of artists, some of whom, like Calame and Verbœckhoven, have since become widely celebrated.

These pictures sold at a great loss. A Verbœckhoven that cost $500 brought only $68. It is now worth thousands. There were no more good collections imported for sale until 1863, when Mr. Duncan had originals by members of the Peale family, by May, and by several New York painters of repute. But during this interval wealth and taste were increasing, society was becoming fixed, and many gentlemen imported paintings of decided merit. Many artists also, of more or less merit, who came here to dig gold remained to paint. Mining was a lottery and a hardship from which they soon turned in disgust, and there was much to encourage the hope of better success in their profession. Our cosmopolitan community has always embraced an unusually large proportion of intelligent persons of refined taste. Few of these however, at that early day, were inclined to accumulate art objects, as few of them expected to remain and build homes here. There was much in our scenery, in the picturesque mixture of races, and in the wild and exciting incidents of pioneer life, to suggest themes for the painter; but he was mainly obliged to rely upon portraiture and such hack work as the miscellaneous wants of trade and journalism demanded. There was no collection for public exhibition of the good pictures that gradually accumulated until many years had passed, and there were no art agencies to supply the place of galleries to the populace.

The few artists who had the courage to remain and practice here during this period deserve particular mention. The first of these, in point of time, according to our best information, was W. S. Jewett, who, early in 1850, painted a large oil picture which properly ought to begin the record of California art production. It is a landscape view from the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and represents an emigrant family who have just emerged from the wilderness and are

catching their first delighted glimpse of the mountain slopes and valleys of El Dorado. The family is that of Captain Grayson, the portraits are from life, and the composition is characteristic. Without much merit as a piece of painting, it is yet natural and suggestive. Mr. Jewett has been chiefly known as a portrait painter, and has been steadily employed here in that capacity down to the present day. His most notable work in that line is a life size full length of John A. Sutter, which hangs in the Capitol at Sacramento, and for which the Legislature in 1855 appropriated $5,000. The Grayson picture is in the collection of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco. Gazing upon it and following its suggestions rather than criticising its execution, one can imagine the feelings of that pioneer family, who, after weeks of weary travel across the wide and desolate plains of the middle continent, and days of weary climbing up rocky steeps, through many dangers real or imaginary, have reached the Pisgah of their hopes, and are looking down upon the promised land lying in its still beauty like the sleeping Princess of the story, waiting but the kiss of Enterprise to spring into energetic life. There below them is not only the field for industry and enterprise, but a panorama of natural charms destined to inspire poets, to glow on the canvas of painters, and to take on the magic of human association and tradition. The piney slopes are musical with the gurgle of hidden waters tumbling from the rim of still lakes; the coniferous woods open like columned aisles; silver mists hide the wandering streams in abysmal cañons; purple ridges wall the bright sky in straight lines to left and right; below them imagination pictures the billowy foot-hills, tawny with dry stubble, and islanded with oaks of never-failing verdure; while still beneath and beyond, the broad valley of the Sacramento shimmers in its summer gold that spring will turn to a variegated parterre, and from its western verge rises the coast range, soft as cloud-land mountains, looking into the Pacific. Over this scene are spread those delicious tints of blue and purple and gold, those blending shades of violet, lilac and topaz, which give to the landscapes of California all the charm of fairy illusion. This is the Rasselas Valley of sober fact. Here beauty awaits the poet who shall praise and the limner who shall copy her manifold fascinations, though for some years she will wait in vain, or have for her votaries only those who come to look and learn.

Not quite first in time, but confessedly first in culture and ability, of all the early resident artists, was Charles Nahl, a native of Cassel, Germany, who belongs to a family of painters and sculptors, and who has had the thorough training of the best European schools. Before leaving Europe for America in 1849, he had acquired some reputation as a painter of historical and *genre* compositions. He has always been a careful student, and the elaborate drawings in detail which fill his portfolios attest the conscientious method by which he acquired his remarkable skill as a realistic painter. He has been in the steady practice of art in San Francisco for about eighteen years, devoted to it for its own sake always, though compelled for a long time to do much hack work. He is most versatile of all the artists who have resided here, being at home in portraiture, in still life, in *genre*, in fruit and flowers, and in object painting; equally facile and elaborate in sepia, in pencil, in crayon, in pen and ink, in water colors and oil; while he has also executed in fresco, engraved on copper, steel and wood, and has even invented a process of etching on glass with the aid of photography. He has been a fertile designer for various publications, and although in his most rapid work there is a mannerism which provokes criticism, no one has at all approached him as a popular delineator of

California life and character, of some features of California scenery, of its aborigines, animals, birds and vegetation. During a brief stay in the mines he made numerous sketches illustrating the personal characteristics and industrial methods of the mining communities. These have been very useful to him since, have made his name a household word among us through engraved copies, and possess a real historic value. A list of all his labors here would be a record of the most picturesque and interesting incidents and objects in the annals of the Golden State, with which he is peculiarly identified. He is distinguished for excellence of drawing, richness of finish, accuracy of detail, and brilliancy of color. Nothing that enters into his works is slightingly treated; indeed, the only objection to this fine artist is, that he is too exquisitely mechanical in some of his pieces. But we ought to be more thankful than critical over the conscientious and intelligent touch that has contributed so much to our pleasure and instruction during so many years of sordid struggle. Mr. Nahl has latterly devoted more attention to careful painting. Many works of permanent merit from his hand may be found in the private collections that are forming among our wealthy citizens, and some of these would be worthy of description if space allowed. They are fair examples of the thorough method of the French and German schools, which is not enough copied in America, where the self-culture in Art of which we hear so much is often no culture at all, and where the finest capacities often fail of the best results for lack of elementary knowledge to supply the tools of power.

One of the earliest California artists of whom we have any knowledge, after Jewett and Nahl, was Thomas S. Officer, a native of Pennsylvania, a pupil and friend of the venerable Sully, a member of the Philadelphia Academy, an associate of the Peales, an excellent miniature painter, and a man of much intelligence and enthusiasm in Art. He came here in 1849, resisted the gold mining rage, followed his profession with tolerable pecuniary success until 1859, and then died in a public hospital a melancholy victim to intemperate habits. S. W. Shaw, a New England artist, came here also in 1849, after painting several excellent portraits of General Taylor, and one of Persifer F. Smith for which the City of New Orleans paid him $1,000. He was one of the discoverers of Humboldt Bay in 1850, and has had other adventurous and enterprising episodes in his life on the Pacific Coast; yet in the main San Francisco has been his home and Art his pursuit since the first year of his arrival, and he is now ranked among our best portrait painters. S. S. Osgood, of New York, husband of the poetess by that name, and a portrait painter of some repute formerly in that city, visited San Francisco in 1852, remaining here about six months. He painted the portrait of Gilbert, the editor of the *Alta California* newspaper who was killed in a duel with Gen. Denver. This picture now hangs in our City Hall. He also painted a portrait of Gen. Sutter, which is said to be in the possession of Alice Carey.

No other artistic name was prominent here until 1857. In that year, at the fifth annual Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, meritorious pictures were exhibited, in oil, pencil, India ink and water colors, by Nahl, Jewett, Shaw and Officer, whom we have mentioned above; by Alexander Edouart, by H. Eastman, by D. D. Neal, and by several amateurs. Edouart, who is still here, but following the more lucrative business of photography, is an artist of culture and good taste, and has done some excellent portraits and landscapes. He is a Fleming, we believe. H. Eastman has produced some good water-color drawings of California scenery, and is well known as an engraver on wood. D. D. Neal, who

was only eighteen years old when he exhibited a landscape in 1857, has since studied in Munich, where he married and now resides, and has made a fine reputation as an architectural painter. A picture by him attracted much attention at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York, 1866. His mediæval interiors bring good prices. Several have been brought to San Francisco, where also copies of a photographic album from his drawings were sold in 1865.

Half a dozen good pictures from abroad, and a few rude attempts at sculpture were exhibited in the Mechanics' Fair of 1857. The Art committee, in their report, expressed "their surprise and gratification at the rapid stride which the fine arts have made in our infant city," and believed that the State possessed "an abundant artistic talent, yearning to evolve itself, and fertile as our soil, which only awaits the cultivating hand of taste and wealth to foster and promote its growth." At the next annual Fair of the same Society, in 1858, the exhibit of pictures and other art objects was certainly very numerous. The names already mentioned are found in the catalogue, and we find besides those of Norton Bush, who had a view of Mount Diablo, in oil; Antoine Claveau, who exhibited views in oil of the Yosemite and Bridal Veil Falls; George H. Burgess, who had some original landscapes in water color; T. J. Donnelly, who had several oil portraits; and F. A. Butman. All these names but those of Claveau and Donnelly are well known. The latter had no real merit, and is no longer living. The name of Mr. Butman, who came here from Maine, is honorably identified with the first decided movement in the direction of what we may call native Art, for he undoubtedly gave the first strong impulse to landscape painting in California. Although a few landscapes had been produced here at intervals by Nahl, Jewett, and others, our resident painters had, up to 1858, been obliged to confine themselves mainly to portraiture, Nahl alone doing a variety of work. The diversified scenery of the State was full of inspiration, and had been the theme of many glowing eulogies; but no painter could afford to make exclusive studies of it, to risk his physical comfort on the reproduction of its beauties. Thomas A. Ayers, of New York, who was a man of much artistic promise, commenced a determined experiment in this line, but perished untimely by shipwreck. He was the first individual to explore Yosemite, pencil in hand, and to illustrate its wonders to the gaze of the world. As early as 1856 he had taken a series of drawings in the valley, which were engraved for *Hutchings' Magazine*, a work that during several years of this period, published many clever illustrations of California scenery and curiosities. The first large general view of the Valley was drawn on stone by Charles Nahl from a pastil sketch by Ayers, and printed in lithography by L. Nagel, in 1857. A set of ten of Ayers' drawings was sold after his death, by his friend Shaw, for the benefit of his children, for three hundred dollars.

Butman was discursive and enterprising in the selection of his topics. He made many open air studies in color of the most notable mountain and valley scenes in this State and Oregon, traveling on one of his latest trips fully a thousand miles north of San Francisco, and sailing some distance up the Columbia River. Yosemite, the Mecca of all our artists, was of course included in his sketching journeys. He loved broad effects, great distances, and gaudy colors, and although he was sometimes faulty in drawing and perspective, and delighted in an excess of yellows, his pictures were fresh and showy, appealed strongly to local taste, and from 1860 to 1865 gave him a greater share of popularity and success than was enjoyed by

any other painter. His best work was his Mount Hood, which is really a very striking picture. It measures seventy-eight by fifty-two inches, was originally sold to an Oregonian, but has been lately bought by parties in this city, and is valued at $2,000. This artist went to New York early in 1866, whence he has lately sailed for Europe. Another Mount Hood from his hand, is offered in Boston for $5,000. These commercial statements are of interest only because they form some criterion for judging the professional status of an artist, and relate to a success which is purely an outgrowth of California studies.

Mr. Bush, who is mentioned above, was a pupil of Cropsey, in New York, many years ago, but did not paint here except as an amateur and occasionally, until about two years ago. He has within that time sketched a great deal among our mountain scenery, and showed considerable capacity for treating distances. His most successful pictures have been a series of richly colored tropical views. Quite recently he has visited the Isthmus of Panama, and has brought back numerous pleasing sketches. More definiteness and care in drawing will add to the value of his work. Mr. Burgess, who was also one of the exhibitors in 1857-8, worked in water colors, and chiefly in portraiture; but it was not until his return from a studious visit to the east, within a twelvemonth past, that he attracted special attention. He now does work which, for nice manipulation and delicate evenness of color, is justly admired by connoisseurs. His female heads are particularly good.

With the year 1862 began a period of more activity and promise for Art on the Pacific, which we shall notice hereafter.

PORTLAND-ON-WALLAMET.

THE apparent tendency of modern civilization is to repress and prevent the growth of individual extremes and produce only the mere average man. The city is the great promoter and centre of this civilization, as the castle and its surroundings was of that of the feudal ages. In the fourteenth century the town ranked below the manor, and the burghers counted it an honor and a security to enjoy the favor and protection of the lord of the soil.

Now all this is reversed. The country is subordinate to the town. The latter is the ever widening arena in which our material and sensuous people seek and find the best market for their abilities and the readiest gratification of their tastes and ambition.

But the rage for civic life as yet only exists in a modified form in some parts of the Republic. There are still some favored portions of this very progressive country, where the plow and the reaping hook maintain their ancient ascendancy in the popular use and estimation.

Among the fir-clad hills and broad rich valleys of Oregon, the bucolic instinct still lingers. Of the 100,000 people who constitute the permanent population of Oregon, fully four-fifths of them dwell not in town or village, but upon farms. Yet the commercial metropolis of Oregon—PORTLAND-ON-WALLAMET—is the second town in importance on the Pacific coast. Next to San Francisco, the capital and commerce of the Pacific slope will centre in this solid and reliable Oregon town.

Geographically speaking, Portland is situated in north latitude, forty-five degrees, thirty minutes, and west longitude,

one hundred and twenty-two degrees, twenty-seven minutes, and thirty seconds, on the west bank of the Wallamet river and near the northern end of the great valley of the same name. From the sea, the town is approached by the Columbia river. This magnificent stream drains a greater and more varied extent of country than any water course upon the continent. Vessels drawing sixteen feet of water can go in and out the Columbia in ordinary weather and tide with safety; and when these are favorable they may sink four feet deeper without danger. After crossing the bar you sail or steam up this broad stream, past Irving's classic Astoria, in nearly a due west direction about fifty miles, then twining shortly but not sharply to the south, you hold the latter course for about forty miles. These ninety miles are counted "as the crow flies," on an air line, but by the thread of the river the distance is reckoned one hundred and eight miles. At this point the Columbia bends (speaking or rather looking up stream) a little north of west, making quite an elbow. On the outer and west side of this elbow enters the Wallamet river, flowing generally from the south. Up this deep, quiet stream you glide twelve miles, when you step ashore at Portland and make yourself at home at any one of a dozen hotels that promise at least all they perform. There is also a daily line of stages and steamboats leaving Portland for the south—the former going up the Wallamet river from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles, owing to the season of the year, and the latter running to the Sacramento valley, and thence connecting by railway and steamboats with San Francisco. In the months of May, June and July, the healthy traveller may enjoy a delightful ride upon these stages—clearing the ground at the rate of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

At this time work is going on upon two lines of railway extending from Portland up the Wallamet valley, one on either side of the Wallamet river. How many struggles and failures these experimental enterprises are doomed to undergo before they are accomplished, no one can predict; but as the world now goes, their accomplishment is only a question of time. From the conformation of the country these roads must merge into one at about one hundred and twenty miles south of Portland. Then, whether they will deflect to the left and go through the Cascade mountains to the east of Eugene, and on in the direction of Goose lake and the Humboldt to the Central Pacific, or continue due south to the southern border of Oregon, through the Umpqua and Rogue river valleys, with a view of meeting a railway from Sacramento, is a question now under discussion, somewhat prematurely. A railway up the valley of the Columbia, to connect Portland with the Central Pacific at Salt Lake, is also a favorite project with many Portlanders, and one that persons now living are likely to see realized.

From this hasty glance at the lines of travel—actual and possible—that terminate in Portland, it is apparent that its facilities for commerce and communication with the world must always give it great importance in the business affairs of the coast.

In 1843—three years before the treaty with Great Britian, by which the latter withdrew all claim to Oregon Territory south of the forty-ninth parallel, and before the American people by the election of President Polk declared for the whole of Oregon—"Fifty-four forty or fight"—the site of Portland was, in the language of the country, "taken up" by a settler named Overton. Nothing much is remembered of Overton. It is understood that he was from Tennessee. He left the country soon after, and among the early settlers there is a tradition that he was hung in Texas, whether justly or not is not known. Probably

on this account Portlanders do not generally trace their genealogy farther back than to Messrs. Lovejoy and Pettygrove, who succeeded Overton in the possession of the land in the fall of 1843 or spring of 1844. At this time the site was covered with a dense forest of fir timber. In 1844, a log dwelling was erected by the proprietors, near the corner of Washington and Front streets. In the summer of 1845 a portion of the land was surveyed into blocks and lots. A block contained eight lots of fifty feet front, and one hundred feet in depth. In the following winter Pettygrove erected the first store house — long called the old "shingle store," because its walls were covered with shingles on the outside instead of sawn boards. The lot on which the building stood is now the southwest corner of Washington and Front streets. It could have been bought at that time for less than $100; to-day it will command two hundred times that sum, or $400 a front foot. The lot is now covered by a three-story brick building, the corner room of which (twenty-five by seventy feet) rents for $250 a month in gold. During this summer (1848) the embryo city was christened Portland. At the same time it narrowly escaped being overburdened with the ambitious name of *Boston*.

It happened in this way: Mr Lovejoy being a native of Massachusetts of course desired to call the place after the capital of his state. On the other hand, Mr. Pettygrove being a Maine man preferred Portland. The dispute was finally settled by an appeal to the simple modern substitute for the ancient wager of battle, a game of heads or tails. Mr. P. tossed a copper cent, which he carried as a *souvenir* of other days, and as good fortune would have it, Portland won.

In 1846, some lots were disposed of to settlers, and a wharf and slaughter-house constructed on the bank of the river.

From this time forth the new town was an existing fact, though it was not until the year 1851 that Oregon's ancient capital—Oregon city—situate at the great falls of the Wallamet, gave in, and acknowledged that the commercial sceptre had departed from her people. In the mean time Portland was described by strangers and tourists as "a *place* twelve miles below Oregon city."

In October, 1848, the proprietorship of the town changed hands, Mr. Pettygrove, who had bought out Gen. Lovejoy, selling to Daniel H. Lownsdale. The price paid was $5000 in Oregon leather, tanned by Lownsdale in a yard belonging to him and adjoining the town site. In 1849, Stephen Coffin and W. W. Chapman became interested as proprietors of the town with Lownsdale. At this time, there were not to exceed one hundred people settled in the town. The discovery of gold in California in 1848 had the effect to turn the attention of the Oregonians towards the mines, and for two or three years all progress and improvement in Oregon, in both country and town, was seriously checked. During this year (1849) a portion of the citizens organized an association and elected trustees for the purpose of building the Portland school and meeting house, being the first enterprise of the kind on the Pacific coast. The house was built at a cost of $2,200, on First street, and was used as a school house and place of holding secular and religious meetings and sometimes courts for many years. In the course of time the association ceased to exist, and the possession of the school house lot became an element in municipal politics and a subject of prolonged legal controversy; one incidental effect of which was to preserve in some measure the facts connected with the settlement of the town and its early "school and meeting house."

In 1850, shipping began to arrive freely from California and the Sandwich

Islands. Couch & Co. despatched the brig *Emma Preston* to China. Couch's addition to Portland, sometimes called North Portland, was laid out on the "land claim" of Capt. John H. Couch. December 4, of that year the first paper was published in the town—the *Weekly Oregonian.* Thomas J. Dyer (afterwards Commissioner to Sandwich Islands) editor and publisher. At this time there were two other newspapers published in the Territory—the *Spectator*, at Oregon city and the *Western Star*, at Milwaukie, a then promising young city on the east bank of the Wallamet and six miles south of Portland.

The *Western Star* soon after disappeared from the Milwaukie horizon, to reappear in Portland as the *Times.* The town itself proved to be too near Portland, to become a city. It has however been noted for the manufacture of flour, the building of steamboats, and the Meek and Lluelling nursery, from which this coast received its first supply of cultivated apple trees. The first steamboat of any size or quality built in Oregon—the once famous *Lot Whitcomb*—was launched at Milwaukie on Christmas, 1850.

In January, 1851, Portland was first incorporated. The territorial extent of the young city was limited to two miles along the river by one mile back, making two square miles. In April following, the officers of the city government were chosen—Hugh D. O'Bryant being chosen mayor over Joseph S. Smith, the present democratic candidate for Congress, in Oregon. In June the city gave 222 votes for delegate to Congress, from which fact it may be safely inferred that the total population did not then equal one thousand. In March of this year, regular steam communication with San Francisco was first established. The "good" ship *Columbia* arrived at Portland in that month and commenced to make monthly trips to San Francisco, carrying the U. S. mails. She was withdrawn from the route about 1860, and afterwards destroyed by fire in the China seas. Her Oregon career was an uninterrupted success.

In 1853 the first brick building was erected in Portland, by William S. Ladd, now the managing partner of the banking house of Ladd & Tilton.

In 1855 the local census showed that there were in the town four churches, one academy, one public school, one steam flour mill, four steam saw mills, four printing offices, and about forty stores engaged in the sale of dry goods, groceries, etc. The real and personal property in the town was valued that year for taxation at $1,195,034, probably about one-half of its cash value.

In 1857 the valuation of property was a fraction less than in 1855, and the population was enumerated at 1,280—seven hundred and sixty-five males and five hundred and fifteen females. In 1860 the population had increased to 2,917; of these seven hundred and sixteen were between the ages of four and twenty, and entitled to attend the public schools. The following table shows the population on December 31st, of each year given:

1862	4,057
1863	4,794
1864	5,819
1865	6,068
1866	6,058
1867	6,717

In 1866 the property in the city liable to taxation was valued at $4,200,000, and in 1867 at $4,100,000. The apparent decrease in valuation is more than accounted for by the passage of a law between the two assessments which allowed the debts of the property holder to be deducted from the value of his property. In 1866 there was collected by the city $70,000 taxes from property, and about $14,000 from licenses and fines; of this amount $10,000 was expended upon the improvement of the Wallamet river. During the same pe-

riod $75,000 was expended upon street improvements, but this sum was levied exclusively upon the real property immediately adjoining the improvements. The city tax now being collected for this year amounts in the aggregate to $33,101; for general purposes $19,200; for river improvement $3,203; for interest on railway bonds $10,678, or seven and three-quarters mills on the dollar of the assessed value of property. Generally a large amount of taxable property is omitted from the assessment roll, while the rest is not assessed at more than half its value. The cash value of Portland is not far from $10,000,000.

The following statement of the exports of Portland for the year 1866 is taken from the manifests of the vessels going *out* of the Columbia—mostly to San Francisco. These values are estimated, but may be relied upon as near the wholesale prices of that year:

Article	Value
Apples, 68,860 boxes, at $1 per box.....	$ 68,860
" dried, 2,603 pkgs., at $10 per pkg.	26,030
Bacon, 4,376 gunnies, at $16 per gun...	70,016
Eggs, 1,763 pkgs., at $10 per pkg......	17,630
Flour, 29,813 barrels, at $5 per bbl.....	149,065
Hides, 4,674, at $1.50 per hide..........	7,011
Onions, 1,325 sacks, at $4 per sack.....	5,300
Pork, 72 barrels, at $20 per bbl.........	1.440
Pitch, 292 barrels, at $6 per bbl........	1,752
Salmon, 2,564 pkgs., at $8.50 per pkg...	21,794
Staves and headings, 59,203, gross value.	15,000
Shooks, 14,972, at 40 cents per shook....	5,989
Varnish, 124 pkgs., at $10 per pkg.......	1,240
Wool, 1,671 bales, at $40 per bale......	66,840
	$457,967

In addition, it is estimated that during this year there was exported from Portland, Oregon products to the value of $200,000. Neither does this table include any of the exports *up* the Columbia river by steamboat, to the mining regions. As to the export of wool, it is proper to remark that the export from Portland only includes a portion of the Oregon clip for 1866. The export by the way of the Umpqua river, was at least 100,000 pounds more, and there was also manufactured in the State during the same period 1,000,000 pounds.

The seaward bound exports from Portland, for the year 1867, were five times the value of those of 1866. As appears from the manifests of vessels, the total value of merchandise and produce exported from Portland in 1867 was $2,462,793.

Some fifty different articles enter into the list of exports for 1867. The following table exhibits the quantity and value of the leading articles:

Article	Value
Apples, 33,596 boxes, at $1 per box......	$ 33,596
Do., dried, 4,958 pkgs., at $12 per pkg..	59,496
Bacon, 5,657 gunnies, at $11 per gun ...	62,227
Butter, 1,492 pkgs., at $24 per pkg......	35,808
Bran, 1,116 sacks, at 60 cts per sack....	6,696
Beef, 1,020 bbls., at $15 per bbl.........	15,300
Cherries, 137 boxes, at $2 per box......	274
Eggs, 2,520 pkgs., at $7 per pkg........	17,640
Flour, 120,980 bbls., at $6 per bbl.......	727,680
Furs, 65 bales, at $50 per bale..........	3,250
Flax seed, 10 bags, at $6 per bag........	60
Hides, 4,312 pkgs., at $2 per pkg.......	8,624
Horses, 159 head, at $200 per head......	31,800
Lard, 1,323 pkgs., at $11 per pkg.......	14,553
Leather, 516 pkgs., at $30 per pkg......	15,480
Middlings, 4,659 sacks, at $1.25 per sack	5,823
Onions, 1,372 gunnies, at $2 per gun....	2,744
Oregon pig iron, 50 tons, at $35 per ton..	1,750
Salmon, 4,244 pkgs., at $7 per pkg......	29,708
Staves and headings, 150,000 M, at $50 per M..............................	75,000
Turpentine, 117 cases, at $45 per case...	5,265
Wheat, 76,350 bush., at 90 cts per bush.,	68,715
Wool, 3,309 bales, at $40 per bale.......	132,360

In addition to the foregoing exports of merchandise and produce, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s register exhibits the export of treasure from Portland, as follows:

Year	Amount
1864..............................	$6,200,000
1865..............................	5,800,000
1866..............................	5,400,000
1867..............................	4,001,000

During the months of January, February, March and April, of 1868, there was received at Portland:

Article	Quantity
Flour, barrels	81,027
Wheat, bushels......................	142,268
Apples, boxes,.......................	26,148

During the same period there was exported from Portland, as appears from the manifests of sea-going vessels:

Article	Value
Flour, 65,441 bbls., at $6 per bbl...	$392,646
Wheat, 85,976 bush., at $1 per bush.	85,976
Apples, 36,197 boxes, at $1 per box..	36,197
	$514,819

The apple is fast becoming exclusively an Oregon product. The day is not far distant when the choice fruit of this country will rank first in all the apple markets of the world. The handling and exporting this crop is already an important feature of the commerce of Portland. The first export of fruit from Portland was made by Meek and Lluelling, in 1853. They shipped two hundred pounds, for which they realized five hundred dollars. This was the first grafted or cultivated fruit ever offered for sale in the San Francisco market.

In 1854, the same parties sold forty bushels of Oregon apples in San Francisco for $2,500. The export to San Francisco continued to increase.

During the next seven years, from the best information that can be obtained, the export and sale was as follows:

1855,	1,500	boxes, at 50c. to $1 per lb.
1856,	5,000	" " 25c. to 75c. " "
1857,	15,000	" " 15c. to 50c. " "
1858,	29,190	" " 7c. to 35c. " "
1859,	72,000	" " 3c. to 25c. " "
1860,	86,000	" " 3c. to 19c. " "
1861,	75,394	" at an average of 5c. per lb.

A box of apples in Oregon parlance is equal in bulk to a bushel, but of course the weight varies with the quality of the fruit.

Portland is well supplied with good water and gas. The latter was first introduced in 1857, by a company working under a charter from the Assembly, exclusive for the period of fifteen years. The company have laid three and one-half miles of mains, from three to six inches in diameter, and their works are of sufficient capacity to supply a city of 30,000 population. For this brilliant substitute for the tallow-dips, links and rush-lights of our ancestors, we pay six dollars per 1,000 feet.

The water-works were commenced in 1856, under a city ordinance giving the simple right to lay pipes in the street. No change has been made in the matter. The company have two reservoirs on the verge of the city. One, two miles from the dam, supplied by a six-inch main, is one hundred feet square by fifteen feet deep. Another, three-fourths of a mile from the dam, supplied by a seven and one-fourth inch main, is two hundred and twelve by two hundred feet square and fifteen feet deep. There are about eight miles of mains laid in the streets, from three to seven and one-fourth inches in diameter. A large-sized reserve reservoir is about to be constructed. For an ordinary family, with bath-room, water costs two dollars and fifty cents per month. Cisterns are quite common, or rather, were so. The best of water can be obtained in that way, but the superior convenience of the hydrant is bringing it into general use. I suppose the time will come (I know it ought to be nigh at hand) when the public, through the agency of its governments, will enjoy its water, gas and telegraphs at first cost, and without the intervention of middle men. To convert a municipal government into a practical "Coöperative Union," for the purpose of supplying the community with either or all of these necessaries, is a very simple thing, *provided* one could be found or constituted with the requisite sense and integrity. In the meantime, the public must expect to pay for these things as it does for others—whatever price the seller can get for them.

The population of Portland is principally engaged in mercantile and mechanical pursuits—the latter being for the most part those required in house building and finishing. The Irish furnish a large share of the unskilled day labor and a few of the tradesmen and mechanics. Washing and wood-sawing have been monopolized by the Chinese, except what of the latter is done by machinery. They are also employed extensively as house servants. The negro population is comparatively small, but increasing by immigration and otherwise. So far it is moderately thrifty and well con-

ducted. They have a public school and are about to erect a house of worship. The merchants and business men are principally Jews, and Americans from New England and New York—particularly New England. Theatrical amusements never ranked high in Portland, and now they are at a very low ebb. There is no theatre-house in town fit to be called such. Occasionally a low grade of minstrels and vulgar comedy exhibit in halls and melodeons employed for the occasion.

On the other hand, church-going is comparatively common. The church buildings will accommodate four thousand persons, and probably on an average one half that number attend the Sunday services in them, but the communicants are a still less number. The churches are eleven in number—two Episcopalian, two Roman Catholic, one Methodist, two Jewish, one Baptist, one Presbyterian, (O. S.) one Congregational, and one Unitarian. Within one or the other of those congregations will be found the larger portion of the substantial worthy people of Portland. The Methodists and Roman Catholics have the greatest number, drawn comparatively from the humbler walks of life. One of the Jewish congregations is of reformed practice. Both of them represent comparative wealth, and are growing in numbers. These children of Shem—at least the German part of them—are a domestic, home-loving people. As a rule they marry young, and faithfully obey the first commandment given to man and woman—"Be fruitful and multiply." How long will the cultivated American of Yankee descent, with his maximum family of one delicate child, successfully compete with this healthy and fruitful people for the lead and mastery in commerce and business?

The town of Portland constitutes one school district, and is placed under the management of three directors, chosen by the voters of the district. The school-going population of children between the ages of four and twenty is not far from 2000. There are three public school houses, which in the aggregate accommodate 1000 scholars. These schools are well kept, and the buildings are very fair. With the grounds and furniture, they are estimated to be worth $72,500. In addition to these there are five private schools, all of which are well patronized. They are more or less exclusively under denominational patronage and influence, as follows: two Roman Catholic, one Methodist, one Jewish, and one Episcopalian. The average number of scholars in attendance upon these private schools is about four hundred.

The fire department consists of five companies, two of which work steam engines. The organization is based upon the so-called voluntary principle, but the city bears a large part of the expense. In early days the active and leading young business men belonged to the department and controlled it. But as time passed and these quondam "young fellows" got married, waxed old and wealthy, they let go of the brakes, and the leadership is passing into other and different hands. Now the engine house becomes more and more a club room. As in larger cities, the day will come here when the control of the fire companies will be sought and obtained by rough captains, to enable them to get place and plunder for questionable aid to politics and politicians at primaries and polls. So far, the department has been very efficient, and as little in the hands of political cappers as one could expect such an association of men to be in this voting country. Yet it is a noticeable fact, that a certain class of party athletes appear to appreciate an engine company quite as much for the vote it can throw as the water.

The newspaper business is well represented in Portland. *All* the eastern despatches published at San Francisco

in the *Evening Bulletin* are published at Portland the following morning in the *Daily Oregonian* and *Herald*.—The *Oregonian* is the oldest paper in the State now published. The weekly was commenced in 1850 and the daily in 1861. It has been published the past ten years by Henry L. Pittock. In typographical appearance and general appointment it is not excelled, if equalled, by any paper on the Pacific coast. The annual cost of publication is from $40,000 to $50,000.

The present surveyed limits of the city, including Couch's addition on the north, and Caruther's addition on the south, is about three square miles. The houses on Front street are of a substantial character. Many of them are built of brick, and three stories high, with stone or iron fronts. The best of brick are made in the vicinity; in fact, anywhere in the Wallamet valley. A quarry lately opened up the river furnishes a stone of a light grey color, with a bluish tinge, that cuts into any shape, and hardens with exposure to the air. First street is devoted to retail business. Both it and Front are laid with the Nicolson pavement. The latter was laid in 1865. Owing to the fact that the ground was soft in some places, and sank away, several yards of the pavement were taken up this Spring and relaid. Not a block or a board gave any evidence of decay, and the wear was hardly perceptible. The streets are laid out at right angles. Those running parallel with the river are numbered first, second, and so on to eleventh. This does not include the street immediately upon the river, which is called Front, nor Park street, which is intended to be the *Broad* street of the city. It is between Seventh and Eighth, and about the centre of the city from east to west. The streets running at right angles with the river are called principally after the forest trees, and some few after individuals and places. One is very properly named after the great Oregon fish—the Salmon. Probably, in days gone by, the Indian fisherman landed his "Light birch bark canoe" at the foot of this street, and "swapped" the finny monarch of the Columbia and Wallamet for *Boston Muck-a-muck*, (American's food) and hence the name. *Alleys* and *Places*—the localities where dwell the marked social extremes of city population—are not yet invented.

On the city front the Wallamet is about a fourth of a mile wide. From the foot of Stark street it is crossed by a tolerable steam ferry every ten or fifteen minutes. At this point the tide ebbs and flows from eighteen inches to two feet. Any vessel that can come in the Columbia can lie at the docks. The wharves are extensive and of a very superior character; one of them—the Oregon Steam Navigation Company's — being the finest on the Pacific Coast. Front street is about twenty-five feet above low-water mark, and once within the memory of white men the northern portion of it was a few inches *below* high water. At about a half mile from the river, the elevation above Front street ranges from a few feet to a hundred, the greatest elevation being at the south. This elevation is maintained, without much variation, for another half mile eastward, when the plateau terminates in a semi-circular range of fir-clad hills, which overlook all the surrounding country.

The special drive of the Portlanders is out to the "White House," and "Riverside Race Course," six miles south of town. The road—an excellent Macadam one—winds along the west bank of the Wallamet. The drive is a very romantic and interesting one. On the one hand is the clear, blue river, apparently of an unfathomable depth, and on the other the river range of hills, rising quite abruptly in places from the line of the road to the distance of several hundred feet, and cov-

ered with great, old evergreen forest trees.

From the greater portion of Portland the snow-covered summit of Mt. Hood—distant about forty miles to the east—is plainly visible. Buttman's picture gives a fair idea of the view. But the full effect cannot be produced on canvas. You must be comfortably seated on the well-shaded east porch of a Portland residence, on Seventh street, when the thermometer is at ninety, and gaze for long upon that great, white, glistening snow-peak, rising out of, and towering far above, the surrounding, dense, dark, green forests, to appreciate the sublimity and originality of this Monarch of the Mountains.

The principal public building in Portland is the Court House, erected in 1865-6, at a cost of $100,000. Its form is that of a Roman Cross. The basement is built of stone, and contains the county jail. The walls above the basement are of brick, and the roof is of tin. Its greatest length is one hundred and eight feet, and its width, eighty-four feet. The hight from the floor of the basement to the eaves is sixty feet, and to the top of the dome, one hundred and fifteen feet. The dome is a light, wooden structure, rising from the centre of the building and immediately over the main court-room. It is circular in form, about twenty-three feet in diameter, and towers in the air fifty-five feet above the level of the roof. From the promenade surrounding its base you have a commanding view of Portland and the adjacent country. Away, across the Wallamet, your eye takes in the houses and orchards which constitute the suburban town of East Portland. A little to the east and south is the Insane Asylum for the State. Still some miles beyond you see the green, isolated hill, called—from some actual or fancied resemblance to the place of the Saviour's transfiguration — Mount Tabor.

Between 1861 and 1866 the material growth of Portland was stimulated beyond the ordinary pace, by the new mining trade and travel with the countries to the eastward of the Cascade mountains. This having since subsided, as all mining trade and travel does, there is a visible decline in the superficial and profitless buzz and bustle that always accompanies the shoal of sprightly and unthrifty adventurers who float hither and thither upon the flood tide of mining excitements. But the real prosperity and importance of Portland have never rested upon such uncertain foundations as these. Portland is the mart of the Wallamet valley, and such it ever has been and will be. This resource can never fail her, and to appreciate the future of Portland you must have some knowledge of the wonderful capacity and productiveness of this garden of the Pacific.

The Wallamet valley lies between the cascade and coast ranges of mountains. It is about one hundred and twenty miles in length from north to south, and on an average about fifty miles wide. It is a *third larger than the State of Connecticut*, containing in round numbers, exclusive of the slopes of the mountains, four millions of acres of land, and such land as is seldom found in the same quantity elsewhere on the earth's surface. Taking the vote of June, 1866, as a basis, and allowing five souls to the voter, the valley then contained a population of 66,525, which to-day has increased to 75,000 at least. The average of the old agricultural states is about thirty souls to the square mile, but this estimate includes much barren and unproductive land. Besides, the Wallamet valley is already a manufacturing district, and its capacity in that respect is very great. It abounds in wool, wood, iron, and water power. In 1860 the population in Connecticut equaled ninety-eight to the square mile. When this Oregon valley reaches that point, and

it is capable of going beyond it, it will contain 615,384 souls, more than the whole State of California to-day.

About one-third of the valley is prairie land, the rest of it being more or less heavily wooded with fir, oak, maple and ash trees. Timber and water are well distributed and of a superior quality. The climate is temperate—the mean temperature being about sixty degrees. The mean rain-fall for the year varies somewhat in localities, but fifty inches is not far from the average. The greater portion of this usually falls in the months of November, December, March and April. Rain seldom or never falls in harvest time—from the first of August to the middle of September. The soil and climate are especially adapted to the production of small grain, particularly wheat. The apple, pear, plum, cherry, currant, strawberry, blackberry and raspberry of the best quality, grow in great abundance. There is no better country for the domestic animals, and the Wallamet wool is already famous, and will always rank high in the wool markets of the world.

The valley is drained by the Wallamet river. This river is now navigable from Portland for half the length of the valley the year round and for the whole length during some months in the winter. In the progress of time the navigation will be improved materially, as it has been in the last fifteen years. Eleven comparatively important streams flow into the Wallamet during its course through the valley. Some of these are now partially navigated by steamboats, and may be much more so. Besides, they furnish supplies of water. power for all kinds of mills and machinery. The head of the valley is only about four hundred feet above the level of Portland, and railways can be constructed on each side of the river at a comparatively small cost.

This is a moderate estimate of the country which lies at the back of Portland. It will be seen at a glance that the trade and commerce of such a valley must in time build up and sustain quite a city. Yet it is not in the highway of the world, no more than Boston or Philadelphia. It will never be the centre of fashion, speculation or thought. Do what it will, it will be comparatively a provincial place, and noted for peculiarities in manners, opinions and business; but it will be worth more dollars per head than either London or New York, and its good citizens will sleep sounder and live longer than the San Franciscans. In population it may not, in this century, if ever, exceed 50,000, and its strongest sons will often be drawn away to the Metropolis of the Pacific, where they are sure to win the prizes in commerce, the arts and professions. Yet for all that and more, if any young person who reads this is casting about for a place where a fair stock of sense, industry and good habits will, within certain limits, pay certainly and well in any honest calling, let him or her take passage at once for PORTLAND-ON-WALLAMET.

IN THE SIERRAS.

Out of the heat and toil and dust of trades
Into the shadow and forgetfulness
That bless secluded streams and sheltering vales,
A pilgrim whose blind steps led thitherward,
Lit by the vestal beam of thought beyond
The misty girdle of the hills of God,
I journeyed lonely and alone I sought
The valley of the Ages, and the place
Of the wind-braided waters. In the track
Of autumn solitudes I followed where
The leaves were falling to the littered ground,
And every leaf was finished to the fall.
Once earlier had I trod the same retreat,
Haunted of listless steps and careless eyes.
Green was the mantle of the leafy hill,
The streams were swollen to the spongy banks,
The meadow was a lake, where swelling knolls
Lifted their grassy islands to the sun.
But autumn is the loveliest and the best.
Happy the heart I bore into the vale
Over the frosted hills, the meadow snow.
My good horse cast the snow-seals from his hoofs,
And broke the shining pavement of the snow,
Till its fair glittering space was struck across
With stained and dingy crescents. So we trailed
Now through the clustering grove's white cushioned boughs,
And now the openings and anon between
The tall unbending columns that impale
The architectural forests.

Here no lack
Of the imploring cries that startle us—
The jay-bird's shrill alarm and many notes,
Untraceable to any tongue whatever,
Heaven-born and brief. Sometimes we faintly heard
The small ground-squirrel's whistle, sharp and clear.
Nor lack of living token as we passed
Upon the sheeted highlands ; on we sank
Into the awful cañons, where the brook
Hissed between icy fangs that cased the shore
Slim, lank and pallid-blue. We there beheld
The flowerlike track of the cayote near
The fairy tracery where the squirrel skipped
Graceful and shy, and farther on we saw
The smooth divided hollows where the doe
Dropped her light foot and lifted it away.

Anon the print of some designing fox
Or dog's more honest paw; the solid bowls
That held the heavy oxen's spreading hoof;
And suddenly, in awe, the bear's broad palm,
With almost human impress. Riding so,
Against the sky's blue vacancy, I saw
How nature prints abroad and publishes
Her generous gospels. Here the wind-burnt bark
Like satin, glossed and quilted; scattered twigs
In mystic hieroglyphics; the dry shrubs
That seem to point to something wise and grave,
The leafless stalks that rise so desolate
Out of their slender shafts within the drift,
And over all the brown straws of the pine.

Strong winter heats of the meridian sun
Smote the dumb earth, and she regained her voice.
The season and the summit passed at once
We entered to the valley, and forgot
How but an hour back we halted where
Under the dripping gables of the fir,
The slow drops softly sink their silent wells
Into the passive snow. More sweet I found
The sunny dream of autumn's plentiful
And everlingering, everlasting peace.

And here at last I cast me at my length
In the mid valley, where the stream expands
Lakewise, and lilies lift their broad green palms
Against the sunshine, and the skaters skate
Upon the water, and the beetles dive
Into their shady gardens; while ashore
A glossy water-thrush trips close upon
And curtsies at the margin as he wets
All of his slender body in the pool.
And here a myriad creatures built and toiled
At their incessant masonry. I heard
The meadows drinking in the wet. The earth
Meeting the sun did both together blend
Their powerful magnetisms. Now forgot
The wood, the torrent, and the gale; no more
I looked upon the diamond-powdered snow,
But went afield, and in the meadow heard
The happy robin's tender tremolo.

THE DIAMOND MAKER OF SACRAMENTO.

IF in the following story, practical men should be disappointed at finding a vague hinting at a scientific process and only an imperfect sketch of a scientific experiment, I have no explanation or apology to offer. The story is told for the purpose of interesting the reader in the career of a man who was never well understood, and not to illustrate any principle of science. I have a very dim idea of the value of the experiments in chemistry in which the interest of my little sketch chiefly centres, and must disclaim in advance all attempt to give the reader any scientific information whatever.

With the earlier rush of emigration to the State of California, there arrived at Sacramento, then a straggling town of huts and tents, John Barnard, a young physician, full of enthusiasm and hungry for excitement. The young man with his wife, who had but just left her father's home for her husband's, had sailed for California, satisfied that if his excellent qualifications as a medical man brought him no employment, he could turn his ready hand to any of the various callings which the unsettled condition of things in the new El Dorado would be sure to develop and require.

Barnard was a frank, genial young fellow, and I very well remember our first meeting, at which he directly impressed me with his peculiarly winning and attractive manner. He was compactly built, with a broad, roomy forehead, clear-cut but rounded features, a pleasant, mobile mouth, and was gifted, withal, with a magnetic manner of address that was generally considered irresistible, even by matter-of-fact people. As the reader may not be able, otherwise, to understand some things which I want to tell him about my friend Barnard, I desire to give a tolerably minute description of the young physician, whose career afterwards attracted much attention in the State.

I have said that he was frank and direct in his manner, and so he was; yet there was with all his frankness an undefined and dreamy abstraction at times that seemed very much like the air of a mystic. You felt that there was a vein of the supernatural running through all his beliefs. And while no man could be more healthy and vigorous in his mental and moral organization, there was a certain flavor of mystery pervading all his warm and hearty nature that perplexed and bothered those who knew him. The man was a study, and those who still recollect his sunny, hopeful face, his pleasant voice and the sincere grasp of his strong hand, will always remember that they never felt that they quite understood why it was that the hearty and genial doctor appeared as though there was at least one chamber in his soul over which, even to his own self-consciousness, there was hung the warning, "No Admittance."

In addition to his studies in medicine, Barnard had early made extensive excursions into the tempting fields of chemistry. He was never weary of experimenting and collating; his fertile genius constantly discovered new combinations and effects from the elements that Nature furnished him, and some of his inventions and intentions were brilliant, if not useful. He laughingly said that his necessities alone prevented him from being an alchemist. If he had not been obliged to provide for his daily bread, he would have spent his life in ransacking Nature's laboratory and

laying bare her ancient secrets. Nothing seemed to give him so much pleasure as to spend hours over his chemical apparatus, pursuing with tireless enthusiasm the delusive phantoms that were continually rising before him. Days and nights were spent in an eager search for some possible result, which though often escaping, and beckoning him on with aggravating coyness, was generally captured at last. Into this fascinating pursuit Barnard entered with all the ardor of his nature, and led by his fervid imagination, though still guided by accurate scientific knowledge, he managed to amass a sum of results which would have given him considerable fame had they been published to the world. But he declared that he was a mere dabbler in science, and would wait until he had accomplished some great thing before he troubled the scientific world with his childish experiments, which were leading to something better.

It must not be supposed, however, that Barnard spent all his time in the more congenial pursuit of chemical science to the neglect of his chosen profession. To this day there are not a few who were then citizens of Sacramento, who will attest to the untiring patience, close attention and skill which characterized Dr. Barnard during those early years of his life in California, when such rare tact and loving warmth as his were sure to bring hope, if not healing, to the sick-beds of those who were so fortunate as to know him. His range of practice grew to be very wide, and from far and near he was called to minister to the sick and suffering. The times were golden, and Barnard made a great deal of money by his ardent devotion to his practice. In a few years, although he was indifferent to wealth and was generous to the needy and suffering poor, he grew rich and prosperous in his fortunes.

I see him now, at this stage of his career—full-figured, rotund yet shapely, bubbling over with animal spirits, vigorous with health, in high good humor with himself and the world, winning to his side all the genuine men of the time, and drawing after him loving and admiring looks as he walked abroad with his elastic, springy step. Then I remember the dreamy veil that seemed to shut down at times over his clear blue eye, and the queer abstraction that interrupted the ripple of his bright talk, and I ask myself if this was a premonition of his fate, like that vague, far-off look that old philosophers say belongs to those who are destined to die by violence.

Of his wife I have not said much, because there is not much to say about her. She was one of those shadowy persons, hard to understand, with abundant positiveness as to being, but in character altogether negative. She loved her husband well and truly, and considered him the sum of all human wisdom and goodness. Thoroughly practical, she gloried in his pecuniary success, and only seemed to regret that his own skill had secured for them competence and substantial comfort before the dowry which she brought him had been exhausted. She shared in all the enthusiasm with which Barnard pursued his experiments in science, though she honestly declared that she did not understand them any more than she did the Sanscrit.

As his medical practice increased, and calls on his time grew more frequent, Barnard complained good-humoredly that he had too much professional business to allow himself as much leisure for scientific diversion as his craving passion required. His pecuniary circumstances, however, being easy, I think he grew a little careless about his business, and employed a good deal of time with his visionary schemes and mysterious chemical processes. His wife looked on with simple wonder, but asked no questions and made no inju-

dicious remarks, though she did sometimes open her eyes with wonder when she saw her husband rush out to answer a sudden call, carrying a boiling retort or half-finished experiment in his hand. Believing her husband to be one of the wisest and best of men, she declared that the God of Nature would bring him out of all his maze of conjectures in triumph; but what those conjectures were, and why he should have them, she did not know. I do not believe that she cared to know.

Carbon was always a favorite subject of Dr. Barnard's studies, and he pursued the subtle element through all its tortuous changes and multifarious forms. Nobody but a scientific man could understand the variety of his experiments and the wonderful results at which he arrived, in his thirsty chase for all that could be known concerning his favorite subject. "Carbon," he would say, "pervades all nature in one form or another. It gives strength and solidity to the humble plant beneath our feet; it is in the air we breathe and in the food we eat; it gives life and vigor to the blood of man and beast; warms us in the dull coal of the grate, and sparkles in the liquid lustre of the rarest gem in the world." The idea that carbon is capable of being solidified into its purest form, the diamond, was always uppermost in his mind; and pondering on the fact that here was crystalized carbon—only simple carbon in its purest form—he continually asked himself, "Why cannot this familiar element be caught, prisoned, and solidified into the precious gem?" "Nature," he argued, "has but few secrets in her laboratory which are not penetrable to man; her processes are hidden, but may be discovered or imitated; and if we know that Nature makes a diamond by crystalizing carbon, why not follow in her footsteps?" This was easier said than done, but the indefatigable experimenter was on the keen search for the hidden secret. Diamonds were not plenty or cheap in those days, and I shudder even now to think of the valuable stones that were bought by Barnard, pulverized, sublimated, triturated and treated to all sorts of tests with acids, fire, and other agencies. Before the long quest was ended, poor Mrs. Barnard's few gems went into the alembic, or melted away, none knew how.

Dr. Barnard despised as absurd and chimerical the old notion of the alchemists, that gold could be made by transmutation, and cheerily he laughed at the vain dream that had tempted so many to poverty, desperation, and death. His was not a vulgar and ignorant fancy that gold, a primitive element, could be made by man; but humbly following in Nature's footsteps, he would imitate her own formula, and combine in the flawless gem the simple elements which she had revealed were the constituent parts thereof. This thought having once obtained lodgment in his mind, never left him. He had always known the theory of the chemists in relation to the formation of the diamond, but not until he had been emboldened by brilliant successes in experimental chemistry, did it occur to him that he might possibly accomplish that which had before been only dimly hinted at as a possibility. It had been said that whoever discovered the process of crystalizing carbon would have found the art of making diamonds. This was to be his work, and thenceforward he turned his attention to a pursuit of the phantom with all the ardor of one who is master of the obedient materials at hand. He was familiar enough with the disguises and peculiarities of the element which he pursued to be able to know just where to begin and where to lay his hand upon its secret habitations. His trials and manipulations were, of course, conducted on a small scale, and they were just successful enough to lure him forward to greater ventures and closer ap-

plication. He was never discouraged, for there was always abundant explanation for his repeated failures. Some element was missing, or some other was in excess; it would be easy to remedy these little defects, and with each trial came new light and knowledge. The goal of his hopes and ambition was not far off; it would be reached shortly; and meantime, his only regret was that he had not now the time to publish the wonderful revelations which his absorbing experiments had given him. He had reached the conclusion that his own results would enable somebody else to make the grand success, diamond making, if he should die before he achieved it for himself.

Diamond making, we used to say, was Barnard's hobby, and the experiments which he made with his odd-shaped retorts and other implements were amusing to his friends, though we refrained from our good natured jests at his expense when we found him in severe earnest. One day he begged from a neighbor a large bombshell that had never been charged and had been kept as a curious relic of the Spanish occupation of California. This he loaded with some curious compound and fused the ingredients by means of a powerful galvanic battery; the shell, though enclosed in a welded crust of iron, exploded in fragments, broke the windows of his neighbors and brought the doctor into disrepute. He was threatened with an indictment as a nuisance if he contined his "dratted experiments," and for a time the ardent disciple of science lost some of his popularity. The mixture with which he charged his bombshell, by the way, was known only to himself; in a moment of inspiration he seemed to have conceived the idea that certain materials fused under great pressure would secure the desired result; but what those ingredients were he never told. When questioned as to where he found the formula for their composition he would evade the matter, but finally admitted that it had been "revealed" to him, though whether the revelation was made by spirits from the unseen world or by his own research, or by Nature herself, in a moment of unusual confidence, he would never say; it was sufficient for us to know that he had the infallible and only reliable recipe for compounding the diamond, or rather, for resolving from carbon its purest form—the diamond.

His chief anxiety now was where to find an implement or machine to hold the explosion while he fired his mixture under pressure. In reply to the suggestion that the same spirits who were kind enough to give him the information which enabled him to mix the ingredients, ought to furnish him with the requisite machinery for a successful test of their value, he only laughed good humoredly and said that man must work out some part of his problem himself. He was sensitive to any jocular remarks about the supernatural agency which was employed in his experiments, and though he began to have some traces of respect for the "spiritual manifestations" which were then beginning to attract attention in the country, he steadily declined to say what his chemical formula was or where he got it, except that "it was revealed." His wife asked no questions, but put her trust implicitly in her husband, as she had always done.

Barnard lost a little of his rotundity, and his features grew a trifle sharper, as he prosecuted his fascinating search for the proper machinery for his great experiment. As years rolled by and his bursted anvils, broken retorts and shattered cannon-balls only brought fresh disappointments, he grew a shade paler and more anxious, but his fine flow of spirits never forsook him. He had a revelation that he would succeed, and his enthusiasm was still quenchless. He never had any more doubt of his

ultimate success than he had of his own existence. "If the Lord spares my life, and I know He will," the hopeful little doctor would say, "I shall yet show the world that this dream of mine is not altogether a dream. And when I have made diamonds I shall be satisfied, unless," he added, as new possibilities seemed to shine before him, "unless I shall enter through my diamond gates into other mysteries of nature."

His patients complained of neglect and his practice dwindled somewhat; but this never disconcerted him; wealth and fame were just within his grasp, and he would soon be beyond the harassments of his profession. Wealth was not so much an object to him as the fame which he would secure by a scientific success that should electrify the world. He was willing that his friends, who had given him latterly the pecuniary assistance which he needed, should have the larger share of the profits that would arise from the success of his search after the great mystery; nay, more, he would by locking up the secret, when found, prevent the process from being common, or his own work from being so often repeated that the precious gem should be cheapened. The agents of the California Diamond Company should quietly put upon the market, in different quarters of the world, large and flawless stones of rare brilliancy and pure water; but none would know the parentage of these wonderful gems, and only his fame as a scientist should mark his whereabouts or his occupation.

Near Barnard's house was a huge mass of granite which had been left there by a bankrupt stone worker; on this the restless eyes of the experimenter were fixed. He bought it, and after clamping it about with rough masses of wrought iron, drilled a hole into its heart, placed his chemicals in a hollowed chamber in the bottom of the drilled channel, and then, having closed up the opening with some metallic composition, introduced through another minute channel the poles of a large galvanic battery and let on a terrific charge. The mass of stone and iron flew into a thousand fragments, and in the general disturbance which followed, the broadside of a neighboring house was blown in, to the consternation of a large family of Missourians, the paternal protector of whom, not appreciating the labors and necessities of science, had the doctor arrested for a misdemeanor forthwith. The appearance of the philosopher in the Sacramento police court was a signal for a rally of his friends, who had their good-natured laugh at his expense, as he pleaded his case and explained his novel schemes, and yet helped him out of his troubles with genuine Californian generosity. The Missourian was wroth, and swore vengeance on the disturber of his peace, and the doctor agreed that he would try no more experiments inside the city limits.

On the restoration of peace, Barnard, who had supposed his experiment was an unquestionable failure, looked curiously at the cavity in the rent granite, now exposed to the light of day, as one looks at the inside of a work which has cost many weary days of labor under difficulty to perfect, when his eye was attracted by a grayish powder in a little scooping fissure; he scraped it up and rubbed it in his palm, and saw, gleaming in the sunlight, a few sparkling grains of diamond dust! there was no mistaking it. His eyes filled with strange moisture, as he thought of the brilliant future before him, now to begin at last; he thought of his beloved wife and friends, of the wealth which should be theirs and the comfort that should now repay their long endured suspense and anxiety. As he stood gazing in his palm, in which lay the precious dust, a great lump swelled in his throat, and a thousand wonderful visions thronged up the long vista which his imagination opened to him.

An hour later his wife found Barnard lying insensible near the shattered fragments of his granite receiver, with his nerveless hands open and empty. The reaction had been too much for his overworked and wearied frame, and he had fainted from excitement. We could not find any traces of the diamond dust in the plebian clay of Sacramento, where it had fallen, and no human eye but Barnard's ever saw it. That was enough, however, and he was from that day strung with a vigor and determination which had never before been his, even when he had been first inspired with the mysterious revelations which had since urged him onward in his search for the diamond. Some of his plain-speaking acquaintances thought that they ought to undeceive him by telling him that what he took to be diamond dust was only pulverized feldspar from the shattered granite. He laughed at the suggestion, and remained fixed in the belief that he had seen and handled minute diamonds *which he had made.* From that day certain compassionate people shook their heads sadly and said: "Dr. Barnard is as crazy as a loon."

There were others, however, who would not forsake the good doctor, and now that his own and his wife's property had been greatly diminished by his expensive experiments, and his income was far below what it had been, were ready to encourage the hopeful enthusiast in science with substantial aid. He was always particular to insist that all such loans were only temporary, and that the lenders should share in the first benefits of his grand success. So, with their own subscriptions his friends eked out Barnard's dwindling funds, and he went on with preparations for a trial on a larger scale than any heretofore attempted, in which he was confident of success. It is not worth while to go into details, but enough to say that a considerable sum was spent in building and equipping a large iron globe which was bored and charged, after the manner of the block of granite, and a galvanic shock communicated to the contents of the interior from an immense battery which Barnard himself had constructed. The machine was carted off mysteriously one night to a lonely plain several miles from the city, and was fired by the doctor next day. I met him as he alighted from his buggy on his return; he threw his arms around me and trembled as he said, "I have it! I have it!" He showed a rough pebble, about the size of a large pea, brown in its coating, but emitting on one side, where he had rudely chipped off the crust, a dull, yellow gleam. The diamond, if such it was, passed from hand to hand, and set the town by the ears; not a few said that it was a base invention, and others stoutly maintained that Dr. Barnard was too honest to impose upon others, and too deeply versed in science to be imposed upon. The globe had been hopelessly fissured by the shock, and it required the united labors of Barnard and his friends for several hours to clear out the bore of the machine so as to reach the crusted stone that slept within. After dividing the town into two distinct factions, the stone was sent to Antwerp to be cut and tested. Ten months passed away and it came back, a straw-colored diamond, with a whitish flaw in it, dull and smoky enough, but a diamond, nevertheless. There were stories of letters having been written from California to buy an opinion from the Antwerp lapidary, and some went so far as to say that Barnard had never sent the stone which had been taken from the iron globe, and even that no such stone had ever been found there, but had been dexterously produced at the right moment by Dr. Barnard. So the question remained unsettled, and the story of the Antwerp Diamond was the subject for a standing joke for many months thereafter.

The events which I have hastily recounted were stretched over eight or

nine years. Not in a single year did my old friend give way to the fascination of the diamond dream; not in a few years did his lucrative practice melt away, to be replaced by an eager search for the discovery of a hidden scientific process; not until eight years had passed did he find himself almost a bankrupt in purse, reduced to living in a mean habitation, pinched for the necessaries of life, and kept alive and cheery only by his tireless enthusiasm in his pursuit and by a quenchless belief in his ultimate success. Fortune was still near, and he would soon be so rich that he could bear the little privations of to-day. It was something wonderful to see how manfully and philosophically he bore himself under his pecuniary troubles and often disappointments. He lived simply and even meanly, but made a pleasantry of his vegetarian fare, and declared that when he came into his fortune he would not be willing to forego the simple luxuries of bread and water for the enervating and corrupting habits which monied ease would be sure to tempt him with. His wife never repined, but clung to this poorly understood delusion of her husband with as much tenacious confidence as he did. If she suspected that all was not well; if her faith in his ultimate success ever wavered, she made no sign, but with an almost sullen belief in her husband's scientific infallibility, said simply: "We shall succeed, we shall succeed."

Nor were his friends all gone. Some had left him to struggle on, but many remained to help him with their countenance or with their money. He made new friends, too, with surprising readiness. Of these I shall always remember gratefully a young machinist who had just established himself in Sacramento, and who could not very well afford the sacrifice of time and materials which he made for Barnard. He had no faith whatever in the diamond business, but, as he expressed it, "he could not bear to see the good doctor wearing himself out and fretting because he had not the means to put his machinery together." There seems to be some subtle charm in the personal influence of dreamy visionaries by which they capture some practical men, and the oddly matched couple—enthusiast and unbeliever—jog on together, bearing and dividing a queer burden. So our young machinist, compassionating Barnard, or half-ashamed of a hidden belief, permitted the unwearied experimenter to use his shop, tools and materials with a liberal hand. The good fellow, half laughing, half crying at the doctor's wild delusion, worked on the new machine whenever he had a moment to spare, and surrendered all his little resources to his call.

Barnard was too proud to be an object of charity, but took freely whatever was offered him, with the unabashed confidence of one whose millions were not yet subject to sight drafts. Finding that ready money must be had to furnish materials and machinery for a great and crucial experiment, he conceived the plan of getting up a joint stock company, and the little knot of faithful friends who stood by him still consented to become stockholders in the California Diamond Crystallization Company. The organization was completed, and the shares were disposed of. The shareholders represented a great variety of opinions and varying shades of faith in the enterprise in which the company was embarked. There were those who did not believe in the scheme but did believe in Barnard; there were others who were willing to take stock "just to help him out;" there were some who had faith in the scheme from the first; most of these were spiritualists; and there were not a few who, with genuine Californian recklessness, invested a few hundred dollars "just for luck," with the proviso that if they ever got anything back it would be an awful disappointment. These all

made up a goodly company, with president, secretary, treasurer and directors, some of whose valuable autographs lie before me now, on a neatly engraved certificate, for five shares in the California Diamond Crystallization Company.

Months were consumed in the laborious manufacture of a solid iron sphere, thirty-eight inches in diameter, a mass of laminated and wrought cast-iron, so hooped, banded, braced and strengthened in every part as to seem a miracle of strength and solidity. Into this, at great cost and painful labor, a circular channel, three inches in diameter, was bored, reaching to the center, where a circular chamber, six inches in diameter, was hollowed by a peculiar machine, invented by Barnard for the purpose. The materials for the crystallization being introduced, it was intended to close the channel from end to end with a closely-fitting steel screw, adjusted to threads made to fit those of this stopper. Two small openings ran through the center of this screw-stopper, through which were to be passed the poles of a galvanic battery, encased in an insulating substance. The battery used on the occasion was a wonder in its way. It was said to have been the largest ever made in the United States. I do not know enough about such things to be able to take the responsibility of that statement, but it was made of two cups—tubs, rather—each holding ten plates, forty-two inches in diameter. It was said to be of sufficient power to kill a hundred men at one shock. The experiment was never fairly tried.

I have not the heart to describe the repeated failures and reversals, the disappointments and rising and falling hopes with which the work went on during the summer months of 1860. There were numerous disasters of breaking tools, spoiled castings, and unexpected obstacles. The young machinist tore his hair in despair, but picked up his tools again and worked on with a comical sort of wilfulness. More assessments were levied, and more stock created. Some shareholders fell out by the way, discouraged and dismayed at the "Irish dividends," and one by one withdrew in great disgust. Meantime, tidings of what was going on in the Sacramento machine shop had spread all over the State, and relief came in the shape of new subscriptions from sympathising or sanguine people in the mountains and valleys, and by the sea side. One man in Shasta county wrote that he had been warned in a dream that he must buy five shares in the Diamond Company if he would be rich. He would be rich, so he enclosed a draft for $625, and bequeathed his five shares of stock to his next of kin five years thereafter.

In September, 1860, the machine which I have described was carried into the heart of an adjoining county, secretly and at night, for fear of such scoffers as might follow it to deride the proceedings or share in the knowledge of the great success. Only a few of the most select of the select, eight in all, were permitted to know the place of rendezvous, and they, to keep all outsiders from the secret, turned teamsters and laborers, and when the machine was fairly prepared for transportation, were the only guard and attendants of its transit to a lonely place, far away from the inspection of any curious eye. A day or two elapsed after the apparatus was taken to the place of experiment, during which Barnard slept on the field, under a slight shed put up for the purpose of sheltering the battery and the materials. His eye shone with a strange light, a bright-red spot appeared on either cheek, and his once elastic step was heavy and trembling with strange eagerness. But his courage was still unshaken, and he spoke calmly and confidently of the bright certainty before us all. For his beloved friends

there was wealth, but for him fame, more glorious and coveted than mere money, was within reach.

The eventful day was sunny, calm, and lovely. The iron globe had been charged with the mysterious compound. The battery was ready to be attached by a single turn of a lever to the wires which led out into the level space where the great, rude sphere lay sleeping in the sun, holding in its iron heart its tremendous secret. Without any superfluous words or dramatic gestures, such as the occasion might have called forth, Barnard mounted the little shed, through the roof of which appeared the lever that was to direct the enormous power of the battery beneath him, along the quivering wires to the silent monster lying in the dry grass, scarcely two hundred feet away. At a safer distance from the machine, eight stockholders in the California Diamond Crystallization Company, with various feelings, but with dry jokes still uttered with their bated breath, sat upon a rail fence. The moment was sublime. Phineas Goodson said, "She biles!" Then the lever was turned in the Doctor's hand; there was a fierce rending of the air, as if heaven and earth had come together; the solid earth trembled for miles around; birds fell dead from the astonished sky, with fragments of iron and steel; Dr. Barnard ascended, it is averred, fifty feet perpendicularly in the air; then flying horizontally fifty feet, he alighted on the quaking earth with a broken thigh and sundry contusions. All this the eight stockholders on the rail fence saw before the rush of air swept them off in a heap, as a boy would brush off a row of torpid flies. The experiment was concluded, and when ranchmen came spurring in from the alarmed country roundabout, they found —not a new-born volcano or wandering earthquake, as they had expected, but a broken-limbed, broken-hearted philosopher, a field dotted with minute fragments of an iron globe, a group of half-stunned stockholders, a torn and rent space of ground, a scattered wreck of a wooden shed and battery—but no diamonds.

I draw a curtain over the closing scenes. In a moment of time, in a flash of electric light, the hope of a lifetime, the fruits of long and weary years of waiting, passed away as lightly as a bursted bubble. Barnard's resources and all that he could expect from his friends had gone in the general wreck of his hopes. His frame was shattered by his terrible fall; and limp and nerveless from the reaction of his overstrained organization, he relapsed into a state of apathy and stupor; the light of his eye was extinguished; his heart was quite broken. He took to his bed and for days spoke no word to any man. Rallying after a while, he persisted in his belief that he only needed an apparatus strong enough to hold the discharge of his battery, and he could yet make the diamond. It was pitiful to see the eager flush with which he would start up when arguing the certainty of success, hoping that his listeners would encourage him by word or assistance to hope for future ventures. No such word or offer ever came, and he slowly gave way under the crushing load of disappointment that weighed him down. With the rainy season of autumn, gloom shut in around him, and though the old hope flashed up occasionally from the embers of his expiring fires, the ashes slowly covered his heart, and he passed into a condition in which he seemed wavering between life and death. Once in a while of a bright occasional day in winter his shrunken form was seen sunning itself at the doorway of his little house in the ragged outskirts of the city. But consumption, which had long been seated in his system, rapidly brought him down to death. His devoted wife, thinner and paler than of yore, but quiet and gentle, ministered to every want, and bore un-

complainingly the querulous repinings which now came from the broken-spirited defeated man.

One winter afternoon, as the rain was falling drearily in the cheerless streets of Sacramento, Barnard lay a-dying. He had quite loosed his hold on life and was drifting out into the dim sea beyond. He rallied and returned; fixing his fading eyes upon his tearful wife, he difficultly said: "They will make diamonds yet; I may come back and tell them how to prepare the materials; but you shall have the secret now. Take of carbonic acid——." The jaw fell, and his cherished secret died with the baffled Diamond Maker of Sacramento.

FAMILY RESEMBLANCES AND DIFFERENCES.

IN this world there are no quarrels so bitter as the quarrels between brothers, no feuds so uncompromising as family feuds. Kinsfolk are proverbiably the worst neighbors, and it is often said that particular individuals are too much alike to agree. This has been the case in all ages of the world.

Three thousand years ago, in the land near to the cradle of the human race, there was strife "between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle," which increased in bitterness until one of the brothers said to the other: "Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." And so the families divided the one from the other.

The world is as full of this malignant spirit now as it was in the days of the Patriarchs, and nations seem to be even more under its influence than families. Those nations which, by similarity of institutions or consanguinity, ought to be the best of friends, prove against every rule of reason to be the worst of enemies; while on the other hand, those who are most remote in geographical position, or which are governed by the most antagonistic systems, appear, on the surface at least, to be the closest kin.

We Americans are proud of our Anglo-Saxon blood and origin. We claim as our own the laws, the traditions, the poetry, and the romance of Britian. These are our inheritance as much as they are the inheritance of the veriest Cockney, born within the sound of Bow bells. Yet we dread and fear the power of our kindred of that nation, and with a strange anomaly, look with trusting confidence to the Muscovite despotism, of all the powers of Europe, for sympathy and neighborly love. And this confidence appears, at least on the surface, to be justified by the whole experience of the nation's life. Among all the disappointments which showered upon the loyal people of America during the four years between the fall of Fort Sumter and the capture of Richmond, scarcely one was more unexpected than the circumstance that the public opinion of all of the world, sufficiently enlightened to be of consequence, was enlisted in behalf of the enemies of our country. And this, aggravated by the obvious fact that the nearer to ourselves in civilization and in consanguinity, the more pronounced was the judgment, the more decided the repugnance to our cause. That which in Austria and in Spain was simply passive deprecation, in France and Belgium grew to be outspoken opposition, and in England and Scotland

stayed not at words, but sprang into deeds of the most hostile character. And by a singular transition, from that people to whom we looked for the greatest amount of sympathy and encouragement we obtained the least. More than half a century before the war was commenced by the South for the defence of slavery, and joined in and prosecuted by the North in part, at least, for its destruction, a great law lord had announced from the bench that the air of England was so pure that slavery could not exist for a moment in that favored land, and that upon touching English soil the shackles would fall from the limbs of the slave, and he must stand forth a free man. And less than five and twenty years before, the legislature had determined that this unpolluted element should not be confined to Britain alone, but should spread over the world, to all the colonies and dependencies of that realm, and that slavery should exist no more under the British flag. And no achievement of that power during its thousand years of rule had been more gratifying to the national pride than the peaceful one of emancipation.

With this record, it was not strange that Northern Americans should expect English sentiment to take their side in the great struggle. Why were they disappointed? Why was it that a vast majority of the intelligence, the decency and respectability of England was willing to see the bad cause succeed? The answer is, that it was the same influence which had made the Americans of the South for a century hold Africans in servitude, and the Americans of the North encourage and support them in doing so—pride and arrogance of race, engendered mainly by selfishness and greed. That the English people on the east side of the Atlantic were not different from those other English people whose ancestors had migrated to the west side of the ocean, and taken to themselves a new name; that these Englishmen who had crossed the sea had not brought away with them all of the brutality, all of the selfishness, or all of the insolence of power, but only their fair proportion of those qualities; that their brethren whom they had left behind them were neither better nor worse than themselves; and that the offspring of the separated families, with an obedience to the original plans of nature singularly faithful, were found when they again met to have a resemblance as strange as the resemblance of Antipholus of Syracuse to his brother of Ephesus. Different climates and different habits of life had marked certain peculiarities upon the form and features, while different social influences had stamped their effects upon the minds of the people; but as these influences were slightly different, so was the change but trifling.

The great leading peculiarities of the English nation, as it existed on both sides of the water, were found to be identical. Whether it showed itself in the whipping of negroes in South Carolina or coolies in Mauritius, the braining of pappoose at Humboldt Bay or blowing Sepoys from the mouths of loaded cannon at Lucknow, it was the same spirit of Anglo-Saxon selfishness, and disregard for the rights and feelings of others.

Both nations were willing enough to run up and down the world trading with those who would, and robbing those who would not, and asserting and perhaps believing they were spreading Christianity and the elegant arts of peace; both attacking barbarism with bullets instead of books, and standing ready to spread civilization with Henry rifles or Snyder breech-loaders.

The high-spirited youth who pelts defenceless Chinamen with stones in the streets of San Francisco, or tears their flesh with dogs, feels that he is performing a commendable duty in resisting the encroachments of an inferior race, in presuming to breathe of the air

or enjoy the light so evidently prepared by the Anglo Saxon's God for the special benefit of his most favored race. The English collier who beats to death his Belgian fellow craftsman, does not condescend to invoke in his defence this well-known superiority, but finds a sufficient excuse in the established right of a noble Briton not to be interfered with in the winning of bread. Wherever we turn the family resemblance is perfect. The American branch is legitimately begotten, and if John Bull is not proud of his offspring, he at least must confess the paternal relationship, for it is obviously true that the Anglo-Saxon family, upon which, unfortunately for the weak, the sun never sets, is a slave-whipping race wherever found all over the world.

But if our own conduct has been so true to the traditions of our race, why did we expect so much from, and why were we so disappointed at the action of our cousins in the old world? Why should we not rather admire that conservatism of tryranny which still maintained the prescriptive right of Englishmen to be arrogant selfish and brutal? The answer is, that it is a weakness of our nature to condemn with special severity a vice which we feel that we have finally abandoned. The reformed drunkard soon ripens into the most zealous and perhaps the most intolerant of apostles of abstinence. The first step of the penitent gamester is to destroy all cards and dice within his reach. The youthful habit of long hours of sleep, so necessary to the complete development of the human constitution, is naturally abandoned by most men at about five and forty. Nature no longer permits it. At five and fifty the individual has forgotten the time when he did otherwise than rise early, and before three score years and ten are reached, many old men honestly think that the rising generation is wasting its best energies in self-indulgence and unnecessary slumber, and sinking into habits of hopeless indolence and sloth. They have left off the vice so long that they have forgotten that they ever had it. And so it is with nations. For nearly seyen years past the great majority of educated Americans in the North have taken a lively interest in the extirpation of slavery. And that trifling period has sufficed to wipe out all recollection of that other darker time, when they were as willing to uphold and sustain it. Seven years ago the Republican party was the only organization in the land with influence sufficient to be materially felt in public affairs, and which at the same time acknowledged the holding of principles hostile to the peculiar institution of the South. And that Republican party disclaimed vehemently any intent to interfere with slavery, except to prevent its spread into territories then free from it. Its members felt insulted when the infamous epithet of *abolitionist* was applied to them. Now thousands who at that time acted with the pro-slavery party, have forgotten their old sympathy, and are unequal to the mental task of conceiving how any except their own opinions can be honestly held. The truth is, that we thought the English better than ourselves; that they were more moral, less selfish, and generally farther advanced in civilization than we were. And when we learned by putting the matter to practical proof, that they were not, and that thanks to the war we were drifting into just views more rapidly than they, we turned to the other extreme and easily convinced ourselves that they were so bad as scarcely to be entitled to a place in the ranks of civilized nations.

For the first two years of the struggle we were not abolitionists. But we had never pretended to be such. Nor were the English so except in name. This we learned greatly to our disgust, for we argued: What right have those people beyond the sea to countenance slave-holding against the protestations of a halt

century? It was not enough that the English people should hold to views as liberal or work for ends as lofty as ours. They had taken higher ground and had claimed for themselves a nobler position. For twenty years they had sneered at the flaming lie stereotyped in every edition of the fundamental laws of the land, and declaimed from every village green upon the anniversary of the nation's birthday, that all men were born free and equal. At last by necessity or from principle, (and which it was was no concern of theirs) we had learned to look upon slavery from an English point of view. We expected a hearty welcome into the ranks of the abolitionists of Europe. We were now all of one mind, and slavery should no longer disgrace the land. And we claimed and expected the reward due to the laborer who had begun at the eleventh hour. We did not receive the expected welcome. So much in fact did we look for from England and from Englishmen, that we were not prepared to make any allowance for the influence of greed and avarice when operating upon the minds of our cousins across the waters. New York merchants might clear millions of tons of goods nominally for Matamoras, but in reality for Brownsville in Texas, with scarcely an aspersion upon their loyalty, but the Liverpool and Glasgow trader who attempted the same adventure by way of Nassau was deemed guilty of an offence of the most heinous character. And while a majority of Americans declared that Juarez and his companions were fighting as we were fighting, the cause of republicanism for the whole world, the sympathies of a wealthy steamship company of San Francisco were scarcely thought to be misplaced by sending from our own port cargo after cargo of goods contraband of war to aid Maximillian in his effort to found an Empire on the ruins of our nearest sister Republic. We have never heard that beyond the seizure of one steamer by the Liberal party, the managers or stock-holders of that corporation have been visited with any punishment or damage for this violation of the law of the land or the cause of Constitutional liberty. And when Spain was carrying on her late war with the South American Republics, waged as it undoubtedly was for the re-establishment of Spanish dominion in that quarter of the globe, and a steamer of two thousand tons burthen was fitted out with arms and equipments in this port by merchants of San Francisco, so flagrantly as to be within the common knowledge of all, and sent to sea to be delivered to the Spanish authorities off the beleagured port of Valparaiso, almost, if not absolutely beneath the guns of an American cruiser, who thought that the crime of Mr. Laird of Birkenhead was being committed at our own doors and by our most respected citizens? Indeed, it is even probable that those merchants who fitted out the "Uncle Sam" to sell to Her Catholic Majesty to be used in the Chilian war, have old grievances against England for Alabama depredations. But we did not look for Englishmen to be avaricious. They were expected to rise above all selfishness, to be careless of gain. Nay more, they were expected now that we had left off slave-driving, or were about to do so if we could no longer avoid it, to join with us in the glorious work with heart and hand, nor rest till the whole world had become free, and made to acknowledge the universal brotherhood of man.

But the disappointment came, and in our opinion was from the first inevitable. We do not believe that it was ever possible for the people of England, as represented by the governing classes—we had almost said the thinking classes—to look upon the American war in such a manner as to satisfy the susceptibilities of the North.

And this not because of any difference in the spirit or character of the two peo-

ples, but because of the resemblance between them; a resemblance so true to nature that it reproduces not only the virtues, the high spirit and enterprise of the common ancestors of both, but because it brings out all the weakness, the defects and meaner vices which were incident and almost peculiar to the Anglo Saxon stock. The nations are too much alike to agree. Each works for what it conceives to be its own interest with an earnestness characteristic of both. The ruling interest of England is aristocratic, while that in America is in direct conflict. While these rival interests direct the policy of the two nations, there will be between the people a conflict as irrepressible as that which will always continue between two systems so opposite.

England is beyond all countries upon the globe the paradise of the rich man. Millions toil by day and by night upon the earth, and beneath the earth, and upon the waters under the earth, that he may command every conceivable luxury. And all of this with an alacrity which appears to add to the enjoyment the testimony of the toiler that Providence has foreordained and irrevocably decreed the delightful relationship which exists between master and servant.

In England privileges of the most valuable nature accompany the possession of wealth. The rich man may make laws tending to increase his riches and to fortify his posterity in their enjoyment. This is a condition too pleasant to be readily parted with by any class. The example of America is a constant warning, a continuous threat to all of this. *There* is seen a nation where there are no privileged classes, and where there is a complete defiance of the notion that some are born to rule, and others to submit; *there* the rich are content with the permission to enjoy that which they have, without arrogantly demanding further advantages because of the possession of wealth. The aristocracy of England find with alarm that the country is being Americanized, and that unless a great struggle is made, its rule will pass away. And the aristocracy is the respectability, the refinement and the intelligence of the country. For, like that other aristocracy of the South, this one has considered the education of the masses as a dangerous step, and has as systematically avoided it. And at this moment the lower classes in England are quite as unfitted to assume political power as are the freedmen of the South.

To stay this tide of democracy which is sweeping from America over England and the world, is the lifelong business of almost all of the statesmen of the Liberal party, and of quite all of the statesmen of the Tory party of England. Whether in Parliament or out of it, by means of the press, through the church and the schools; using all social influences; practising upon the pride of some and the fears of others, the work is carried on by nearly all the rich and gifted of that land. This is no Dame Partington affair with pattens and mop, but a life and death struggle between forces so doubtfully matched that the most trifling circumstances may determine it, at least for the time, in favor of one principle or the other. The triumph of the National cause in America has not given democracy the final victory, though the success of the rebellion would have turned the scale against it.

If ever an aristocracy deserved success in such a struggle, it is this one of England. The old system of France, before the Revolution swept it away, was steeped in sensuality and vice of every class nameable and unnameable. The aristocracy of Russia is charged with cruelty and corruption sufficient to exclude it from a place in modern civilization. A considerable portion of the whites of the South were as ignorant as the slaves they ruled, and prone to deeds of violence and bloodshed. The maintenance of caste in England is a matter of conscience, and the duty is discharged

with a zeal so untiring as almost to appear to be unselfish. An English nobleman is reared for a lifetime of duty. His education is as thorough as the first institutions of learning in the world can make it. He is taught that the public good is inseparably connected with his order; and that while the law gives him special privileges, he must to make the law respected show himself worthy of the gift. He cannot be a liar nor a cheat. He must respect religion and the rights of his fellow-creatures as he understands them. And when he fails in this, as some do, he is branded by his peers as an unworthy lord; and unworthy he is, for his conduct tends directly to the ruin of the system which supports him.

The integrity and fair dealing of the English people, whether it descends from the higher orders to the lower or works upwards from the small trader till it reaches the lord, is at least obvious to the most casual observer. It appears as if even honesty and truth were summoned in and made to do service on the side of ancient customs and against democratic innovations. The English merchant, whether he is dealing in spices at Singapore, in teas at Hongkong, in wines at Xerez, or carpets at Smyrna, or in all of these and more besides, in his office in Leadenhall street, can be depended upon to deal fairly, to tell the truth, to serve the Queen, and support and sustain "our glorious aristocracy."

But honesty, which appears to be so important a feature in English character, cannot be persisted in to the injury of aristocratic rule. And when one or the other must give way, by common consent it is the least important of the two. The buying of votes—an evil that would not be tolerated an instant in America, and which would be stopped in England in one week if the ruling classes desired to have it stopped — is there openly practised, wherever necessary. As the progress of democratic ideas makes votes necessary, there is nothing left but to buy them. If they were left free, as would be the case with the ballot, men of the lower classes would find their way into Parliament. But once secure of his seat, and the danger to aristocratic rule past, the member of Parliament must forget that he has committed the crime of bribery. Public opinion has been relaxed in his favor, because of the great and trying necessity for his election. His course, when he is in office, must be above reproach. And we believe that no legislative body in the world is more free from the suspicion of corrupt practices than is the English Parliament.

The admiration of middle-class Englishmen for the aristocracy is only equalled by their dislike for that little band of educated men who lead the masses in the struggle against class rule. Mr. Goldwin Smith is a disturber of the public peace, a disorganizer, an enemy to the constitution. The name of Mr. Bright is bandied upon the tongues of respectable young Englishmen, in better language, but with no less flippancy and contempt, than is that of Horace Greeley by the tobacco-spitting, whisky-drinking young blackguards of Broadway and the Bowery.

The Church of England, founded in the interest of the aristocracy, has done good service. By it, infants are taught with their first lisp to be content with the station where they have been placed, and not to aspire to the possession of the privileges of their divinely appointed betters. But schismatic panthers and the "bristled baptist boars" of dissent have so torn and harried "the milk-white hind" that she can scarce defend herself. She is forced to tolerate that which she cannot suppress, while enemies in all sorts of uniforms are marching under banners as diverse as the banners of the motley army of Peter the Hermit, putting her upon the defense of her very life.

But if the influence of the Church has declined, a new power has grown

up which more than compensates the ruling classes for the loss of ecclesiastic aid. The influence of the public press of England is something almost marvellous. And it is but just to admit that journalism there has fairly earned the triumphant place which it occupies. The first talent and the highest education of the country are engaged in the profession of writing for newspapers. And the result is fully adequate to the means employed. It has been said that articles are published every day in the English journals equal in merit to the letters of Junius. And this is certainly true—nay more, it is doubtful if in the eighteenth century above six writers appeared in all England capable of writing a *Times* leader, or an article worthy of being printed in the *Saturday Review.* Never in the history of the world has the literature of any country exercised such influence. Its power is felt throughout civilization. But if it were possible to measure intellect and learning as corn or wine is measured, it would be found that nine-tenths of the literary ability engaged in English journalism are employed in supporting the cause of aristocratic rule. And this with an earnestness that stops at nothing. For the march of democratic ideas has brought the world to such a pass that monarchy cannot be upheld in one quarter of the globe and revolution encouraged in another. The day has gone by when the same writer can safely give comfort to Greeks or Poles struggling for liberty or nationality, and deprecate the success of Irishmen or Hindoos battling for a kindred cause. The fight has reached such close quarters that the cause of monarchical institutions throughout the world must stand or fall together. False reasoning can no longer impose upon mankind. The logic of aristocracy must be as perfect as its projectiles. An illegitimate inference or a bad premise is as dangerous now as was a lost battle a hundred years ago. The case of the Christians of Crete bears too many points of resemblance to the wants of the Christians of another island of the ocean, a trifle less remote, to permit them to be safely sympathized with. It is not quite clear that Garibaldi and Mazzini are much more patriotic than Mr. O'Brien or Mr. Burke, who were hanged for "treason felony," within a twelvemonth, or Mr. Emmet, who has been hanging more than a half a century. England forty years ago assisted Greece to do that which Ireland now claims the right to do. She has learned since that time to be consistent. She had learned the lesson before our war began. Russia has not quite learned it, but will soon be able to see that which all other monarchies have seen. This country may make the most of such sympathy as we have had of that power, for we shall have it no more. The autocrat of that land will not be long in learning that it is not safe to take the side of democracy, though it may appear to be in a remote quarter of the globe. Time will convince him, or his successors in power, that Maximilian and Mr. Jefferson Davis were alike fighting the battles of monarchy and of class rule, as well in America as in Europe, and all over the world. No noble lord of England failed for a moment to understand the issue, or will ever misunderstand it in the future, in whatever part of the world it may appear, or whatever form it may assume.

The Poles and the Eastern Christians, the followers of Garibaldi and Kossuth, the oppressed subjects of the Queen of Spain and the conquered tribes of Algeria, must alike be dealt with by those who hold them in subjection. But with the abolition of slavery in America ended the only distinction between the North and the South, so far as European sympathy is concerned, for with slavery aristocracy in this country was finally destroyed, and any future civil war must be a struggle

betwen two hostile sections of an unmixed democracy.

Towards such a contest the ruling classes of the old world can only stand indifferent. It is true that blockade runners will be fitted out, and munitions of war will be sold to the belligerents, for avarice and greed are not the special privileges of ruling classes; but no Government official will take pains to be sick in order that privateers may escape, and no ship-builder will bid for applause in Parliament by declaring himself proud of having built them. The Captain Semmes of the future will not find pleasure yachts stationed conveniently at hand to convey them on shore after being beaten, nor will they be feted in London while their successful adversaries are being snubbed. The bonds of both parties will be sold for what they may be considered worth, and sympathy will not be dragged into the Stock Exchange to assist in the taking up of new cotton loans at a premium.

Aristocracy, as a principle, has ceased to exist in America, for it may hardly be presumed that the franchise will belong exclusively to the blacks of the South for a term of sufficient length to again build up a privileged class of color in that section, and there appears to be no other foundation for one. With the total destruction of aristocracy in America will have disappeared one great cause by which the sympathy of England towards our country could be invoked. If democracy should succeed in obtaining power in that land, and the governments be assimilated, there will be a still nearer approach to identity of interests between the two Anglo Saxon families. But this may not be in the lifetime of any who read this article. The aristocracy of England is not the "ancient regime" of France—selfish, oppressive and corrupt—nor a turbulent and barbarous oligarchy like that of Poland in the seventeenth, or the South in the nineteenth century; nor effete and sunk in indolence and luxury like the princes of the East; but strong and vigorous and full of life and stamina, like itself and none other. It has outlived a thousand systems that are better in theory, and may survive as many more.

And when this has passed away, and when American principles, with petroleum and negro minstrelsy, with sewing machines and patent reapers, have run over sturdy old England, and destroyed the constitution, and when the ship of British oak has finally "shot Niagara," and escaped the rocks and whirlpools that lie below, and floated secure in the calm haven of democracy, will the two nations be any better friends than now? We think not. We have too much faith in the power of pride and arrogance of the haughty insolence of the Anglo Saxon spirit, the common birthright of both nations, together with the covetousness, the greed, and the avarice universal, of which each family has its just proportion. They will still, we fear, have too much resemblance to become as good friends as they ought to be. They each know well that the common interest of civilization demands that the families from which have sprung nearly all the world knows of constitutional liberty should advance shoulder to shoulder in the march of nations. But this is only a theory, and what have theories ever done against the prejudices or the selfishness of mankind?

SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM THE SEA.

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents!

And scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

* * * * *

O, lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast,

I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O fleecy Fog, and hide
Her skeptic sneer, and all her pride!

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame,
With thy grey mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowléd, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,

And all fulfilled the vision, we
Who watch and wait shall never see—

Who, in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place—

But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

FAVORING FEMALE CONVENTUALISM.

"WOMAN'S Mission" is to-day the conservative bugbear. Her inability to break into the circles of exclusiveness built up by men, and weakly assented to by herself during past generations, the precarious condition of her employments, and her nothingness in political spheres, have been the texts from which much common-place preaching has been done, and much argument, logical and illogical, taken rise. The battle, so far, has not, in every particular, been as glorious for womanhood as it might have been; her champions, male and female, have not been the ablest she might have commanded; and the gaunt finger of ridicule has often been pointed with effect at the gracelessness of her appearance as she struggled in the fight.

But certain facts have come to be already admitted by the pleadings, that begin to point in what direction the essential truth of feminine duty may be found.

First: It is the general tendency of modern society to view the position of woman, without some relation to marriage, present or in prospect, as abnormal.

Second: A certain ratio, more or less constant, as the nature of the community varies, exists between the percentages of married and unmarried women. A certain number never can marry; another class have suffered some sad accident in their relations with the opposite sex, and they do not wish to marry; and another class are widows, or those deserted by their legal protectors, through no fault of their own, who still require efficient guardianship.

Third: All unmarried women, whether rich or poor, in consequence of their abnormal relations and of the prejudices of society, have not that proper place and consideration granted them to which they are entitled by the laws of existence and civilization, and with which they can be content.

Fourth: The sphere of employment for women is contracted, either by reason of irrational prejudice, or of usurpations by certain classes of men, or by force of the chains of habit.

Fifth: To broaden the field of feminine labor, anything tending to render woman less feminine, less modest, or less pleasing in her companionship with man, raises a violent distrust in the minds of conservative thinkers of both sexes, and arouses the vigilance of prejudices, that impede the work for any effectual purpose whatever.

Sixth: To obviate the difficulty, something must be done that, leaving women free in every respect, will yet place and maintain them in a well-de-

fined honorable position, which they can abdicate, should they ever think it necessary, or into which they can step temporarily, waiting for marriage or any other settlement in life.

The so-thought normal condition of woman—that of waiting from the age of puberty in listless idleness, or at best, taking a feeble part in the round of household duties, until some one chooses to admire and ask her to share his fortunes—has about it something almost as degrading as is the condition of a Georgian girl, standing in the slave-market and waiting for the lordly Turk, her purchaser. The young man of the same lustrum is occupying no such false and undignified position. He is under no such uncertainty of fortune, but is busy at his trade, his business, or profession.

That the doubt thus hanging over her future should give, at times, an unfortunate turn to the mind of an American girl, and cause her to pay more regard to the attentions of the young men whom she meets than to her own subjective fitness for her future duties, and that she should learn to look upon matrimony with something of the excitement of a gambler, is but the moral result of her unstable position.

But once employ her time; mark out a path in which she can advance to some goal of feminine honor; give her a career, in which healthy excitement can be induced; and if "he comes not," she will no longer be "aweary," but can wait in happy independence until her master chooses to be lonely, leaves his bachelor pleasures, and saunters in to win her; and she can be far more critical in her choice, besides.

There is also a class of young women—orphans, and the like—who need protection, as well because of their poverty, as that there is no special guardian to bestow upon them that care which all girls absolutely require. The position of many becomes more and more painful as years slip by, and no admirer carries them off. The helplessness of needlewomen, of female teachers, and of all those classes whom misfortune has thrown upon their own resources, has become so great an evil that already philanthropy is beginning to think in that behalf; and "Ladies' Relief," "Female Co-operative," and other associations are being established in order to lessen the harshness that colors the prospect to those who are cast out by poverty to struggle for themselves.

The fact that the evil is so wide-spread, and that every class of society is interested in remedying it, encourages the belief that some united effort might be organized, against which unreasonable opposition from prejudice would be powerless.

There is one method that classes suffering from an evil always adopt, and one, in which lay part of the success of the early Christian church. Community life has always been a favorite dogma of the Greek and Latin Christians. It was no doctrine of self-abnegation that first made the Church a family, but the helpless and despised condition of the New Faith. The organization grew as much out of the necessity for combined effort on the part of the proscribed religionists to have a means of subsistence, as from the sympathy and fellowship taught by the apostles. The early missions of the church too, were in many instances centres of an increasing civilization of a secular character, as well as outposts of a new faith.

A convent in the middle ages did not mean altogether a fortress, in which Christianity, as a dogma, entrenched itself; but it was commonly a school of practical art. Monks were not only and not always preachers of the Word: they were masons, carpenters, weavers, scribes, farmers, physicians, and even lawyers; in short, they were of every

trade and profession imaginable. The romantic idea of a conscientious friar—one whose physical system was worn down by fasts, whose knees were like Daniel's—callous from prayer—is hardly the monk in fact, who had callous hands, a good appetite, and a practical eye for worldly business. We have a shallow impression that the vast estates given the church in those ages were but ill-conceived liberality based on superstition; but when we consider the social purpose they served, and the interests they aggregated, and what protection they offered to those who would otherwise have been at the mercy of every wind of misfortune, we begin to imagine the early pious donors and testators by no means so irrational.

The monastery began at last to be a refuge for all classes of persons, whose wants and aspirations in life were not satisfied by the few callings left the masses by the troubles of the times. If a man wished a life of letters, he became a monk; if he desired a home by reason of some accident of constitution or feelings, he sought a monastery; the hood and gown became profession and position to all human waifs, and covered charitably all lackings in the matters of birth and position; nor was his usefulness by any means limited to the barren callings of prayer and praise. Palimpsest vandalism was not a general failing: there might be found many cloistered scholars, whose Latinity was Ciceronian enough, and monkish labors were of no insignificant character. There was scope for the most laudable ambitions; and the Abbot Samsons of those days acted their parts quite as heroically as any secular enthusiasts do to-day.

Before the Revolution in France, convent-life for women was a solace and resort to which they applied themselves in quite a matter-of-fact sort of way. There grew up to supply the wants of the times, sisterhoods of all degrees of laxity and restraint. It is true there were the most frightful abuses in every corner of ecclesiastical life; but it is much to be questioned whether the vices attendant upon convents were any more monstrous than might be noted in every department of French society during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or were particularly attributable to the nature of the establishments. A social generation, that accepted Pompadours, du Barris, and Parcs aux Cerfs, might well suffer a little licentious extravagance in its *devotes*. It can hardly be charged upon monastic doctrines, that in an administrative light they proved failures. They were but too successful; and it needed the severest exercise of arbitary power to break them up. Corporations, however soulless, have exhibited an extraordinary vitality. England swarms with eleemosynary establishments that have retained in petrifaction the most minute eccentricities of their foundation, to the disgust of all who have agrarian desires. Such abstract too much from the tide of public prosperity to be gratifying to the greed and selfishness of the public. There is an uncontrollable desire always to cut canals from these banked-up reservoirs to the common stream. In this land, the simple followers of Father Junipero were by no means offensive on account of their vices; they had done a good work in the civilization of California, as any one who has observed the docile character for usefulness of our civilized Indian in contrast with the almost idiotic stupidity of his wild brother, can testify: they were by no means lazy or luxurious; but they could not help making their work show itself in the acquirement and enhancement of the value of their lands, and they were stripped of their possessions with a grasping violence that would have done credit to the needy creatures of bluff Harry.

But there are directions that monastic organization might take to-day without

arousing the least feeling of covetousness on the part of other classes. Civil death is now an absurdity for a sane mind. No one chooses to put up barriers forever shutting out humanity; but the uses of combined effort are still as important, and protection against modern ills can be acquired in that way now as well as when the convent doors opened kindly to the distressed and persecuted.

There is even an affection for the ancient forms and designations still lingering in the most Protestant in faith. Young women band themselves into dainty associations under pleasant corporative names, such as the "Sisterhood of St. James" or "St. Luke;" and though the aims are limited in the main to the decorating of churches and the superintending of religious bazaars, they give promise of more substantial results hereafter.

That single women, capital being furnished them for the inception of the work, may successfully combine into a power for the foundation of establishments in which to learn and practice every art and duty of which they are capable, sheltering and supporting themselves materially and intellectually, furnishing a scope for any "mission," which they may choose to adopt, with a loss of no tittle of feminine grace and dignity, is a proposition that no misogynist, however contemptuous, after a careful consideration of the ecclesiastical and feminine experience chronicled in European history, will seek to combat. They might, as they do now, take charge of educational interests, manage hospitals, manufacture a thousand articles capable of a constant market, and enjoy varied accomplishments limited only by their tastes.

It is not necessary to become Amazonian for all this. The heroine of such a movement would not be a coarse Hippolyte, but an Eloise secured from persecutions, with energies turned from sentimental brooding into practical channels. There would be no fossilizing for the outward world; but however temporary each individual worker might consider her life, there would be nothing precarious about it.

Such an organization, or system of organizations, with its element of rivalry, its claims for distinction, and its incentives to ambition, would give to each a position entitling her to a well-defined respect both in and out of her college; and about the conduct of those so associated, wherever they went, the reputation of their establishment would hang as a mantle of protection and honor.

As to the details of the enterprise, they would suggest themselves to the practical workers-out of the system, as circumstances might require. The humorous absurdities of the "Princess" need by no means be classed as essential vices rendering feminine organizations impracticable. It is very fine for chivalrous Tories to smile half playfully, half doubtfully, at the prospect of "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair;" to depict the ridiculous airs of female masters and proctors; but there is nothing in the whole range of powers sarcastically laid upon feminine shoulders by the poet, that has not been exercised by woman with effectual success. Margaret Roper, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, and a host of others, down to Mrs. Browning, have exhibited acquirements of a depth and extent that would astonish the lazy mass of passmen and bachelors of English and American colleges. These they wore with no unfeminine awkwardness; but flirted quite as artistically and broke hearts as deftly as their shallower sisters. In the feudal days, when men were reputed so very manly, and women so very womanly, if the warrior was brought in, wounded and bleeding, his lady did not stand sobbing and wringing her hands, while the servant rushed off for the gouty

family doctor, but like an experienced leech, as she was, with no nonsense about her, took hold of the matter, bound up the hurts, and returned her lord as expeditiously as possible to his jolly head-breaking professional engagements.

When Faust, the modern typical man, clasps in his arms the ancient Helen, she melts away, leaving nothing but her limp mantle in his grasp. Many a man to-day has secured a supposed heroine; but the touch has shown him that he has nothing from his struggle but a beautiful rag hanging on his arm and encumbering his motions. This helplessness arises mainly from the false position taken by woman because of her faith in the proffer of civilized man to take upon himself all the labors of life external to the home existence, and to leave to her the guardianship of the individual interests of the family nest. She has taken him at his word, and has been misled thereby to her own discomfort and poverty. She finds that she must lay aside her household isolation and go out into the world, or sit at the hearthstone and starve. It ill becomes us, then, to take the tools from her hands and push her aside as a child, when we are unable to manage the work ourselves.

We may laugh at the first attempts of women to fight the moral battle unaided by men; but we smile also at the toddling infant who will one day outstrip us in the race; the goose-step performances of the young cadet are ridiculous; but the day may come when his genius will control the battle-field; and though female organizations may break and scatter wildly on their first parades, yet victory must eventually perch on their banners.

Nor are there any essential habits to be unlearned. The government of female schools and of Roman Catholic convents, stricter far than may be necessary for mature women, is a thing of established success resting solely with woman; for, as a general thing, the male authorities of such establishments are the least capable of enforcing discipline.

Take a school of girls, where no fixed period is in prospect for the pupil to quit it; extend its sphere so that it may be a home for any spinsters choosing it; unite with it any and all means and machinery for employment, of which women are capable; make it in fact a university, with its resident fellows, its circles of doctorates; its laws and regulations neither so lax as to create confusion and impair its success, nor so severe as to hamper the material advantages of freedom; and the intellectual sphere of woman will be widened to an extent commensurable to the capital and labor expended.

Such a seminary can act as a co-operative union for feminine labor; for it will have a plenty of talent and energy to detail for the service of finding and uniting the two complemental interests of supply and demand. It can carry on hospitals, giving an almost angelic support to homeless humanity in the hour of sickness and death. It can take charge of many public charities, and distribute the eleemosynary surplus of the public in uniform and equitable ways, without calling upon the time and attention of business men or matrons, whose family duties are now broken in upon for charitable visits. It will have all the emulation of an enthusiastic army, where each member will seek daily to add to the glory of her record. It will be an aristocracy, where every one will take precedence according to her deservings, and where every form of practical ability, judgment, talent, or genius will meet with its due appreciation.

The society of men need be avoided only in so far as it would be hurtful, impede duty or the purposes of the organization; and when admitted, their

coming would not be, as now, the great daily event, but merely one of a variety of pleasures attached to woman's life.

Outside of the walls of such a convent and wearing its *insignia*, the law would cheerfully grant an extra degree of sacredness in its protection, analogous to that given the custodians of the public peace.

Perhaps its pecuniary success at the outset would not astonish us; but as for that, feminine employment by no means abounds in swift or large fortunes; and if women only live at all by their own exertions, it is saying a great deal for their capacity under untoward circumstances.

The great aim to be attained would be—not to take the woman from her affections of the home circle, if she is so fortunate as to possess them, nor to dole out to her merely a means of living; but to so open up refuges for her that she need never become aimless and hopeless in life—not to take from those who have a degree of contented happiness already insured them, and call upon them for the performance of unreasonable duties and unattractive labors, but to devote that surplus of energy, now chafing them into listless discontent, to the work of sympathy with their sisters of less fortunate surroundings. That sympathy given by the socially strong to the socially weak would not, as now it unfortunately too often does, take the odious form of arbitrary charity, returning to the giver nothing beyond the sense of a humane duty performed. But the weakest member of such an association, however dependent upon her sisterhood upon her entry therein, would feel that the future gave promise to her endeavors of something of feminine glory and independence.

If by such means, organizing women into small communities, and these chapters into broader sisterhoods, and finally into one great order, little by little, the aimless, hopeless state of isolated female exertions were broken up, and a healthy energy instilled into the daily life of all, rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, the great cloud now resting upon woman's advancement would be lifted, and her aimless murmurings, her misunderstood discontents, her aspirations, either noble or ill-advised, would find aid or antidote in her own world of action and enterprise, and a long stride would be taken in the progress of woman.

HAWAIIAN CIVILIZATION.

THE people of the Hawaiian Islands used to eat each other. Starting from such a fact, the imagination might take its wildest flight in the regions of conjecture, and not go much amiss from the truth of tradition and history in portraying the life and character of the Hawaiian people. They had little knowledge of right or wrong. They had no idea of what was bad, and what was worse, had no idea of what was good. They lived in abject fear and servitude, under the rule of an iron tyranny, and subject to the will of a savage despotism. They were a nation of thieves, and murderers, and fighters. They revelled in the vilest intoxication, and rioted in all the excesses of human degradation, till nature sank exhausted under the burden and they had perforce to cease. The men were slaves to the chiefs, and the women were slaves to the men, and were degraded by the burden of every labor which their strength could endure. To kill a man (*pepehi kanaka*) was an art to be cultivated, and

there were those who taught how "to strangle and break men's bones, and how to despatch a man with one blow of the fist without bruising him." Any weakness or infirmity was a reason for abuse. Their old men, whose tenacity of life was a source of displeasure to them, they hurried into their graves, reversing the ancient sequence of death and burial; and little children, who had not begun to make any figure in life, they sent too hastily to their last accounts. They recognized nothing like the marriage relation, every man attaching to himself as many women as he chose, and every woman as many men as her desires prompted. What was a brother or a sister no one knew; who was one's father he could not tell, and after a few years of age mothers could hardly designate their offspring. They were a nation having none but brutal ideas, and it is not strange that in their language is no expansion or elasticity, and no synonyms by which it is possible to express any delicate shade of thought. Their life was the life of alternate crimes and repose, and their language is full of words to designate the former state; but in the current of their monotonous degradation, there was no ripple of virtue, and in their language is no word for chastity, for modesty, for virtue, or for any noble or refined sentiment. There is nothing like gratitude in the race, and their is no word in their language for rendering thanks. Yet, in view of the moral darkness that impended over them, it is perhaps doubtful whether they were absolutely a bad race. After nearly half a century of lifting up, it is much more doubtful if we can say they are a good people.

In the hands of the chiefs were held the lives and fortunes of every one of the people. They were the most eminent, physical representatives of the race. In the time of peace they indulged to its fullest extent their indolence, one of the characteristics of the people, gorging themselves with food, reclining upon couches of mats made from the split leaf of an indigenous tree. By them stood servants to brush away the flies, feed them and dress them, and who were employed in luxurious kneading, shampooing, cracking the chieftains' joints to renovate their system and excuse them from other exercise. Sometimes they were borne about upon the shoulders of their servants, but this custom became afterwards unfashionable, it being narrated of one chief, that being crabbed and petulant when carried to the brink of the precipice, the bearers retorted and relieved themselves of their burden by pitching him headlong over the steep place, "which," adds the historian, "put an end to him and the custom."

The chiefs had generally permanent establishments of their own, and held in menial service as officers of the household, "purloiners," "assassins," "cooks," "kahili (bunches of feathers) bearers," "spittoon carriers," and "pipe lighters;" the whole retinue eating, drinking, cooking and sleeping in common. Having complete control over the property, lives and liberty of the people, the record of their lives was often dark and bloody beyond description. The prisoners in war, especially if ancient enemies, were sacrificed to some god, or were roasted and eaten, for then the victors were certain of their destiny. Most of them died violent deaths, and it is noted as a marked and wonderful event in their history, that one, Luamuo, actually died a natural death amid his court, which was accounted as a reward for his extraordinary merits. But there were degrees of brutality even among these savage despots. It is remembered that Huakau, an ancient king of Maui, seeing a face more handsomely tattooed than his own, would have the head removed and in his presence horribly mangled; and a hand or a leg comelier than his own would be cut down as

the reward of its impertinent existence. When a chief died it was an occasion of universal notice. From the dwelling of the dead commenced the mournful *auwe*, which taken up from dwelling after dwelling, was carried on by all the people, at first in subdued tones, then prolonged and increasing in sound, till the monotonous cry was borne upon the air from hillside unto hillside over the land. The ceremonies of his burial were characteristic of the most dissolute and degraded people, none of either sex venturing into the presence of the dead except in a state of complete nudity, and there pursuing a round of beastly dissipation, tearing the hair with mournful howls, drinking *awa* till in a state of insensate drunkenness, knocking out the front teeth, carrying to their greatest height licentiousness, rioting, revelling, murder and every form of dissoluteness known to the savage mind. And this was continued for days together, and did not finally cease from any sense of completeness of the ceremony, but only when nature, over-taxed and exhausted, could execute no further devilish intent. It was a time when no man's life or property was in the slightest degree regarded, when all pretense to decency was thrown aside—an era of unrestrained riot and wanton debauchery.

It may be to some minds almost a palliation of the somewhat unpleasant and continuous barbarity to know that they were a religious people. Throughout the land were seen the *heiaus* (temples) which they had erected to the gods, consecrated with many ceremonies and frequented for religious offerings, and whose ruins are to-day visible in various localities. The priestly office was hereditary and they who filled it numerous, and of very powerful influence. The gods they worshipped were as numerous as the sources of danger to the barbaric mind. Every high chief had his family priest, who went always with him into battle carrying the image of the chieftian's god. The essence of their religion was only the fear they entertained lest some calamity should come upon them. Their gods were in all things that could bring them misfortune; in nothing that brought to them any favor or benefit. To them was a special god in every volcano, in every earthquake, in every singular and unusual appearance of nature. There were gods of war, of the sea, of the winds; in every dangerous cavern lurked a divinity and over every precipitous cliff, and for their protection they placed in those localities images of the presiding deities.

But to call any belief which could prevail among such a people religion, is to give dignity and character to the common expression of a gigantic selfishness and slavish fear, with which was never allied anything noble or elevating, nor with whose existence was ever any sentiment or feeling of duty or obligation, of love or gratitude. They appealed to the gods that their enemies might be destroyed; they prayed that the tempest and the earthquake might be averted; they offered sacrifices of animals in the building of a temple, and whenever a house had been built, before entering it to dwell in, they performed mysterious ceremonies to exorcise the evil spirits that might lurk about. They prayed in sickness to the little gods of the mountains, the hills, the streams, to turn away misfortune and disease. Sacrifices of some living thing accompanied every religious rite of importance. Held in a state of degraded serfdom, and bearing the burdens imposed by cruel and exacting chiefs whom they knew to be their superiors, what else could a god be but a great chief of temper and character like theirs, only vastly superior in size and strength, and a disposition more savage and more exacting? Their religious idea could be nothing more than a scheme of appeasing this over-wrathful spirit, that was ever waiting for an

opportunity of inflicting misery—a system of bribery, in which it was not always certain what nor how great offerings to bring. But the priests were the teachers, and in them was put implicit faith. By them, under the direction of the gods, were the sacrifices designated, and by them often for months and sometimes years beforehand were the human beings marked out for immolation—and the chroniclers intimate, that they were chosen among those most hateful and offensive to the priests. The sacrifice which seemed to best propitiate the gods was the human. It came before battle accompanying the prayer for victory, and came after it, not in grateful remembrance, but because the gods demanded it. It came at the consecration of heathen temples, when a chief had died, and in celebration of any great public event. If it were not so appalling, it would be ludicrous to remember, how Umi, a celebrated king of Hawaii, after a victory, offered human victims to his god, who, after several were slain, being insatiate called for more, "which were granted," says the chronicler, "until none were left except Umi and the priest."

Even among them there was some pretense to science. The art of the sorcerer was prevalent and feared, and as among the ancient Greeks there were those who could read the entrails of dead animals, who could divine the future from the flight of birds, and could read auguries in the heavens, the clouds, the rainbow and the storm. There were physicians among them who were as mysterious in their manner and as mystifying in their prescriptions as any modern Æsculapius, and, if the chronicles tell truly their remedies, new terrors were added to disease by their presence. They had some knowledge of herbs, which had been first received from the gods by *Koleamoku*, and by him taught to two disciples. The profession was hereditary, and being exceedingly lucrative it was kept always in the same families. They feigned great knowledge of diseases, and it was believed that by prayer and ceremonies of a wonderful nature they could even inflict such diseases upon one as could not be cured. Various herbs were cooked or mashed with a stone, mixtures of which were given in liberal allopathic doses. "Their knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs," writes one historian, "was considerable," but there is a touch of scepticism as he concludes, "though fatal results often followed their application." Nature taught them that friction would mitigate many minor pains, but it is hard to believe that the same kind mother ever hinted to them those more singular prescriptions according to which "stones of twelve pounds weight and upwards were rolled over the afflicted parts," and "patients were steamed over ovens of hot stones, or held over the smoke of fires prepared from green succulent herbs." It is less difficult to believe, that, if moved by anger or hatred in the treatment of sick persons, they could even cause death.

They knew there was a future state for some, for the priests brought messages to the living from the dead, which at times seemed to redound mysteriously to the priestly benefit, and they were accepted as divine revelations. The souls of some of the people "went to Po (the place of night) where they were annihilated or eaten up by the gods;" others went to the dwelling places of *Akea* and *Milu*, former kings of Hawaii, where darkness prevailed, and where "lizards and butterflies were the only articles of diet." The chiefs, the priests had kindly provided, were conducted, by "*Kaonohiokala*, the eye-ball of the sun," to some unnamed place in the heavens, whence they occasionally returned to watch over their people. What happy abode was prepared for themselves, the cunning priests never revealed; but for the common people who lived here in

servitude, "no hope enlightened their souls for the future."

The story of the Hawaiian people down to the early part of the present century is told from tradition, from conjecture, invention of priests, and from the historical *melés*, (songs) which are said to narrate the genealogy of seventy-four kings, from the last of whom descended Kamehameha I, the first and greatest ruler of whom we have any true account, and from whose time history began to gather up and preserve the facts of interest to that nation. In their traditions we recognize the story of a great deluge; of how the island of Hawaii was produced from the bursting of a large egg as it was deposited on the water by a bird of immense size; of the god *Maui*, who held the sun in his course one day, so that his wife might finish her work before dark; and of *Wai-ola-loa*, "the water of enduring life," by bathing in which the aged, ugly and diseased were restored to youth, strength and beauty.

The islands were first found by Spanish voyagers in 1542, but the knowledge gained thus was not availed of, and the civilized world knew nothing of them till their re-discovery by Capt. Cook in 1778. The natives received Cook with feelings of interest, and accepted in him the fulfillment of an ancient belief, that the god *Lono*, who had once been one of their kings, would return again. From an intimation of their religious belief, we can easily understand the respect and courtesy with which this white god was received and entertained; but the real principles and depravity of this man we can as easily understand, when we know that he accepted their worship as the god whom they believed him to be, and took their many gifts without offering remuneration. The first appearance of the ships afar off was to them the movement of an island grove, and they spoke of them as *moku*, (surrounded land) and as the ships came nearer and people were seen walking upon their decks, their first impressions were confirmed, and to-day the word in their language meaning "ship" is the same as that first uttered. To the childish mind the death of Capt. Cook was represented by a wood-cut in the geography with accompanying text, by which we were impressed with the idea of the Captain's singular goodness, as we were with the christian virtue of the young "Pocahontas, the King's daughter." But what a common distrust has come upon us in the truth of chroniclers, as we come in later life to know that the story of the fair Pocahontas is now, on historical evidence, assumed to be false, and that Capt. Cook, gratifying his cupidity by exhausting demands upon the barbarians' faith, and by desecrating their temples merely to supply himself with fuel, met his death not blamelessly at the hands of an awakened intelligence in that savage people, in whom patient endurance would not have been longer a virtue.

The advent of foreigners, following the visit of the first ships, opened the eyes of the natives, who were naturally interested in the aspect and manners of a new and evidently superior people, and unceasingly curious in the methods and accomplishments of the strangers. Personal contact with repeated collections of civilized people could not but have its effect in mollifying and moderating the habitual barbaric life. Trade and the acquisition of new things excited and developed in them new desires and capacities. The occasional addition to the population of the islands by runaways from ships, and the gradual increase of traders, who settled for a time, gave the natives some insight into another mode of life, which, if not inspired by the best cultivation or highest principles of morality, was yet much more elevated and civilized than had ever come within their

experience. Among the natives the "*tabu*," a method of exercising power by the priests, was held in absolute awe, and influenced the whole nation as nothing else did. What was declared *tabu* must be respected and inviolable, or death would follow. There was *tabu* at certain seasons upon different articles of food, when they could not be touched. Under its restrictions no persons of different sexes could eat together, neither of the same food, nor at the same table, nor under the same roof. A native home consisted of various houses—made of straw, thatched upon light wooden frames—and the builder must build one for himself to eat in, and one for his wife, one to sleep in, and another for his god. Days were *tabu*, and then silence prevailed; no man could be with woman, and if a woman ate pork, cocoa-nuts, or bananas on that day, she must die. The teaching was, that for violation of the *tabu* the gods would kill them, and their experience was, that the priests and chiefs were the divine instruments that obeyed the high behest.

It took but a short time for the foreigners, who must have been in continual intercourse with this people, to learn their religious rites, and their slavish idolatry; and the natives, if not equally swift in learning the absence of any religious ceremonies among the former, could not fail soon to perceive that the strangers not only lived free from harm, without heeding the *tabu* of their priests, or the admonitions of their gods, but that they looked only with derision upon their rites, and their slavish subjection to the priests. And as it resulted after many years of such intercourse, that the people and the chiefs perceived the useless cruelty of the *tabu*, and the insignificance of the wooden gods they had set up, and so broke up the former and destroyed the latter, it seems hardly necessary to have recourse to a special Providence to explain the slow and gradual awakening in the heathen mind of a practical common sense.

When the American missionaries reached the islands in 1820, they found them just rising from the depths of a wild debauch, which had accompanied the funeral ceremonies of Kamehameha I. He is represented as a man of unusual activity and strength of intellect, who had taken counsel of the possible superiority of the white race, and who had learned and taught his people much that his keen observation had acquired. Writers speak of him as above the ordinary vices of his people, and he was remembered with such fondness and tenderness as could exist in the savage breast. He was so great as a warrior, that Jarves speaks of him as the "Napoleon of the Pacific," and denominates him as the "good and noble savage"—a conjunction of words which seems hardly congruous. The issue of his last sickness seems to have been awaited with considerable anxiety by his whole people. When he had died, "the chiefs held a consultation. One of them spoke thus: 'This is my thought: we will eat him raw.' Kaahumanu (a daughter of the King) replied, 'Perhaps his body is not at our disposal; that is more properly with his successor. Our part in him—the breath—has departed; his remains will be disposed of by Liholiho (his son and successor)'"—a speech perhaps correctly reported, but which is quite unlike any other in the records. The great respect and reverence with which he was held can be partly estimated, when we read, that "a sacrifice of three hundred dogs attended his obsequies," an animal of considerable scarcity in the islands, and held in ancient and present estimation as the choicest article of diet. "When the sacred hog was baked, the priest offered it to the dead body, and it became a god."

In the volumes which have been writ-

ten, giving the history of this people since the advent of the first missionary delegation, we have no detail of the slow and almost fruitless work which it must certainly have been to them—the gradual rise and the certain relapse, the brilliant hope and promise, and the despairing outbreak anew of savage habits. The prophecy of success came in the dawning of their intelligence, and was followed by the all but hopeless return to their barbaric fears. It must have been nothing other than the alternation of hope and despair.

The time of the missionaries' coming was fortunate in this, that having just broken up the *tabu* and thrown down their idols, they had not found, nor sought, nor felt the need of anything to take their place. The missionary idea is one of self-sacrifice and toil; the missionary experience has proved equal to their completest expectation. We have no right to be late in our recognition of the services which they have rendered, nor chary of our praise to those whose spirit of disinterestedness and lofty principle led them to attempt and pursue the task of civilizing this people. Coöperating with this active purpose has always been that other civilizing influence, unconscious and unintentional, the commercial contact with the representatives of our own race. These two active influences have made the Hawaiian people, from the nothing they were as a nation, the little which they are to-day. The movement has been slow, and it has been difficult to tell, from books alone, how the work has been thus far consummated. The enthusiasm of the missionaries has credited all the civilizing influences to themselves, and it has seemed as though the language of courtesy was hardly strong or elastic enough, to properly characterize the depth of depravity, want of moral principle, and actual wicked intent, which found their consummation in the lives and habits of the foreigners, who for many years were the only other white residents in those lands. On the other side, the bounds of politeness have had no restraint upon the denunciations which have been poured forth on what has been called the officious meddling and selfish aggrandizement of those, who, by virtue of their professed purpose and expressed intent, were in closer relations with the reigning powers. It is the story over again of the contact of hard practical sense, with honest and impracticable theory. Barbarism cannot credit equal results to each influence, but that will be an untrue account which fails to concede much to the example of common life, even if it concedes much more to religious precept and noble intent, and can point to invaluable gains which were their logical result.

The Hawaiian people of to-day, by those who like to congratulate themselves and their clerical brethren upon an extraordinary result of noble toil and devotion, are called a civilized people. One writer, who believes in the converted natives, with whom he has lived more than twenty years, and, possibly, too much distrusts the earlier civilized people, from whom he has been absent most of the years of his discretion, comes to "the honest conclusion that, in proportion to the population of the islands, there are, upon an average, as many true Christians among them as there are among the people of America or Europe," and excepts neither New or Old England, nor Scotland, nor the most favored portion of either.

The natives have professedly given up their idol-worship and their false religion; in the settled communities they clothe themselves; churches have been built for them, and they attend in vast numbers and with apparent zeal; an educational system, fostering schools of the higher studies, has been established, which is of such completeness, that scarcely a native can be found who cannot read and write his native lan-

guage. They read such books as have been printed in the native dialect, chief of which is the Bible, which they quote with a volubility and correctness that may astonish the stranger. Under the persuasions and injunctions of the missionaries, upon whom they look with somewhat of the old superstition with which they contemplated the savage priests, they have given up the heathen ceremonies attending all occasions of public interest. They have learned the relation of man and wife, and observe the marriage ceremony, which was not conceded till several years after the arrival of the missionaries. They have become farmers and mechanics, and engage in trade to a considerable extent; some of them are teachers in the elementary schools; some have become constables, some school inspectors; some even are entitled lawyers, and others occupy seats upon the bench. The government is monarchical, having a legislature of nobles and representatives, a large portion of whom are whites, besides a cabinet of ministers, all but one of whom are resident foreigners, and some of whom are men of education and character.

But this is not the perfect picture. The teaching of the nation has been in the native language, which, in itself, is of narrow and limited scope, which has never been the vehicle of any lofty ideas, into which no perfect translation can be made, and which has not and can never have the elasticity which must be characteristic of all languages used by peoples not altogether savage. The Bible and but a few religious and elementary works, translated from the English, compose the Hawaiian library. There is no literature, no books of science, of art, of travel, of philosophy, and can never be in that language. When one has learned to read and write the *Kanaka* language, his course of study in that channel is nearly complete. If he would receive a liberal education, he must throw off the old philological shell, and acquire the vocabulary of a language which, once attained, opens to intelligence exhaustless and invaluable stores of learning. But the native mind seems as listless and inactive as his body. At school he may have acquired something of education, but in his life it is useless, and he adds nothing to that which has been taught him. As a people they are good-natured, amiable and docile to a remarkable degree, but are lazy and indolent, taking no interest in any matter of real public importance, and caring nothing for what is not absolutely personal. They have no pride in themselves as a nation, caring and thinking nothing of a possible future for the kingdom, with no ambition and no self-reliance. They exhibit no marked original strength in any direction. Although they are mechanics of every kind, they are foremen and leaders in none. They know nothing of foreign governments, take no interest in the life of political principles, and have and seek no further enlightened connection with their own government, than to fill such offices as can give them power, position and pecuniary gain, in which they resemble some in a civilized nation, but which, after all, is but responding to a barbaric instinct, which was theirs when they were confessedly savages. Their lawyers only pettifog, and their most noted judge used to sleep on the bench. They attend church because of their superstitious regard of missionaries, and because they like the excitement and sociability of a crowd. They are proud in being church members, render the most accomplished lip-service, are fluent in prayer, and continue the outer religious life from love of approval. In old age they are pious, because they have outlived the years of sinful vigor; but not till then. Piety and youth or manhood, in the Hawaiian life, do not know each other. Religion is the day's garb, but

not the night's. In sickness they almost invariably pay tribute to their uplifted sense by calling educated physicians, and tribute to their ancient credulity by employing also the native doctor. The duplicity they conceal from one—from both, if they can. In paying the tributes and taking both prescriptions, the mixtures too often create equal derangement in intellectual and physical life. Many still keep concealed their old idols, and when they die, the heathen dread not unfrequently overcomes what they have of Christian trust, and they flee for safety to the gods of their pagan days, for they believe they are acquainted with them.

Until the very fibre of the native mind is changed, there will be still left thereon the pictures which the superstitions of ages have impressed. When the native body has become spiritualized and the mind infused, through long intercourse, with lofty thoughts and holy emotions, the licentiousness, which is inborn and so extensive as to be national, may be exiled; and drunkenness, whether in response to the heathen taste for *awa*, which they have always known, or the modern taste for the most wretched alcoholic compounds, may be banished and forgotten. The old language had in it no word that signified the quality of chastity, and it is doubtful, if to-day the language were any richer, whether there could be found anything among the whole native population of the full blood to which the word could be applied. Decent living is so monotonous to their instincts, that it is not strange that every occasion of excitement has a tendency to drag them, temporarily, back into the stupendous revelry that was the glory and the consummation of the barbaric life. Thus, while it may have been a matter of profound regret, it need not have been of surprise to a sensible mind, that at the recent (1864) death of the Princess Victoria, whose life and character could be amply described without seeking for words outside the native dialect, the king and his native court within the palace indulged in the old time *hulahula*. Assuring the absence of anything civilized or humane by a native patrol, in the nude presence of both sexes they kept up the revelry of drunkenness and dissoluteness about the corpse of the poor royal sinner, till human nature could not bear the burden longer.

The government is nominally under the rule of the King, Kamehameha V, who succeeded, by appointment, his brother. But the native blood is evident in his royal veins, acknowledging the superiority of the white, and putting no confidence in the wisdom of his own race, and placing foreigners in the places of his cabinet and upon the bench of the Supreme Court. The natives occupy seats as nobles and representatives, the king being always able to hold a majority, but the guiding force of legislation is the intelligence of the foreigners, who are virtually in all matters of consequence the rulers of the kingdom. A peculiarity of the higher classes is that of rank. They still talk of chiefs and chiefesses, taking their rank from the mother, in memory, perhaps in respect, of an ancient wisdom of that people, that while his paternal derivative was to every child a matter of profoundest doubt, and might even fade from the maternal memory, it was a matter of comparative certainty who was his mother. The Hawaiian people are not yet a civilized people, although they are not indeed savages. As individuals they excite no personal interest or sympathy, and as a nation they are uninteresting to the last degree.

It is the drivel of selfishness that charges the deficiency in their civilization to what is called, in the impertinent phrase of interested traders, "the meddling of the missionaries" with the government. That an inferior people, looking up for light, should ask every aid from those who came professedly to teach them any good thing, and but little from

those who did not, is in the course of nature. Perhaps the practical observer, however, could have told just where to refuse, and would have refused, to give any counsel in matters somewhat out of the sphere of his experience ; but what if not? To have resolved comeliness and completeness of sovereignty out of the chaos of heathendom, would have demanded that the missionaries should also have been statesmen, which they were not—else they would never have been missionaries. Their idea was rather to build a church than a state. They were inexperienced, fresh from the schools, clergymen, teachers, physicians, civilizers, in so far as each might be, of a savage people, but not learned in creating civil governments. With theories of how to live nobly and a burden of high resolve, they knew nothing of the cunning alchemy by which experience tempers the harshness of impracticable rules of right. Before them was a field rich in labor, but not fertile in the highest results. Grafting something of sweetness into the barbaric life, they had themselves to learn something of action in their contact with a common human nature.

The Hawaiian, as every other man, needs something more than religious culture, although combined with such moral and intellectual development as comes from schools, to make him anew, thoroughly out of heathendom and thoroughly into christendom. Although Paul plants, if Apollos does not water, we shall be over-hopeful if we look illogically for the increase. And so for a higher position, this nation must rely much upon its own energy and capacity, not in isolation, but in fullness of intercourse with civilization in its best phases, if possible ; if not always its best, then the best that can be. Its contrasts are not without their teaching.

It is not half a century since the representatives of civilization first sought to plant its seeds in the heathen fields. We know "the mills of God grind slowly," and that the story of mental unfolding and growth is the story of eternal patience. The history of civilization has been, after barbarism, first the poetic impulse, then the philosophic reason, then the christian man. We find our virtue resting upon a mental texture inherited from the early nations of Europe ; but how much better than barbarian were our Saxon ancestors? Better, perhaps, than these cannibals and image-worshippers fifty years ago ; but centuries have passed in the blooming and maturing of our civilization, which is not yet perfect ; and the analogies of history afford us no hope of anything substantial or worthy coming from this people, till after centuries of contact with a superior race. If they were left to weave the fine fabric of civilization from the native product alone, we should soon see how much easier "the descent to Avernus," than the ascent to any higher place, of which they have now no real conception. If they are sustained by their present religious support, they will doubtless hold their own place, such as it is, among the nations, for the limited period which, judging from the past, they are likely to remain a distinct people. It would almost seem, however, as if the determination of that period were an easy problem in mathematics.

It is believed that at the time of Capt. Cook's visit, the population was 300,000. In 1823 it was estimated at 140,000. This decrease may be attributed to the diseases brought on by the terrible excesses of the nation, to infanticide, to wars, to comparative cessation of any natural increase during such a period, to the prevalence of epidemics—the small-pox, measles and whooping-cough. The promiscuous intercourse of the natives among themselves has tended to engender the worst form of sensual diseases, and the

advent of ship-loads of sailors from the time of Cook till now, has completed the work. In 1832 the population was, by census, 130,315; in 1836 it had fallen to 108,579; in 1850, to 84,165. The year 1848 is remembered as "the year of death," when 10,000 died from the specific diseases named above. In 1860 the number of natives had decreased to 61,800; at present it is estimated at about 50,000. It is believed that in the progress of civilization the great mortality of the nation will be stayed. The experience in our own country does not encourage that hope. The degraded native seems to adopt the vices of the civilized race quite as soon as its virtues. In the old *Kanaka* language there was no oath, but these natives early acquired an education in profanity, and now mingle the English oath and the Hawaiian speech with considerable ease.

To speak of the civilization of the Hawaiian people, is but following a priestly fashion and acknowledging the existence of what is not. For civilization, in modern phrase, is the structure of the people, representing the highest results of average modern culture. It answers any question concerning the capacity and reasonable hope and expectation of a people. The nation that has reached it asks no stranger's arm, for it is sustained by its own strength. We recognize the best results of the missionaries' work, but in the heartiest expression of their self-congratulations we can hear no syllable of trust in this people's self-sustenance. If one should hint of the native ministers and teachers as a sufficient stay and support of their civilization, and earnest of their future progress, not one but would answer doubtingly of reeds—bent, and too easily broken.

To say boldly that by natural inheritance, as the yet unreclaimed estate coming to us, "the heir of all the ages and the youngest born of Time," these lands and their people should be ours, might meet some opposition. It would come from those who never favor the extension of our sovereignty over territory which has not always been ours, and from those who recognize no national safeguards in those stations, that stand like trusty sentinels on our distant right and left. But we take what to such may appear a worthier position, affirming that to make them ours, so that they be a part with us and of us, will be the consummation of the missionary labor—the final and complete conquest of the latest and thus far best civilization, over the reluctant and unyielding stronghold of heathenism. He would indeed be a poor political economist, who would ask a demonstration of benefits to them and to us from bringing a people of unmatured capacities and a land of indefinite possibilities, with all its uncultivated fertility, into the fold of our nationality, and with them an unrestrained competition with our Saxon sinews, our straightest furrows and our proudest sheaves.

Perhaps the commercial argument is the strongest with which to attack any prejudice against their annexation to our republic. It touches the Hawaiians as well as ourselves. The earnest hope with which the people there look for our ratification of the treaty of reciprocity, already ratified by their government, and which proposes such a change in the present revenue system, indicates how much they estimate the necessity that they and we should be brought into nearer mercantile contact. Whether or not it originated with them, it meets the swift and earnest advocacy of all the brain and active sinew of that kingdom. We cannot here examine critically and specifically the whole instrument, but only say in general that it proposes free importation hence of those articles most necessary in the islands, and free importation hither of every except the most desirable article produced there. Of sug-

ars, whose production and importation greatly exceed the aggregate of all other articles, the treaty proposes to import free only those purchased by the refiners, and by none other; the duty to remain upon the rest, which is much the greater part, and which, as imported, is used in all our homes. The duty at present is said to be oppressive upon producers.

The islands are believed to contain 500,000 acres of arable and pasture land. Of this 100,000 acres are adapted to the sugar cane, but not above 20,000 are so cultivated, producing an average of 4,000 pounds per acre. Those islands sent to California, during the last fiscal year, 14,219,414 pounds, and other countries the balance of 40,000,000 pounds. Merchants in the Eastern States imported 810,000,000 pounds from other countries.

The advent hence to the Hawaiian Islands of capital, commercial enterprise and additional labor, sufficient to develope their resources, it is believed would be justified by the operation of the treaty. If this were practicable, the Islands might supply to us nearly one-half of the entire consumption of sugar in the United States. And much might be said of the other productions of that country—molasses, paddy, rice, coffee, fungus, pulu, wool, cotton, hides, and tallow, and the various tropical fruits.

The mercantile activity at the islands has always been among the foreigners, and has been dependent almost wholly upon the activity and prosperity of the whalers who resort there for supplies and refreshment. That interest has declined much of late years, and a feeling is now prevalent there that some effort must be made or their commerce will entirely fail. The treaty, therefore, has the support of that class of the community. The king and government hope for its ratification also as of benefit to their country. The king himself is not personally friendly to the United States, from his chagrin at the treatment he received when travelling in this country ten years ago, and where the all but "black prince" learned by experience, that "negroes were not allowed to sit at the *table d'hote;*" while in England and on the continent he was received as one included within that divinity which "doth hedge a king." Most of his ministers and advisers also, being Englishmen, Frenchmen, and apostate Americans, apart from their certain loss of places of emolument in case of annexation, favor the treaty in opposition to real American interests, knowing that no idea of annexation to the republic could outlive the ordeal of prosperity which they think would obtain under the treaty. With all the commercial advantages of intercourse which exists between the states, why should any one there think of annexation?

The treaty would undoubtedly sustain the apparent falling fortunes of that kingdom, and would stimulate its planters and merchants to new activity. But that is no argument to us for its ratification. Moreover, a treaty is only ephemeral at best, and capital is too sensitive to emigrate with no security longer than seven years, the term fixed in this instrument. Half of that time would pass before there could be any returns. And we look in vain, through the treaty, for any reciprocity. We can find as resulting to our country only the certain loss of all that duty upon imported articles which, in the event of the great predicted increase of commerce, under the treaty, would then come from those islands, which duty would otherwise amount annually to several millions of dollars. We see most of the energy of the islands devoted to the production of the inferior grades of sugars, and other articles in the schedule. We see no public gain compensate to our loss, and only the private emolument of a few manufacturers to whose manipulations we should all have to render compensation. We see all hope of acquisition of those lands slip through our hands, and the firmer estab-

lishment of a monarchical government as a neighbor, whose acts will not tend to the benefit of the republic.

If there should still be no treaty, the efforts to maintain the commercial life of the kingdom may take up the suggestion of annexation to our government. They have need of all the benefits which the treaty could confer to sustain themselves. A union with these states will not only confer all those benefits, but will insure a tendency to a complete civilization of the native people. That is the only treaty concerning which, as merchants, diplomatists and civilizers, we should hold any argument.

DOS REALES.

HE had to have a name, of course. So one day when he met us on the Mole and I had given him a quarter of a dollar by mistake for a copper "dump" or two-cent piece, and he had hurried off, throwing glances of trepidation behind him every now and then as he ran up the wharf lest I should overhaul him and demand return of change, I called him "Dos Reales." And always after that he seemed to know the name.

But that was a long while ago. Years before the Spanish fleet knocked the lower town to pieces. Dos Reales must be getting on in years by this time, even if he still lives.

He was a large dog, of no particular breed, and of the color of a ripe horse-chestnut. A dog of no vices. He scorned to run in debt, always paying cash down for what he ate, and lodging no one knew where. I have'nt the slightest doubt, however, that he paid for bed as well as board. A very Beau Hickmann of a dog. Courteous, affable, self-possessed, never seeking an acquaintance but always glad to meet any friend of a friend of his, always opening his mouth for money when any one whom he knew came near him. Bones and garbage he left to the plebeians of his race. I have often seen him turn up his nose with quiet contempt at ordinary pups squabbling for refuse edibles, as he, having dined well, lay at full length in the sun with an air of lazily smoking his after-dinner cigar.

No one knew where he came from. Dr. Reid, the wholesale druggist, whose shop is in Cochrane or Commercial street, I forget which—at any rate it isn't far from the Custom House which stands or did stand, before Admiral Nunez shelled it, right across the way from the gate of the Mole—and you turned to the right from the Custom House to go there—Dr. Reid, who knew more about the town than any other American in it, told me that he believed Dos Reales was left on shore by some merchant-ship's boat when quite a little puppy, and that when he found himself thrown upon his own resources, as you may say, he organized and adopted his own method of support in life.

It seemed to me that the dog deserved a good deal of credit for this. In fact, every one gave it to him.

He would stand on the upper step of the long flight of landing stairs, watching our boat as it came from the ship. He knew the flag perfectly well, and would bark a hoarse and gruff "good morning!" as the officer in charge called out "way enough! trail oars!" and the coxswain steered her in towards the stairs, and the men let their oars swim loose in the beckets that hung alongside, and threw over the little fenders of

stuffed leather that looked like biscuits over-done, and the bow and stroke-oar, each armed with a boat hook, made desperate dives at piles and stairs to check her headway.

The gruffness was all put on, however. He would come up to us as we landed, laying his big, honest head in the hand of one and giving his paw to another, while he winked at a third and wagged his tail vociferously as the last one out of the boat came over the cap-sill. Then he would draw back from the group, sit down, open his mouth and look a request for money. Usually each of us gave him a "dump." He would close his teeth on the coin, wave a good-bye with his tail, and walk away to the town.

He patronised two butchers, a baker, and two cafès. At the butcher's he bought beef or mutton. He never ate pork. He always selected some choice cut, with plenty of juice and not too much bone in it. He liked a little bone for medico-chemical reasons probably. From the butcher's he would go to the baker's or one of the cafès, and purchase either plain bread or sweet cake, either or both as his taste or his means dictated, and then he would lie down in some quiet corner and eat his breakfast, or lunch, or dinner, like a christian.

I wanted to tell you about his habits and peculiarities first, you know, so that you might feel acquainted with him.

We were all going to dine at Henry Caldwell's one night just after we arrived. Henry was a good-hearted, whole-souled fellow, who liked nothing better than to have his friends come to see him. He was a lumber merchant. His partner, Don Somebody-or-other, I forget his name, lived away down in the Patagonian woods, near the German city of Port Montt, where he cut lumber and sent it up to Valparaiso, and Henry attended there to its sale.

Caldwell's home was a snug little house on Concepcion Hill, right up in the air three hundred feet above the lower town, and not half that distance back from where Cochrane street would have been had its location marked the summit instead of the base-line of the precipitous front of the hill. A zig-zag path, for mules and foot-travelers only, ran up the face of the bluff.

David Page and I were the only officers going from the ship that evening. Harry Finn, once on the stage in Boston, (you remember his father, the great comedian, dead long ago, a man of immense dramatic genius in his day and generation) was at that time in commercial business in Valparaiso, and three Chilean gentlemen were to complete the party. Henry Caldwell's cosy little dinners were perfection, and Page and I were anticipating a delightful evening.

"Don Ricardo isn't well enough to come to-night," said Henry.

He and David and I were walking slowly up the zig-zag path. "He's quite sick, in fact. Almost dangerously so, his clerk told me this afternoon."

I was very sorry. Don Ricardo was a civil engineer, at that time engaged in some way on the Valparaiso and Santiago railroad. He was most agreeable company, speaking English perfectly, and appreciating fully, which is one of the hardest things that a foreigner can do, all the points of a joke in our language. I was sorry we should'nt see him, and very sorry to hear of his illness.

Dinner went off very well. Mrs. Caldwell always handled her table and her guests in the most pleasantly efficient manner possible. Every one was naturally a little subdued at first by the Don's absence and its cause, but as the wine went round we grew more like ourselves; and when our coffee had been poured and our cigars lighted, and Peta, the pretty table-girl, had made everything about the table snug and comfortable for a long sitting, we talked of

people and things and felt certain Don Ricardo would be better by morning.

Perhaps he was.

There came a knock at the door, and one entered whose face was a face of sorrow and mourning.

Don Ricardo was dead.

Burials are such sad necessities! Why isn't the old classical incremation better? A retort to hold the body; a furnace to reduce it to ashes; an urn to hold the dust. I doubt if the daily, sickening thought that the hands which were ever devotedly ours for every need and tender care, the eyes that read love in return in our own, the lips that kissed us into life and light, are going back to their dust in slow and loathsome and crawling decay and corruption, is as pleasant as it might be. Still, tastes differ. Burials may be more christian-like. It doesn't seem so to me—that's all.

Sincere mourners carried Don Ricardo's body to its grave.

And when we came back to Caldwell's and sat there at the open windows in his little parlor, and talked about the dead man, wondering what friends or relatives he had in his old home somewhere up near Santiago, wondering what they would say when they heard of his death, we grew very melancholy. We were all away from home, too. Very far away. All with stout hearts. All with good courage. But what befell Don Ricardo might come to us, would in all certainty reach us somewhere. Perhaps while we were still strangers in a strange land.

Page and I said "Good-night" to Mrs. Caldwell, and started to go down town.

"I'll go with you," said Henry. "I can't sleep just yet. And Lizzie, why don't you go to bed, child? You're tired out, you know. I'll be back soon."

The night was perfect. Still and cool. The moon was nearly full.

At our feet, so far below us that the houses and ships were toys in size, lay the crescent of the lower town traced in triple lines of gas-light from the three business streets: lay the bay of silver undulating in slow magnificence as the ground-swell came in with the first of the flood.

At our left was the hill of the "Main-Top," looking by day like a gigantic leprous abscess ready for the knife; reeking both by night and day in its dens of misery and disease with more than the leper's foulness; a thing of beauty in the moonlight now.

Behind us, peak above peak, rising in snowy splendor till their king, Aconcagua, 23,000 feet above the sea, carried earth in unearthly grandeur to heaven, reigned the Andes of Chile.

And the Southern Cross shone out. Dimmed in glory by the moon, yet still radiant with the everlasting light that its stars gave forth ages before the world was, it hung in the midnight sky just over the churchyard where Don Ricardo slept, and pointed upward to God.

"Let's go round to his quarters a moment," said Henry. "The outer door was left unlocked this afternoon, and somebody may take a notion to steal something. You'll have plenty of time to reach the Mole."

Our boat had orders that night to wait till we came, and as the house where the Don had lived wasn't much out of our way, we went.

There's a sort of irregular, three-cornered plaza in the lower town. I don't remember its name. Perhaps it has none. Four or five streets make it in uniting and crossing each other. It's the only open space in the city of that especial shape, however, and is near Cochrane street. There is a long two-story building on one side of it, that has a balcony or open veranda running the entire length of its front, on a level with the floor of the second story. Its projecting width is some seven feet, about that of the sidewalk below it. At

each end a stairway, set against the wall, goes from the sidewalk to the balcony. These stairways are about four feet wide, and are set sloping towards each other. Nearer each other at the top, I mean, than they are at the bottom. Convergent. One word would have told what two sentences didn't. The ground floor is cut up into eight or ten retail shops, each one the width of an ordinary house-lot here in San Francisco, and forty or forty-five feet deep. The second story has as many suites of rooms as there are shops below. There are three rooms in each suite; the front one lighted from the balcony, the second and third by windows in the roof. These rooms communicate with the balcony only, each suite being isolated from its neighbor, and the only way to reach them from the street is by the outside stairways and the veranda. Just remember how this is, so that you can understand what I tell you.

We walked slowly along and stopped on our way at the English club house to get some brandy and cigars. We hadn't felt like either drinking or smoking before during the evening, but the mental and physical fatigue of the day began to tell. We talked with the manager, Whip, (I wonder whether he's still in existence, what he did in the bombardment, and whether he'll remember me when he sees this) lighted our cigars at one of the tiny braseros of burning charcoal that stood on the bar, came out into the moonlight and walked on towards the plaza.

We came into the plaza in such a direction that the house where Don Ricardo had lived was directly before us. To reach either of the stairways leading to the balcony it was necessary to make a detour either to the right or left. The moonlight fell squarely on the face of the building, but just as we entered the open space a cloud dimmed and almost quenched it. The stairs on the left were a little nearer to us than the others, (we had come down on the left-hand side of the street from Cochrane) so turning that way, Caldwell leading, we traversed one side of the triangle and began to go up the stairway. Caldwell first, I next, and Page last.

Henry's head was just above the level of the floor of the balcony, when he stopped and looked intently forward. I was two or three stairs below him and stopped when he did. He looked ahead, put his left hand back with a gesture of warning, and then said, without turning round, speaking in a hoarse whisper, "for heaven's sake, doctor, look!"

I passed up by his side. Page followed. We three stood together on the same step of the stairway.

The moon shone out with renewed brilliancy, and there, leaning against a stanchion of the veranda rail not a dozen yards from us, and looking down into the plaza, dressed in his old-time wear, standing in his old familiar attitude, was Don Ricardo! Dead—buried fathom deep in red clay—and here!

As we stood the figure turned. The moonlight fell across its face, showing it white and ghastly and still. Then with slow and noiseless steps it entered the open door of Don Ricardo's quarters.

The little plaza was silent. From a distance came the sound of the foot-fall of some vigilante walking his beat, the bark of vagrant dogs, the deadened roar of the surf on the beach of the bay.

We looked at each other, turned, went down the stairs, then took counsel.

Regarding the right of a man, alive or dead, to enter his lodgings, there can be no doubt. The question is one of ability merely. To the best of our knowledge in the case of the Don, this ability had no existence.

Caldwell went along the sidewalk to the right hand stairway. Page took up a position in the road that enabled him to command a view of the veranda from end to end, and I began to re-ascend the stairs on the left. Henry and I reached

the veranda at the same time and walked towards each other and the door where the figure had disappeared.

The front room was vacant of everything but its ordinary furniture. The chairs stood in their usual places. Books, instruments and papers lay undisturbed on the large table in the centre of the floor. Caldwell lighted a match and with it the standing gas-light on the table. Every portion of the room was visible then, and no living beings were in it but ourselves. Walking out on the balcony I called to Page and he came up.

The door of the middle room was closed but not locked. We opened it and went in.

Don Ricardo had used this second room for a work-place. Drawing-boards, surveying implements, and two or three chairs were its only contents.

The back room door was shut. Lighting the gas in the working room we opened it cautiously.

A draft of air blew towards us and the gas-jet in the second room fluttered and flapped and nearly went out. Closing the door quickly, Caldwell scraped a match on the heel of his boot and ignited the gas at the bracket on the wall at the head of the bed.

The sky-light was open. Left so by the undertaker's attendants to ventilate the room, about which the odor of chlorine still lingered from the disinfecting agents used after the Don's death. The blank wall checked our further progress.

The bed was stripped. We looked below it. We looked in the movable closet or wardrobe standing on the right. We opened the drawers of the bureau on the other side of the room. We made a variety of absurd investigations into every nook and corner—and found nothing.

Page sat down and lighted a fresh cigar, offering one to Caldwell at the same time and another to me. The smell of chlorine was unpleasant and we joined him in smoking, Thus far our search to understand the mystery ended in nothing more tangible. Ended in smoke.

Sailors are almost always superstitious. I have been one myself and I know of what I speak. Things come to men who go down to the sea in ships and do business in the great waters that landsmen never dream of. Old shellbacks believe in marvellous happenings because they must. Wouldn't the testimony of a dozen witnesses, men of truth and honor, combining to tell how each and every one of them had seen me kill you or you kill me, send me or you to the gallows? Very good. I can bring you the attested oaths of a thousand men who have seen that embodiment of the terrible, the Shrouded Demon of the Sea; who have found themselves working away up and out on a yard-arm in some night of storm and darkness, side-by-side with *something* that wore the form and features of a shipmate dead, sewed in his hammock and launched overboard days before, with a thirty-two pound shot at his heels; who have seen a ship with everything set, manned by no mortal men, drive straight into the teeth of a gale and vanish, shadowy masts and spars going over the side of a ghostly hull, which rose and plunged and sunk, while groans and shrieks of men and women came over the surging sea to the ears of the horrified witnesses, and have had this drama of death three times repeated in their sight in an hour. Superstition is hardly the term to apply to this sort of thing. It's simply a belief in facts as patent to the eyes of those who see them as are the ordinary scenes of a city to a lounger in its streets. What's the use of saying they can't be, when they *are?*

So two of us being of the sea, we sat, and smoked, and talked, of this apparition. If one of us only had seen it, the others might have doubted its reality, and attributed the whole thing to the fumes of Mr. Whip's strong water acting

on a system wearied with the toil of the day. But it had been seen by all three. And, as if to confirm its reality, the portrait of the Don, hanging on the wall directly beneath the skylight, parted its fastenings suddenly, as if unseen hands had cut the cord, and fell on the floor with a crash that shivered its heavy frame and tore the canvas from its stretcher. Fell at our feet—and the painted face, rent from forehead to chin, looked up mournfully at us from the ruin.

"Let's get out of this," said Page. "I'm going aboard ship."

He threw his half-smoked cigar away, and went through the other rooms to the balcony. I saw no reason for remaining, and went out after him. Caldwell turned off the gas in each room as he left it, and followed us.

We stopped at Whip's again on our way to the Mole. I have great doubt of either the need or benefit of brandy under ordinary circumstances. But there's probably no fact more firmly established than the one of there always being some especial reason why a drink should be taken. We had taken our first one that night to revive us. Page suggested the second to quiet our nerves; and Page being then and now a man using but little stimulant, a suggestion of this sort from him carrying weight, in consequence, and meaning something, we agreed to it.

Two or three men had come into the club-house since our first call, and when we went up stairs the second time we heard them talking and laughing out in the moonlight, through the open door at the end of the central hall. There was a balcony there that overhung the water.

Caldwell recognized their voices, and asked Whip to send our brandy out there after us.

Page knew one of the party, an old Scotchman, named McLerie, and Henry was evidently well known to all of them. They made room for us at the table where they were sitting. Presently the servant in attendance at the bar brought out our decanter and glasses, and we all drank together.

"What's the matter with you three?" said McLerie. "Caldwell there looks as if he had seen a ghost. What has happened?"

Then Page told him about what we had seen on the balcony, and how we looked through the rooms and found nothing, and wanted to know what he thought of it.

"Well," said McLerie, after a pause of a few minutes, during which he emptied his glass and lighted a fresh cigar, "I think that whoever or whatever it was you saw, went out of the third room, through the open skylight. I don't believe there was anything unreal about the affair. You were all thinking of the Don; there was somebody standing at his door. The moonlight is uncertain at best. I haven't the slightest doubt about there being a man there, but I am perfectly sure that it *was* a man, and no ghost. That's my idea. Page and the doctor know very well how easily an active man might mount on the bureau, cling to projections here and there in the wall of the room, and be out on the roof in less time than it took you to get there from the front door. I don't believe in supernatural agency when I can account for a thing by ordinary rules."

We sat there and talked the matter over for a long time. As usual, each one of the party had his own theory to advance and his own illustrations to tell. Whip was a remarkably patient man with good customers, the summer night was short, and the bay below us began to reflect the first faint approach of sunrise before our conversation ended. We had forgotten all about our boat. Caldwell had unwittingly far overstayed his promised time for returning home. But we knew our men didn't care, and we trusted that the captain would find but little fault when he heard our rea-

sons for delay, and Henry's wife had undoubtedly gone to bed to sleep quietly till he came. She was a very sensible woman.

So we all got under way for the Mole. Caldwell and our new friends insisted on going down to see us safely off for the ship. Our boat lay bumping gently every now and then against the lower stair of the landing. There was one man in her, fast asleep. Page woke him up, and started him off after the rest of the crew. We all sat down on the long bench that runs along inside the railing on the cap-sill of the pier, and waited for the crew to come.

Dos Reales had preferred camping out that night to retiring to his usual lodging-house, wherever that might be. So we judged, at least, for after the sound of several prolonged yawns, and a variety of scratchings and slippings of claws on the wooden floor of the wharf, had come to us from a little distance, he made his appearance, walking sleepily towards us, through the morning twilight. He rubbed a "good morning" against each one of us, and then sat down and opened his mouth for money for his breakfast.

"You're too early, old fellow," said I; "there are no shops open yet. Lie down, sir!"

After waiting a while, and looking wonderingly at the absence of his usual remittances, he appeared to think so too, and curled himself up at my feet to resume his interrupted slumbers.

The coming daylight came nearer. The lanterns on the Mole began to grow dim, and the chilly land breeze from the mountains to lessen in strength.

There was a steady footstep coming down the pier from the entrance gate.

"There comes the coxswain," said Page. "The crew are close behind him. Let's get into the boat."

We were shaking hands with our shore friends, and saying "good bye," when Caldwell exclaimed: "McLerie! Look there!" We turned and looked up the Mole.

The steady footsteps had ceased, but a figure stood about a dozen yards from us, shadowy and vague in the dim light, wearing the features and dress of the dead Don Ricardo—stood in his old familiar attitude, looking far out seaward, unconscious, apparently, of us or of anything else of earth.

McLerie shrank back.

"What do you think *now?*" whispered Page.

McLerie braced himself as if against some physical shock, waited a moment, and then exclaiming, "Man or ghost, I'll make it speak!" he started with a firm step towards the figure.

But Dos Reales was too quick for him. With a bark of joyful greeting he sprang up and ran towards the apparition, satisfied that he had at last found some one who would give him what he wanted. After his usual manner, he sat down close to the figure, and opened his mouth for the expected coins.

The apparition burst into a loud laugh.

It was a twin-brother of Don Ricardo's. The affair of the night before had been impromptu on his part. He had seen our heads above the upper step of the balcony stairs, suspected what we thought, and resolved to carry out the delusion by doing exactly what McLerie surmised he had done—climbing rapidly out on the roof through the open skylight, and dislodging, or rather loosening, the nail that sustained the picture, as it gave him a momentary stand-point in his ascent. This morning he had merely walked out for fresh air. At the gate of the Mole he had heard our voices, and supposed them to be those of boatmen. Coming nearer, he had recognized us, and resolved to maintain the illusion of the balcony of the night before; but Dos Reales interfered.

The affair didn't lessen either Page's belief or mine in ghosts, however.

EIGHT DAYS AT THEBES.

TO the student of archæology Egypt is perhaps the most interesting country in the world. Its recorded history dates back almost to the genesis of the race. Its hieroglyphics rehearse the annals of a mighty empire that flourished two thousand years before the Star of Bethlehem had arisen. When Syria was a waste, and Greece slept the sleep of barbarism, the Nile reflected the splendors of a civilization hardly inferior to our own. Long before Plato dreamed, or Homer sang, the Priests of Isis unveiled the mysteries of science, and told the story of the immortality of the soul. Before the Parthenon was conceived, before the temple of Solomon was reared, the sculptors and painters of Thebes and Beni Hassan had taught the rudiments of plastic art.

No other country has such a wealth of ruins. The traveler is overwhelmed by their number and magnitude. The Pyramids of Gezeh are only types of a vast *system* of colossal remains stretching from Alexandria to Wady Halfa. The banks of the river are literally strewn for hundreds of miles with the debris of the civilization of the Pharaohs. The sides of the mountains are honeycombed with tombs; forests of obelisks glitter in the mellow sunlight; calm-eyed sphynxes greet the wanderer from a hundred storied sites; broken arches and crumbling columns crown innumerable eminences on the river's shores. Ruins everywhere: at every curve and bend of the Nile; on every plain and rocky height; on the Delta and the desert; from the shores of the sounding sea to the cataracts. The spirit of the dead past haunts the mysterious river. It carries us back to the infancy of man. We are brought face to face with the people who built the Pyramids—who founded Thebes and Memphis. We walk the sacred corridors of the temples of the Pharaohs; we visit the burial places of extinct races; we behold the products of their genius, the very implements with which they wrought.

Philæ is beautiful; Memphis is sadly picturesque; Dendra is a memory to cling to the soul forever; the grottoes of Beni Hassan well repay the toils of travel; the Pyramids are at once sublime and awe-inspiring; but the crowning glory of Egypt is Thebes. Shall I ever forget the eight days spent among its ruins? The approach to it coming up the Nile is one of the most striking in the East. The valley widens, the desert recedes, the mountains form themselves into a mighty amphitheatre opening toward the north. As we near the site of the "hundred-gated" city, the majestic propylon of the Temple of Karnak is darkly outlined against the sky. Nearer still, and groups of sphynxes appear through a grove of palms. A slight bend of the river, and Luxor with its obelisks, and columns, and statues of gods, and ruined temples, bursts upon the view. To the right are seen the Vocal Memnon, the palace and temples of the Pharaohs; while on every side, for miles and miles, stretches the broad plain that enshrines the dust of Thebes. We leave our Nile boat, and under the escort of an army of donkey-boys, pay a hurried visit to the Temple of Luxor. Time has cruelly played the vandal with it. Of all the grandeur of the once glorious edifice only a few pillars and scarred walls remain. Near by stands a solitary obelisk, its brother having been sacrilegiously carried off to adorn a European capital. At the entrance of the temple are a couple of colossal statues of Kamases the Second—broad-breasted fellows, meas-

uring some ten feet from shoulder to shoulder. They are buried up to the bosom in sand, and the scars of over thirty centuries are written on their stony brows. Passing through the propylon, with its massive walls completely covered with hieroglyphics, we enter the portico with its fourteen lofty pillars looking down on heaps of ruins and Arab huts. Scattered about are several statues of cat-headed deities, fragments of walls and columns, and the remains of the body of the temple. Luxor was the fourth in size of the temples of Thebes, and was probably connected by an avenue of sphynxes with the temple of Karnac, two miles distant.

From Luxor to the Tombs of the Kings. A sail across the river, we land on the western shore, under the shadow of the Memnonium in the gray of the early dawn. We are in our saddles before sunrise, and canter briskly, donkey-back, under the inspiration of the cool morning air. For some two miles we pass over a level and fertile plain, the supposed site of the western section of the great city. Then we come upon a barren waste thickly strewn with mummy-pits, which continue to the base of the mountain, running parallel with the river. Here we enter a deep and narrow defile, surrounded by high and overhanging cliffs of calcareous rock. The road is narrow, and frequently interrupted by immense boulders. Nothing can exceed the barrenness of the scenery. Not a speck of green—not a blade of grass, or shrub, or wild flower relieves the dreary waste. After traversing this road for five or six miles—the same road over which a long line of Pharaohs were borne to their last abode—we enter a secluded valley in the mountains—a veritable "Valley of Death." Our guide suddenly pauses, and gives the signal to dismount. At first we can discern nothing, but a closer scrutiny reveals a small excavation in the side of the hill. This we enter, and in ten seconds find ourselves in the tomb of one of the earliest and greatest of the Pharaohs—that discovered by Belzoni. Our guide lights his torches, and we grope our way down a flight of steps, with a perpendicular descent of twenty-four feet to the first landing. The great tomb is three hundred and twenty feet long, with a perpendicular depth of one hundred and eighty feet. It contains fourteen chambers, all inscribed with hieroglyphics and sculptures. The entrance hall is twenty-seven feet long and twenty feet broad, richly decorated with images of gods and goddesses, and sacred fish, and birds, and reptiles. It opens into another chamber twenty-eight by twenty-five feet, with figures in outline looking as fresh and vivid as if executed but yesterday. The touch of the painter's brush, the mark of the sculptor's chisel, are still there. Another long descent—a magnificent corridor—another long staircase, and we are ushered into an apartment twenty-four by thirteen feet. Here, as in the preceding one, the walls and ceilings are covered with paintings and sculpture—the colors growing brighter and fresher as we advance. The artist inducts us to the mysteries of the nether world. Now the deceased king is ushered into the presence of Osiris, the "judge of the dead;" now immense serpents, with human legs and celestial crowns on their heads, are receiving the homage of devoted worshippers; now troops of genii are flitting about the Elysian abodes; now owl and cat, and hawk and crocodile, and ape-headed gods are sitting in all the dignity of full-fledged divinities. Farther on still, and we come to a hall twenty-seven by twenty-six feet, supported by two rows of pillars terminated by a large saloon with vaulted roof. This latter is thirty-two feet in length by twenty-seven feet in breadth, from which open several other chambers. In the centre of the great saloon Belzoni found the beautiful Sarcophagus of King Osiris. And this im-

mense tomb, which it takes hours to explore, was wrought out of the solid rock.

I cannot pause to give the details of the wonderful sculptures and still more wonderful paintings of this tomb. In one of the rooms is a representation of four different peoples contrasting widely in dress and color and cast of countenance. These are supposed to represent the great divisions of mankind, among them the negro. So little has the latter changed during a period of over 3,000 years, that an "American citizen of African descent" might recognize his portrait among the figures of this group. What, then, becomes of the pretty theory of those ethnologists who insist that the difference in color and feature between the white and black is referable to the influence of time and climate? If the lapse of over 3,200 years (for the occupant of this tomb ascended the throne 1,385 years before Christ) has sufficed to effect no perceptible physical difference in the Ethiop, surely the remaining less than 3,000 years of man's biblically-recorded history cannot have produced so great disparity between white and black. One of the chambers of the great tomb is unfinished. The positions of the figures are given by the artist, but the coloring is not put on. What great event—what sudden calamity—prevented the completion of the task? You have entered the studio of an artist during his temporary absence from his work. Half-finished sketches are lying about; rough designs are scattered hither and thither; the paint is hardly dry upon the canvas at which he wrought; a multitude of outlines and shadows—of faintly dawning perspective and sombre background are visible. So here: the artist seems to have just left his work. Profiles of gods and goddesses—sketches of kings, and apes, and owls, and hawks, and genii, are seen on walls and ceilings. You cannot realize that these profiles were drawn — that these half-filled sketches were executed — that these brilliantly tinted figures were wrought, over thirty centuries ago.

The next tomb we visit—that of Rameses the Third (called the "Harper's Tomb")—is equally interesting, though not so rich in painting and sculpture. Its total length is four hundred and five feet, with a perpendicular descent of thirty-one feet. Here the wondering traveler obtains a glimpse of the manners and customs of the ancient Thebans. We enter a small room on whose walls the mysteries of the Egyptian kitchen are revealed. An ox is being slain; a man is filling a cauldron with the joints of the slaughtered beast; another is blowing the fire with the bellows; another is pounding something with a mortar; another is chopping meat into mince; another is making pastry; another is kneading dough. Farther on is a room whose walls are covered with paintings of furniture. There are chairs and sofas of elegant forms and richly ornamented; couches of seductive pattern, porcelain pottery, copper utensils, baskets of graceful shapes, mirrors and toilet articles, basins and ewers, and all the paraphernalia of stylish household furniture. Nothing I have seen in this strange land amazed me more than these latter. They prove the old Egyptians to have been versed in the elegant arts—to have known a degree of refinement in their private life indicating a high type of civilization. No dealer in "fancy wares" on Broadway or Montgomery street could present a more brilliant "assortment" than are displayed upon these time-honored walls.

Is there any thing "new under the sun?" How much have we advanced in the practical or elegant arts beyond the busy-bodies of ancient Thebes? Glass-blowing was practiced in the reign of Osirtasen over 3,800 years ago, and the form of the blow-pipe and the bottle differed little from that of our

own day. The same kind of plow was used in Egypt thirty centuries ago as is used to-day. The bastinado was the mode of punishment for minor offences in the time of Joseph as it is in this year of grace 1868; while then as now, hanging was the penalty for capital crimes. There is good reason to believe that the use of gunpowder was known in the days of the earlier Pharaohs. Anvils and blacksmiths' bellows, almost precisely like those seen in an American country smithy, are depicted on the walls of the grottoes of Beni Hassan. The germ of the Doric Column may be traced among the oldest relics of Egyptian art, and the Arch is older than Sesostris. The Thebans amused themselves with the game of draughts, and their athletes and jugglers performed some of the same feats with which the Buisleys and Hellers of our day astonish metropolitan audiences. The harp, guitar, lyre, drum and bugle are as old as the Pyramids; Theban artisans knew how to anneal and solder metals; and Theban poulterers understood the art of hatching eggs by artificial means. Looking-glasses adorned ladies' boudoirs long before Moses was found among the bulrushes, and pins and needles, and combs and fancy jewelry were as indispensable to the dear sex in the days of Rameses as in the days of Victoria.

I visited in succession twelve of these wonderful tombs. The same sculptures—the same rich paintings—the same splendid halls—the same vaulted roof—the same interminable processions of gods and goddesses, sacred animals and brute-headed, divinities characterize each. The eye wearies and the brain reels with the succession of strange scenes. You feel as if you were in a new world — a wierd, subterranean world. Were these tombs intended only for the receptacles of the dead Pharaohs? Was all this lavishment of means—all this struggling for brilliant effects—for *no* other purpose than that of enshrining a mummy? Was this rich product of Art, which it took the life-time of a monarch to rear, to be ignobly sealed the moment he closed his puny eyes in death? I cannot believe it. I must believe, rather, that the tombs had other purposes — purposes connected in some manner with religious rites—perhaps with the horrid "mysteries" which form so essential a part of the Egyptian religion. I recall the description of them given by Ezekiel: "Then said he unto me: 'Son of man dig in the wall;' and when I had digged in the wall, behold a door. And he said unto me: 'Go in and see the abominable things that they do there. And so I went in, and saw and beheld every form of creeping thing and abominable beasts and all the idols of the house of Israel portrayed upon the walls around about."

Our next visit is to the tombs of the Priests and People, on the western side of the desert mountain. Like those of the kings, they are cut out of the solid rock. The largest, that of Asseseef, covers an area of over one acre. The sculptures and paintings of many of them are of absorbing interest. In one we find cabinetmakers and carpenters at work. One person is hewing a piece of timber; another is working on a sofa; another is chiseling out a sphynx; another is putting a piece of furniture together; another is engaged in manufacturing glassware; while a group of swarthy workmen are making bricks. Here is the interior of the house of a wealthy Egyptian. A lady is making a call. A servant offers her some wine; a black slave stands near with a plate in her hand; while several musicians are entertaining her with what were, doubtless, airs from the last opera. Let me give you an idea of how a Theban woman of fashion dressed. She wore a petticoat or gown, secured at the waist by a colored sash, or by straps over the

shoulders. Above this was a large loose robe, made of the finest linen, with full sleeves, tied in front, below the breast. The gown was of richly colored stuff, presenting a variety of patterns. Her dainty feet were encased in sandals, prettily worked, and turning up at the toes. Occcasionally she indulged in the extravagance of shoes or boots. Her hair was worn long and plaited; the back part consisted of a number of strings of hair, reaching to the bottom of the shoulder blades, while on each side other strings descended over the breast. An ornamented fillet encircled the head, and the strings of hair at the sides were separated and secured with a comb. From her ears hung large round single hoops of gold; sometimes an asp, whose body was of gold, set with precious stones, was worn. She had all the passion for finger jewelry of her modern sister. Sometimes two or three rings were worn on the same finger, while occasionally she indulged in the superfluous feminine extravagance of a ring on the thumb! So you see the sex is much the same, past and present, the world over.

The tombs upon which the "first families" of Thebes so much prided themselves are now occupied as cow and donkey stables, and huts, by the miserable Arabs with which the neighborhood is infested. As the traveler wanders about from sepulchre to sepulchre, he is dogged by a squad of vagabonds, with arms and hands and feet and heads of mummies, whom they have sacrilegiously "unearthed," imploring him to buy these grim relics. I purchased a head of a "prominent citizen" for three piastres, while the delicate hands of a Theban belle were offered me for an equal sum. Our cook bought a whole mummy, coffin and all, for six piastres, to be taken to Alexandria as a present to his children. The reader must do his own moralizing.

After spending three days among the tombs of the great, I was desirous of looking in upon the "pits" of the more ignoble dead. My guide led me by a narrow path, thickly strewn with fragments of mummies—hands, feet, legs, arms, trunks, scattered about in charming confusion—to a small opening in the side of the mountain. Through this I was compelled to crawl, some fifteen or twenty feet, to a larger opening. Lighting a torch, we continued our way until we came to a chamber filled with human mummies, piled one upon the other, to a depth of, I know not how many feet. Walking remorselessly over this horrid pavement, we came to another chamber, similarly filled; then another and another, tenanted by the same ghastly denizens. Sometimes I would sink to my knees into this mass of withered human carrion; sometimes my cruel heel would unwittingly crush in a grinning face, or "go through" a mass of blackened bowels. There they lay, pell-mell, a dozen deep, some headless, some sitting half upright, leering at vacancy, some lying helplessly with face downward, some with feet uppermost. There was one huge fellow, looking as if he might have been an extinct prize-fighter, minus a head, who measured over six feet from neck to heel. We turned him over, laid open his poor chest, and left him to his fate. I did not take the census of this motley congregation, but there must have been several hundred in a single "pit." Sir Gardener Wilkinson estimates that there are nine millions of mummies in the mountains about Thebes.

"To this complexion hath it come at last." This reeking mass was once warm with life. Each had its little world in which it hoped and wrestled. Each strutted its brief hour upon the great stage, and thought that hour *the* pivot-point upon which the world's destiny would turn evermore. There were strifes and bickerings and heartaches; there were rivalries and cliques and cabals

and petty warfares then. Demagogues and knaves flourished then as now. Noisy patriots harangued from the stump, fanatics howled from the rostrum, and office seekers wandered up and down the earth.

From the mummy-pits to the Memnonium, the temple-palace of Sesostris. It is imposing even in its wreck. Its lofty columns, crowned with capital and cornice, stand erect as in the days of its prime. It is approached by an avenue of sphynxes, terminating in a splendid propylon, richly covered with sculptures, commemorative of the triumph of the monarch whose name it bears. Near its entrance are the remains of a colossal statue of Sesostris, hewn out of a single block of granite, measuring twenty-three feet across the breast, and weighing eight hundred and eighty-seven tons! This enormous colossus was hurled from his pedestal by the fury of Cambyses, and broken into fragments.

But splendid as is this temple, it is puny in comparison with that of Medeenet Habou, half a mile to the south. I cannot describe it at length. Passing the pylon, you enter a court, one hundred and ten by one hundred and thirteen feet, having on the one side a row of Osiride pillars, and on the other, eight similar columns, with bell-formed capitals, representing the full-blown lotus. Then follows the principal pylon, or gateway, surmounted by a row of sitting apes, the emblems of the god Thoth, which leads into the grand court. It measures one hundred and twenty-three by one hundred and thirty-three feet, and is surrounded by a peristyle, whose east and west sides are supported by five massive columns, the south by a row of eight pillars, and the north by a similar number. Behind is a superb corridor of circular columns, each with a circumference of twenty-three feet, and a height of twenty-four feet. These pillars are richly colored, and present an appearance the most magnificent of which the imagination can conceive. The walls of this court are covered with sculpture, illustrating the Pharoah to whom the temple was dedicated. In one place he is represented as sitting in his car, while a heap of hands (those of his vanquished enemies) are placed before him, which an officer counts, while a scribe notes down in numbers. In another place he is returning from the wars. A long procession of captives, with pinioned arms, are marching beside and before him, while three of the number are bound to the axle of his chariot.

There are three other smaller temples on the western side of the river, two of which I visited, but which I cannot stop to describe. Indeed, the whole vast plain is one field of ruin. Columns and colossii, sphynxes and towers, rear their giant forms above the waste of sand as far as the eye can see. Wherever the traveler wanders, the same wrecks of the past arrest his progress. Some are barely visible above the sand, while others stand out clear and dauntless, as if defying the might of Time.

A short ride across the plain brings us *vis-a-vis* with the Vocal Memnon. There he sits, calm and stoical, as he sat when the sages of Greece and Rome came to do him homage, and listen to his greetings of the morning sun. He has long since, however, given up singing as a profession, and sends forth no welcome to the blushing Aurora as she kisses his weather-beaten brow. This modest veteran is hewn out of a single block of granite, and measures in his sitting posture some forty-seven feet in height. His face is sadly battered; he has lost his nose and left ear; his chest is quite gone, and the poor fellow looks shabby and woe-begone generally. An Arab boy climbed up his back and tried to imitate his "tricks upon travelers" by striking a "musical stone." But it was a poor imitation, and I left

him with a strong conviction that his talents as an artist had been slightly exaggerated by Herodotus and his wonder-loving fellow historians. Near by sits his "big brother" equally herculean, equally storm-beaten, but not distinguished in the musical line.

But the greatest marvel of ancient Thebes is yet to be seen. Of all the ruined temples of Egypt—of all the ruined wonders of the earth—Karnak on the east side of the river is the most impressive. No description, no plan, no diagram, can give expression to its vastness. It is approached from Luxor by an avenue of two hundred sphynxes, terminating at the outer gate-way of the temple. They are all headless now, but the pedestals remain to tell the glory of the past. There are three other approaches, all by similar lines of sphynxes, all with immense propylii, all terminated by vast courts and colonnades. The walls of the principal gate-way are twenty-seven feet thick, while the towers have almost the proportions of pyramids. A forest of towers and pillars and crumbling walls darken the heavens on every side. Entering the great hall the traveler is lost in wonder. This edifice measures one hundred and seventy-six by three hundred and twenty-nine feet, and is supported by a central avenue of twelve massive columns sixty-six feet high without the pedestal and abacus, and twelve feet in diameter. To this are added one hundred and twenty-two columns, each forty-one feet high and twenty-seven and a-half feet in circumference. Beyond this are four lofty obelisks; then the sanctuary of polished granite, the walls richly sculptured and the ceiling studded with stars. Farther on another colonnade—another portico, another avenue of sphynxes—another magnificent propylon.

The body of the temple proper was twelve hundred feet long, and four hundred and twenty feet broad, while the entire field of ruins comprises a mile in diameter. Imagine a space equal to that occupied by one-third of the city of San Francisco, all devoted to a single temple and its approaches; imagine two lines of colossal sphynxes extending half a mile from each of its four sides; imagine each of these lines terminating in immense towers; imagine endless groupes of sculptured gods and godesses, lining every avenue and approach; imagine colossii of pure marble and polished granite, guarding every gate-way—obelisks shooting upwards into the blue sky, towers rising in every direction; imagine the stately processions of priests, the myriads of devout worshipers that thronged its courts—the imposing pageants without, the darker mysteries within; imagine the great city in the days of its glory—its streets thronged with gay denizens—the river swarming with busy life—the whole world looking on with awe and wonder; imagine all this, and you will have some faint conception of Karnak—and of Thebes.

A LEAF FROM A CHINESE NOVEL.

BOOKMAKING is an old and honorable craft in China. Historians flourished there eight centuries before our era, whose remains still live in the pages of Confucius, who collected them three hundred years after they were written. These chronicles contain all that will ever be known of the sixty-six Emperors that had sat on the "Dragon Throne" before Romulus was born.

Of course, aristocracy is an idea quite consonant with that of an empire, but the Chinese hit upon a singular method of creating one. Passing over military prowess, birth and wealth, they began by declaring Confucius a grandee of the empire, and his descendants enabled by hereditary titles, forbidden to any other members of the nation. Then they decreed the narrow portal to office, fame and dignity alone open to the scholar and man of science.

This system seems perfectly satisfactory to this strange people, who are exceedingly puzzled at mention of our system of party politics and public honors. It must however be admitted, that, while the emoluments of office and the highest consideration of all classes is the just reward of the Chinese litterateur, there the matter ends. The "classics" are firmly believed to contain absolutely every thing worth knowing; hence, the writer who should presume to wander from that beaten track has nothing to hope for in the way of pecuniary reward.

Copyright is an unheard of notion in China, the supposition being that the author would employ printers and publish his works himself should he deem such an enterprise profitable. In fact, wealthy men of letters sometimes do this, not for gain, but to secure accuracy, and the lowest *possible cost* to the reader.

It would be considered exceedingly bad taste for an author to put his name on the title page of his book. It would be, say the Chinese, "like the gardener setting up his name in the midst of his flower-beds; people stroll into gardens to be amused, not to busy themselves with the cultivator's name." Besides this, they like books with a flavor of age upon them. "What impertinence," say they, "for a writer to flourish his name about before the public has tested his merits!" It was among such a people that the romance entitled "*The Dream of the Red Chamber*" appeared, nearly two centuries ago.

As the style of the work is so exceedingly prolix and minute as to be unendurable to the desultory reader, only a few scenes from an introductory chapter will be given, and those, too, the most translatable into an English dress; for it must be confessed that Chinese literature still cuts an awkward figure in the language of Shakspeare and Milton; something like Chinese paintings, admirable in detail, but alas, shocking to the taste formed on science and the rules of perspective.

After whole chapters of what Sterne would call preliminary "digressions on purpose," the author gives a voluminous account of a certain wealthy and titled family resident in Pekin, the capital of China. He says that a subject of this kind is of such an intricate nature, that it brings to his mind the vexation of searching for the clue of a tangled mass of hemp. "Indeed," he continues, "it was fortunate for this story that certain poor relations of the high and mighty Young family were planning an attack upon their purses and good nature." The thing happened in this fashion: A certain Mr. Kaou was the son of a gentleman who had held office under a former sovereign many years before.

This official had so attracted the regards of the famous and powerful Mr. Young, that by a solemn act, called by the Chinese "adoption of ancestry," they had formed a relationship, strictly so regarded in China. Time passed, and with it arose the fortunes of the Young family, while the Kaous seemed never deserted by evil fortune. The present head of the latter family, retiring from the capital, took up his abode in a humble hamlet, where he contrived to exist in a wretched and hopeless poverty. He had married a Miss Lew, who had brought him a son and daughter, not to mention a mother-in-law, an old lady of shrewdness and simplicity, both sides of whose character are perfectly delineated in the various adventures which befal her, as related in this veracious history.

Matters of late had been unprosperous, touching the fortunes of Mr. Kaou. Farming had not paid, and winter was approaching before the least provision had been made to meet its inclemency, or support the family at a season when necessities double and resources dwindle. The anxious farmer, discouraged and dejected, took to drink, and family affairs seemed on the brink of some dreadful crisis, when Madame Lew resolved to put up no longer quietly with her son-in-law's unhappy course of conduct, and she addressed him in the following style :

"My honored son ! don't fly in a passion if I should address you in an outspoken fashion, after the manner of honest country folk. As our dish is, so is the amount of rice we eat. When a youth, you had the old man's bin to dip out of, and an easy art then was eating and drinking ! Matters forsooth have changed since then ; now you get into a fury because you know nothing of gaining money, or keeping it, if even you could obtain it. What a fine fellow—what a noble hero you will turn out at this rate ! Listen ! Though living outside of Pekin, we are not as far from Court after all ; that very city has the ground covered with money, if we only knew how to bring some of it away. Folding your arms will never solve the question, take my word for it ! "

"You old harridan ! what do you mean ? Would you have me betake myself to the road as a cut-throat ? "

"Now who told you to take to the highway ? Listen ! Do you think that money will know of itself to come running into our house ? If we could put our heads together, we might light on some plan that would do our business, just as it ought to be done."

"Do you think now if I had a plan on foot, that I should have waited for *your* sagacity before putting it into execution ? I can but think of powerful friends who have long ago forgotten me ; and why, too, should they bother their heads about such as we ? "

"Man forms the plan, and Heaven gives the issue ; there is a good deal in a happy chance—let me try my hand in sketching out a project for you.

The rich and powerful family of the Youngs, however distant, are indisputably your relations ; the aged and venerable Lady Fung presides with great dignity over the ancestral mansion, and people say that as she advances in years she more than ever compassionates the poor, and pities the aged and needy. If she has forgotten you, there is no one to blame but yourself; striving as you are with a foolish false pride, you don't fancy bending, bowing and scraping to these big people, who know so well how to be cool and distant to the proud and egotistic poor. Heaven has blessed this Lady Fung, who may still remember old friends ; take a turn in that direction, and you may find that a hair of her head is thicker than our waist.

The farmer's wife overhearing this scheme of her mother, now interposed her view of the question.

"Dear old mother ! What you say is truth itself, but let me ask you how such countryfied folk as we are should dare to

so much as knock at the doors of the great? No servant would show us in, and a nice thing it would be to have our faces slapped in the presence of the whole world! My decision is—better not go!"

This high-spirited retort might have finally settled the family council, had not the good husband divined a way to save his pride, and yet make use of both the old lady and her advice. He had been gradually relaxing all the time, and at length smiling, suddenly changed his tactics.

"Good, old mother! you know these people better than I do; why should you not like to ramble in the direction of this great family yourself?"

"Nonsense! a nobleman's door is as wide as the sea, and who am I to venture into it? The footmen would turn me out, and I should have my labor for my pains!"

"Now, old lady, don't give up at this rate; if in the city you can meet with a certain Mr. Chow, a dependent of Lady Fung's, you may open every door of her mansion, though they were fastened with ten bolts!"

"Oh, yes, I knew all about the Chows, but, dear me, how are people to know what sort of persons they are now after so many years of non-intercourse! This is the real difficulty of coming at the Chows for help. Well! well! I think I'll go myself with the little boy, for my daughter must not be seen selling her head to buy feet for such a stroll."

The next day old Madame Lew departs at dawn, and while the day was still young, reaches the Young mansion. After whole pages of diplomacy and intrigue, enough to have settled the affairs of a kingdom, the "genteel upper servants" of the establishment are induced to admit the visitors into the great drawing-room.

The hand-maiden, Miss Ping, lifts the embroidered red screen, and ushers in the old peasant woman and her charge into a vast hall, magnificently furnished with gilded lanterns and carved seats, *a la Chinoise*, all very costly, very grand and very uncomfortable.

Madam Lew, however, was quite fascinated by an extraordinary ticking sound, quite resembling the winnowing of flour in a machine; nor could she help gazing around for the cause of this unusual phenomenon. All of a sudden she spied in the centre of the hall a sort of box suspended on a pillar. At the bottom of this was hanging down a something like the balance weight of a steel-yard, which kept constantly wagging to and fro. "What in the name of goodness," thought the old lady, "is this? What *can* be the use of it?" Just then rung out a sound "ding-dong," as if proceeding from a golden bell or brazen cymbal; she started to her feet with alarm, but the same sounds continued to strike ever so many times.

This extraordinary article of furniture was nothing more startling than an European clock, announcing the very hour when the great lady made her appearance in the reception room. She enters and her visitors fall upon their knees; an explanation follows, and the whole company are soon engaged in easy conversation. It soon takes the following turn.

Lady Fung desirous of ascertaining the real motive of her humble visitor, says:

"Want of intercourse makes relatives but cold and distant; some will look down upon others, whom they will accuse of considering no one as good as themselves."

"Our circumstances, dear madam, have at home been very straightened, so we have been quite unable to visit you. Surely you would not have us slap your ladyship on the mouth, by our uncouth poverty!"

"Nay, such words wound the heart; even the Emperor has three families to provide for: his sisters, his mother's and his wife's relations."

"That's true, which reminds me of

what I wanted to say. I ought not indeed to mention it, considering that to-day I meet your ladyship for the first time for so long a period, but indeed, I have come a long distance, running to you, as it were, to a kind friend !"

The poor relation is proud, (that last luxury of the humbled !) and proceeds to hide what the confession is costing her, by addressing the child:

"Here, Pan-rh !" go to this lady, (leads the child before her) and tell her what your father sent as a message ! Why did he send us to this noble lady ? Was it for nothing ? Ah, you know they are ill at ease at home, while the larder is empty and winter at hand !" The great lady had long ere this divined the meaning of this little scene, and to hide her feelings, exclaimed,

"Don't say another word ! I know all about it !"

A repast is then set out wherewith to treat the visitors, after which Madam Lew and the boy return thanks and the great lady continues.

"Be good enough to be seated and listen to what I am going to say. I thoroughly understand the object of your visit, which I am sure was kindly meant. Indeed, we on our side should not have waited for you to first cross our threshold, before looking after you ; but the fact is, the care of a large establishment leave us but little leisure to hunt up old friends."

Of course the Chinese novelist is now in the pure region of romance. The lady continues :

"Your kind visit, however, shows a proper spirit ; you have come a long distance, and I am glad that a lucky chance enables me to offer to your acceptance a few ounces of silver, just for present use."

Madam Lew's eyes fairly laughed, as another proverb slipped out of her mouth. "To be sure," exclaimed she, "you have very many calls for money ; but you know that though the camel die of leanness, he is always bigger than a horse."

A servant is then ordered to hand twenty ounces of silver to the poor relation, who is shown out of the mansion, with an invitation to "come again," and here the curtain falls.

Such is the picture drawn by the popular Chinese novelist of the artful simplicity of peasant life in China, and the kindly, well-bred life of the upper class of his countrymen. For literary readers of our day and country the entire work, as large as a three-volume romance, would be found far too tedious and minute to please the present taste for stimulant, that nothing less than stirring effects on every other page, at least, can satisfy. The lymphatic Chinese abhor excitement. Their national taste craves the dreamy repose of the opium-pipe, not the maddening wine-cup. Their antiquated literature has but little attraction for us, enriched as we are by the spoils of Greece and Rome, transfused into a discipline of thought and mental activity which Asia never knew. But it would be a mistake to despise any literature that can influence millions of minds, or solace millions of readers in a reading country. There may be conscientious delvers in the mines of thought, even in China. CONFUCIUS has already taken his place on our bookshelves, not very far from English philosophers ; and who knows but ere long lesser lights from the land of Sinim may demand recognition in the broad arena of world-thought ? Who does not recognize in the almost delirious activity of the nineteenth century, the supreme desire of the nations for "more light ?" While we have put every land, every nation, under contribution for material good, we shall not fail to share their stores of wisdom and beauty, locked up in strange tongues though they be. It is our boast to be the teachers of the world ; we are young yet, and can still afford to learn of our elders.

ETC.

As I may have occasion in these pages to advance certain opinions perhaps scarcely worthy of being dignified as the expression of plural wisdom, I shall always use the first person, singular. Generally I think the average reader is not deceived by the editorial plural. We do not, I observe, accept objectionable doctrine any the quicker for it. On the contrary, we are very apt to say: "That's Smith—everybody knows he's incited by jealousy," or "Jones got his price for that article." Perhaps Jones did; perhaps we get our price for opposing Jones' views; but that is neither here nor there. I simply meant to say that in this department of the Overland there is nothing oracular—nothing but the expression of an individuality, generally inexact, rarely positive, and certainly never authoritative.

Yet it falls to my lot at the very outset, to answer, on behalf of the publishers, a few questions that have arisen in the progress of this venture. Why, for instance, is this magazine called "The *Overland* Monthly?" It would perhaps be easier to say why it was *not* called by some of the thousand other titles suggested. I might explain how "Pacific Monthly" is hackneyed, mild in suggestion, and at best but a feeble echo of the Boston "Atlantic;" how the "West," "Wide West" and "Western" are already threadbare and suggest to Eastern readers only Chicago and the Lakes; how "Occidental" and "Chrysopolis" are but cheap pedantry, and "Sunset," "Sundown," "Hesper," etc., cheaper sentiment; how "California,"—honest and direct enough—is yet too local to attract any but a small number of readers. I might prove that there was safety, at least, in the negative goodness of our present homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Turn your eyes to this map made but a few years ago. Do you see this vast interior basin of the Continent, on which the boundaries of States and Territories are less distinct than the names of wandering Indian tribes; do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations, whose names are familiar, but of whose locality we are profoundly ignorant? Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East closer together. Do you think, O owner of Oakland and San Francisco lots, that the vast current soon to pour along this narrow channel will be always kept within the bounds you have made for it? Will not this mighty Nilus overflow its banks and fertilize the surrounding desert? Can you ticket every passenger through to San Francisco—to Oakland—to Sacramento—even to Virginia City? Shall not the route be represented as well as the *termini?* And where our people travel, that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandize, and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle inflowing current of Eastern refinement, and shall we not, by the same channel, throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?

The bear who adorns the cover may be "an ill-favored" beast whom "women cannot abide," but he is honest withal. Take him if you please as the symbol of local primitive barbarism. He is crossing the track of the Pacific Railroad, and has paused a moment to look at the coming engine of civilization and progress—which moves like a good many other engines of civilization and progress with a prodigious shrieking and puffing—and apparently recognizes his rival and his doom. And yet, leaving the symbol out, there is much about your grizzly that is pleasant. The truth should however be tested at a moment when no desire for self-preservation prejudices the observer. In his placid moments he has a stupid, good-natured, grey tranquility, like that of the hills in midsummer. I am satisfied that his unpleasant habit of scalping

with his fore paw is the result of contact with the degraded aborigine, and the effect of bad example on the untutored ursine mind. Educated, he takes quite naturally to the pole, but has lost his ferocity, which is perhaps after all the most respectable thing about a barbarian. As a cub he is playful and boisterous, and I have often thought was not a bad symbol of our San Francisco climate. Look at him well, for he is passing away. Fifty years and he will be as extinct as the dodo or dinornis.

Before this Magazine reaches the hands of some of its readers the Fourth of July, 1868, will have passed. Those who have brought their eyes uninjured out of this trying patriotic ordeal will naturally look to these pages for some allusion to the day; those who are preparing to celebrate will expect a sustained rhetorical effort, containing an allusion to the American eagle more or less distinct. Rhetoric and finely turned apostrophes are good in their way, but there is something better than that. What is the finest passage in the Declaration of Independence? It is not the premises so grandly stated; it is not any one of the terrible counts of that awful indictment against his majesty George III; it is not the dogma of equal rights, but it is the concluding sentence, wherein "we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." How windy our declamation; how tawdry and insincere our most elaborate rhetoric seems, beside the simple and majestic sincerity of this statement. It is not to the elegance of the composition, nor the perfection of the pleadings, but to this pledge alone that we owe our blessed privilege of reading it to-day. No: we will not attempt an oration. We will explode the honest cracker, we will elevate the ambitious rocket, we will let off the playful serpent, and burn our fingers in other ways, but we will not, if you please, write an oration.

WE make history too rapidly in this country, and are too accustomed to changes to notice details. In the continual ebb and flow of life in San Francisco we scarce note an absence. Men go round the world before they are missed from Montgomery street. I am afraid Belisarius would hardly find a friend when he came back, and Ulysses' dog would have been impounded. In respect of the following, Mud Flat is a type of San Francisco:

RETURNED.

So you're back from your travels, old fellow,
And you left but a twelvemonth ago;
You've hobnobbed with Louis Napoleon,
Eugenie, and kissed the Pope's toe.
By Jove, it is perfectly stunning,
Astounding—and all that, you know;
Yes, things are about as you left them
In Mud Flat a twelvemonth ago.

The boys!—They're all right—O, Dick Ashley,
He's buried somewhere in the snow;
He was lost on the Summit, last winter,
And Bob has a hard row to hoe.
You knew that he's got the consumption?
You didn't! Well, come, that's a go;
I certainly wrote you at Baden,
Dear me—that was six months ago.

I got all your outlandish letters,
All stamped by some foreign P. O.
I handed, myself, to Miss Mary
That sketch of a famous chateau.
Tom Saunders is living at 'Frisco—
They say that he cuts quite a show.
You didn't meet Euchre-deck Billy
Any where on your road to Cairo?

So you thought of the rusty old cabin—
The pines, and the valley below;
And heard the North Fork of the Yuba,
As you stood on the banks of the Po?
'Twas just like your romance, old fellow;
But now there is standing a row
Of stores on the site of the cabin
That you lived in a twelvemonth ago.

But it's jolly to see you, old fellow—
To think it's a twelvemonth ago!
And you have seen Louis Napoleon,
And look like a Johnny Crapaud.
Come in. You will surely see Mary—
You know we are married. What, no?
O, aye. I forgot there was something
Between you a twelvemonth ago.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Going to Jericho; or Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East. By John Franklin Swift. San Francisco: A Roman & Co.

The days of sentimental journeying are over. The dear, old book of travel, with its conscientious desire to instruct, its guide-book directness, its dreadful distances, and more dreadful dates; its feeble moralizing, its poetical quotations from Moore, Byron and Rogers; its one or two thrilling personal adventures, and its reminiscence of at least one noted foreign public character, is a thing of the past. Sentimental musings on foreign scenes are just now restricted to the private diaries of young and impressible ladies, and clergymen with affections of the bronchial tubes, whose hearts and mucous membranes are equally susceptible. No one dares quote John Murray except ironically; no one draws upon Childe Harold's Pilgrimage except apologetically; no one has any adventure except of a humorous or whimsical quality. They are plundered only by guides; they "stand and deliver" only bucksheesh; they are devoured only by fleas. Nor is this lack of the heroic quality as remarkable as the want of reverence. A race of good-humored, engaging iconoclasts seem to have precipitated themselves upon the old altars of mankind, and like their predecessors of the eighth century, have paid particular attention to the holy church. Mr. Howells has slashed one or two sacred pictorial canvasses with his polished rapier; Mr. Swift has made one or two neat long shots with a rifled Parrott, and Mr. Mark Twain has used brickbats on stained glass windows with damaging effect. And those gentlemen have certainly brought down a heap of rubbish. It has been said they have given nothing in return. But if they have left the indestructible; if they cleared away the extrinsic and useless, and if they opened to us a clearer view of the real edifice of christianity, we need not to sit in judgment on their motives. Beside these exuberant image-breakers—whose perfect unconsciousness of the terror they have excited in the well regulated mind is not their least charm—even Kinglake Eothen's rhetoric seems occasionaly tawdry, Curtis' sensuous elegance affected and dressy; the spectacle of good Mr. Prime with a revolver in one hand and a bible in the other is somewhat ludicrous, and too susceptible Lamartine's tears mere brine, and pickle. It is true, we have lost something. We have lost that which made Irving's Tales of a Traveler possible; which lent a nameless charm to some of Lever's earlier novels—the romance of foreign travel. We can offset Lamartine's persistent lachrymoseness by Ross Browne's persistent jocularity; Prime's bibles and revolvers, by Mark Twain's lawless humor and lyric fire; Curtis' dilettanteism by Swift's satirical and half playful materialism; and be the gainer. But we cannot afford to lose even such a book as Mackenzie's "Year in Spain"—though inferior in literary ability to any we have named.

Mr. John Franklin Swift's "Going to Jericho" is in legitimate literary succession to Howell's Venetian Life, Ross Browne's multifarious voyages, and Mark Twain's Holy Land letters. It is somewhat notable that three of these writers are Californians, and all from the west. With the exception of the first, who has an intrinsic literary merit which lifts him above comparison with any other writer of travel, Mr. Swift in some respects is superior. He is more self-restrained, and often impresses the reader with a reserved power even better than his performance. He uses his satire sparingly, not from lack of material but apparently from conscientiousness of purpose. He is rarely funny for fun's sake alone; but uses his wit only to illuminate some phase of his story, or to point a moral. He has but one wholly funny chapter in his book—and it is difficult to tell whether the exaggerations which make that humorous are intentional. They certainly are not strained—a quality which cannot be charged upon anything Mr. Swift does, and which is unfortunately a too common fault of your humorous traveler. His best things are said in a

sentence perhaps at the close of a serious paragraph—or introduced not impertinently with other matter, as an after-thought. Clever as is the chapter which describes his unavailing attempts to pass the counterfeit coins he gathered in Spain, it is not equal to the satirical audacity of his comparison of the two orders of church architecture—the Grecian and Gothic—and his suggestion that the Gothic "seemed to be designed by both art and nature to facilitate the passing of brass pistareens upon an over credulous sacerdotal order."

Mr. Swift does not impress us with much instruction, for which we are not sorry; nor much that is novel, for which perhaps the reader's familiar knowledge of the lands he visited is alone responsible. He describes a bull fight graphically—but it is not as interesting as his original suggestion that "Spanish revolutions are worked by telegraph," and that the fighting is done around the telegraph office in the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid. He has given us one pretty picture of a Spanish interior, and a street scene by night. But in going from Spain to Syria at the present day, one can touch upon little that shall be novel except in the manner of narration. Indeed, Mr. Swift seems to have been reticent where he might have expatiated; to have been merciful where we did not expect mercy; he takes us into the sherry cellars of M'Kenzie & Co., and permits us to depart without a dissertation on the vintage; he gives an humorous description of his purchases of Ottar of Rose without an account of its manufacture. He is sparing of Scriptural quotations in Jerusalem; and equally sparing of enthusiasm. People seem to have interested him more than places; incidents than scenery; and the little we gain from him about localities is contained in a few graphic touches of character. We fear that his book would hardly answer to illustrate Holy Land lectures for Sabbath Schools, or that his reminiscences of the Holy Sepulchre would inspire a new crusade. Yet he is never apparently skeptical, and if not demonstratively reverent of the Holy places, is at heart too reverent of the opinions of others, or too listless, for heresy. He humorously confesses to a desire to adopt Mohammedism as a temporary religion, out of respect to the citizens. He brings into a region of precedents and arbitrary belief, a good deal of originality and independence, and has a kind word of apology—half in fun half in earnest—for even the poor Arabs that swarm about him at the Pyramids and demand bucksheesh under the shadow of the Sphynx. Where Mark Twain works himself into a grotesque and exaggerated passion, Mr. Swift becomes as satirically sympathetic. He does not know of "over three men in America who if they were in the places of these poor fellows would act differently." He is willing to admit that if he were an Arab "no white man should get back to Cairo with a rag on his back." At Damascus, "had a massacre of the Christians taken place, it is doubtful how he would have thrown his influence." Although statements like these are calculated to erect the hair of dogmatic believers, they are the natural effect of any aggressive religious system upon the American mind, trained to the greatest religious liberty.

There is but one fault that we have to find with this pleasant volume. Mr. Swift, like all Californians, desires to be thought independent and cosmopolitan; yet like all Californians, he carries too much of California with him to be entirely free from the provincial taint. He has never altogether severed his connection with San Francisco, and "drags at each remove a lengthening chain." It may be well to note the resemblance between California and Spain; the similarity of the straits of Gibraltar and the Golden Gate; and the treeless hills that remind him so pleasantly of his own local scenery at classic Lime Point and San Pablo; for have not Californians noted the same resemblances in Syria, and indeed wherever they have carried California reminiscences? The rustic habit of detecting likenesses to "brother Dick" or "cousin Jim" in a new acquaintance, is only a more objectionable form of the same instinct. But when Mr. Swift refers jocularly to the Pacific club of San Francisco, with purely local witticisms, we are forced to believe that he is writing more for a very inconsiderable portion of humanity than becomes a cosmopolitan. It may be urged that his work is made of letters written to a local journal; but even if this were an excuse for the original offence,

which we cannot admit, he has had ample opportunity for excision. It is to be regretted the more, since the greater part of his volume is catholic enough for the interest and appetite of all readers. The severest criticism we can make is, that his talent is worthy of a larger audience than his taste has selected.

The Natural Wealth of California. By Titus Fey Cronise. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

An octavo volume of seven hundred pages devoted to the resources of California, and issued just when thousands at home and abroad are eager to obtain new facts and to read old ones, could not fail of attracting attention. Typographically the book is well done—so well that no injustice would be done if it were placed first on the list of books which have been produced on this coast.

It was impossible to write a book of this kind without drawing largely on the labors of others. Facts were wanted, and they must be taken wherever found. Sometimes they are taken without any acknowledgment, or indication of the sources from which they have been derived. Something would have been gained by citing authorities for statements made, and by a reference to authors, who, as pioneers, have done honorable service in collecting and publishing facts bearing on the material wealth of the State.

In a work which covers so much ground and includes so great a variety of topics, absolute freedom from errors was hardly to be expected. No single writer had at his command, or within reach, all the information sought. Important discoveries are made from week to week, and new facts are daily brought to light. Remote and almost inaccessible parts of the State suddenly become centres of great interest, requiring personal visits and a careful discrimination of what is mere rumor and what is sober fact.

Some of the topics, as the flora and fauna, were evidently committed to scientific writers, and in these departments there is a conciseness and accuracy of statement which meets the test of all just criticism. In other chapters there is a redundancy of statement or a recitation of unimportant facts, which serve to swell the volume without adding to its value. And yet we apprehend that this book is by far the most complete summary of facts ever given to the public concerning the resources of this State. It is the aggregating of all the local knowledge which was within reach. We are not disposed to find fault with here and there a little rubbish, when so many treasures are laid at our feet. We cannot say that in some instances a faultless taste is evinced by unduly "writing up" certain enterprises, with a preponderance of names and small facts; though it is possible that personal vanity may have been gratified thereby. All discriminating authorship must have a limit which does not so much as suggest that the pocket is of more consequence than literary reputation.

On the whole, our local pride is gratified. The book is a monument of patient industry. We are not disappointed at meeting here and there a minor imperfection; but are rather surprised that so much has been done and done so well. What a suggestive record is this of the undeveloped wealth of the State! The germ of the great Commonwealth is outlined, and an inventory is taken of its marvelous resources. We quote a paragraph from the introductory chapter:

"Yet for a community never exceeding from 400,000 to 500,000, all told, scattered over an area large enough to support 30,000,000, and beginning twenty years ago with but a handful of Caucasians, California has accomplished a great deal. If its gold product has fallen from $65,000,000 per annum to $25,000,000, its agricultural products have increased to an amount equal to half the largest gold yield ever known. The wheat crop alone for 1867 was worth nearly as much as the gold, and the surplus of this staple freighted two hundred and twenty-three ships, and reached a value of $13,000,000; while the total exports of home products, including about fifty different articles for which the State was formerly dependent on other lands, was about $17,000,000. The vintage of 1867 exceeded 3,500,000 gallons of wine and 400,000 gallons of brandy; the number of vines now growing in the State being about 25,000,000. The wool clip was 9,500,000 pounds, showing a gain of more than thirty per cent. over 1866. Silk, tobacco, hops, flax and cotton may now be ranked among the minor products that promise to be sources of profit. A silk factory and a sugar beet factory are two of the new industries being established. The manufac-

tures of the State are already estimated at $30,000,000 per annum. The best mining machinery in the Union is made here. The assessed value of real and personal property increased in 1867 about $21,000,000, running up the total taxable values of the State to some $221,000,000, and showing a gain of twenty per cent. in two years, the most prosperous years ever experienced in the State.

Seven hundred pages imperial octavo are devoted to facts like these. But only two pages are devoted to the libraries and literature of the State!—not perhaps an erroneous indication of the relation which one interest has heretofore been deemed to sustain to the other. Let us hope that since so good an account has been given of our natural wealth, something may yet worthily be written of the intellectual wealth and culture of the State. The book will go into public and private libraries as the best authority extant concerning most of the topics of which it professes to treat.

Brakespeare; or the Fortunes of a Free Lance. A novel, by the author of Guy Livingstone, Sword and Gown, Sans Merci, Maurice Dering, etc.

The admirers of this wonderful man—Mr. George Lawrence—need not look beyond the titles of the chapters of this novel, or indeed of the novel itself, to know that it is worthy of his steel. Given, a gentleman of the "thirteenth hundredth year of Grace," with the name of "Brakespeare," and we can imagine what follows. The author is sufficiently far removed into the region of pure romance to indulge now his wildest dream of muscular activity. The feats of Guy Livingstone, which, to say the least, were scarcely probable in the nineteenth century, are perfectly consistent with the thirteenth. We hear the old "dull, ominous crash;" we see "the face set as a flint stone, dark and pitiless;" we hear "the low moan of intense, half-conscious agony," and we never think of calling for the Police. For this is the fourteenth century—or as Mr. Lawrence would say—"God wot, these be parlous times." He revels not only in "gages," "corselets," "vamplates" and "habergeons," but, in the language of the period, intermixed with scraps of monkish Latin and Norman French. That he feels an intense satisfaction in speaking of a man as "a leal knight and stalwart," of saying "*pardie*," "*De par Dieu*," "*Messire*" and "*Beau Sire*," and "mine" for "my," no one acquainted with that gentleman's chivalric weakness will for a moment doubt. When we state that "Ralph Brakespeare" at the very outset of his thrilling career embraces his favorite bloodhound, feels for her heart and drives his dagger home; and when we add that he does this with his eye glistening with the tear of muscular sensibility, because he fears the dog may be lonely in his absence, we give the reader a touching idea of the moral perfections of Mr. Lawrence's hero.

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A COURT BALL AT THE PALACE OF MEXICO.

A SPECIAL object with Maximilian, in which he was earnestly seconded by the Empress, was to modify, or, as far as possible, disguise the harsh realities of a military occupation of the Mexican capital. Carlotta, therefore, caused to be inaugurated, in the winter of 1865, when the Empire was in full tide of success, a series of grand balls at the National palace, occurring once each week. They were a welcome relief to the monotony of tropical life, and were eagerly anticipated by the city belles. Invitations were issued through M. Eloin, chief of the cabinet, to whom, with Señor Negrete, master of ceremonies at the palace, was entrusted the delicate duty of gratifying or disappointing the expectant braves and gallants. Her Majesty sometimes especially designated for invitation, foreigners of whose arrival and position she had been informed; but this was not a general rule, as the particular point to be gained was the harmonizing of political sentiment in the city proper. By bringing the usually accomplished European officers into social reunion with the Mexican families, the asperities of the situation were softened, friendly intimacies formed, and a cordial understanding cultivated between the civil and military elements. The invitation, in French, was in the name of the Empress. It bore the Imperial arms, and was left at the hotel by a liveried messenger from the palace. The experienced N—— kindly suggested the habiliments for civilians, particularizing from the tip of a necktie to the white or straw-colored gloves; for one is not every day invited to the levee of an Empress, and may be pardoned for thirsting after knowledge.

"*Al palacio*," we responded, to the respectful "*Adonde, Señor?*" of the coachman; and in a few minutes we had rattled through the lava-paved streets, and pulled up, amid a crowd of conveyances, at the palace entrance. The Belgian sentinel saluted us as we passed the principal gateway, and fell in with the stream of fashionable humanity. An invitation was here tantamount to a command, and it behooved one to observe punctuality. No loiterer might hope to create a sensation by strolling

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in at a later hour than that officially specified, for their Majesties appeared promptly at nine, after which none might enter or depart. Up the stone stair-cases, and almost wafted along by the breezy rustling of silks, satins and laces, we gained the paved landing of the second floor. Hence, through sumptuously furnished apartments—the furniture brought from Europe to replace that destroyed by the retreating Juarists—and next into the immense and radiant suite of halls. A gigantic Austrian halberdier, mail-clad, helmeted and armed with the royal insignia of office of the mediæval ages, stood at the doorway. The Imperial couple had not yet been announced, and there was time to move among the array of rich dresses and uniforms, now slowly concentrating towards the "throne-room," whence royalty was soon to appear.

The National palace occupies the whole eastern side of the grand plaza. It is of stone throughout, and covers an entire square. After the cathedral—the architectural glory of Spanish America—it is the principal building of Mexico. Dating back to the Spanish Viceroys of the seventeenth century, its present improved condition is due to Maximilian, who had it thoroughly repaired, built within its walls a chapel, and made the old structure worthy its regal title. At one time four hundred artizans had constant employment in the work of restoration. It stands on the site of the palace of the aboriginal kings, and as tradition affirms, was built partly of the ruins of its Aztec predecessor.

The scene of the ball was a continuous suite of *salons*, comprising nearly the whole front of the palace. These extend, in unbroken connection, for several hundred feet; and, with their lofty ceilings and fine proportions, afford a ball-room fit indeed for an Imperial reception. The light was from innumerable wax candles, which, as the initiated assert, improves the female complexion, always suffering under the white glare of gaslight. In the midst of a rather subdued murmur of gossip, introductions, and other sounds of a fashionable gathering, there was a slight commotion for some new cause; the throngs of ladies, gradually separating, formed in something like line, while their cavaliers ranged themselves on the opposite side. Immediately the doors of the throne-room were opened, and a bevy of ladies entered; they were the Empress and her maids of honor. There was no difficulty in recognizing Carlotta, for she was a head taller than the others. Indeed, she is said to have chosen for her attendants only those of lesser stature than herself, and this at the special request of Maximilian, who, himself of lofty proportions, was always proud of the stately mien of his consort. Perhaps a little pardonable vanity may have caused her to exclude too much beauty from among her train, for very few of them possessed great personal attractions. One was a young native, a descendant of Montezuma. The Empress called upon her, and finding her an amiable, interesting person, placed her near to herself, where she remained until Carlotta's departure for Europe. The young lady, who was highly esteemed in Mexico, had the unmistakable Aztec expression and features.

The absence of the Emperor was universally remarked, and it was presently whispered that an attack of illness would prevent his appearance. Her Majesty, therefore, conducted by her master of ceremonies, and preceded and followed by her ladies, moved along the assemblage of jewelled beauty and fashion, conversing in French, German, Italian, English or Spanish, for she spoke these languages with fluency. An occasional amusing bit of nervous awkwardness in some unsophisticated Mexicana, embarrassed by the ceremony of presentation, and the imposing surroundings, brought no smile to any

courtly face; but Carlotta, with her genuine goodness of heart, almost coined words for her, and left a lasting impression of her own amiable disposition. Turning at last from the ladies, Her Majesty crossed to the gentlemen, and accompanied as before, gracefully recognized here and there some officer or diplomat, with a smile or a word of kindly greeting for each. The writer, having in charge affairs of importance to the prosperity of the Empire, was honored with a presentation. Her Majesty was sufficiently interested in the building of a line of telegraph from the Mexican capital along the Pacific coast to San Francisco to ask several intelligent questions, and to promise her special advocacy for the enterprise, a pledge which in good time she redeemed with interest. The downfall of the Empire terminated this and other beneficent projects, never, probably, to be revived until some Doctor Francia or Carera shall arise to rule Mexico with an iron hand.

Court etiquette, in verbally addressing the Empress of Mexico, required "Madame," and never "Your Majesty," a term applied to the Emperor alone. Carlotta was at this time in her twenty-fourth year. In these few moments of interview she did not seem remarkably tall, save as in immediate comparison with others, Mexican ladies being generally of small stature. An expression of hauteur, almost of disdain, which was the prevailing one with the Empress, by no means indicated the generous sensitive nature within. The abundant hair was arranged tastefully, and ornamented with a single rose. Over a dress of blue brocade, with lengthy train, was thrown a robe of costly lace, through which the hues of the material beneath were visible. A necklace of diamonds, the largest the size of a hazle-nut, was clasped around the neck, and she wore bracelets also of diamonds. Carlotta was the Empress in action and look. The dignified and rather stately step, so well suited to her station, and so perfectly natural, would have seemed affectation in another. Her voice, like that of others of her house, was not pleasing in quality, but its tones possessed that refinement peculiar to birth, education and superior natures. Up to this time, neither by word nor deed had she manifested symptoms of the insidious disease which, a few months later, developed itself. Cousin of Queen Victoria, granddaughter of Louis Phillippe, and daughter of the King of Belgium, insanity could not be traced as an inheritance from her immediate ancestors, while the finely-shaped head, and the evidence of high intellectual culture, indicated a sound and well-balanced mind. In a hotbed of gossip, such as the city of Mexico, where every phase of Imperial life was noticed, the slightest sign of mental aberration in the Empress would have flown on the wings of the wind. It was the fatal truths that she learned from the lips of Napoleon and the Pope, on her return to Europe the following summer, of their abandonment of Maximilian, that at length unseated reason from its throne.

Presentations over, the master of ceremonies and his attendants were actively engaged preparing for the formal opening of the ball, and presently the crash of a German band was the welcome signal. Far as the eye could reach down the bright vista, uniforms and rich dresses flashed and floated, multiplied everywhere in the numerous mirrors, presenting a picture not less strange than captivating. But the centre of attraction was the Empress. On the eastern side of the hall a throne had been erected, where, seated in state, and supported by her ladies, she awaited the forming of the sets. It was, of course, the privilege of royalty to select its own partner, and Ramirez, formerly an influential Liberal, but now Minister of State under the Empire, was honored with the

choice. The old gentleman was soon at fault in the intricacies of the dance, and it required all the adroitness of the imperturbable Negrete to control the consequent confusion. No one presumed even to smile, but the Empress was in a gale of laughter, while her cavalier, with gleaming spectacles and smiling face, allowed himself to be gently impelled here and there by the watchful master of ceremonies. Ramirez was a power among the Liberals, and to propitiate him was important to the Empire. All movements during the night were governed by those of the Empress. When Her Majesty arose, it was the signal for every person to stand, and the rustling of multitudinous silks was like the pleasant sound of winds in a leafy wood. After the first dance, the Empress for some time remained in conversation, when she bestowed her hand for a cotillion on a blushing attaché of the British legation. The youthful diplomat thus distinguished led forth his royal partner, to his own infinite satisfaction and evidently to that of Carlotta. Upon her being again seated, the early formalities of the ball yielded to the round dances, and the waltz, schottische and redowa were in full blast, upborne on the wind of the great orchestra, and to the compositions of Strauss, Lanner and Labitsky. The little old leader was a genuine enthusiast, with bald head and spectacles, and swelling with pride in his truly grand music. The dresses of the ladies, as they swept past the throne, sometimes whirled into the very lap of the Empress, but she seemed only the more to enjoy the excitement. Her face was suffused, and her handsome teeth, as she laughed, were visible quite across the hall. There were present perhaps a thousand persons, among them almost everybody of note or distinction in the city. Officers of several national armies were represented. The splendid trappings of the French chasseurs á pied, zouaves and tirailleurs; the black and silver trimmings of the Hungarian cavalrymen; the fine uniforms of the Austrian infantry; the Belgians, fresh-faced young fellows, newly arrived, and sporting their serviceable accoutrements; and, occasionally, one of the Garde Palatine, or a captain of the Mexican cavalry regiment "la Emperatriz;" while here and there appeared members of the new British embassy, dressed in scarlet, and flashing like meteors among the ever restless throng. At times the meeting of French and Austrian officers seemed a little awkward, especially when the former happened to be decorated with medals commemorative of Solferino and Magenta; but all old animosities were, by common consent, buried in devotion to immediate duties.

Among the adventurers who had followed the young Emperor in his romantic expedition were many titled sprigs of nobility; some the heirs to great fortunes, and others dependent on their pittance of a salary, but all alike filled with zeal for the novel service they had entered upon, and devoted to their pet the former Archduke of Austria, whose reputation as a dashing, courageous gentleman gave him in earlier days a sort of Prince Hal character, always popular when allied with good sense and generosity of spirit. When volunteers were called for from the Austrian army for the Mexican expedition, and it was found that about one-half of that body were eager to tempt Fortune with their Prince, it became necessary to select. These young officers, generally blue-eyed, handsome, faultlessly attired, and of pleasing address, were here in all their glory. They flitted gaily about, and vied successfully with the uniforms of the French. Of course, all, or nearly all, were graceful dancers, and never was there a fairer arena for exercising the accomplishment.

Celebrities, military and civil, are here by the dozens. That dignified person-

age, whose face expresses so much intelligence, is the lately-arrived Sir Peter Campbell Scarlett, the ambassador from Queen Victoria. Near by stands M. Langlais, the financial agent of Napoleon and minister of finance. Lacunza, President of the Imperial Council, is the gentleman with fine intellectual head, earnestly talking with Robles, Minister of Public Works. The old Mexican General in the distant corner, mutilated and war-worn, one would suppose rather out of place in a ball-room, but such evidently is not the opinion of the little knot of listeners who gather about the famous Uraga. Count Thun Hohenstein passes at this moment, and gaily returns the salute of the gallant Captain Tacco, of the Polish lancers, and in an instant is joined by M. Loysel, the most valuable of the Emperor's counsellors, and Count Boleslawski, one of Maximilian's Aides. Very conspicuous is the handsome Mexican Colonel Lopez, the intimate friend and protegé of Maximilian. Who could imagine that this wretch would, ere long, barter his master's life for gold? Yet this is the modern Judas who at Querétero yielded up the citadel and betrayed his royal benefactor for two thousand doubloons. That consequential, fussy, uncomfortable Belgian is M. Eloin, the Emperor's Chief of Cabinet—the marplot of the Empire, and declared enemy of all ideas of progress and enterprise. The officer chatting with those French ladies is the able military engineer, M. Bydesskutty. The Belgian Minister, M. Blondel, we all used to know in Washington, where, during several years, he filled a similar position for Leopold, his sovereign. Prince Shika, late in command at Jalapa, is recounting to the erratic and talented Charles de Barres, editor of *L' Estafette*, the details of a conflict in which the French Colonel Dupin captured and summarily executed a band of blood-stained mountain robbers; the cut-throats, as usual, trying to shield themselves under the name of "soldiers of the Republic." Escudero, Minister of Justice; Count Bombelles, Aide to the Emperor; Count Ressiguier, at one time Maximilian's confidential agent in New York; M. Castillo, who attended the Empress on her voyage to Europe; soldiers and statesmen, native and foreign; grey diplomats and lusty warriors mingle in the pageant, adorned with orders and decorations of many courts, or conspicuous in military dress, beside the money kings of Mexico, the Escandons and Barrons, in whose solid millions lay the real sinews of war. It would be tedious to enumerate one in ten of the lions. The scene was, in fact, a miniature picture of Mexican Imperial life at its best.

Mexico is the centre of fashion and wealth of the American tropics. It is not surpassed by any city in Spain in the grandeur of its public buildings and churches, and the comfort and luxury of the private dwellings. It was now a scene of gay and moving life, overflowing with population contributed from every nation and clime; money plentiful, easily gained and recklessly spent, and fashion carried to Parisian extremes. A mania for incessant amusement seemed to have possessed the wealthy classes. The city is rich in private fortunes, and it required only the stimulus of this novel European element to bring out the native families in all the pride of emulous display. A close observer could not help remarking the number of leading Mexican citizens in this throng who had evidently accepted the Imperial rule as the dawn of a new and propitious era. These included all who had anything to gain by the maintenance of peace, or property to lose by a revival of the time-honored reign of forced loans, murder and anarchy.

The ladies were by no means limited to native society, although a memorable feature was the lustrous eyes and luxuriant hair of the Mexican brunettes.

There was also an enchanting array of French and Austrian beauty. Some were loaded with jewelry, and would have seemed overdressed but for the offset of a dazzling variety of uniforms. This blending of colors in dress sometimes had the appearance of an extensive flower-garden. In diamonds, especially, the Mexican belles far outshone all European competitors. Although the Empress, from a natural desire to please, as well as for reasons of policy, often visited Mexican families in the capital, there could be little or no social intimacy between them and a woman of her superiority. In Mexico, female education, if such a thing in its legitimate sense exists, is usually confined to religious teachings. The acquirements are practically limited to the missal and breviary. Carlotta was thus thrown for companionship almost exclusively upon the few German ladies of rare accomplishments who accompanied her. But to them this mental isolation became insupportable, and, one after another, they returned to Europe. The Countess Zichy was among the last to go, and at length there remained only the Baroness Magdebourg, who would read for hours to the Empress, and was ever her faithful, confidential friend. Madame Arigunaga was rather an acquaintance than the companion of Her Majesty. A more intimate associate was Madame del Barrio, who was with Carlotta during her journey to Europe, and attended her at Rome, where unmistakable insanity first revealed itself. Among the "ladies of the palace" were also the Marchioness de Vicanco, the Countess del Valle, and among the Mexican ladies especially, Mesdames Aguilar, de Pardo, Adalid, de Velasco, Uraga, Salas and Navarro. The Empress was a devoted student. At the country retreat of Cuernavaca, where she passed several months, she applied herself to acquiring the Indian languages, which she thought must be eventually useful in governing a country composed so largely of the aboriginal element. She also prepared an account of her journey with Maximilian earlier in the year to Guadalajara. It was in French, written in a sprightly narrative style, and evinced undoubted talent, especially in the descriptions of tropical scenery. Although intended for publication, it was never printed. The manuscript, which the present writer was permitted to read, was in a neat regular hand, and had but few erasures. It is believed that the Empress, however ambitious and devoted to the success of the Empire, saw but little real happiness in Mexico. Companionship with the native ladies was out of the question. She was in a mental famine among these languid automatons, who answered only in monosyllables, and could converse on no topic above the gossip of the neighborhood.

To gaze upon this reunion, one might well believe that the Empire was a fixed fact. The Imperial arms had been everywhere successful, and the greater part of the country, save by the bands of robbers—forever the curse of Mexico—had acquiesced in the rule of the Austrian Prince. At this gathering of the wealth, intelligence and refinement of the capital, were ambassadors accredited from every great Power in Europe. Only the Marquis de Montholon, the French Minister, was absent; for coming events were already casting their shadows, and Napoleon had even thus early decided to withdraw his support, impelled thereto by Maximilian's independent spirit, his famous decree, guaranteeing—good Catholic as he was—perfect freedom of religious worship, contrary to the mandate of the Pope, continuing the policy of the Liberals, and setting his face against the anti-progressive Church party, although it was by them that he had been originally invited to Mexico. The prospect of a war in Europe, in which France might become involved, also had its weight in

hastening the abandonment of an enterprise which deprived Napoleon of forty thousand of his best troops. Besides, the Mexican expedition, from its enormous expensiveness, was unpopular in France; and finally, Mr. Seward was incessantly scolding at Drouyn de l' Huys in voluminous diplomacy from Washington. Every consideration counseled a withdrawal, but as yet, only mutterings of the approaching storm were heard. Maximilian, confident in his own pure motives, and judging Mexicans from his own elevated standpoint, had decided resolutely to remain, even if deprived of the French Emperor's assistance, and cultivate by every means friendly relations with the great Republic of the North. Marshal Bazaine, probably taking his cue from Paris, carefully absented himself from these reunions, although members of his staff and other French officers were generally present. The sentiment, however, between the Emperor and the French military commander was fast verging towards the mutual dislike which presently ripened into nonintercourse and positive hostility. But at this moment harmony prevailed, at least to all outward appearances. No cloud as yet obscured the horizon, and it seemed appropriate that the establishment of order in distracted Mexico should be attended with becoming festivities.

Occasionally a few friends would quietly put aside the window drapery, pass out upon the balconies overlooking the plaza, and for awhile enjoy the delicious coolness of the night. Floods of light and the melodious strains of music reached the outer stillness, and for hours had detained a throng beneath the palace windows. The night was cloudless, and the moon at its full shed a silver sheen over the ancient tropical city. The dome and towers of the cathedral—the largest, and probably the oldest church in the western world—stood in sharp outline against the starry heavens, a memorial of the history of this land of wondrous wealth, ghastly crime and romantic adventure. Reared on the site of the principal temple of the Aztec gods, its foundations consist partly of idols thrown there in heaps by the monks and priests of the sixteenth century, the heathen abominations being thus at last converted, as the pious padres assert, to the uses of the true cross. We puffed our cigaritos in meditative silence, and yielded to the witching influence of the hour. The advent of this Hapsburg Prince, the lineal descendant of Charles V, who once ruled over the vast Spanish domain in the Old and New World—was it not a chapter as interesting, an event as strange, as any that followed the deeds of Cortes? The great captain, in the service of the royal ancestor of Maximilian, put to death the last of the Aztec monarchs. What if the Indian Juarez should, by some now inconceivable turn of fortune, conquer and crush this descendant of the destroyer of his own race three centuries and a half ago? It was a dream, dissolving into thin air, like the smoke wreaths of the cigarito, and yet the vision was soon more than realised.

Turning again to the scene within, we found the whirlwind of dance subsiding. Soon the Empress arose, a shawl was thrown over her shoulders by Count Boleslawski, who led the way, escorting Her Majesty, and followed by fair ladies and gallants to a spacious *salon* decorated with flowers, where the tables were loaded with all that the most refined French culinary art could suggest. The conversation became general after all had raised their glasses in response to the silent salutation of Her Majesty. Were it not encroaching on the sacred domain of the great Jenkins, one might venture to particularize. But although these are flitting reminiscences of the past—of events now a part of history—it were better to glide quickly over minor details. Suffice it that all was

superb; regal in fact not less than in name. The Juarists had of course pillaged the palace on their flight from the city, and everything had been supplied anew from Europe; a change, however, which the fastidious Emperor would have ordered under any circumstances. Nothing could be in more exquisitely good taste than the *coup d'œil* here presented. Candelabras of wax candles formed a glittering perspective along the tables. The delicate Sévres porcelain bore the Imperial arms of Mexico, as did also the silver service, which shone far and wide in rich profusion. The servants were in palace liveries of scarlet and white. The wines were from an entire cargo which the Emperor had ordered from Europe. They were jocosely said to be a part of His Majesty's machinery of government; and none who had once tasted, ever forgot their flavor, or questioned the good judgment of whoever made the selection. After the Empress and ladies had retired to the ball-room, the experienced gourmands continued the siege in a more deliberate and scientific manner. Ah, that was "revelling in the Halls of the Montezumas" in good earnest! Bald-headed epicurean diplomats from southern and central Europe hobnobbed blandly with bearded officers of the Polish lancers. The guttural of the Hungarian hussar mingled with the liquid Italian in professions of eternal friendship. Mexican statesmen, who had served under a dozen Presidents in as many years, gravely exchanged opinions with Gauls and Teutons on the stability of political institutions in general, while youthful attachés of various legations, heedful of the delicate wines and good cheer, improved the shining hour, and meanwhile solved complicated questions of state with the intuition of budding genius.

Again to the ball-room, where the dancing had already been renewed. Into the small hours it was carried, until the retiring of Her Majesty was taken as the signal for a general shawling and cloaking and ordering of carriages. Down the stone stairways the throngs of fashion slowly pressed towards the outer air. The gigantic halberdier glared through his unclosed vizor as we passed. Expectations of huge feeding, soon to be realized, seemed to play across his mighty features. The night was resplendent, and the city hushed in silence, save when the sound of some distant bell echoed in the deserted streets, or the drawling "Alerto!" of a municipal watchman was faintly heard from afar. Parting salutations were exchanged, hotels reached, and the drowsy god courted even as the Indian market-girls from the chinampas of Lake Chalco commenced unloading their baskets of flowers beneath the windows, and the first blush of dawn tinted the eastern horizon.

ART BEGINNINGS ON THE PACIFIC.

II.

THE year 1862 is notable in the modest Art annals of San Francisco for the first appearance of a number of painters, who have since done much to increase public taste for the fine arts, and who have laid the foundations of a promising local school. Foremost among these we may rank J. B. Wandesforde, a cultivated English artist, who was a pupil in his boyhood of Varley, the father of English water colorists, later of Le Capelaine, and always of nature; traveling a great deal in many parts of the world, always observantly sketching, and thus acquiring that readiness and accuracy as a draughtsman which still distinguish him. Mr. Wandesforde came to America in 1850, making his home in New York, where he painted both in oil and water color, exhibited at the National Academy, became one of the earliest members of the Century Club, and established a good reputation. His water color portraits and landscapes were especially admired for purity of color and gracefulness of form and sentiment. After coming to San Francisco he was employed mostly in portraiture and teaching for several years. During the past two years he has given much attention to landscape studies, both in oil and water colors, and has made sketching tours to the Shasta and Trinity mountains, to Clear Lake and adjacent Coast Range sites, to Mount Diablo, and to the summit lakes and valleys of the Sierra Nevada. He has produced the most satisfactory views of Mount Shasta and Mount Diablo we have seen. A large water color of the former is probably the finest single mountain piece produced here by any artist. A fine piece in water color, with a pot of violets, is worthy of Hunt. Mr. Wandesforde's studies of California mountain and lake scenery are extremely faithful. His method in all his works is conscientious. He has exerted an excellent influence on several young artists here, and both as painter and tutor is doing much to popularize Art.

S. M. Brookes, who is also an Englishman, (though he resided in the West as early as 1833, where he painted thirty portraits for the Wisconsin Historical Society) is distinguished for his still life subjects, which would be admired anywhere. Thomas Hill, a young artist of merit who obtained most of his tuition in this State, displayed much ability while here from 1862 to 1866, and produced some of the best views of California scenery executed by any painter. He caught more happily than others the peculiarly delicate purple and lilac tints of our scenery, and the tender atmospheric effects which so enhance its beauty. There were breadth and boldness in his pictures, with much incident. He introduced figures and animals with capital effect. He made a striking success, considering the difficulties in the way of a first undertaking, with a picture representing the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice*, suggested by the performances in this city of Charles Kean and wife. This picture was sold to the California Art Union for $700 in gold. Mr. Hill has been to Europe since he left California, and is now in Boston, where he is said to be quite successful. He has lately finished a large view of Yosemite, from original sketches in color on the spot, for which he asks $10,000. He executed many large scenic pictures for public houses in

this city, but his smaller works are best done and most admired. He also executed some portraits which were finely colored, especially those of women and children.

Virgil M. Williams, a son-in-law of William Page, the distinguished New York painter, and a friend of Hill, was here about the same time, and has also returned east. He is a gentleman of fine culture and intelligence, and excelled in small, elaborately finished Italian scenes and figures, though he did some very good landscapes. He came here under the auspices of R. B. Woodward, in whose well known Art Gallery at Woodward's Gardens are many of his pictures painted in Italy and California. He selected numerous fine pictures by other painters, European and American, for Mr. Woodward, and after coming here made the designs for and superintended the arrangement of that gentleman's tasteful grounds, gallery and museum, which now form an agreeable and refining place of public resort.

In 1864 Albert Bierstadt came to California, accompanied by Fitzhugh Ludlow. Hill and Williams were of his party when he visited Yosemite, and all took sketches there at the same time. Bierstadt's subsequent paintings have probably done more than all written descriptions to give persons abroad an adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty of that wonderful gorge, whose granite precipices rise from 3,000 to 4,400 feet above the valley, and whose waterfalls make leaps of 500 to 1,500 feet clear, losing themselves in spray on the bosom of the air, or tossing like veils of lace on the breeze. The striking merit of Bierstadt in his treatment of Yosemite, as of other western landscapes, lies in his power of grasping distances, handling wide spaces, truthfully massing huge objects, and realizing splendid atmospheric effects. The success with which he does this, and so reproduces the noblest aspects of grand scenery, filling the mind of the spectator with the very sentiment of the original, is the proof of his genius. There are others who are more literal, who realize details more carefully, who paint figures and animals better, who finish more smoothly; but none except Church, and he in a different manner, is so happy as Bierstadt in the treatment of the heroic style of landscapes peculiar to America. Some of his smallest oil sketches in Yosemite give a better idea of its vast dimensions than even the superb photographs of Watkins, or the most carefully finished paintings of other artists.

The visit of such a painter to our shores, though only for a brief period, naturally stimulated resident artists, professional and amateur, and the effects have been good, though they were first visible in a violent outbreak of Yosemite views, good, bad and indifferent. Indeed, there are still some of our local Art students who persist in crude attempts to realize, mostly from photographs, the magnificent features of those soaring cliffs that have made Yosemite world-famous. They will do well to cease aping the heroic. More modest themes will better educate their powers, and lead to comparatively better results. There is danger of having a little too much of even such a good thing as Yosemite. In Art, as in all other vocations, it is well to "aim high;" but 3,000 or 4,000 feet perpendicular is, to borrow a western provincialism "going it rather too steep" for beginners. Better study thoroughly a small mass of picturesque rock, covered with moss or vines, or different vegetable forms in detail, or little bits of woodland and water scenery —whatever, in short, goes to make up the nearest objects in a big view. Such studies will give mastery of touch in larger work, and enable him who has it harmoniously to finish his more ambitious pictures and to make them characteristic in general as well as in particular aspects.

But to return to our narrative. Another of the painters of 1862 was E. W. Perry, who returned to New York in 1865, after a professional trip to the Sandwich Islands and Salt Lake, painting the royal family and the big crater at the former, and several of the "Latter Day Saints" at the latter. He did portraits and *genre* subjects here, and made some Chinese studies that were good specimens of realistic painting. *Putnam's Magazine* describes his qualities when it says: "He is a careful student, without much imagination, but surpassed by few in the power of rendering details without destroying breadth."

In the Memoir of John S. Hittell occurs this statement: "Mlle. Petetin, a French historical painter of much ability and thorough artistic education, spent about six months in the State in 1862, but not finding any patronage for such works as she was accustomed to paint, she returned to her native land." The same writer mentions a Mr. Fehnderich, who took crayon portraits of great excellence prior to the year 1863, and who we believe is still following his profession in this city. Mrs. H. M. Gibson, a year later, exhibited a crayon portrait of Thomas Starr King which was not only admirably drawn, but was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Bellows, who was then here, quite the best portrait of Mr. King he had seen. Miss Swain also executed some good crayon heads. Another lady of much artistic merit, about the same time, was Mrs. Matthieu, who executed water-color pieces of fruit, flowers and vegetables that were especially good. Mrs. McHenry, Miss Romanes, and perhaps other ladies, are now engaged here in portrait, fruit and flower-painting either in oil or water color, and the number of female amateurs is quite large.

During the long period in review there had generally been several engravers and lithographers at work in San Francisco. The first wood engraver was an individual named Hyatt, who did some cuts early in 1849. Harrison Eastman arrived in September 1849, and has continued in the business of engraving and designing, with slight interruptions, ever since. He is a careful workman and clever draughtsman, and has contributed to a number of illustrated papers and magazines which have been published here at various times, including *Hutchings' Magazine* and the *Weekly Wide West*. He engraved Nahl's designs for Dr. Scott's *Giant Judge*, and some of the designs of the same artist for Theodore Hittell's life of Adams, the Grizzly Bear Tamer. He drew some of the designs for the *Annals of San Francisco*, which were engraved in New York. He was associated at different times with nearly all the best wood engravers who have been here; such as Herrick, who was also a fair draughtsman, Armstrong, Anthony, Keith and Van Vleck. Thomas Armstrong was an English artist of great ability, who contributed to the London *Illustrated News* and *Book of British Birds*. He came here from Australia in 1851 or 1852. Two years afterwards he started a weekly paper called *The Illustrated News*, giving original and local subjects from his own drawings; but the paper was a failure, like several similar experiments by other parties during subsequent years. He died six or seven years ago. Hyatt died in 1855. G. P. Heustis, another early engraver, who did comic cuts, died in 1860. Pascal Loomis is an excellent engraver. He has latterly abandoned the business for minstrelsy. E. L. Barber, George H. Baker, T. C. Boyd, and Samuel T. Baker have also been, as some of them still are, in the business here. Durbin Van Vleck is one of the best known wood engravers and draughtsmen in the city, and has been associated with Keith. It may be said, however, that there have been few opportunities for really fine work in this line of art. Some of the

lithography done here, by Britton & Rey and L. Nagel, is equal to any done in New York, and embraces a wide variety of original designs of an art character, illustrating the scenery, the history and the biography of California. Several clever caricaturists, from poor "Phœnix" down to E. Jump, who is now engaged on Leslie's illustrated paper, have furnished many laughable subjects for both engravers and lithographers. Jump especially was a popular caterer to public amusement for the last half dozen years. Although his drawings were sometimes quite faulty, he had considerable grotesque humor, and hit promptly all the follies and sensations of the day. Photography may be mentioned as a handmaid of the fine arts, for the transcripts of scenery, architecture and art objects which it furnishes, are often valuable as guides and suggestors. The clear atmosphere of California is extremely favorable to landscape photography, and Watkins has made a wide reputation by his splendid series of large views in the Yosemite Valley. A new series along the Columbia River, recently taken, is equally fine.

In 1864 our resident artists had the best opportunity which had ever been presented to come into close relations with the public. The Mechanics' Institute, which held that year its first Fair since 1858, erected an addition to the main exhibition building, ninety by ninety-five feet in size, divided into four compartments and provided with every convenience for an art display as a separate and honored department. The walls were covered with paintings, drawings, sketches, photographs and engravings, and for several weeks the rooms were thronged night and day. Several fine foreign works were in the list. Among the contributors of local works were a majority of the best artists named in this article. The original landscape, *genre*, still-life, marine and portrait subjects from their hands, in oil, water color, pencil and india ink, numbered several hundreds, and included many sterling pieces. The display was full of interest and promise. It led to the sale of many good pictures, and elicited commissions for more. The marine paintings mentioned were chiefly by G. J. Denny, a gentleman who made a local reputation in that line which he still maintains. When he chooses to do his best his pictures are full of spirit and naturalness. His themes are found in our coast and bay scenery, which he has explored industriously. He was lately sketching at the Sandwich Islands. Fortunato Arriola also exhibited at the Fair of 1864. His portraits were among the best in the gallery, and were remarkable for attention to detail and successsful minor effects. Since then he has painted many Californian and Mexican landscapes and water views, sometimes faulty in drawing or color, but always notable for careful manipulation, for some peculiar beauty of land or sky, for nice attention to details, or for brilliant tints. Recent tropical scenes by this artist have been much and deservedly admired. They show great power in the treatment of moonlight water effects and torrid heats.

In the exhibition of 1864 we catch a distinct glimpse of efforts in sculpture, carving and the plastic arts. P. J. Devine, who had been formerly known for several years by his plaster busts of eminent men, exhibited a life-size child's head in California white marble, which was well modeled, finally chiseled, and full of natural expression. He has since executed a number of similar heads, his latest work in marble being a bust of Broderick for the monument on Lone Mountain, which is somewhat idealized as a portrait, but very well modeled and vigorously rendered. There were plaster busts and figures from several other persons of more or less merit. A few years before Charles Ostner, a German, had exhibited a graceful marble fount and a statuette of General Sutter, which

showed much ability and were both cut from native marble, which by the experiments of Ostner, Devine and others has been proved well adapted to sculpture and ornamental uses. Ostner will be remembered by old residents for a plaster head of James King of Wm., executed in 1856 after his murder. Pietro Mezzara has been known here for twelve years by his delicate skill as a cameo cutter, and his occasional busts and statuettes. A colossal statue of Lincoln, executed by him in plaster, was exhibited at the Fair of 1865, and afterwards presented to the city and placed in front of the Lincoln School House, where it still stands, holding forth the immortal proclamation of freedom and expressing a kind of rude majesty in spite of the awkward treatment of modern costume. W. B. Gleason exhibited in 1864 some exquisitely carved California quails and doves in wood.

In January, 1865, a serious effort was made to establish a permanent Art Gallery in San Francisco. By this time there were about thirty professional artists in the city. Portraiture was no longer the chief reliance of all, for many like Nahl, Butman, Hill, Williams, Perry, Denny, Arriola, Brooks, and some of less merit, were receiving frequent commissions for landscape, *genre* and still-life subjects. Elegant homes were multiplying and in many of them were to be found small collections of paintings and pieces of choice marble bearing distinguished American and European names. Some of our wealthy men of taste assisted to organize an Art Union. The Governor of the State was its President, our most celebrated Banker its Treasurer, and among the Trustees were several other "solid men." The object was declared to be the cultivation of the fine arts and the elevation of popular taste. The plan of operation was like that of similar institutions abroad. A small gallery was rented on the principal street of the city. When first opened to the public it contained one hundred and thirty oil paintings, fifty of which were by resident artists. It became immediately popular. The receipts from admission tickets and subscriptions aggregated nearly $1400 within a month. At the end of three months the memberships numbered five hundred and the visitors were more numerous than ever before. New pictures were continually exhibited, several sales being effected. The press began to indulge in frequent Art criticism. The home pictures were unusally meritorious and varied in subject. The grand or tender features of California scenery were depicted from Yosemite to Mount Shasta. Among the Atlantic-side artists represented at different times, were Gilbert Stuart, Rembrandt Peale, Sully, Durand, Church, Bierstadt, Cropsey, Read, James Hart, W. T. Richards, Bellows, Coleman, Sontagg, Gifford, Rothermel, Eastman, Johnson, Moran, Beard, Weir, Howes, and others. Among the foreign pictures, besides several good copies after Murillo, Reubens, Carraci and Guido, were originals by Raphael Mengs, Rosa di Savoli, Vernet the elder, Sebastian Canca, Meyherheim, Verbackhoven, Koekoek, Jacobsen, Wouvermans, Jacob, Moeslagen, Wunderoth, etc. With good management the California Art Union might have been continued in a modest way to the present time, but it died at the end of its first year. It was a mistake to keep a collection open through many months. The public interest fell off, new pictures were not forthcoming rapidly enough, and private owners recalled the best for their own enjoyment. Then the promise to present each subscriber with a large photographic copy of Hill's *Merchant of Venice* could not be kept. Only a few paintings were distributed as prizes, and the majority who got nothing were dissatisfied. Had the effort been only to have an exhibition for say three months in each year, to sell original works on commission, and to distribute only prizes,

there could have been a permanent success achieved. As it is, we have had no more public Art displays, except in charitable or industrial fairs, in auction saloons, or in print shops. But these last have become a marked feature of the city on its three principal streets. They furnish the modest galleries in which our resident artists exhibit their latest productions, which are as regularly noticed in the press as the best things in the shop galleries of Goupil and Schaus by the press of New York.

About once in every quarter Mr. Duncan holds an auction of California pictures. If the artists would always do their best for the public sales, as they did at the last in June, they would find enhanced profit and reputation. Fortune and fame are to be won only by assiduous courting and conscientious labor. Taste for Art is spreading rapidly here, and the number who will buy poor pictures is smaller every year. Many fine paintings, engravings, drawings, bronzes, and a few good marbles have been imported, and Art is becoming fashionable. Among the finest things here, besides those referred to above, are Vanderlyn's famous *Marius*, for which he received the gold medal of the French Institute fifty years ago; an original Jan Steen; a genuine Guercino; a reputed Rubens, and marbles by Powers, Hart and Story. Within a year or two past Nast's *Marching through Georgia* and Bierstadt's *Crossing the Plains* have been brought here by an enterprising Art Agency and profitably exhibited. Excellent chromos are multiplying, which are more pleasing than poor originals. The resident artist must therefore do his best always if he would make a name and command lucrative patronage.

Among the painters who now regularly exhibit in this city, besides Nahl, Wandesforde, Brooks, Bush, Burgess, Shaw, and others of the older artists, are a number of new names, mostly young men of Californian culture and inspiration, in whom we recognize the beginnings of a distinctive local school. F. Gutierrez is a Mexican, and a graduate of the Academy of San Carlos, in the City of Mexico, where there are one or two collections of valuable ancient and modern pictures, and where he copied to great advantage without slavishly imitating some of the biblical painters of the middle ages. His portraits are remarkable for vigor and variety, both in drawing and coloring. His compositions show much imagination. He has gone to study awhile in Rome. Arriola is also a Mexican, and contemplates a trip to Europe. William Keith, a Scotchman by birth, a good wood engraver, and one of our best water-colorists in landscapes, has lately given evidence of astonishing capacity in oil. His studies of San Mateo scenery — in twilight and in storm — show remarkable power, fidelity and sentiment. His atmospheres are luminous. His woods have depth and richness. His coloring is full of the finest feeling. He imbues his pictures with poetry. All that he needs is patient study of detail, more attention to individuality of vegetable forms, more careful manipulation of foregrounds. He is now absent on a sketching trip to Oregon. He has designed and engraved tasteful illustrations for two volumes of poetry published in this city. William Marple is a thoughtful, pains-taking artist, who has been quite successful in a variety of well-chosen Californian views, and whose recent studies of Summit Lake scenes are full of truth and tender beauty. He began his original studies among the tawny foot-hills of El Dorado County, only two years ago, and has since made great progress. H. G. Holdredge, whose culture is also entirely Californian, has decided character and feeling, and gives much promise of future excellence. E.

Narjot has produced many characteristic illustrations of border life and battle scenes in Mexico and Arizona, and a good portrait of Stella Bonheur. Others of our painters might take the hint from Nahl and Narjot of studying in the rich field of figure compositions afforded by the picturesque aboriginal and mixed races of this coast. Butler, an artist of much ability, who went from San Francisco to study in Paris, returned to fight for the Union, lost an arm in the war and came back here to paint with his left hand, has lately produced some portraits, figures and animals which show great freshness and vigor. He has great truthfulness as a colorist, and a portrait of a young girl by him is full of dreamy, tender beauty. H. O. Young, another learning artist of home culture, has done some clever landscapes. Herr Merk is the latest arrival from abroad, and has shown excellent work in oil and crayon. There are several others here, amateurs or beginners, who paint portraits and landscapes, who need not be enumerated. The works of the younger artists we have named are full of promise. It is a gratifying and creditable fact that they have all been taking the hints which lie at their very thresholds in our own beautiful State, with whose rare scenery they seem to be laudably ambitious to link their names.

Success in an ambition of this sort is the best success, and it will be the one easiest of achievement to all those who labor in the true artist spirit, who make of Art not a trade, but a passion; who, while painting Californian scenery, grasp not its outlines merely, filling them with the color, tone and details of another clime, or with merely conventional strokes, but catch its own atmosphere and sentiment, absorb and reproduce its distinctive individuality. They will be more successful as they approach more nearly this standard in the pursuit of their beautiful art, in a land where they monopolize the first handling of themes that shall hereafter be the inspiration of many a picture, poem and story known to all the world. It is their high privilege to first translate the meanings that lurk in all the exquisite tints and shapes of our unhackneyed scenery, to inspire love for the virgin land that was sought from avarice, and to help elevate the tastes of its people. This noble opportunity must be approached in no sordid spirit, and in saying this, we invite the young artist to no prospect of penury, for in his vocation it is truer than in any other, that the devotion and truth and feeling which go to make the noblest success, command with that success the solid recompense that brings comfort and independence.

A CALIFORNIAN ABROAD—A FEW PARISIAN SIGHTS.

We went to see the Cathedral of Notre Dame. We had heard of it before. We recognized the brown old Gothic pile in a moment; it was like the pictures. We stood at a little distance, and changed from one point of observation to another, and gazed long at its lofty square towers and its rich front, clustered thick with stony, mutilated saints who had been looking calmly down from their perches for ages. The Patriarch of Jerusalem stood under them in the old days of chivalry and romance, and preached the third crusade, more than six hundred years ago; and since that day they have stood there and looked quietly down upon the most thrilling scenes, the grandest pageants, the most extraordinary spectacles that have grieved or delighted Paris. These battered and broken-nosed old fellows saw many and many a cavalcade of mail-clad knights come marching home from Holy Land; they heard the bells above them toll the signal for the St. Bartholomew's Massacre, and they saw the slaughter that followed; later, they saw the Reign of Terror, the carnage of the Revolution, the overthrow of a king, the coronation of two Napoleons, the christening of the young prince that lords it over a regiment of servants in the Tuilleries to-day; and they may possibly continue to stand there until they see the Napoleonic dynasty swept away, and the banners of a great Republic floating above its ruins. I wish these old fellows could speak. They could tell a tale worth the listening to.

They say that a Pagan temple stood where Notre Dame now stands, in the old Roman days, eighteen or twenty centuries ago—remains of it are still preserved in Paris; and that a Christian church took its place about A.D. 300; another took the place of that in A.D. 500; and that the foundations of the present cathedral were laid about A.D. 1100. The ground ought to be measurably sacred by this time, one would think. One portion of this noble old edifice is suggestive of the quaint fashions of ancient times. It was built by Jean Sans-Peur, Duke of Burgundy, to set his conscience at rest—he had assassinated the Duke of Orleans. Alas! those good old times are gone, when a murderer could wipe the stain from his name and soothe his troubles to sleep, simply by getting out his bricks and mortar, and building an addition to a church.

The portals of the great western front are bisected by square pillars. They took the central one away, in 1852, on the occasion of thanksgivings for the reinstitution of the Presidential power—but very soon they had occasion to reconsider that motion and put it back again!

We loitered through the grand aisles for an hour or two, staring up at the rich stained glass windows embellished with blue, and yellow, and crimson saints and martyrs, and trying to admire the numberless great pictures in the chapels; and then we were admitted to the sacristy, and shown the magnificent robes which the Pope wore when he crowned Napoleon I; a wagon-load of solid gold and silver utensils, used in the great public processions and ceremonies of the church; some nails of the true cross, a fragment of the cross itself, and part of the crown of thorns. We had already seen a large piece of the true cross in a church at the Azores, but no nails. They showed us likewise the bloody robe that the Archbishop of Paris wore who exposed his sacred person and braved the wrath of the insurgents of

1848 to mount the barricades and hold aloft the olive branch of peace in the hope of stopping the slaughter. His noble effort cost him his life. He was shot dead. They showed us a cast of his face taken after death, the bullet that killed him, and the two vertebræ in which it was lodged. These people have a somewhat singular taste in the matter of relics. Our guide told us that the silver cross which the good Archbishop wore at his girdle was seized and thrown into the Seine, where it lay imbedded in the mud for fifteen years, and then an angel appeared to a priest and told him where to dive for it; that he *did* dive for it, and got it, and now it is there on exhibition at Notre Dame, to be inspected by anybody who feels an interest in inanimate objects of miraculous intervention.

Next we went to visit the Morgue, that horrible receptacle for the dead who die mysteriously by violence, or by other unknown ways. We stood before a grating and looked through into a room which was hung all about with the clothing of dead men; coarse blouses water-soaked; the delicate garments of women and children; patrician vestments, hacked and stabbed, and stained with red; a hat that was crushed and bloody. On a slanting stone lay a drowned man, naked, swollen, purple; clasping the fragment of a broken bush with a grip which death had so petrified that human strength could not unloose it—mute witness of the last despairing effort to save the life that was doomed beyond all help. A stream of water trickled ceaselessly over the hideous face. We knew that the body and the clothing were there for identification by friends, but still we wondered if anybody could love that repulsive object or grieve for its loss. We grew meditative, and wondered if, some forty years ago, when the mother of that ghastly thing was dandling it upon her knee, and kissing it and petting it, and displaying it with satisfied pride to the passers-by, a prophetic vision of this dread ending ever flitted through her brain. I half-feared that the mother, or the wife, or a brother of the dead man might come while we stood there: but nothing of the kind occurred. Men and women came, and some looked eagerly in pressing their faces against the bars; others glanced carelessly at the body, and turned away with a disappointed look—people, I thought, who live upon strong excitements, and who attend the exhibitions of the Morgue regularly, just as other people go to see theatrical spectacles every night.

One night we went to the celebrated *Jardin Mabille*, but I only staid a little while. I wanted to see some of this kind of Paris life, however, and therefore, the next night, we went to a similar place of entertainment in a great garden in the suburb of Asnieres. We went to the railroad depot toward evening, and our guide got tickets for a second-class carriage. Such a perfect jam of people I have not often seen—but there was no noise, no disorder, no rowdyism. Some of the women and young girls that entered the train I knew to be of the *demi-monde*, but others we were not at all sure about.

The girls and women in our carriage behaved themselves modestly and becomingly all the way out, except that they smoked. When we arrived at the garden in Asnieres, we paid a franc or two admission, and entered a place which had flower-beds in it, and grass plots, and long, curving rows of ornamental shrubbery, with here and there a secluded bower convenient for eating ice-cream in. We moved along the sinuous gravel-walks, with the great concourse of girls and young men, and suddenly a domed and filagreed white temple, starred over and over and over again with brilliant gas-jets, burst upon us like a fallen sun. Near by was a large, handsome house, with its ample front illuminated in the

same way, and above its roof floated the star-spangled banner of America!

"Well!" I said; "how is this?" It nearly took my breath away.

Our guide said an American—a New Yorker—kept the place, and was carrying on quite a stirring opposition to the *Jardin Mabille.*

Crowds, composed of both sexes and nearly all ages, were frisking about the garden or sitting in the open air in front of the flag-ship and the temple, drinking wine and coffee, or smoking. The dancing had not begun yet. Our guide said there was to be an exhibition. The famous Blondin was going to perform on a tight rope in another part of the garden. We went thither. Here the light was dim, and the masses of the people were pretty closely packed together. And now I made a mistake which any donkey might make, but a sensible man never. I committed an error which I find myself repeating every day of my life. Standing right before a young lady, I said,

"Oh, Dan, just look at this girl, how beautiful she is!"

"I thank you more for the evident sincerity of the compliment, sir, than for the extraordinary publicity you have given to it!"

This in good, pure English.

We took a walk, but my spirits were very, very sadly dampened. I did not feel right comfortable for some time afterward. Why *will* people be so stupid as to suppose themselves the only foreigners among a crowd of ten thousand persons?

But Blondin came out shortly. He appeared on a stretched cable, far away above the sea of tossing hats and handkerchiefs, and in the glare of the hundreds of rockets that whizzed heavenward by him he looked like a mere insect. He balanced his pole and walked the length of his rope—two or three hundred feet; he came back and got a man and carried him across; he returned to the centre and danced a jig; next he performed some gymnastic and balancing feats too perilous to afford a pleasant spectacle; and he finished by fastening to his person a thousand Roman candles, Catherine wheels, serpents and rockets of all manner of brilliant colors, setting them on fire all at once, and walking and waltzing across his rope again in a blinding blaze of glory that lit up the garden and the people's faces like a great conflagration at midnight.

The dance had begun, and we adjourned to the temple. Within it was a drinking saloon, and all around it was a broad, circular platform for the dancers. I backed up against the wall of the temple, and waited. Twenty sets formed, the music struck up, and then—they were dancing the renowned *Can-can!* A handsome girl in the set before me tripped forward lightly to meet the opposite gentleman—tripped back again, grasped her dress vigorously on both sides with her hands, raised them to a considerable elevation, danced an extraordinary jig that had more activity and exposure about it than any jig I ever saw before, and then, drawing her clothes still higher, she advanced gaily to the centre, and lauched a vicious kick full at her *vis-a-vis* that must infallibly have removed his nose if he had been nine feet high. It was a mercy he was only six. That is the *Can-can.* The idea of it is to dance as wildly, as noisily, as furiously as you can; expose yourself as much as possible, if you are a woman; and kick as high as you can, no matter which sex you belong to. There is no word of exaggeration in this. Any of the staid, respectable, aged people who were there that night can testify to the truth of that statement. There were a good many such people present. I suppose French morality is not of that straight-laced description which is shocked at trifles.

I moved aside, and took a general view of the *Can-can.* Shouts, laughter,

furious music, a bewildering chaos of darting and intermingling forms, stormy jerking and snatching of gay dresses, bobbing heads, flying arms, lightning flashes of white-stockinged calves and dainty slippers in the air, and then a grand final rush, riot, a terrific hubbub and a wild stampede! Heavens! Nothing like it has been seen on earth since trembling Tam O'Shanter saw the devil and the witches at their orgies that stormy night in "Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

We visited the Louvre at a time when we had no silk purchases in view, and looked at its miles of paintings by the old masters. Some of them were beautiful, but at the same time they carried such evidences about them of the cringing spirit of those great men that we found small pleasure in examining them. Their nauseous adulation of princely patrons was more prominent to me and chained my attention more surely than the charms of color and expression in the pictures. Gratitude for kindnesses is well, but it seems to me that some of those artists carried it so far that it ceased to be gratitude, and became worship. If there is a plausible excuse for the worship of men, then by all means let us forgive Rubens and his brethren.

But I will drop this subject, lest I say something about the old masters that might as well be left unsaid.

Of course, we drove in the *Bois de Boulogne*, that limitless park, with its forests, its lakes, its cascades, and its broad avenues. There were thousands upon thousands of vehicles abroad, and the scene was full of life and gayety. There were very common hacks, with father and mother and all the children in them; conspicuous little open carriages with celebrated ladies of questionable reputation in them; there were Dukes and Duchesses abroad, with gorgeous footmen perched behind the carriage, and equally gorgeous outriders perched on each of the six horses; there were blue and silver, and green and gold, and pink and black, and all sorts and descriptions of stunning and startling liveries out. But presently the Emperor came along, and he outshone them all. He was preceded by a body-guard of gentlemen on horse-back in showy uniforms, his carriage horses (there appeared to be somewhere in the remote neighborhood of a thousand of them) were bestridden by gallant looking fellows, also in stylish uniforms, and after the carriage followed another detachment of body-guards. Everybody got out of the way; everybody bowed to the Emperor and his friend, the Sultan, and they went by on a swinging trot and disappeared.

I will not describe the *Bois de Boulogne*. I cannot do it. It is simply a beautiful, cultivated, endless, wonderful wilderness. It is an enchanting place. It is in Paris, now, one may say; but a crumbling old cross in one portion of it reminds one that it was not always so. The cross marks the spot where a celebrated troubadour was waylaid and murdered in the fourteenth century. It was in this park that that fellow with an unpronounceable name made the attempt upon the Russian Czar's life, last spring, with a pistol. The bullet struck a tree. Our guide showed us the place. Now in America that interesting tree would be chopped down or forgotten within the next five years, but it will be treasured here. The guides will point out that tree to visitors for the next eight hundred years, and when it decays and falls down they will put up another there, and go on with the same old story just the same.

I think we have lost but little time in Paris. We have gone to bed, every night, tired out. Of course we visited the renowned International Exposition. All the world did that. We went there on our third day in Paris—and we staid there nearly two hours. That was our first and last visit. To tell the truth,

we saw at a glance that one would have to spend weeks—yea, even months—in that monstrous establishment, to get an intelligible idea of it. It was a wonderful show, but the moving masses of people of all nations we saw there were a still more wonderful show. I discovered that if I were to stay there a month, I would still find myself looking at the people instead of the inanimate objects on exhibition. I got a little interested in some curious old tapestries of the thirteenth century, but a party of Arabs came by, and their dusky faces and unfamiliar costumes called my attention away at once. I watched a silver swan, which had a living grace about his movements and a living intelligence in his eyes—watched him swimming about as comfortably and as unconcernedly as if he had been born in a morass instead of a jeweler's shop—watched him seize a silver fish from under the water, and hold up his head and go through all the customary and elaborate motions of swallowing it—but the moment it disappeared down his throat some tattooed South Sea Islanders approached, and I yielded to their attractions. Presently I found a revolving pistol several hundred years old, which looked strangely like a modern Colt, but just then I heard that the Empress of the French was in another part of the building, and hastened away to see what she might look like. We heard martial music—we saw an unusual number of soldiers walking hurriedly about—there was a general movement among the people. We inquired what it was all about, and learned that the Emperor and the Sultan of Turkey were about to review 25,000 troops at the *Arc de l'Etoile*. We immediately departed. I had a greater anxiety to see these men than I could have to see twenty Expositions. We drove away and took up a position in an open space opposite the American Minister's house. A speculator bridged a couple of barrels with a board, and we hired standing places on it. Presently there was a sound of distant music; in another minute a pillar of dust came moving slowly toward us; a moment more, and then, with colors flying and a grand crash of military music, a gallant array of cavalrymen emerged from the dust and came down the street on a gentle trot. After them came a long line of artillery; then more cavalry, in splendid uniforms, and then their Imperial Majesties, Napoleon III and Abdul Azis! The vast concourse of people swung their hats and shouted; the windows and house-tops in all the wide vicinity became a snow-storm of waving handkerchiefs, and the wavers of the same mingled their cheers with those of the masses below. It was a stirring spectacle.

But the two central figures claimed all my attention. Was ever such a contrast set up before a multitude before? Napoleon in military uniform—a long-bodied, short-legged man, fiercely moustached, old, wrinkled, with eyes half-closed, and *such* a deep, crafty, scheming expression about them!—Napoleon bowing ever so gently to the loud plaudits, and watching everything and everybody with his cat-eyes from under his depressed hat-brim, as if to discover any sign that those cheers were not heart-felt and cordial.

Abdul Azis, absolute lord of the Ottoman empire—clad in dark-green European clothes, almost without ornament or insignia of rank; a red Turkish fez on his head—a short, stout, dark man, black-bearded, black-eyed, stupid, unprepossessing—a man whose whole appearance somehow suggested that if he only had a cleaver in his hand and a white apron on, one would not be at all surprised to hear him say: "A mutton roast to-day, or will you have a nice porter-house steak?"

Napoleon III, the representative of the highest modern civilization, progress and refinement; Abdul-Azis the repre-

sentative of a people by nature and training filthy, brutal, ignorant, lustful, unprogressive and superstitious—and a government whose three graces are Tyranny, Rapacity, Blood. Here in brilliant Paris, under this majestic arch of triumph, the first century greets the nineteenth!

Napoleon III, Emperor of France! surrounded by shouting thousands, by military pomp, by the splendors of his capital city, and companioned by kings and princes—this is the man who was sneered at and reviled, and called bastard—yet who was dreaming of a crown and an empire all the while; who was driven into exile—but carried his dreams with him; who associated with the common herd in America, and ran foot-races for a wager—but still sat upon a throne in fancy; who braved every danger to go to his dying mother, and grieved that she could not be spared to see him cast aside his plebeian vestments for the purple of royalty; who kept his faithful watch, and walked his weary beat a common policeman of London—but dreamed the while of a coming night when he should tread the long drawn corridors of the Tuilleries; who made the miserable *fiasco* of Strasbourg, and saw his poor, shabby eagle forgetful of its lesson, refuse to perch upon his shoulder; delivered his carefully-prepared, sententious burst of eloquence unto unsympathetic ears; found himself a prisoner, the butt of small wits, a mark for the pitiless ridicule of all the world—yet went on dreaming of coronations and splendid pageants, as before; who lay a forgotten captive in the dungeons of Ham—and still schemed, and planned and pondered over future glory and future power; President of France at last! a *a coup d'etat*, and surrounded by applauding armies, welcomed by the thunders of cannon, he mounts a throne and waves before an astounded world the sceptre of a mighty empire!

Who talks of the marvels of fiction? Who speaks of the wonders of romance? Who prates of the tame achievements of Aladdin and the Magii of Arabia?

Abdul-Azis, Sultan of Turkey, Lord of the Ottoman empire! Born to a throne; weak, stupid, ignorant as his meanest slave; chief of a vast royalty, yet the puppet of his Premier and the obedient child of a tyrannical mother; a man who sits upon a throne—the beck of whose finger moves navies and armies—who holds in his hands the power of life and death over millions—yet who sleeps and sleeps; eats and eats; and when he is surfeited with eating and sleeping and would rouse up and take the reins of government and threaten to *be* a sultan, is charmed from his purpose by wary Fuad Pacha with a pretty plan for a new palace or a new ship—charmed away with a new toy, like any other restless child; a man who sees his people robbed and oppressed by soulless tax-gatherers, but speaks no word to save them; who believes in gnomes and genii, and the wild fables of the Arabian Nights, but has small regard for the mighty magicians of to-day, and is nervous in the presence of their mysterious railroads, and steamboats, and telegraphs; who would see undone in Egypt all that Great Mehemet Ali did, and would prefer rather to forget than emulate him; a man who found his great empire a blot upon the earth—a degraded, filthy, poverty-stricken, miserable, lecherous, infamous agglomeration of ignorance, crime and brutality, and will idle away the allotted days of his trivial life, and then pass to the dust and worms and leave it so!

An acquaintance of mine said, the other day, that he was doubtless the only American visitor to the Exposition who had had the high honor of being escorted by the Emperor's body-guard. I said with unobtrusive frankness that I was astonished that such a long-legged, lantern-jawed, unprepossessing looking spectre as he should be singled out for

a distinction like that, and asked how it came about. He said he had attended a grand military review in the *Champ de Mars*, some time ago, and while the multitude about him was growing thicker and thicker every moment, he observed an open space inside the railing. He left his carriage and went into it. He was the only person there, and so he had plenty of room, and the situation being central, he could see all the preparations going on about the field. By-and-by there was a sound of music, and soon the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria, escorted by the famous *Cent Gardes*, entered the enclosure. They seemed not to observe him, but directly, in response to a sign from the commander of the Guard, a young lieutenant rode toward him, with a file of his men following, checked his horse, raised his hand and gave the military salute, and then said in a low voice that he was sorry to have to disturb a stranger and a gentleman, but the place was sacred to royalty. Then this Reese River phantom rose up and bowed and begged pardon. The officer rode beside him, the file of men marched behind him, and thus, with every mark of respect, he was escorted to his carriage by the Imperial *Cent Gardes!* The officer saluted again, and fell back. The Reese River sprite bowed in return and had presence of mind enough to pretend that he had simply called on a matter of private business with those emperors, and so waved them an adieu, and drove from the field!

Imagine a poor Frenchman ignorantly intruding upon a public rostrum sacred to some six-penny dignitary in America. The police would scare him to death first, with a storm of their elegant blasphemy, and then pull him to pieces getting him away from there. We are measurably superior to the French in some things, but they are immeasurably our betters in others.

Enough of Paris, for the present. We have done our whole duty by it. We have seen the Tuilleries, the Napoleon Column, the Madeleine, that wonder of wonders the tomb of Napoleon, all the great churches and museums, libraries, imperial palaces and sculpture and picture galleries, the Pantheon, the *Jardin des Plantes*, the opera, the circus, the Legislative Body, the billiard-rooms, the barbers, the *grisettes*—

Ah, the *grisettes!* I had almost forgotten. They are another romantic fraud. They were always so beautiful—so neat and trim, so graceful—so naivé and trusting—so gentle, so winning—so faithful to their shop duties, so irresistible to buyers in their prattling importunity—so devoted to their poverty-stricken students of the Latin Quarter—so light-hearted and happy on their Sunday picnics in the suburbs—and Oh, so charmingly, so delightfully improper!

Stuff! For three or four days I was constantly saying to our guide, "Is that a *grisette?*" And he always said "No." He comprehended, at last, that I wanted to see a *grisette.* Then he showed me dozens of them. They were like nearly all the French women I ever saw—homely. They had large hands, large feet, large mouths; they had pug noses, as a general thing, and moustaches that not even good breeding could overlook; they combed their hair straight back, without parting; they were ill-shaped; they were not winning, not graceful; I knew by their looks that they ate garlic and onions; it would be base flattery to call them immoral.

Down with the impostors! I sorrow for the vagabond student of the Latin Quarter now, even more than formerly I envied him. Thus topples to earth another idol of my infancy.

We have seen everything, and to-morrow we go to Versailles. We shall see Paris only for a little while as we come back to take up our line of march for the ship, and so I may as well bid the beautiful city a regretful farewell.

A DAY WITH THE COW COLUMN IN 1843.

THE migration of a large body of men, women, and children across the Continent to Oregon was, in the year 1843, strictly an experiment not only in respect to the numbers, but to the outfit of the migrating party.

Before that date two or three missionaries had performed the journey on horseback, driving a few cows with them. Three or four wagons drawn by oxen had reached Fort Hall, on Snake river, but it was the honest opinion of most of those who had traveled the route down Snake river that no large number of cattle could be subsisted on its scanty pasturage, or wagons taken over a route so rugged and mountainous.

The emigrants were also assured that the Sioux would be much opposed to the passage of so large a body through their country, and would probably resist it on account of the emigrants destroying and frightening away the buffaloes, which were then diminishing in numbers.

The migrating body numbered over one thousand souls, with about one hundred and twenty wagons, drawn by six ox teams, averaging about six yokes to the team, and several thousand loose horses and cattle.

The emigrants first organized and attempted to travel in one body, but it was soon found that no progress could be made with a body so cumbrous, and as yet so averse to all discipline. And at the crossing of the "Big Blue," it divided into two columns, which traveled in supporting distance of each other as far as Independence Rock, on the Sweet Water.

From this point, all danger from Indians being over, the emigrants separated into small parties better suited to the narrow mountain paths and small pastures in their front.

Before the division on the Blue river there was some just cause for discontent in respect to loose cattle. Some of the emigrants had only their teams, while others had large herds in addition which must share the pastures and be guarded and driven by the whole body.

This discontent had its effect in the division on the Blue; those not encumbered with or having but few loose cattle attached themselves to the light column, those having more than four or five cows had of necessity to join the heavy or cow column. Hence the cow column, being much larger than the other and encumbered with its large herds, had to use greater exertion and observe a more rigid discipline to keep pace with the more agile consort.

It is with the cow or more clumsy column that I propose to journey with the reader for a single day.

It is four o'clock A.M.; the sentinels on duty have discharged their rifles—the signal that the hours of sleep are over; and every wagon and tent is pouring forth its night tenants, and slow-kindling smokes begin largely to rise and float away on the morning air. Sixty men start from the corral, spreading as they make through the vast herd of cattle and horses that form a semi-circle around the encampment, the most distant perhaps two miles away.

The herders pass to the extreme verge and carefully examine for trails beyond, to see that none of the animals have strayed or been stolen during the night. This morning no trails lead beyond the outside animals in sight, and by five o'clock the herders begin to contract the great moving circle, and the well-trained animals move slowly towards camp, clipping here and there a thistle or tempting bunch of grass on the way. In about an hour five thousand animals are close up to the encampment, and the teamsters

are busy selecting their teams and driving them inside the "corral" to be yoked. The corral is a circle one hundred yards deep, formed with wagons connected strongly with each other; the wagon in the rear being connected with the wagon in front by its tongue and ox chains. It is a strong barrier that the most vicious ox cannot break, and in case of an attack of the Sioux would be no contemptible entrenchment.

From six to seven o'clock is a busy time; breakfast is to be eaten, the tents struck, the wagons loaded, and the teams yoked and brought up in readiness to be attached to their respective wagons. All know when, at seven o'clock, the signal to march sounds, that those not ready to take their proper places in the line of march must fall into the dusty rear for the day.

There are sixty wagons. They have been divided into fifteen divisions or platoons of four wagons each, and each platoon is entitled to lead in its turn. The leading platoon of to-day will be the rear one of to-morrow, and will bring up the rear unless some teamster, through indolence or negligence, has lost his place in the line, and is condemned to that uncomfortable post. It is within ten minutes of seven; the corral but now a strong barricade is everywhere broken, the teams being attached to the wagons. The women and children have taken their places in them. The pilot (a borderer who has passed his life on the verge of civilization, and has been chosen to the post of leader from his knowledge of the savage and his experience in travel through roadless wastes) stands ready in the midst of his pioneers, and aids to mount and lead the way. Ten or fifteen young men, not to-day on duty, form another cluster. They are ready to start on a buffalo hunt, are well mounted and well armed as they need be, for the unfriendly Sioux have driven the buffalo out of the Platte, and the hunters must ride fifteen or twenty miles to reach them. The cow-drivers are hastening, as they get ready, to the rear of their charge, to collect and prepare them for the day's march.

It is on the stroke of seven; the rushing to and fro, the cracking of whips, the loud command to oxen, and what seemed to be the inextricable confusion of the last ten minutes has ceased. Fortunately every one has been found and every teamster is at his post. The clear notes of a trumpet sound in the front; the pilot and his guards mount their horses; the leading division of wagons move out of the encampment, and take up the line of march; the rest fall into their places with the precision of clockwork, until the spot so lately full of life sinks back into that solitude that seems to reign over the broad plain and rushing river as the caravan draws its lazy length towards the distant El Dorado. It is with the hunters we will briskly canter towards the bold but smooth and grassy bluffs that bound the broad valley, for we are not yet in sight of the grander but less beautiful scenery (of the Chimney Rock, Court House, and other bluffs, so nearly resembling giant castles and palaces) made by the passage of the Platte through the Highlands near Laramie. We have been traveling briskly for more than an hour. We have reached the top of the bluff, and now have turned to view the wonderful panorama spread before us. To those who have not been on the Platte my powers of description are wholly inadequate to convey an idea of the vast extent and grandeur of the picture, and the rare beauty and distinctness of its detail. No haze or fog obscures objects in the pure and transparent atmosphere of this lofty region. To those accustomed only to the murky air of the sea-board, no correct judgement of distance can be formed by sight, and objects which they think they can reach in a two hours' walk may be a day's travel away; and though the evening air is a better con-

ductor of sound, on the high plain during the day the report of the loudest rifle sounds little louder than the bursting of a cap; and while the report can be heard but a few hundred yards, the smoke of the discharge may be seen for miles. So extended is the view from the bluff on which the hunters stand that the broad river glowing under the morning sun like a sheet of silver, and the broader emerald valley that borders it, stretch away in the distance until they narrow at almost two points in the horizon, and when first seen, the vast pile of the Wind river mountain, though hundreds of miles away, looks clear and distinct as a white cottage on the plain.

We are full six miles away from the line of march; though everything is dwarfed by distance, it is seen distinctly. The caravan has been about two hours in motion and is now extended as widely as a prudent regard for safety will permit. First, near the bank of the shining river, is a company of horsemen; they seem to have found an obstruction, for the main body has halted while three or four ride rapidly along the bank of a creek or slough. They are hunting a favorable crossing for the wagons; while we look they have succeeded; it has apparently required no work to make it passable, for all but one of the party have passed on, and he has raised a flag, no doubt a signal to the wagons to steer their course to where he stands. The leading teamster sees him though he is yet two miles off, and steers his course directly towards him, all the wagons following in his track. They (the wagons) form a line three-quarters of a mile in length; some of the teamsters ride upon the front of their wagons, some walk beside their teams; scattered along the line companies of women and children are taking exercise on foot; they gather bouquets of rare and beautiful flowers that line the way; near them stalks a stately grey hound or an Irish wolf dog, apparently proud of keeping watch and ward over his master's wife and children. Next comes a band of horses; two or three men or boys follow them, the docile and sagacious animals scarce needing this attention, for they have learned to follow in the rear of the wagons, and know that at noon they will be allowed to graze and rest. Their knowledge of time seems as accurate as of the place they are to occupy in the line, and even a full-blown thistle will scarce tempt them to straggle or halt until the dinner hour has arrived. Not so with the large herd of horned beasts that bring up the rear; lazy, selfish and unsocial, it has been a task to get them in motion, the strong always ready to domineer over the weak, halt in the front and forbid the weaker to pass them. They seem to move only in fear of the driver's whip; though in the morning full to repletion, they have not been driven an hour, before their hunger and thirst seem to indicate a fast of days' duration. Through all the long day their greed is never sated nor their thirst quenched, nor is there a moment of relaxation of the tedious and vexatious labors of their drivers, although to all others the march furnishes some season of relaxation or enjoyment. For the cow-drivers there is none.

But from the stand-point of the hunters the vexations are not apparent; the crack of whips and loud objurgations are lost in the distance. Nothing of the moving panorama, smooth and orderly as it appears, has more attractions for the eye than that vast square column in which all colors are mingled, moving here slowly and there briskly, as impelled by horsemen riding furiously in front and rear.

But the picture, in its grandeur, its wonderful mingling of colors and distinctness of detail, is forgotten in contemplation of the singular people who give it life and animation. No other race of men with the means at their command would undertake so great a

journey; none save these could successfully perform it, with no previous preparation, relying only on the fertility of their invention to devise the means to overcome each danger and difficulty as it arose. They have undertaken to perform, with slow-moving oxen, a journey of two thousand miles. The way lies over trackless wastes, wide and deep rivers, rugged and lofty mountains, and is beset with hostile savages. Yet, whether it were a deep river with no tree upon its banks, a rugged defile where even a loose horse could not pass, a hill too steep for him to climb, or a threatened attack of an enemy, they are always found ready and equal to the occasion, and always conquerors. May we not call them men of destiny? They are people changed in no essential particulars from their ancestors, who have followed closely on the footsteps of the receding savage, from the Atlantic sea-board to the great valley of the Mississippi.

But while we have been gazing at the picture in the valley, the hunters have been examining the high plain in the other direction. Some dark moving objects have been discovered in the distance, and all are closely watching them to discover what they are, for in the atmosphere of the plains a flock of crows marching miles away, or a band of buffaloes or Indians at ten times the distance, look alike, and many ludicrous mistakes occur. But these are buffaloes, for two have struck their heads together and are, alternately, pushing each other back. The hunters mount and away in pursuit, and I, a poor cow-driver, must hurry back to my daily toil, and take a scolding from my fellow herders for so long playing truant.

The pilot, by measuring the ground and timing the speed of the wagons and the walk of his horse, has determined the rate of each, so as to enable him to select the nooning place, as nearly as the requisite grass and water can be had at the end of five hours' travel of the wagons. To-day, the ground being favorable, little time has been lost in preparing the road, so that he and his pioneers are at the nooning place an hour in advance of the wagons, which time is spent in preparing convenient watering places for the animals, and digging little wells near the bank of the Platte. As the teams are not unyoked, but simply turned loose from the wagons, a corral is not formed at noon, but the wagons are drawn up in columns, four abreast, the leading wagon of each platoon on the left—the platoons being formed with that view. This brings friends together at noon as well as at night.

To-day an extra session of the Council is being held, to settle a dispute that does not admit of delay, between a proprietor and a young man who has undertaken to do a man's service on the journey for bed and board. Many such engagements exist, and much interest is taken in the manner this high court, from which there is no appeal, will define the rights of each party in such engagements. The Council was a high court in the most exalted sense. It was a Senate, composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of the emigration. It exercised both legislative and judicial powers, and its laws and decisions proved it equal and worthy the high trust reposed in it. Its sessions were usually held on days when the caravan was not moving. It first took the state of the little commonwealth into consideration; revised or repealed rules defective or obsolete, and exacted such others as the exigencies seemed to require. The common weal being cared for, it next resolved itself into a court, to hear and settle private disputes and grievances. The offender and the aggrieved appeared before it; witnesses were examined, and the parties were heard by themselves and some-

times by counsel. The judges thus being made fully acquainted with the case, and being in no way influenced or cramped by technicalities, decided all cases according to their merits. There was but little use for lawyers before this court, for no plea was entertained which was calculated to hinder or defeat the ends of justice. Many of these judges have since won honors in higher spheres. They have aided to establish on the broad basis of right and universal liberty two of the pillars of our great Republic in the Occident. Some of the young men who appeared before them as advocates have themselves sat upon the highest judicial tribunals, commanded armies, been Governors of States, and taken high positions in the Senate of the nation.

It is now one o'clock; the bugle has sounded, and the caravan has resumed its westward journey. It is in the same order, but the evening is far less animated than the morning march; a drowsiness has fallen apparently on man and beast; teamsters drop asleep on their perches and even when walking by their teams, and the words of command are now addressed to the slowly creeping oxen in the softened tenor of women or the piping treble of children, while the snores of the teamsters make a droning accompaniment.

But a little incident breaks the monotony of the march. An emigrant's wife whose state of health has caused Dr. Whitman to travel near the wagon for the day, is now taken with violent illness. The Doctor has had the wagon driven out of the line, a tent pitched and a fire kindled. Many conjectures are hazarded in regard to this mysterious proceeding, and as to why this lone wagon is to be left behind.

And we too must leave it, hasten to the front, and note the proceedings, for the sun is now getting low in the west, and at length the pains-taking pilot is standing ready to conduct the train in the circle which he has previously measured and marked out, which is to form the invariable fortification for the night. The leading wagons follow him so nearly round the circle, that but a wagon length separates them. Each wagon follows in its track, the rear closing on the front, until its tongue and ox-chains will perfectly reach from one to the other, and so accurate the measurement and perfect the practice, that the hindmost wagon of the train always precisely closes the gateway, as each wagon is brought into position. It is dropped from its team, (the teams being inside the circle) the team unyoked, and the yokes and chains are used to connect the wagon strongly with that in its front. Within ten minutes from the time the leading wagon halted, the barricade is formed, the teams unyoked and driven out to pasture. Every one is busy preparing fires of buffalo chips to cook the evening meal, pitching tents and otherwise preparing for the night. There are anxious watchers for the absent wagon, for there are many matrons who may be afflicted like its inmate before the journey is over; and they fear the strange and startling practice of this Oregon doctor will be dangerous. But as the sun goes down, the absent wagon rolls into camp, the bright, speaking face and cheery look of the doctor, who rides in advance, declare without words that all is well, and both mother and child are comfortable. I would fain now and here pay a passing tribute to that noble and devoted man, Dr. Whitman. I will obtrude no other name upon the reader, nor would I his, where he of our party or even living, but his stay with us was transient, though the good he did us permanent, and he has long since died at his post.

From the time he joined us on the Platte until he left us at Fort Hall, his great experience and indomitable energy were of priceless value to the migrating column. His constant advice, which we

knew was based upon a knowledge of the road before us, was—"travel, *travel*, TRAVEL—nothing else will take you to the end of your journey; nothing is wise that does not help you along, nothing is good for you that causes a moment's delay." His great authority as a physician and complete success in the case above referred to, saved us many prolonged and perhaps ruinous delays from similar causes, and it is no disparagement to others to say, that to no other individual are the emigrants of 1843 so much indebted for the successful conclusion of their journey, as to Dr. Marcus Whitman.

All able to bear arms in the party have been formed into three companies, and each of these into four watches; every third night it is the duty of one of these companies to keep watch and ward over the camp, and it is so arranged that each watch takes its turn of guard duty through the different watches of the night. Those forming the first watch to-night will be second not on duty, then third and fourth, which brings them through all the watches of the night. They begin at eight o'clock, P.M., and end at four o'clock, A.M.

It is not yet eight o'clock when the first watch is to be set; the evening meal is just over, and the corral now free from the intrusion of cattle or horses, groups of children are scattered over it. The larger are taking a game of romps, "the wee toddling things" are being taught that great achievement that distinguishes man from the lower animals. Before a tent near the river a violin makes lively music, and some youths and maidens have improvised a dance upon the green; in another quarter a flute gives its mellow and melancholy notes to the still night air, which as they float away over the quiet river, seem a lament for the past rather than a hope of the future. It has been a prosperous day; more than twenty miles have been accomplished of the great journey. The encampment is a good one; one of the causes that threatened much future delay has just been removed by the skill and energy of "that good angel" of the emigrants, Dr. Whitman, and it has lifted a load from the hearts of the elders. Many of these are assembled around the good Doctor at the tent of the pilot, (which is his home for the time being) and are giving grave attention to his wise and energetic counsel. The care-worn pilot sits aloof, quietly smoking his pipe, for he knows the brave Doctor is "strengthening his hands."

But time passes; the watch is set for the night, the council of old men has broken up, and each has returned to his own quarter. The flute has whispered its last lament to the deepening night. The violin is silent, and the dancers have dispersed. Enamored youth have whispered a tender "good night" in the ear of blushing maidens, or stolen a kiss from the lips of some future bride—for Cupid here as elsewhere has been busy bringing together congenial hearts, and among these simple people he alone is consulted in forming the marriage tie. Even the Doctor and the pilot have finished their confidential interview and have separated for the night. All is hushed and repose from the fatigues of the day, save the vigilant guard, and the wakeful leader who still has cares upon his mind that forbid sleep.

He hears the ten o'clock relief taking post and the "all well" report of the returned guard; the night deepens, yet he seeks not the needed repose. At length a sentinel hurries to him with the welcome report that a party is approaching—as yet too far away for its character to be determined, and he instantly hurries out in the direction seen. This he does both from inclination and duty, for in times past the camp had been unnecessarily alarmed by timid or inexperienced sentinels, causing much confusion and fright amongst women and children, and it had been made a rule, that all extra-

ordinary incidents of the night should be reported directly to the pilot, who alone had the authority to call out the military strength of the column, or so much of it as was in his judgment necessary to prevent a stampede or repel an enemy.

To-night he is at no loss to determine that the approaching party are our missing hunters, and that they have met with success, and he only waits until by some further signal he can know that no ill has happened to them. This is not long wanting. He does not even await their arrival, but the last care of the day being removed, and the last duty performed, he too seeks the rest that will enable him to go through the same routine to-morrow. But here I leave him, for my task is also done, and unlike his, it is to be repeated no more.

THE SNOW-PLANT.

When winter early shifts her snow,
And chilling brooks no longer flow
  Under an icy disk;
As in the sun the pale buds blow,
  Though winds are keen and brisk;

Within the forest solitudes,
Where no unguarded foot intrudes,
  The snow-plant dwells secure:
Its modesty all gaze eludes,
  Its life is chaste and pure.

How perfect has thy stature grown
Thou waxen, rosy-tinted cone!
  A flame incarnate, thou!
All fruits are compassed in thy zone;
  All blossoms thee endow!

Uncloaked thy form, though not in shame;
Unshod thy roots: thy members claim
  No verdure but the air.
The winds are jealous of thy frame,
  And visit thee with care.

How passionless, sedate, serene
The solemn beauty of thy mien,
  When early shoots adorn
The fading drifts. Lo! thou between
  Art the young spring's first-born.

Thy fine seclusion stays the rush
Of elements. O, fitting hush!
  And shadows that caress,
Shall mask the beauty of thy blush,
  And veil thy nakedness.

SCALPING AS A FINE ART.

WITH all our admitted progress, it is curious to notice how little the old heart of the world has really changed. There appears to be planted deep down in most men a strong desire to help themselves with as little ceremony as possible to whatever they come across that may be either useful or agreeable to them. The old Spartans were the most absurdly candid of peoples. They acknowledged this great and unappeasable craving of humanity, and did all in their power to cultivate it. The unhappy races and tribes upon whom European civilization has not yet dawned, exhibit, whenever they have a chance, a similar infantile artlessness. We of course manage these little matters with more skill and address. We do not organize raids to "lift" the cattle of a too prosperous neighbor, or destroy his house and property. We go to work in a much more quiet, respectable and progressive manner—we file against him a bill of ejectment. We do not, except in the case of persons who have never been able to realize the fact of the glorious character of the century in which we live, take to the highway and compel travelers to deliver up their watches. The simpler method is to obtain from the Legislature a franchise for a toll-gate. We do not filch from the person with whom we may be brought in contact, a toothbrush, or make a descent upon his best shirt. We simply fail, and file a bill in bankruptcy. It is true that we call things by much more genteel and progressive names, but it is the same old practice of taking possession of whatever we want or fancy, which has been going on from time immemorial.

This is more especially true in the case of the daring adventurer who proposes to himself travel in other lands. To determine on locomotion is to reduce yourself to the condition of the philanthropic roast pig, which, with knife and fork stuck in the most inviting part, ran about soliciting customers. When I land in New York I am beset with an admiring crowd of the most demonstrative friends, anxiously solicitous for the honor of transferring me to any point that I may desire. At this I am not at all surprised. In fact, it was the very thing that I expected. Civilized communities do not now send forth their most distinguished citizens to receive the stranger. The hack-driver has appropriated that function to himself, and the hack-driver is a bird of prey the world over. He is of no country or race, yet the same almost everywhere. Looking around, I select the one who was the least noisy in his demonstrations. As I survey his placid countenance and mild demeanor, visions of a wife and six interesting children in the fifth story of some tenement house, earnestly looking in a crowd out of the only window belonging to them for the return of the bread-winner, obtrude themselves. I say to myself, "Ah, here, at last, is an honest hackman, who in the midst of universal corruption is laboring to support a large family by honest dealing and correct conduct." I engage him without further parley. He shows with a glance that he is thankful for the confidence that I reposed in him. He collects my baggage with the greatest care, and at one time was on the point of challenging the wretched porter to mortal combat who, with the malevolence that belongs to his tribe, balances my Saratoga on his shoulder in such a dexterous manner that he brings it to the ground on one corner with force

sufficient to burst open a McFarlane safe—and this for the purpose of giving a fictitious value to certain leather straps in which he had invested for speculative purposes. I fancy, however, as he turns the handle of the cab, preparatory to making a start, that there is an expression about the eyes of the doughty defender of my rights of property very like that which the hunter wears when he has bagged his game. When he comes to let me out at my destination it is evident that he has changed his whole moral nature. He demands an incredible sum for his services, and by no means in a tone of deference. In some way he contrived during the brief journey which I made under his direction, to lose all the respect which he had first manifested. It is a rapacious bird of prey that stands before me, bereft of natural affections and related to nobody. I talk of the law to him and the charges which he is privileged to make, but I am soon made to understand that mine is a special case, of which no municipal ordinance takes cognizance. There was an extra crack of the whip duly furnished during the trip for the express purpose of giving a new zest to my pursuit of happiness ; or I had more packages than the law in its serene impartiality ever dreamt of allowing to one man ; or a detour was made for my especial gratification ; or it was earlier than the hour at which the law goes into operation ; or full two hours after the law had retired to repose. Contemplating these facts from serenest heights of modern philosophy, I can give expression to nothing but the very keenest regrets. It is a sad thing that our moral progress should not keep pace *pari passu* with our material. And then the scalping to which hackmen are especially addicted is as universal as civilization. I have an indistinct idea that here, in our own fond Utopia of California, persons engaged in the business of transporting travelers from steamboat or railroad to hotel do sometimes prey upon the unwary. The hackman is *sui generis*. He may be defined to be the very reverse of the poet. He is made, not born. We may take to ourselves great shame because no effort has been made to reclaim him. Mr. Stuart Mill, extensive though the range of his philosophy may be, has never once alluded to the subject. Beecher is also silent—likewise Sumner. The fact is, the reconstructed hackman is a personage of whom only the poet can form a conception.

But here in the wide halls of this first-class hotel in Broadway the traveler may rest secure from all imposition. The bland proprietor meets him with such a smiling countenance that he is satisfied that he has fallen in rather with a philanthropist who manifests the singular faculty of appreciating all his good qualities at a glance, than a mere host ready to furnish a measure of lodgings and victuals for a stipulated price. It is more than likely that he would not have been half so affectionately received by his wife's relations. If, however, his late experience should lead him to be suspicious, the idea will occur to him that no matter what may be the private sentiments of that individual, there cannot be much room for scalping in an arrangement in which four dollars and fifty cents per day are to cover all expenses. His faith in the non-elastic character of his contract is destined to be shaken the moment he enters the dining-room. At least, I found that the silent, supercilious personages who hand around the plates, one and all regarded me as an unwelcome addition, and one to whom no facilities should be extended beyond the strictest line of duty. Receiving no attention, I advance to the first table, and am about to lay my hand on the chair but am anticipated by a sudden flank movement on the part of one of these despots, who orders me off with the words, uttered in a tone of compassion-

ate reproof, "Engaged, sir." The old gentleman in the gold spectacles and displaying a very well-developed double chin, sitting in the corner, raises his eyes in an enquiring manner. It is painfully evident that he regards me as an interloper against whose possible machinations it would be only the part of wisdom at once to secure his pocket handkerchief. Somewhat bewildered, I cast my eyes around to discover another place. A vacant table appears in the distance. I make for it with desperate energy, but am again repulsed with great loss by the words "Engaged, sir." All eyes are now upon me. Forks and alas, sometimes knives, are stayed in their passage to the open mouths. I feel that there is only one method of extricating myself from this embarrassment. I quietly slip a greenback into the hand of the unconcerned African by my side, who is at once converted into the most obsequious of servitors, and I am conducted in triumph to the very best seat in the whole dining-room, and left there to contemplate the rather tawdry beauties of the dinner-service. After the lapse of a half-hour, or thereabouts, the bright idea forced itself upon the mind of some one of the attendants that I required something to eat, and that it was for that purpose I had taken a seat. He bends over me with an air of the most anxious solicitude to get my order. The soup is promptly brought, and probably also the fish, but then a forgetfulness begins to steal over his faculties as unaccountable as it is marked. The moment I turn my eyes in the direction of that eccentric waiter, he immediately starts behind the screen which covers the way to the kitchen in hot pursuit of some dainty for *another* person. What could have produced so sudden and unaccountable change of manner is not at first very apparent. I hope I know enough not to address in this progressive age a functionary clothed with so much power for good or evil, with the opprobious title of "waiter." In all my communications with him I took care to preface my remarks with "steward," but it was of no use—I have to resort to the old system. The touch of the coveted legal tender restores my capricious servitor to his original good humor. It is now demonstrated for the first time that there are hot plates in his resources, vegetables that had been boiled less than a week ago, and tit-bits most luscious and agreeable.

Of all complicity in these nefarious proceedings I acquit, of course, the warm-hearted philanthropist who had received me with so much geniality at the office. It would be impossible for any hotel-keeper to maintain a strict watch upon every movement of all his employés. The case is to some extent as intractable as that of the hackman. It is not only beyond, but it defies, progress. These little exactions, coupled with that of the absent-minded porter who follows you all over the halls when you descend in the morning, beating the *reveille* with admirable dexterity upon the back of your coat, and refuses to abandon the firm resolve not to leave a bit of nap on it, unless, after the peculiar tactics of the organ-grinder, he is bought off with a handsome gratuity, cannot after all add a great deal to that sure bargain for a stipulated sum per day for the run of the establishment. And so the victim lets the days roll by, happily unconscious of the fate in store for him. In my case, when the day arrives for my departure, being a nervous individual and for many years the fierce calumniator of people that are constitutionally late, I give timely notice of the fact at the office, so that the bill may be made out in season. I may know myself exactly what the sum total was to a cent—so many days, at four dollars and fifty cents, amount to so much. There could be no mistake about that. But to arrive at that quotient, the "gentlemanly clerk" has to

overhaul a dozen ponderous books, figure away with great rapidity, ring the bell furiously a half-dozen times to get information from other departments, and cover paper enough for a bill in chancery. At last—at the very last gasp—at the shortest possible allowance for me to reach the particular wharf or station for which I am bound, the precious document is completed. A glance at the sum total is all that is necessary to arrest the hand thrust into the pocket for the purpose of drawing out the precise sum needed, carefully counted and rolled up some time before. The idea that first presents itself to the mind of the departing guest is that the gentlemanly person before him had by some inscrutable process found out how much money he had, to the cent, and had laid his plans to secure it all. If he be a choleric man, he pays the bill with much vehemence of utterance, vowing the while that he will never again honor that establishment with his presence. If on the other hand he is not passionate, but of an inquiring turn of mind, he will proceed to scan the items. Belonging to the latter class, after a moment's examination, I explode with the words: "Why, Mr. Clerk, I have never ordered a carriage at the office since I have been in the hotel. I have invariably paid the hackman myself; and all of this charge for carriage hire is incorrect." The gentlemanly clerk eyes me with the air of a person who is determined to permit me to make as great a fool of myself as it is possible. The porter, standing off at a little distance, manifests a determination that, squirm as I might, the baggage could not be got out of that house till the bill was paid to the last cent. In another moment I again expostulate: "Why, Mr. Clerk, I have not ordered one extra dinner. I have always dined alone. I could not help myself, for I have no acquaintances—all this is wrong." The gentlemanly clerk looks on composedly to see for his own satisfaction how many excuses I can frame to evade the just demands upon me. The porters gather around for the purpose of impressing fully in their memories the likeness of this last Jeremy Diddler. Once more I find voice: "But I have never ordered a bottle of champagne—I never drink"—but before I get through half what I had to say, the gentlemanly clerk changes his manner entirely and stretches forth his hand for the bill with the words: "I beg your pardon, sir. These items have been copied by mistake from the bill of another gentleman; I shall strike them all out."

This, at the first glance, might appear to be a very futile sort of business, but a law of general average comes in to explain it away. The number of choleric guests is much greater than any one would suppose. The system yields in some hotels $50,000 to $60,000 per annum, and it is all, as may readily be perceived, clear profit. Indeed, there is a tradition of cases in which large sums have been charged in the bill "for drinks at the bar" to ladies, though it is scarcely necessary to say that women's rights have not progressed yet far enough to secure for the gentler sex the privilege of public imbibation. It may be that this violent craving for securing possession of other men's goods—this *auri sacra fames* which renders scalping respectable if it can be done without exposure to legal consequences—is owing to the fact that we never manifest any desire to examine very closely into the modes and appearances by which fortune is acquired. If it be notorious that the income is ample and the bank account large, there is no necessity for questioning except as to the probable gross amount. It matters very little with us whether the capital was amassed by fair means or foul. The great fact is capital, for capital is nobility. But in the old and, as we delight to describe them, effete civilizations of Europe, other deities

are worshipped more fervently than Mammon. I enter Paris, therefore, with the consoling reflection that here at least no person plots and stays awake o'nights scheming for the possession of something that legitimately belongs to me. These people are devoted to that very unsubstantial thing called "glory." They delight in nothing more than dying serenely in range of heavy artillery. The great ambition of every Frenchman is to get dramatically killed. Where such ideas prevail there can be no scalping.

I was confirmed in these views by the demure aspect of the class whose duty it is to introduce the stranger to his fellow-citizens—the hackmen. There was a subdued look about them which spoke either of great piety, or great oppression on the part of the municipal authorities. Their only peculiarity appeared to be an impressible desire to drink to the health of every individual with whom they may be brought into these close and confident relations that must always exist between the driver and the driven. They are priests of the goddess Hygiéne, and their ambition is to pour out libations in her honor. My French host receives me with far less demonstrations of affection than the New York Boniface. The hotel is the property of a joint-stock company. He is only the agent of the company. The object is of course to make money. The guest is never known by any other name than the number in his book. I soon found out the system here is essentially one of detail. I engage a room at a stipulated price per day, with an extra sum for service. The supposition is that this includes everything connected with lodging. It is therefore with no little surprise that I find a squad of servants coming up the stairs with my bill at the close of the week. What phantasy of book-keeping by even quadruple entry could have covered a yard and a half of paper with the simple account of rent for a week at so much per day? Unhappy man that I am, I find on inspection that I was rash enough to order clean sheets the day I arrived, under the impression that they had not been changed by an oversight, and the changing of sheets, except on the first day of every month, is an extra charge. The next item was for candles. The joint-stock company were entirely too shrewd to furnish their rooms with gas. It would be difficult to find out how much each lodger burned. They accordingly guaranteed no other light but that of the sun. But the great advantage of the candle business is that they are to be changed every day. No person that has any respect for himself would think of going to bed by the flame of a candle which he had not ocular proof was lighted for the first time that night. There appears to be something unspeakably debasing in a *bougie* half-burned. Then followed a fearful array of clean towels and a franc a day for the privilege of looking at a magnificent person with a steel chain around his neck whom I was in the habit of meeting occasionally on the stair-case. It turns out also that the entire business is managed in accordance with the rigid and unbending laws of supply and demand. These laws are determined by the developments at the office. Three persons yesterday applied for permission to subject themselves to the scalping process of the company. It was found that no accommodation could be furnished them. The fact is immediately brought to the knowledge of the management that the article they for sale has a higher value than they have had placed upon it themselves. The result is that the rent of rooms is increased all around ten per cent. Every time the house becomes filled and travelers are turned away, the same process is repeated.

In the restaurant the appetites of the customers are gauged upon the most liberal calculations—prices ditto. The soup is sufficient for three—and all the other dishes for two. People who get

up betimes in the morning, therefore, find it to their advantage to hunt for provant in couples, for the public caterer never thinks of making an additional charge for extra plates, knives and forks. He knows that what he furnishes for one is sufficient for two, but then there are so many persons traveling alone! There are calculations which set forth the exact percentage of profit, but I am not sufficiently skilled in statistics to elucidate them. The *garcon* in unimpeachable dress-coat and white cravat, who waits upon you, had paid a large bonus for the privilege. The contract is for the permission to extract the pin-feathers from the birds which the proprietor has already plucked. The traditional gratuity is five per cent. of the amount paid. In bringing back the change on a plate, with the small coins heaped up in admirable confusion, he always contrives to conceal a franc or two under the bill. The expectation is that you, being a magnificent foreigner, utterly contemptuous of money, and only troubled in your mind as to the most expeditious manner of getting rid of it, will sweep off the pile into your pocket and then hand him the regulated subsidy, ostensibly for an enthusiastic bumper in your honor, but in reality for the payment of the dues of this humble financier in the *Credit Mobilier*. If you call his attention to the fact that the change is not correct, he will proceed to count it over with a look of the greatest disdain, but though he may insist upon the soundness of his mathematical acquirements, the discrepancy will still remain. If you should adhere to your original position he will shuffle the whole with much apparent warmth and then the missing francs will come to light from under the bill. The wine butler, dressed in deep black, even to his apron, pale and cadaverous—suggestive in his every look of vast vaults—brings you wine laid out in a wicker basket and covered with the "dust of ages." He lays it carefully down on the table, and with a meaning look gives you to understand that there is not another man in the world, save only his father confessor, to whom he would give such a treat for love or money. There is of course a very heavy charge for this rare beverage, but all the trouble that it cost this sombre subterranean to get it up was a roll or two in the sand and gravel of the back yard just before he laid it in the wicker cradle. Indeed the way in which he swung it around his head after the fashion of a dumb-bell, in the rear of the premises, is in sharp contrast with the tenderness and care manifested on entering the saloon.

When I enter this store, which displays in its window the inviting announcement in a strange land, "English spoken here," I am received with every demonstration of respect and enthusiasm. The exquisitely gotten-up gentleman who with so many smiles and bows waits upon me, looks at me with singular intensity. Experience, however, has taught me that the object of his scrutiny is to determine by a quick mental calculation how much of a shave I am likely to stand. The article I want he tells me with the most charming confidence, he will sell, seeing that it is *I* who propose to purchase, for a sum four times more than its value. The chances are that if I leave the place in disgust, a messenger of the establishment will touch me on the shoulder before I have turned the corner and inform me that his employer begs the distinguished honor of saying a word to me. On my return I am informed that I can have the article at an abatement, because the house desires to secure my good offices in obtaining the trade of my countrymen. If I should still object, and name the sum I am willing to give, the horrified shopman will lift his shoulders higher than his head, roll his eyes in the most fearful manner, mutter something incoherently about sure and speedy

bankruptcy, and wind up by folding the article carefully in paper and handing it to me on the terms proposed, with an alacrity quite in contrast with the preceding alarm and depression. The tailor whom I employ to make a coat, agrees to manufacture it at a price so low that I begin to flatter myself that there is something in my manner that suppresses the intending scalper. I know from the prices that I have heard that he has bound himself to me at twenty per cent. less than the usual rates; but when the garment comes home I am somewhat astonished to find that there is not a bit of lining in it. "How is this," I may wrathfully exclaim—"there is no lining in this coat—why have you dared to bring me a garment not half finished?" "Ah, Monsieur, I have made you a coat, as I promised. It will look exquisitely upon you. There is no lining in it, but Monsieur did not contract for lining. I can put it in if he desires, but it will be twenty-five per cent. more."

The limits of a magazine article prevent me from setting forth the peculiarities of John Bull in this line of business. He does the thing up in a different style, but entirely in consonance with his own ponderous self. He charges a good round sum for every accommodation. If the shadow of a Lord had once fallen across his threshold, he will make every wayfarer pay something for the honor of being entertained in an establishment which had once sheltered the descendant of a successful freebooter. His most elaborate contrivances are to prevent me from cheating him. If I order a slice of corned beef for my breakfast the order has to be noted by the clerk of the dining-room, entered by the superintendent of the kitchen, countersigned by the carver, and checked by the auditor, before it can reach me. This is to make sure of what I did order and to prevent slices of cold corned beef from being surreptitiously conveyed away by the back-door. He, too, collects a certain sum for service in the bill, but that fact does not prevent Sarah Jane, the chambermaid, (as the fact of a departure is telegraphed by some mysterious process through all the halls and corridors) from singing out at the top of her voice: "Jemima, Jemima, get the key for forty-six—he is going away"—an announcement which is always sure to line your way out with a regiment of female domestics, each expecting, if not clamorous for, buck-sheesh.

THE STORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE CITY.

KLAMATH City was, but is not. Its destruction is complete. It has not even left a ruin for a memento. A lonely cabin may mark its site, but the tenants know nothing of the city that was, and was to be. History scarcely recognizes the place; no connected record has been made of its annals. Although not a score of years have elapsed since the city was projected, its site selected after remarkable adventures, its houses built, and its founders made millionaires in their own confident anticipations, it is doubtful to the present writer whether one of them remains in the land of the living. For many of the facts here stated, I am indebted to a pioneer who has passed away.

The gold placers on the banks of the Trinity river were discovered in the spring of 1849, and it was soon found that the diggings were rich and extensive. In October and November

a large number of miners had collected there, but they found the high cost of provisions to be a serious drawback to their profits, for the freight from Sacramento by land—at that time there were no steamers above Sacramento—amounted to a dollar per pound. All their provisions, save a little venison, and all their tools came by that route, a distance of three hundred miles, one-third of the way over high and rugged mountains, covered with snow for three or four months in the year. The miners of the Trinity understood the importance of discovering some good port on the coast near their mines, from which supplies might be obtained at a less expense. They had heard of Trinidad harbor, and Trinity river had been named upon the supposition that it emptied into that bay. The Klamath and Rogue rivers were known at the places where the road connecting the Sacramento to the Wallamett valley crossed them, and the mouth of the former river was known, and it was supposed that the Klamath was a branch of it. The coast between Bodega and the Columbia river had never been examined carefully, and the particulars of its conformation were matters of conjecture. Humboldt bay, and the mouth of the Klamath, had not been discovered. The miners felt great confidence in the richness and extent of the mines in the valley of the Trinity; they did not doubt the existence of a fine harbor at the mouth of their river; and they presumed that the founders of the new seaport would soon become rich by selling lots, like Sutter, Weber, and the proprietors of various towns near the bay of San Francisco.

It was under the influence of these ideas that two parties started from the mines of Northern California in the fall of 1849, to find a harbor and build a seaport on the coast, about latitude forty-one degrees. Such a project, seen in the light of the present time, may appear wild and absurd, but years ago things were seen differently. The miners were mostly men who had come fresh from cities or from farms, with no knowledge of gold-mining or auriferous deposits, and many of them were completely bewildered by the abundance of the precious metal. They who had never had fifty dollars in coin found themselves dividing their dust in tin cups every evening. The derivation of the placer gold from quartz veins was not understood, and the idea was common that the metal had been thrown out by a volcano, and that some lucky miner would at no distant day find the fountain-head and the lava-like stream of gold running down the mountain side, and waiting only for the hammer and cold chisel to yield a ton a-day to the finder, and to every one whom he should admit to a claim on the lead. More than once the rumor obtained currency that this place had actually been found, and more than once had it happened within my own hearing that sane, hard-working, sensible men have seriously discussed the question whether it would be cheaper and safer to haul the gold away in wagons or to pack it on mules after several tons had been collected. I have myself taken part in such discussions, imagining that there was no reasonable doubt about getting the gold. The whole country was supposed to be underlaid with gold. With such opinions for the premises, the conclusion that a great city must be built up on the coast was, perhaps, logical.

I have said that two parties started to found the seaport of the northern mines. One went by sea, the other by land. The former discovered the mouth of the Klamath river, and founded Klamath city; the latter discovered Humboldt bay, and led to the establishment of the first settlement there.

The Klamath party went down through the Sacramento valley to San Francisco, from which port they started in the brig

Cameo, in February, 1850. There were eight persons in the original party, but some other passengers went in the same vessel. After a tedious voyage of four weeks, baffled by head winds, and beaten about by fierce storms, they reached Rocky Point, near the present site of Crescent City, and there ten of them—two of the San Francisco passengers having joined them—landed, and the others returned with the brig to San Francisco. The ten adventurers separated into two equal squads, one under Ehrenberg, the other under Bertrand, the latter taking the life-boat and going by sea, the former going by land.

The land party, composed of Herman Ehrenberg, J. T. Tyson, William Bullis, A. Heepe and Mr. Gunns, started first, and on the seventh of April were on their way from Rocky Point. They passed many Indian rancherias, but the red men never waited for their approach. At noon on the tenth they arrived on the summit of the mountain north of the Klamath river, and saw before them a magnificent stream, three quarters of a mile wide, studded with islands, which, as well as the banks and mountains, were clothed in luxuriant foliage. Breakers off the mouth of the river indicated the presence of a bar, but a patch of smooth water showed the position of an entrance three hundred yards wide. Nor was the scene inanimate. Thousands of Indians were busy spearing salmon and seals on the beach. They played or caught fish, while the sea lions roared out in the breakers. On the banks were numerous huts, with their curling smoke. Swift canoes were gliding over the water. The Indians whooped and the surf roared.

The appearance of the white men caused a great excitement and commotion among the Indians. They abandoned their play and fishing, and collected hurriedly to arm themselves with bows, arrows and double-edged knives two feet long. Some painted themselves with fantastic colors. The women and children ran away to hide in the brushwood, while the braves, about two hundred in number, posted themselves in one of the nearest villages, and there with their loud talking and screeching make a noise like a flock of paroquets.

The five adventurers did not like the looks of the long knives, but nothing could be more dangerous to them than retreat, so they put their hands on their revolvers and marched boldly up. When they reached a large hut, which protected them against any attack from the rear, they stopped and commenced a "talk" by signs, such as are used by the trappers in the Rocky Mountains, and are understood by many of the tribes. These Indians however know nothing of that mode of communication. One fellow stepped out in advance of his fellows and delivered a loud and long oration; and another and another followed. The whites supposed that the speakers wanted to know what business the new-comers had in their country. Long before the orators had exhausted their eloquence, some of the squaws, who had been watching the proceedings from the thickets, and evidently did not consider the invaders dangerous, came out from their hiding places and went up with their children to the strangers. The latter, who had come prepared for such occasions, distributed presents of beads and little trinkets among them to their great delight; and they seemed to be exceedingly amused by observing that the youngest and prettiest squaws received the most and the best presents. The orators were much offended at the conduct of the squaws and the white men, but soon forgot their dignity and were begging for beads and fish hooks.

The danger of war having been thus averted, the white men induced the Indians to carry them across the river in canoes to the southern side of the river, which seemed best fitted for the foundation of a city. There they proceeded to

take up claims upon the site of the new seaport, each calling the other to witness that he laid claim to a tract of one hundred and sixty acres, in accordance with the preëmption laws of the United States.

They then continued their way southward along the beach. On the eleventh they discovered gold on the beach at Gold Bluff, but agreed that they would keep their discovery secret until they should be able to reap the chief profit from it; and it was kept a secret for nearly six months, though not even then did any of this party derive profit from those diggings.

They arrived at Trinidad on the thirteenth of April, but instead of finding the place unoccupied save by the Indian, they found five hundred white men there, with many houses finished and unfinished, and several vessels which had left San Francisco after the *Cameo*, lying at anchor in the harbor. All the land near the seaport of Trinidad had already been claimed, and as the Klamath party were too late to make their fortunes there, they turned back without revealing the discoveries which they had made.

During all this time Ehrenberg's party had heard nothing of Bertrand and the life-boat, and it was feared that they were lost. As a boat and some more men were necessary for the purpose of exploring the river and establishing the city, some friends were hunted up, admitted to the secret and a share in the speculation; and they were sent off in a boat at night so that they should not be followed by a crowd of interlopers. The land party started at the same time. They arrived on the sixteenth at the Klamath, and three days later they sounded the entrance to the river and found twenty feet of water at low tide. All were satisfied with the harbor, the river, the city site and the prospects of coming wealth. Ehrenberg surveyed the claims of the individuals in the party and the streets and lots of Klamath City, making liberal reservations for school houses, public buildings and public squares. As the preëmption law requires cultivation, every man began to cultivate a very small portion of his tract. Some commenced to build log houses, and others were content to live in tents. On the twenty-fourth Dr. Bertrand arrived alone, in a very forlorn condition. His boat had been upset in a gale and all his companions drowned. The next day John Winchester arrived from Trinidad with a party of men anxious to have a part in the enterprise and profit of the new city. A month later the brig *Sierra Nevada* arrived with supplies for the Klamath Company, and she was the first vessel to enter the Klamath River. The brig *Laura Virginia* visited the port on the eleventh of May, and on the fifteenth a party started out in three canoes to explore the river and to found a town at head of steamboat navigation. They were absent only three days, and returned with the loss of a man (who had been drowned) and all their provisions, arms, etc. They reported that the Indians had been very hostile, had upset their canoes and plundered them. But Klamath City could never attain the metropolitan greatness to which it aspired without tributary towns on the rivers and free access to the mines. It would not do to let the Indians have their own way. No sacrifice was to be spared, no danger was to be shunned, if it stood in the way of Klamath City. A land party were therefore sent out to explore the river. They found their journey very arduous, for the country near the mouth of the Klamath is a dense jumble of rugged hills; but they succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Trinity, fifty miles above Klamath City, after eight days of hard travel, and then they came back in two days by water. Another party soon afterwards went up the river in boats, punished the thieves who had plundered

the first party, and recovered the stolen property.

The people of Klamath City were not idle during the summer. They erected twenty houses, laid out gardens, began to cultivate farms, made arrangements to have ocean steamers enter their port on the way between San Francisco and the Columbia, prepared to have a steamboat on the Klamath, laid out a town at the head of navigation, sent out parties which discovered new diggings along the Klamath and Trinity Rivers, and established communication with the mining camps about Weaverville for a time.

Confidence in the new city ran high, but trade did not come immediately from the mines. The ascent of the river was difficult, the Indians were troublesome, and there were no good trails over the mountains, between Weaverville and the head of navigation.

But Klamath City received its death-blow from an unexpected source. Its harbor suddenly became inaccessible. The first severe storm of the fall threw a bar across the mouth of the river, or rather two overlapping bars, and the water poured out between them with a current which no steamer could stem. Hopes were entertained that the Federal government might be induced to appropriate $30,000 for the improvement of the harbor, but they could not afford to wait for the action of Congress; and besides that, the mines in the Trinity and Klamath valleys had not proved so rich and extensive as they expected. Finally the new city was abandoned before it was a year old, having cost many thousands of dollars and the lives of twenty-nine white men, who were drowned or killed by Indians. At this day Klamath City has not a white inhabitant, and Trinidad has not as many as it had within a month after it was laid out.

Such is the brief and unfortunate history of Klamath City. Some of the collateral incidents have a peculiar interest. Mention has been already made of a party which went by land to establish a seaport for the northern mines. It consisted of eight men, Josiah Gregg, L. K. Wood, D. A. Buck, — Van Dusen, J. B. Truesdell, C. C. Southard, Isaac Wilson and T. Sebring, who started from Rich Bar on the Trinity River, on the fifth of November, 1849, with a dozen horses and mules, and provisions for ten days, trusting to their rifles for game. They were in the midst of hostile Indians, in a very rugged country; and a very severe storm which continued with little interruption for several months set in about the time they left Rich Bar; but they were determined to seek their fortunes on the coast without loss of time, and on they went. They reached the ocean about latitude forty-one degrees, fifteen minutes, after five weeks of toil and privation, during which some of their mules died of starvation, and they themselves narrowly escaped the same fate. For several days they had no food save bitter nuts, of which they could not eat more than six or eight at a time, for a larger number acted as an emetic. After two days and a half of such fare, they came upon five grizzly bears, all of which they killed. When they reached the beach they obtained clams and mussels in abundance; but here differences arose, and the party were so much worn down and discouraged by their sufferings, that they were anxious to get to the settlements as soon as possible. With this object they started to follow the coast southward. They had gone but a short distance, before Wood, who was too weak to walk, and whose horse was too weak to carry him, made a bargain with an Indian chief to live with him, and supply him with elk meat, on condition of protection for himself and his horse. The others of the party objected to this arrangement, and succeeded in persuading Wood to go on with them, he

to purchase one of Truesdell's mules for one hundred dollars. At the mouth of Mad River, Gregg wished to take the latitude, but the remainder of the party did not care whether the place should ever be identified thereafter or not, and they refused to wait for him, whereupon he flew into a violent rage and cursed them. This incident suggested the name for the stream. On the twentieth of December Buck discovered Humboldt Bay, which they called Trinity Bay, but the name of Humboldt, given to it by a vessel which came shortly afterwards, prevailed over theirs. Soon after leaving the bay, they separated into two parties, one following the coast and the other going up the valley of Eel River. Both parties reached the settlements in Russian River valley in the latter part of the winter, after enduring great sufferings. Wood had his hip dislocated by a grizzly bear. The news which they brought of the discovery of a secure bay attracted much attention among the people of Sonoma County, and a party was immediately organized to go and take possession. This party numbering nineteen men with three ox teams started from Sonoma in March; they formed the first white settlement on Humboldt, and laid off the towns which still exist there.

IN BLOSSOM-TIME.

It's O my heart, my heart!
  To be out in the sun and sing;
To sing and shout in the fields about,
  In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree,
  O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover-beds—
  There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
  Laugh low with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
  Entices my soul away.

For O but the world is fair, is fair,
  And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold
  And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
  I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
  May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O Thrush,
  O Skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
  And my soul shall sing with you.

SOME TALK ABOUT DRUNKENNESS.

WHEN it is considered that a comprehensive review of the subject of Drunkenness would involve not only some examination into its various character—its causes, methods, prevention, cure and its consequences—but also into its history, geography, poetry, its romance, literature and philosophy—a review which would invade the special provinces of the physician, the sociologist, the philanthropist and the political economist—it is obvious that the thing cannot be done within the limits of one modern magazine. It is equally obvious that the dignity of the subject, venerable in its antiquity and striking in its vitality, renders it at once interesting, curious and instructive.

Glancing along the records of humanity, from the days of Noah to these present, it would appear that Byron's famous line is but the statement of a law of human nature: "Man, being reasonable, must get drunk." The savage, wherever Nature has endowed him with sufficient ingenuity to turn properly to account the raw material which she has distributed with a bounty significant of design, becomes as royally intoxicated as did ever his late Majesty, the first gentleman of Europe. Of course, an essay of this character cannot pass the threshold of its subject without an allusion to that symposium in celebration of the subsidence of water, which has attached to the name of Noah an unmerited reproach. The patriarch did no more on that occasion than his descendant of London, Pekin or San Francisco would this day repeat—he got very drunk indeed.

The history of the Jews is largely a record of calamities, flowing from undue indulgence by somebody or other in the flowing bowl. The reprehensible habits of the Assyrians are matters of history. The catastrophe which overtook Belshazzar in his cups is familiar to all. The Egyptians have placed themselves upon the record, and in the pleasing page of Wilkinson one is pained to remark an Egyptian female of the better sort, supported by her handmaidens, and suffering the last extremity of vinous excess. The story of Greece is redolent of intoxication. In the instructive fables of that wonderful mythology, whenever they wanted a god out of the way they straightway brought him strong drink. In the persons of Alexander and Alcibiades, we learn at how early a period the army had attained notoriety for its irregularities. It was reserved to Rome to plunge into the last abyss of fierce and foul indulgence, till she sunk beneath the onslaught of the barbarians from beyond the Danube, and the dark curtain of the middle ages fell upon the drama of European civilization. The true story of chivalry is one continuous record of riot and excess. Richard of the Lion Heart, a notorious gormandiser, would fall down at his cups. The Christian Knights of Spain were sadly given to tippling, and on more than one occasion paid dearly to their infidel enemy for the gratification of this propensity. The holy fathers of the Church were renowned beyond their secular sons, both for the goodliness of their vintage and their power of punishing it. In a modern day, what can be more charming than the frank irregularities of the Courts of the Stuarts, more impressive than the steady hard drinking of Queen Anne's wits, more edifying than the tremendous nights of the Wild Prince and Poyns—when my Lord Holland's son would go to bed once in a week or so—more interesting

than the very honest square imbibation of the generation not yet passed wholly away, or more gratifying than the contrast presented by these our own times, when habitual intoxication has become disreputable, and even modest excess is discountenanced by the more rigid.

In this brief glance we have traced the trail of the serpent, from the Noachian epoch to the present. It justifies the assertion that the weakness for strong waters is inherent in humanity; that the tendency of civilization is both to moderate and educate it, and rather to eradicate than perpetuate it. We mean, the tendency which is effected through force of public opinion, and the social system of rewards and punishments. We should be pained to class amongst the good fruits of that civilization of which we are somewhat prone to boast, the inquisitorial legislation of zealots, ignorant alike of human history and nature.

But it is necessary to limit the field of our inquiries, and determine the points for investigation. We remark, that the medical man has already taken it in hand, and in the admirable pages of Dr. Macnish's "Anatomy of Drunkenness" will be found the conclusions of a Glasgow physician, who, to opportunities unexcelled for observation, is understood to have united a systematic course of experiment. The history and geography, the poetry and romance, of drunkenness are rather collateral to an examination of the subject in its practical bearings. Between the spheres of the professional philanthropist, the political economist, and our own, there is a great gulf fixed. And thus we restrict our field to the personal, domestic and social relations of drunkenness, and in a limited sense, to its philosophy. But here we encounter at the outset the necessity of a definition.

Our title word is one offensive both to the eye and ear, and by it we intend something injurious both to the mind and morals. We may make the distinction between drunkenness and intoxication. The latter expresses a mental condition, varying from the slight vinous excitement in which neither articulation nor locomotion are materially impaired, to the last stage of spirituous prostration. The former word implies a Habit. A man may—and we conceive that they are comparatively few who, on no single occasion, have offended in this regard—pass the five several degrees of exhilaration, elevation, depression, incoherence and prostration, and yet not be amenable to the charge of Drunkenness. It is possible that he may never again drink five glasses of wine at a sitting. Or, on the other hand, he may, while preserving both his elocution and perpendicular, habitually attain a sodden state, which falls fully within our definition. It appears fair, therefore, to say that by drunkenness may be understood such *habitual* indulgence as enfeebles the faculties and muddles the understanding—varying in degree from the habit of occasional excess to the habit of continual intemperance.

The methods by which a habit of drinking is formed are peculiar and worthy of note. Commonly, the first step toward a habit of drinking is a too liberal indulgence at social meetings and upon wet nights. This thing may be kept up for a few years, and the amiable social agriculturist then harvest his oats, sober and settle down, become a moral and model member of society. Young Hopeful is not yet cast into outer darkness, nor is his offence rank before heaven. Retribution is pending in the latent headache, and remorse on the morrow shall torture him no less than the throbbing temples. This is a good time to let Hopeful alone. It is a bad time for preaching sermons. If the latter be compounded of wickedness, perdition, filial ingratitude, grey hairs and the grave, they will be unjust, exasperating and untrue, and Hopeful knows it. About this time, ten sensible words

from a sensible friend will be received with humility, and reach the seat of the complaint. After some persistence in the practices of occasional excess, the head becomes seasoned and ceases to ache; it is tougher and requires more to upset it; when upset, the entire system, digestive and nervous, is upset with it; recuperation is slower and more difficult. The occasional excess has now become a habit. Day-time drinking, generally at bar-rooms, is much affected among us, and is all thoroughly bad. The stimulus which quickens the faculties beyond their normal activity, is followed by a reaction, during which they are depressed equally below it. This uncomfortable and disagreeable condition is only to be overcome by a somewhat tedious process of recovery, or by further stimulant. Under the latter, the mental activity soon becomes feverishness, and the power of concentration is enfeebled. This has probably been the universal experience of even quite moderate drinkers of this sort. Confessedly, relief from the dullness of reaction is the less disagreeably obtained by keeping up a full head of steam, and hence there is always a certain prospect that a man who subjects himself to the necessity for relief will adopt this means of procuring it. And when his mental machinery has acquired the habit of feverish action toward the close of banking hours, he is next apt to find evidence of it in the condition of his banking account.

The methods of cure next demand attention. And here we meet a first obstacle in the condition of the patient's mind. (We speak of him as a patient because there is something in him to be cured: not intending to imply that the habit of drunkenness itself is of the nature of disease; that idea is a delusion and snare. It is untrue. Drunkenness is a voluntary thing.) In Mr. Dickens' admirable character of Mr. Dolls (Our Mutual Friend) we have an example of humanity in its last stage of alcoholic degradation, and of those "horrors" and "trembles" which differ only in degree from conditions, mental and physical, familiar to all hard and many steady drinkers. Mr. Dolls shivers into doorways to have out his fit of trembles, and holds on to lamp-posts, moaning in terror of imagined dangers. Before anything intelligible can be got out of him, he must be wound up with potations. The gentleman who, o'mornings, imbibes ether compounds through a straw until he is steady enough to convey them by both hands to his mouth, will next (very like Dolls) slink away in undefined dread of his fellow men, and secretly wind himself up to the pitch necessary for facing them. And ordinarily this dread, this vague terror, will have first to be met and overcome before such a hold can be got upon the man's mind as will give any hope of his resisting the craving for relief which is procured through indulgence. The mental depression of dyspeptics is familiar. It is as nothing to the utter and hopeless gloom of a hard drinker during the earlier stages of convalescence. Shattered in nerves, possessed of a nameless terror, whipped of conscience, sleepless, hopeless, aimless and desperate, nothing can be done with the creature until he be first got out of this state. It is now that they kill themselves. If work of any kind is required it cannot be given—unless under the stimulus of a winding-up. What the man must have is a chance for rest. This is imperative. The mere craving of the physical system for its stimulant is overcome within a short time. With air, exercise and diet the abused stomach will recover tone, and the nerves tension. But mental prostration continues longer. Recovery is slow, and for a while insensible. The man is *stupid:* a condition extremely trying to patience and principle. But the faculties will gradually resume their normal action, and now it will be possible to hold out a motive which may be

strong enough to effect radical cure. A mistake is not unfrequently made by well-meaning friends: they will remonstrate with the patient, ignoring the fact that he sees even more clearly than they the force of all and more than they can urge! and yet is unable to exercise the control which they preach. The man, at the time, is irresponsible; and restraint, friendly or forcible—actual restraint—is what is needed. If he can be shut up somewhere—sent off somewhere—kept under guard anyhow, till the first few days of horrors are passed, he will be reasonable, humble and tractable.

The domestic treatment of a weakness for strong drink is a vital and complicated question. A valuable recipe for a case where the wife has force enough to carry it through, may be found in the following anecdote: A girl of character was wooed and won by a clever but dissipated fellow, whom she persisted in marrying in spite of family and friends. In pursuance of the instinct of new-wedded pairs, they fled the presence of mutual acquaintance, and were absent during the prescribed month. It is doubtful if, during that time, the groom was once thoroughly sober. Returned, his happy spouse retired, and sent for him. She sat up in bed with her night-cap on—than which, earth knows no more appalling vision. He felt his courage oozing away before she spake. "John Smith," said she, "I married you against the wishes and remonstrances of my family; and this is the return you have made. [He was now quite restored.] Now, sir, I want you to understand one thing: you must give up drinking, or give up me!" There was severity in her eye, and determination in her bell-like tones. John Smith perceived the force of the situation, and accepted it. Thenceforward he trod in the path of rectitude. After Mrs. S.'s demise he very naturally took to brandy-and-water with renewed vigor and fatal effect.

One favorite and exasperating device of amiable woman is to bolt the front door, sit up for her liege, and when she hears him blowing in the latch-key—conscience-smitten and undergoing a severe self-examination—stalk to his relief, candle in hand, ghostly and speechless. She wears a look of patient suffering and angelic meekness. Another injured woman will work herself to the brink of hysterics, and patiently await the truant. Still another cricket on the hearth will comfortably secure her first nap, and then—not at all particular about the second—proceed to give the erring man a piece of her mind in a style of which her guileless girlhood afforded not a suspicion. All these things cannot be deemed judicious. That they are a delicious relief to the female mind, is true. But it may be submitted to women whether it is quite worth while to perpetuate this grievous domestic evil, for the sake of relieving one's mind. For there is no doubt whatever that the effect of these methods of discipline is, in three cases out of four, to induce Mr. Young Husband, on his next night out, to get very full indeed. It requires no ordinary courage to face an angry woman, or a woman in hysterics, or a suffering angel in cap and night-gown; and men being in their natures the reverse of courageous, will supply the deficiency by liquor.

But what is the best domestic treatment for late hours and too generous potations? A few things have been shown which are not to be done. A hint will cover the rest. He will be contrite enough in the morning: improve the occasion.

There is a stupid proverb extant to the effect that reformed rakes make good husbands. This is utterly, vilely and mischievously untrue. The cases which appear to justify it attract notice from their very exceptionalness; they command attention, while the hundreds of other cases where the rake remains a rake unto the bitter end, are compara-

tively unnoted. *Reliance* can never be placed on a reformed drunkard. The stale simile of a guttering candle which sinks and flickers in the socket, then flashes up in one bright tongue of flame and is instantly extinct, is applicable in this case. The appetite for strong drink may be subdued for years; it may appear to be quenched; and at an unexpected moment it will blaze up fiercer than ever, and then in its extinguishment extinguish the victim with it. Of this the examples are numberless. Men forsake their bad habits and effect reforms. They are pointed to as examples, and the edifying moral of their history adorns many a tale narrated for the enlightenment of misbelieving youth. On an ill-starred day, the model reformer outbreaks in a tremendous drinking match, emerges in *delirium tremens*, cuts his throat, or goes, literally howling, to the shades below. The rule of exclusion which would close upon those who have acquired this habit that door to improvement which leads across the domestic threshold, appears harsh, nor would it, in every case, be absolutely just. But where it might bar one sinner from repentance, it will save the ninety and nine just persons who have merited no condemnation. The wife and children, sinless and innocent—shall their happiness be risked, their peace endangered, their whole future jeopardized, that the chances may be increased for breaking up a bad habit in a man who has willfully earned the retribution visited upon him; and when at best the odds are heavy against success? The bargain is monstrous. And yet many a girl—of rather more sentiment than sense, it is true—full of a romantic notion of reforming some riotous youth to whom she takes a fancy, not only blasts her own whole future, but if she have the misfortune to bear children, brings them into the world foredoomed to a life of trial and not improbable viciousness. There are two familiar quasi-proverbial doctrines, which are peculiarly and preëminently the devil's own: That boys must sow their wild oats: that reformed rakes make good husbands.

Perhaps more efficacious are the public dealing with drunkenness—through abstinence societies, inebriate hospitals, etc.—with which we may fitly conclude this article. Of these, the second may be dismissed to the care of their attendant physicians, with the remark that they supply the means for applying that restraint, the necessity of which, in certain stages of treatment, has been maintained. What to do with the man after he is caged, is left to the doctors. There is no difficulty in turning him out sober. But unless he can be put in the way of some improved opening in life—as he ordinarily cannot—permanent good will not commonly be effected. These institutions are beneficial as far as they go, and are practically necessary. Abstinence societies are productive of much good, not unmixed with evil. Generally planting themselves squarely on the proposition that all use of whatever can intoxicate is bad—a proposition rejected by the common sense of mankind—intolerant like all zealots, and meddlesome like all reformers, there is often only too much reason for classing them with the Brick Lane Branch of the Ebenezer Grand Junction Association. These persons do not or will not understand that their sphere of usefulness is confined to but one portion—comparatively small—of the human family: the men who *can not* drink in moderation. There are such men. To them, abstinence is necessary. To others, who can indulge with temperance, and without abuse, that use is good. To assert that none can practise this temperance, is to assert what is notoriously untrue. Assuming this doctrine to be established, its logical consequence is a Maine Liquor Law; and a Maine Law is an offence rank in the nostrils of gods and men. Another favorite device is the

organization of Bands of Hope; small children are made to pipe denunciations of good wine, and renunciations of tobacco. The benefit of this vocal training is afterwards apparent in Bacchanalian choruses, while tobacco, returning good for evil, becomes invested with a charm beyond its own. Bands of Hope are silly, and Liquor Laws are ridiculous; both are therefore mischievous. They bring their promoters into contempt, and abridge their usefulness. It has been said that there are men who can not drink in moderation. This is a proposition difficult to be understood, generally questioned, and more generally denied, by the men who do exercise temperance. But we all know that there are men who never do drink without running into excess—occasional or habitual. They assert their desire and purpose to avoid it, and give every proof of sincerity except success. Whether or not, then, it be possible for them to succeed, is not so material, provided it be conceded that they never do. To these men, abstinence associations are productive of benefit. The somewhat impressive ceremony of initiation, the very formal pledge given, the public and notorious character of the step, the sense of personal honor involved, the certainty of detection in case of transgression, combine with a force altogether beyond that of unaided volition, in keeping the brother up to the mark. That there are cases of backsliding argues nothing against the general proposition, save that the remedy is not infallible. The rarity of such cases shows that it is nearly so. The usefulness of that local association, the Dashaways of San Francisco, cannot be denied. Organized by a party of "hard boys," and drawing to itself a large element of a similar character; neither throwing itself wildly upon the grapevines, nor yet constituting its little ones a society for the eradication of the tobacco plant, it has possessed a virility which has commanded universal respect. Nor are these remarks made in depreciation of other analogous bodies, or with a view to provoking comparison. Conceding that the end of each is the same, and is good; that each effects its share of a valuable work; it is designed only to call attention to one organization which in a career of great success and extended influence, has preserved itself from either the ridicule or hostility often provoked by its co-workers. We may point the probable source of this discrimination in the fact that this association has been conducted as it was inaugurated, by men whose zeal for reform began at home—who applied themselves to the removal of the beam which lay in their own eye, and have thereby come to see more clearly how they may extract the mote that is in their brother's eye. Amongst their many other local vanities, Californians may plume themselves upon having, as a community, turned out not only a crop of Drunkenness which would be a credit to any State, but also a means for its reformation which is more than equally creditable.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

THEIR SIGN-BOARD LITERATURE.

HOP WO, Wo Ki, Hop Yik, Tin Yuk, Shun Wo, Hang Ki, Chung Sun, Yan On, Cheung-Kwong, Shan Tong, Wing On Tsiang.

These signs, to-day so familiar in the streets of San Francisco, are not always the names of the parties composing the firm, not always the appellations of those dignified individuals who politely pour the tea and ask you to be seated when you enter their places of business; nor do these sign-boards always indicate the trade which is pursued, or the kind of goods to be found within.

To one who can only read the signs in English the sounds are not euphonious; but the same signs in the original language are suggestive, and in themselves poetical. Some, by reason of the spelling adopted, suggest a mischievous comment on the innocent shopkeeper or his wares. When the cigar-maker hangs out the sign "Shun Wo," it does not always follow that his name is "Wo," and that he is impelled by conscientious motives to utter this warning against himself, or that he simply makes an abstract statement; he merely proclaims that his establishment is the seat of "Faith and Charity." Hang Ki, the laundryman, also suffers in the eyes of the outside barbarian. A Chinaman reads in his sign only "The sign of Prosperity."

In the olden times, more than now, the traveler in old England and through the country towns of our own Eastern States, would be attracted by mottos and devices painted upon sign-boards: these Chinese hieroglyphics, which we see over their doors, are of the same nature, and they are full of poetry to those who understand their meaning.

Let us give a few examples.

Wung Wo Shang—everlasting harmony, producing wealth. Kwong On Cheang—extensive peace and affluence. Hip Wo—mutual help and concord. Tung Cheung — unitedly prospering. Tin Yuk—heavenly jewel. Tak Tseung—virtue and felicity. Yan On Cheung—benevolence, peace and affluence. Wa Yun — the flowery fountain. Chung Sun—sincerity and faith. Man Li—ten thousand profits.

These are some of the signs which adorn the entrance of wholesale houses in our city; they are not, however, exclusively used by wholesale dealers, for over the meanest shops we often find the most poetic inscriptions.

Those vertical signs standing or swinging near the doors of retail dealers in mixed merchandise read like this: "Dried fruit, sugar, oil, rice. All sorts of goods from north and south to furnish customers."

Each store has its particular sign, a motto which it has adopted, and adopted, perhaps, after consulting some scholar, or other person who may be supposed to know what sort of characters and sentiment may bring the most good luck. These signs, like every part of the establishment, are blessed, when put in their places, by religious ceremonies. Some of these inscriptions, when interpreted, read: Peace and felicity. Perennial spring (may wealth flow in as an unfailing spring). Virtue and peace (wealth gotten virtuously will be enjoyed peacefully). Virtue and harmony. Everlasting plenteousness. All things complete. Glorious abundance. Eternal affluence. The spring of increase. Superabundant harmony. The sign of the best. The sign of the seasons.

Apothecary shops show a vertical

sign-board in a style like this: "The hall of the approved medicines of every province and of every land." "Fresh and perfect medicines decocted." The particular signs or *nom de boutique* are characteristic of the profession, such as Hall of the Hill with Two Peaks, (which was also the name of a famous doctor of ancient times); Great life hall; Promise life palace; (take our medicines, and we insure added years;) Benevolence and longevity hall; Hall of harmony and the apricot forests; Hall for promoting tranquility; Hall of everlasting spring; Hall for multiplying years; Hall of all peace; Vast age hall; Hall of joyful relief; Hall for promoting harmony.

Clothing stores swing a board whose inscriptions tell of "New clothes, shoes, stockings and caps," and "New goods for family use, to furnish customers." The name of the shop may be: Union and harmony. Elegant and ornamental. Union and peace. Rich and luminous. But the composition of these characters is suggestive of the characteristics of the trade, such as stitching, twisting silk, embroidery, weaving, etc.

Restaurants announce their business in such terms as these: "Manchau and Chinese, animal and vegetable (food) by the meal, with wine, diversions and entertainments." Each restaurant has its particular style or title. We have the almond flower chamber. Fragrant almond chamber. Chamber of the odors of distant lands. Fragrant tea chamber. Garden of the golden valley. All fragrance saloon. Balcony of joy and delight.

A butcher's sign reads after this manner: "We receive the golden hogs—that is, we take whole hogs to roast," (as we see them roasted whole for the sacrifices in their golden-colored skins). Greasy and prosy as their business may seem to be, still we find them quite up to the other trades in the choice of sentiments for their shops. Great concord, Virtue and harmony, Brotherly union, Constant faith, Everything complete, Virtue abounding, are some of the sentences which grace the meat-markets.

We have Pawn-brokers, whose shops are known by such proclamations as these: Great and glorious pawn-brokers, Mutual benefit pawn-brokers, Honest profit pawn-brokers, Let-each-have-his-due pawn-brokers, Peaceful affluence pawn-brokers.

The workers in gold and silver announce their business thus: Gold and silver ornaments—convenient exchange: that is, deposit your gold and silver to be made up as ordered. Like the tailors, they have selected characters for their signs, which not only express a beautiful sentiment, but which also indicate the nature of their trade. Flowers and delight, (they engrave flowers upon the ornaments they manufacture) Original gold, (pure gold) Precious jewels, Flower pearls, Gold and precious stones.

We have slipper manufacturers, who, besides the sign-boards announcing their business, are not behind their neighbors in the laudable strife to adorn the street with those sacred characters which awaken poetic thoughts in the minds of Chinese scholars, and often serve to call up some passage of their venerated classics.

The same is true of the tinners. There are also Intelligence offices. On their signs we read: Flowing out and coming in (furnishing servants and taking in the fees). Sam Li, (profit for three—for the three partners, or for the man whose name is "Number Three") Righteousness as an overflowing fountain.

We have a Chinese store of foreign goods. The sign is Chai Lung Shing, and it means "abundant relief." San Franciscans have noticed that, notwithstanding the people in this store have changed occasionally, still the sign remains the same. So of many other Chinese stores.

San Francisco furnishes engravers in wood, and men who cut the wooden blocks for printing. One of these hangs over his stand the characters signifying "pearl strokes."

The manufacturers, not of silver shrines for Diana, but of paper shrines for gods and goddesses, paper images and paper clothing and furniture for offerings to the gods, display their signs.

The sign-boards of the cigar-makers would suffice for a short chapter, but we give only these five specimens: Fountain of Righteousness; Harmony and profit, Abounding happiness; Excellent thoughts; Fountain of the "Most Excellent;" Constant increase of wealth.

The "white dove card depositories," or lottery establishments, have their peculiar signs: Lucky and Happy, Following profit, (profit follows you) the Killing hall, or the Winning hall. The above are selected from the signs of ten establishments where the lotteries are drawn.

The "Fan Tan" saloons—saloons where is played the game originally learned from foreigners—have their insignia and street advertisements, which read: Get rich, please come in, This evening the skin is spread, (the skin is spread out, around which the players seat themselves) Straight enter the winning doors, Great perfection, The Twin Happinesses, Lucky and happy, The Fir-tree path, Stony brook, Overrunning abundance, Happy thoughts, Justice and harmony, Riches ever flowing, Heavenly felicity, As you wish, Forest path. We have a list of forty-one such inscriptions, which meet the eyes of Chinamen whichever way they turn, as they go up or down their streets in the city of San Francisco.

Our Chinese barbers have their signs, though, like our own knights of the razor and shears, they seem also to have an emblem of their trade, which, in their case, is the washstand and basin placed outside the door.

Chinese doctors are not scarce. One hangs out a board, on which we read: Yeang Tsz Ying feels the pulse, and writes prescriptions for internal and external diseases; Dr. Ma U Yuk feels the pulse, and heals thoroughly the most difficult and unheard-of diseases; Dr. Tseang Ling cures wounds caused by falling or by being struck, also broken bones, so much for the job. Another advertises to cure small-pox. Another proclaims the diseases of children as his specialty. Others announce to those suffering on account of their vices that they will take them in hand, and turn them out in a sound condition for a specified consideration, advice and medicine included.

We have clairvoyant physicians—men who profess to be the mediums of one Wong Fat Tong, a herdman's boy, who went to his account nobody pretends to say how long ago.

We have fortune-tellers also, of whom one, Mr. U Tin, (or Rain Field) proclaims himself a scion of the family of the renowned Shiu Hong Chit, and a divine reckoner by the "eight diagrams" of man's destiny. But Mr. U Tin does not tell all the fortunes; other men have had distinguished ancestors, and hold intercourse with the spirit world, and can decipher the diagrams, dissect the characters forming a person's name, and read the lines in the palm of the hand as well as the descendants of Shiu Hong Chit.

It is not common for wholesale dealers in opium to put up a special announcement of this branch of their business, but the red cards of the petty vendors of the drug, which are pasted on the glass windows and doors of their stalls, are more than could be numbered in a short time. These cards read: Opium dipped up in fractional quantities, Foreign smoke in broken parcels, No. 2 Opium to be sold at all times. This "No. 2 opium" is what is

scraped from the pipes after use and prepared again, and sold to those who cannot afford the fresh article.

The smoking dens are known by their red cards, which read: Pipes and lamps always convenient.

Boarding-houses also give employment to sign-board makers, and so do lodging-houses.

One theatre calls itself the Ascending Luminous Dragon. Another claims to be the Newest Phœnix.

Within the stores and shops we find scrolls hanging on the walls, and sentences written upon red paper and pasted on the walls, over the doors, over the shelves and the money chests. On the scrolls are quotations from the classics and original sentiments. On the red papers are what seem very much like prayers to the gods. Some of them read in this manner: New year Great good fortune, In all things may our desires be met, Let the four seasons abound in prosperity, Merchandise revolving like the wheels, Goods flowing out and coming in, Let the east and west assist our plans, Wealth arising like the bubbling spring, Profit coming in like rushing waters, Customers coming like clouds.

There are inscriptions of this sort for the assurance of customers: Goods honest, the price true, Neither young or old will deceive, (honest clerks) Once seeing and once speaking fixes it, Not two prices. The customers, however, are advised that the market value of goods may change during the day by such an inscription as this: The price in the morning may not be the price in the evening.

On the weighing scales we sometimes see the inscriptions: Scales, be busy and prosperous, Daily weigh your thousand of gold. On the safe we read: Heap up gold, Amass precious stones.

Over, or at the side of the door, are written these or similar sentiments: Ten thousand customers constantly arriving, Let rich customers continually come.

The sitting-room has these decorations: Sit with honorable men, Point to the day of returning, (that is, may we be able to speak of our time of returning home as near at hand) All things as you desire, (may your wishes all be gratified) What the heart desires may the hand perform.

On or over the doors of dwellings we read: Let the Five Blessings come to this door.

Within the dwelling we will read: May good fortune fill the house, Men and things all flourishing, Old and young in health and peace.

At the stairway is the inscription: Ascending and descending safety and peace.

On the red cards pasted on the walls of school-rooms are these and similar sentiments: Become famous in poetry and books, Thorough study, final success.

What have we Americans in our sign-board literature to compare with this of our Chinese neighbors?

We see sometimes on saloon windows the beer-mug and beer-bottle, with the foaming liquid bursting forth; a pair of crossed cues and the billiard balls adorn other windows; a carved Indian offers us wooden segars; the shoemaker shows us pictures of boots and slippers; the blacksmith some symbol of his craft, and our shop windows are crowded with specimens of the articles to be found within. These strike us as designed especially to draw customers, and are suggestive only of traffic.

In the old countries, and on the oldest tavern sign-boards, may still be found such devices as the Stag's Head, Golden Eagle, Red Lion, etc. These may be somewhat suggestive of poetic thoughts, but, as must be acknowledged, the sentiment is not very inspiring.

It may be asked, Do the Chinese ap-

preciate the sentiments of their signs and mottoes, and does the frequent reading of them exert a favorable influence upon their character? An affirmative answer may undoubtedly be given to these questions.

When Chinese gentlemen meet on business they do not usually (especially in their own country) plunge at once into conversation about merchandise, prices, exchange, and the standing of other commercial houses; but time is taken for pipes, for tea, and for compliments, and nothing is more common than for the guest to read, dissect, and remark upon the scrolls on the walls, and on the meaning of the sign, by which all present have their memories refreshed with whatever moral lesson or poetic sentiment the inscription is designed to convey.

There can be no doubt that the moral maxims of the Chinese are in advance of the conduct and general character of the mass of the people; still we cannot but believe that the frequent reading and hearing of elevating thoughts, of moral aphorisms and proverbs, has exerted a powerful influence in preserving the people of the "Central Flowery Kingdom" from sinking to the depths of poverty, degradation and vice to which many other once civilized nations have fallen.

TO A SEA-BIRD.

Sauntering hither on listless wings,
  Careless vagabond of the sea,
Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
The bar that thunders, the shale that rings—
  Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's new,
  Storms and wrecks are old things to thee;
Sick am I of these changes, too;
Little to care for, little to rue—
  I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,
  Bring thee at last to shore and me;
All of my journeyings end them here,
This our tether, must be our cheer—
  I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
  Something in common, old friend, have we;
Thou on the shingle seek'st thy nest,
I to the waters look for rest—
  I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

A RIDE ON THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

A SUMMER trip through the Lake regions of the North had prepared me to accept with pleasure a commission from the Government to inspect the revenue service on the border line of Texas and Mexico. The country through which I expected to travel was entirely different in its climate and physical aspect from any I had yet visited, and possessed in addition to the attraction of novelty a peculiar interest arising from the romantic and eventful character of its history. Some of the most sanguinary battles recorded in the annals of border warfare had taken place in those wild stretches of prairie lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, through which my route lay.

In consequence of the unsettled condition of Western Texas, which was still infested by roving bands of Lispan and Comanche Indians, I was authorized to call for a military escort, should I find it necessary. The duty assigned to me was not without risk in other respects, for I had to deal with a very lawless set of white men, chiefly renegades from the American army, and the off-scourings of all the disreputable classes set adrift after the Mexican war.

The most enterprising of these desperadoes were now engaged in smuggling Mexican stock across the line, and there was reason to believe that they sometimes added murder to their list of crimes. All rumors respecting their acts, however, were vague and unreliable. They were supposed to have stations at convenient intervals along the Rio Grande, extending from Eagle Pass to Brazos Santiago, and to be in league with a disreputable class of Texan settlers, who purchased the stolen and smuggled stock. It was important to the Government, if such stations existed, that they should be broken up, not only because of the frauds upon the revenue, but to arrest, if practicable, the repeated outrages committed by these lawless men upon inoffensive Mexicans and tribes of friendly Indians.

Early in March I landed at Galveston, the principal seaport for Eastern Texas. The weather was soft and balmy, and I was charmed with the tropical appearance of the town. White frame cottages, surrounded by gardens rich in the tropical plants; groves of Alianthus, hedges of *Agave Mexicana;* broad streets of glittering sand and sea-shells, through which dashed half-wild Texans mounted on mustang horses; a few rusty-looking warehouses down by the wharf; piles of cotton lying scattered about on the wooden piers, ready to be shipped; three or four small vessels and a few river steamers—these were the principal features of the place. Here and there negroes were stretched out on the tops of the cotton-bales, trying to extract a little more warmth out of the sun, which to my thinking was already warm enough to give them a brain fever. Nobody seemed to be engaged in any particular line of labor. A group of swarthy-looking gentlemen—all colonels or captains, as I soon learned, for I was introduced to every one of them—stood on the wharf, awaiting the news by the steamer. They all seemed to be addicted to smoking and drinking, and to have a fondness for stimulants generally. But I must say, it would be difficult to find in any part of the world a more stalwart-looking set of men. With their determined expression of eye; tall, athletic forms, dark hair and sunburnt features; their self-possessed manners and courteous address; their broad-brimmed palmetto hats and easy,

careless style of costume—a mixture of the ranger and the planter—they certainly presented as fine a type of the Southerner as the traveler could well meet with. The history of Texas might be read in the marked features of these men—a history of daring and reckless adventure, of restless ambition and contempt for the restraints of law—of battles and bloody frays—of an innate love of freedom ever verging towards the worst forms of anarchy and despotism.

A small steamer leaves, daily, for Buffalo Creek and Houston. The large amount of steam carried by this little craft, her ricketty appearance, the reckless style of her captain and engineers, and a convulsive vibration all over the boat, accompanied by strong smells of grease, whisky and machinery, did not enhance the pleasure I had in anticipation of the voyage. However, one can even get used to being blown up. Ten years' experience of Ohio and Mississippi river-boats had prepared me for almost any manner of craft propelled by steam. If others could stand it, I thought there was no particular reason why I should not. The clerk was kind enough to give me a berth directly over the boilers, which, as the nights were cool, he said I would find "nice and warm." The boat was crowded, and there was no other berth to be had. On that point the clerk was equally accommodating. "It won't make any difference," said he, courteously—"if she blows up, we'll all go where we belong, together. Them that sleeps over the boilers 'll get thar first—that's all!" Surely, there is consolation in fellowship!

All night long the little steamer bumped and thumped her way up the narrow creek, sometimes running dead against the mud-banks and stopping stock still. At these mishaps there was generally a loud roar of laughter, and all hands had to jump out in the mud and push her off. Sometimes she went crashing into an overhanging mass of trees, raking all her light-works, and creating an unpleasant feeling among the ladies that she was bursting up or going to pieces. But the night passed without any serious accident; and when I turned out from my berth, next morning, after a few hours' uneasy sleep, I was rejoiced to find that we were lying quietly alongside the bank of the creek at Houston.

Not much need be said of Houston. It is a pretty little country town, situated on the edge of a prairie, with a few stores, a great many bar-rooms, one or two indifferent taverns, a jail and a church, some pretty gardens in the outskirts, and a scattering population of idle-looking gentlemen, mules and blackbirds.

The stage had left for Austin. No seats were to be had within less than a week, owing to the pressure of travel towards the capital. The Legislature was in session, and the people wanted to get rid of old laws and help to make new ones, for it was a remarkable fact, that in Texas the spirit of law-making was quite as strong as that of law-breaking. No people labored with greater zeal to beautify and adorn the Temple of Justice, or had less respect for the results of their own labors.

I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of three gentlemen who were in the same predicament as myself. They wanted to get to Austin without delay, but were unable to procure seats in the stage. One was a Yankee trader, another an old Texan doctor, and the third a hunter, by the name of Johnson, who had left his horse on the Rio Grande. It was agreed that we should club together and hire an ambulance, or light wagon, of which the doctor had already obtained some information. The owner agreed to let us have the wagon and a team of two horses for $100—a pretty heavy price, but not unreason-

able under the circumstances, for a journey of seven or eight days to Austin and back.

On the following morning we set out on our trip across the prairies. I was quite enchanted with my first day's experience of this independent way of traveling. We completely won the driver's sympathies by a present of a bunch of cigars, and the privilege of an occasional pull at a large black flask which the doctor carried about him for medicinal purposes, it being, as he observed, "good for fainting spells and the bites of rattlesnakes." The driver was naturally a social sort of fellow, only a little given to fainting spells, resulting, probably, from the bite of a rattlesnake in early life. He also had a bad habit of swearing and chewing enormous quantities of tobacco, but was none the less (take him in the aggregate) a very fair specimen of an independent sovereign of Texas. We called him by his formal title, Colonel Wash. Along the road he was more familiarly known as "Mustang."

During the day we passed through some undulating prairies of wonderful richness and beauty. The rising grounds were covered with open groves of oak, pine and sycamore, beneath which was a luxuriant growth of grass and wild flowers, the slopes sweeping down gradually and gently into rich meadow-lands. Water was abundant everywhere in the low grounds, sometimes in little lakelets by the roadside, but generally in the form of small streams and springs, fringed with shrubbery. Immense masses of wild honeysuckle twined around the trunks and branches of the trees, filling the air for miles with a delicious fragrance. Of animal life there was almost every variety—bands of horses, herds of cattle and thousands of deer, antelope and wild turkeys. Johnson, the hunter, killed a fine buck at a random shot of over two hundred yards.

The character of the country was wonderfully park-like, reminding me of some of the finest domains in England. All it needed was a grand old mansion and some beautiful ladies on horseback to complete the illusion, though, to be sure, our ambulance formed but an indifferent representation of an English coach-and-four, and I don't know that our party had any pretensions to style. We did well enough, perhaps, for a rough country that had nothing artificial about it.

Our road usually followed the windings of the little streams, and was quite smooth, being formed of fine white gravel well beaten down. The color contrasted very prettily with the rich green sward on each side, and there was sufficient variety at every turn to keep us in a constant state of pleasurable excitement. Sometimes a deer would break from his hiding place in some copse of shrubbery, and dashing out on a rise of ground, would stand looking at us, till, alarmed at some suspicious motion, a sudden notion would take him to be off. Johnson was always ready with his rifle. He seemed to have a natural propensity for killing something, it mattered but little what, though he said he "preferred Indians on general principles."

Whether it was the pleasant motion of the ambulance, the balminess of the air, or the exemption from all the petty vexations of civilization that gave such a charm to our journey, I certainly enjoyed it very much. There was something approaching a primeval condition of happiness in the sensation of ease and luxury one experienced in rolling along without trouble, almost without thought, through this enchanting country. To lie back in the open ambulance; the smoke of a genuine Havana curling lazily up; to forget the cares of office and the frivolous vexations of city life; to feel no concern about the busy world; to lose all morbid curiosity about

the news; to enjoy a perpetual feast of beautiful scenery without the least personal exertion, were surely enough to afford pleasure to any man not naturally hard to please.

Towards evening, whilst journeying leisurely along through an open stretch of prairie, enjoying the pleasant sunshine, Johnson observed that we had better put on our coats as a norther was coming. I could see nothing of it, and was surprised that he should speak so confidently when the sky was quite clear and the air soft and warm. What instinct was it that taught him to judge by signs apparently invisible?

"Don't you see," he observed, pointing towards the northern part of the horizon, "that band of cattle in the distance? Observe how they switch their tails in the air, and make for the woodland. They already feel it."

It was true enough. In a few minutes little whirls of dust began to rise from the bare places on the prairie. The temperature suddenly fell. A chill was in the air. Before we could get our coats from under the seats the first blast of wind struck us like a shower-bath. It was almost incredible—the sharpness and suddenness of the change. We were about four miles from the nearest timber. The wind blew in quick sharp blasts, growing colder and colder each moment till it became actually scathing. Neither the covering of the ambulance nor the protection of thick clothing could baffle the fierce gusts that beset us with such surprising force and rapidity. Colonel Wash whipped up his horses and professed to feel a faintness, which, of course, the doctor was obliged to relieve. In something less than half an hour, so intensely penetrating became the cold that I began to entertain some fear of being frozen, and jumped out to take a run alongside the ambulance. The wind had a full sweep across the prairie, and soon increased almost to a hurricane, shivering the canvas cover of our wagon, so that the shreds cracked like a running fire of pistols. The horses, naturally wild, were stricken with a panic; the reins broke in the struggle to hold them, and away they dashed with frantic speed towards the woodland. I was soon left behind, notwithstanding I was a tolerably good runner. The wind bore against me with terrific force, sometimes sweeping me clear off the road, almost lifting me up bodily. Incredible as it may seem, I had to watch the chances and lean against it as against a solid wall. Fortunately, at this time we were not over a mile from the timber. By dint of hard struggling I got there in time to see the horses run against a tree, capsize the ambulance, break the tongue, and tumble over all, tangled up in the harness. Upon reaching the scene of the disaster, I found the Yankee trader badly frightened but uninjured; the doctor somewhat painfully bruised; the driver knocked senseless; and Johnson sitting on the ground bewailing his ruined rifle, which was smashed beyond redemption. The most serious case seemed to be that of the driver. He was apparently very badly injured. Upon examination we could find no wound. The injury was, doubtless, internal. The poor fellow breathed heavily, occasionally gasping as if for air. Badly as the doctor was bruised, he forgot his own injuries, and manifested the greatest concern about the unfortunate driver. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'll have to bleed him, or he'll die;" and forthwith he pulled out his lancet, and began to bare the man's arm. "Doctor," whispered the driver in a faint voice, and slowly opening his eyes, "don't bleed me. I'll be all right presently. Give me a—little—pull at the brandy. It's only a kind of fainting spell—brandy always sets me right." Of course the medicine was administered. The effect was miraculous. Colonel Wash got up, shook himself,

gave a yell to test the strength and purity of his voice, and set to work like a man to clear the wreck and get the horses on their feet again. I confess, a suspicion entered my mind that Colonel Wash was playing upon the simplicity of the good old doctor, but I said nothing. It seemed best not to meddle with other people's affairs in this wild country, where every man carried a revolver in his belt.

The force of the wind was somewhat broken by the timber. Large bands of cattle had gathered in under the trees and stood lowing there with fear. Having no conveniences for camping, we set to work to mend the tongue of the ambulance, which after some trouble we did indifferently well. Our road lay through the shelter of the trees for two or three miles, beyond which was an open prairie of ten miles which it would be necessary to cross before we could reach a house. To our discomfort we found that the norther rather increased than diminished in violence—so that upon a consultation we were forced to give up the idea of crossing the prairie. We then sought out a hollow place somewhat sheltered by a high bank to the windward, and camped for the night. There was good grass for the horses within a short distance, but no water. After we had securely picketed them, we built a large fire and cooked a portion of the deer killed by Johnson, which was all we had to eat. I do not remember that I ever relished anything better. Even pepper and salt were not necessary to give an edge to the appetite.

During the night we suffered a good deal from the cold, having no blankets or covering of any kind except our coats, which proved but poor protection against the severity of the norther. Several times we had to get up and replenish the fire to keep from freezing. Towards morning, there was a sensible difference in the temperature. The wind abated, and by the time we had cooked a breakfast of venison, and restored the circulation of our blood by a hearty meal, we felt quite comfortable. The doctor was a little stiff from his bruises; Johnson rather down-hearted about his rifle, and our driver threatened with another fainting-spell, which, however, was quickly relieved; but altogether we had reason to congratulate ourselves upon our good luck in getting through the night so well. By the time the horses were hitched up, and we were ready to push out on the prairie, it was quite calm.

A more lovely sunrise surely never cheered the hearts of a traveling party in any country. The sky was perfectly clear, and before the sun was an hour high, the air was mild and spring-like. A fresh odor of earth and clover, mingled with the sweet perfume of wild flowers, and the most enchanting views of woodland and prairie, regaled our senses as we set out upon our journey. No one unaccustomed to such changes could have supposed it possible to emerge from a wintry night into such a glorious spring morning. Even the birds and animals seemed overflowing with joy. The swallows made a jubilant twittering in the trees, the field-larks were singing merrily on the edge of the prairie, and thousands of rabbits skipped across the the road as we drove along. A pleasant journey of ten miles brought us to the rancho of a settler, where we got some water and barley for our horses, and an excellent breakfast of broiled ham, eggs, coffee and bread for ourselves. Although it was but two hours since we had left camp, there was not one in the party who did not enjoy this second breakfast. It is a great advantage in these wild countries that one can eat heartily whenever there is any food to be had.

The northers are the greatest drawback to the winter climate of Texas. In some respects they resemble the coast winds of California. The principal exception is, that they are much more sudden and violent, and blow at a differ-

ent time of the year. The California coast winds commence in the spring and end in the autumn; the northers of Texas commence in the autumn and end in the spring—the former reaching their climax in midsummer, the latter in midwinter. There are two kinds of northers—the dry and wet. The dry northers are inconvenient and disagreeable, but not prejudicial to health, except in cases of persons with delicate lungs. The sudden changes of temperature frequently produce pneumonia and other severe attacks of lung diseases. When the northers are accompanied by rain or sleet they are very bad indeed, and cause great destruction of stock. Sometimes travelers perish on the open prairies before they can reach the shelter of the woodlands. To be caught in a wet norther at a distance from a good camping ground, and without a sufficiency of covering, is a matter of life or death. The animals suffer much from having their skins wet, being thus rendered acutely sensitive to the sharpness of the wind. Many of the government teams in passing from one military station to another have been decimated in a single night, in one of these wet northers; and men have been frozen to death where the thermometer was really but little below freezing point. It is not so much the actual cold as the piercing severity of the wind that renders these storms so destructive.

Many sad stories are told of the sufferings of emigrant trains, which being often but poorly provided with animals, cannot readily remedy the loss of their teams. Families of women and children have not unfrequently been compelled to abandon their wagons on the prairies and continue their journey to the settlements on foot—leaving their little property at the mercy of roving bands of Indians. The perils and hardships encountered in such cases would fill volumes.

I cannot undertake to keep a very accurate account of each day's travel. It will be as much as I aim at, if I can convey a general idea of the country, with such hints of manners and customs as may be likely to afford amusement or instruction.

On nearing the Brazos river, we descended from the plain into a low strip of bottom land about three miles wide, and densely timbered. A belt of timber follows the windings of the river all through its course—sometimes widening out into the prairie, but generally confined to the bottom. The trees are chiefly sycamore, cotton-wood, hickory and pecan. In places, the undergrowth is very dense, consisting of tangled brush, matted and interwoven with wild grape vines—forming an almost impenetrable lair for panthers, wolves, and other wild animals.

The earth was very wet after the winter rains, and we found the road nearly impassible. The worst places were covered with logs, but even this corduroy suit was buried under two feet of mud. Between the improved parts and the wood which was considered good enough in its natural state, there were mud holes through which it was miraculous how horses could pull a wagon at all, or even get out alive once they got in. Here our animals were often buried up to their bellies, and the ambulance imbedded so firmly in the heavy mud, that we all had to jump out and give it a lift.

In the mean time, the woods resounded with the cries of innumerable flocks of paroquets, and the cackling of chichilacas and wild turkeys; and our journey was enlivened once by meeting a cotton-wagon, at which Col. Wash contrived to make some striking and appropriate remarks. Our ambulance being the lighter body had of course to give way; and it was really a feast of fancy to hear our driver swear. He did not do it viciously or coarsely, as one might suppose, but in a strain of meta-

phor peculiarly his own—rising at times to the verge of eloquence. I think he must have been born with a natural talent for profanity. There was nothing bad in the man otherwise—unless, indeed, it might be bad whisky. Both went together very well, for he always swore better after a drink than at any other time. It seemed to refresh him, and give him a new flow of metaphor. It must not be understood that I approve of this vicious habit; but if men will swear at all in one's presence it is satisfactory to have it well done.

It took us two hours of very hard struggling to get through to the bank of the river. There we found a small ferry-boat, but no ferry-man. He had probably gone out hunting after putting the cotton-wagon across. At all events, all the shouting we could do failed to bring him to light; so we were compelled to take possession of the boat, which was on our side of the river, and try to put ourselves across.

By some miscalculation of the force of the current, which was very rapid, we had not proceeded much more than half way across the river, when the water began to run over the upper gunwale of the boat. The rope kept us from drifting down, but the horses, becoming frightened at the noise of the water, began to plunge and back off. Every effort to pacify them was unavailing, and in a few seconds the ambulance had run half-way off; the boat rapidly filled, and we were all floundering in the river. Those of us who could swim struck for the bank, which we gained with considerable difficulty. The Yankee trader clung to the boat, crying out with all his might for help. Col. Wash got hold of the reins, and attempted to swim ahead of the horses, which were frantically struggling to free themselves from the ambulance. The Doctor, Johnson and I gained the bank, and ran along trying to get hold of the driver, who showed signs of giving out. They drifted down about three hundred yards in this way, the horses, wagon and driver sometimes buried under the current and sometimes struggling on its surface, when, by good fortune, they struck bottom and succeeded in getting a foot-hold. By the united efforts of the Doctor, Johnson and myself, we got them on dry land, rather the worse for the adventure, but not seriously damaged. Col. Wash sat down, a good deal blown, and complained of a faintness. The flask of brandy, together with everything else, had been washed from the ambulance, so that nothing could be done for him. When this discovery was made, he seemed to lose all control of himself, and began to swear in such a manner that it was frightful to hear him. In the meantime the boat had worked itself along the rope to the landing, and the Yankee made good his escape on shore. Whilst we were consulting what was to be done next, I chanced to look across the river, where I descried a man sitting upon the bank—I might almost say an apparition. It was certainly the most uncouth looking object I had ever laid eyes upon—a long, gaunt, sallow man, with long yellow hair, a red shirt, big boots with his breeches thrust in them, a long corncob pipe in his mouth, and a long rifle in his hand. His long face was so dreadfully cadaverous and his form so long and lean, that he might well be the embodiment of the fevers and agues that are said to lurk in these river-bottoms. Seeing that we kept looking at him, he ceased puffing his pipe for a moment, and observed in a nasal tone, "Gentlemen, I'll trouble you for your fare—just lay it thar on the bank; four bits for the wagon and two bits apiece for the men!"

A modest request to make, when we were nearly drowned through his negligence!

"Say, Guv'ner!" cried Col. Wash in a voice of suppressed passion, "be you the ferry-man?"

"I be!" replied the man, giving another puff at his pipe.

"And you want a dollar and a half for putting us over?" shouted Col. Wash.

"I do!"

"Well, then, just draw a check for it on your own bank!" roared Col. Wash in a perfect fury, "and if it aint paid by the time I get back, I'll settle with you then."

The gaunt ferry-man laid down his corn-cob pipe, opened himself up like a tall penknife, raised his rifle, examined the priming, set the hair trigger, and then quietly observed:

"Gentlemen—the first man that ondertakes to leave them premises without a payin' of his fare, *I'll drap him sure!*"

There was no mistaking the sincerity of this threat. The tall ferryman was evidently not the kind of a person to be trifled with. There was a fixed look about him and a deliberate coolness in his manner, that sufficiently indicated his determined character. Now, it was evident that our firearms were of no present value, being thoroughly saturated with water—a fact that probably was known to our friend across the river, for he gave himself no apparent concern about the matter. To say that Col. Wash raved would but faintly express his condition of mind in this mortifying emergency. I had not seen him in such a fine vein of profanity from the very beginning of our journey. All this time the ferry-man stood quietly watching us from the other side, manifesting neither impatience nor resentment at the duration or violence of the invectives bestowed upon him. For my part, I was quite willing to pay him. I felt convinced he would kill me if I failed to do so, and considered my life worth more than two bits to the public, if not to myself; so I held up the money that he might see it and then deposited it on a chip, which I laid upon the bank.

"That's all right, stranger," said the gaunt ferry-man, "*you're out!* jist step o' one side."

The Yankee trader had evidently indulged in the hope of escaping this tax, but seeing no alternative now, he deposited his money on the chip and stood off according to order. Next followed the old Doctor, who took it like a philosopher. Johnson seemed composed and powerless from the beginning. A hopeless melancholy was upon him. With a profound sigh he placed his two bits on the chip, remarking in a dejected tone, "My God! if I only had my rifle!" and then passed over. Col. Wash was the last. He was perfectly convulsed with rage, and declared with many extraordinary oaths that he would have satisfaction for this outrage. But what was the use of talking? We were all shivering with cold, and the money must be paid. Col. Wash, with all his bloodthirsty propensities, was evidently no fool. That clause in the ferry-man's address—"*I'll drap him sure!*" was wonderfully impressive. So Col. Wash put his money upon the chip, promising to settle matters on his return.

"That's all right, stranger," said the gaunt ferry-man. "*Gen'rally speakin, I'm on hand here.*" With that he sat down and resumed his corn-cob pipe, apparently quite indifferent to our future movements, or to any projects of vengeance that might enter our heads.

METEOROLOGY FROM TAMALPAIS.

FEW who approach California by steamer have failed to be attracted by the lofty north portal of the Golden Gate, known to the old navigators as Table Mountain; but familiarity with bold scenery as they have coasted along the shore has rendered them less impressible to its effect, and they will not appreciate the emotions that the writer felt, when, after weary months at sea, on that eventful year that gave our western empire birth, the first grey light of morning revealed the outlines of that majestic landmark. The heavy northwest winds and seas were left behind us; overhead were dull grey skies, but the green waves rippled under our bow, and strange water birds dove about us, or fluttered away with feet and wings both in active play. Our eyes were on the mountain, blue in the distance, and as we approached nearer, and it revealed its dreary nakedness, (for it was midsummer) an unexpected feeling of gloom came over us, a mingled sense of dread and hope. No habitable shores of either ocean were so little known to the civilized world as those before us. The beautiful pictures of fancy, fed by Fremont and Bryant, on which our youthful imaginations had reveled through six months of weary voyaging, had given place to the stern reality. There was California! Treeless mountains and rock-bound shore. Through a gap in the shore-line we saw the yellow light of the sun shining on the rarified mist on the bay, and its smile was our only greeting. It was this same yellow light that greeted the voyager in early times, and gave to this celebrated entrance to our future home the name of "The Golden Gate" long before the discovery of its auriferous treasures.

Table Mountain is now better known by the name of Tamalpais, and although overlooking our town, and distant only about twelve miles, but little else is known of it to one in a thousand of our citizens. The botanist finds around its base a rich region for his investigations. The hunter finds deer and brown bear in its cañons; but to the tourist it is at present a *terra incognita*. The people of San Rafael look to it as their barometer, and clouds gathering about its summit are a sure indication of approaching rain. "Tamalpais is getting its cap on; look out for rain," is a common remark. Indeed, its top half way down is rarely visible when the wind has been blowing all night from the southwest, and often the laws of God are repeated to us there alone amidst thunderings and lightnings.

I had long desired to visit the top of Tamalpais Mountain during the prevalence of our summer fogs, to determine from that elevated stand-point the influence of the coast range on the direction and force of the winds during the season when our climate is considered so anomalous.

On the afternoon of the third day of July I started from San Rafael, intending to reach an available camping ground at the head of the pass for wagons, where a pretty mountain stream, the Lagonitas, comes down flowing northwest into the sea; but the lateness and coldness of the hour when I reached the foot of the mountain chilled my courage, and I spent the night on the banks of the San Anselmo, and woke on the morning of the "glorious fourth" without the aid of gunpowder, at the first dawn, to find the sky overcast with clouds. This was fortunate, and we lost no time in mount-

ing and taking the road. The view of Tamalpais from the road where it crosses the San Anselmo is acknowledged by all who have seen it to be unrivaled as a mountain landscape. The spurs at its base are heavily wooded, and its dark cañons choked with redwoods suggest inaccessible haunts of beasts, babbling streams, tiger lillies, monkey flowers and rhodedendrons. Every foot of all the vast sweep of its sides, stretching away in alternating ravine, ridge and cliff, presents ever living green, shaded off towards the peak into a velvety softness that allures the beholder into a most hopeless undertaking should he attempt their ascent unguided. The valley of the San Anselmo, a perennial stream, although in sight of San Francisco, lies in its primitive wildness and beauty. The forest trees are in great variety, and have been preserved with scrupulous care. The banks of the stream are lined with old *Oreodaphnes*, or bay-trees, whose evergreen foliage fills the air with its powerful perfume.

The *Arbutus* or madrona, with its smooth red bark and glossy evergreen leaf—everywhere admired as the most beautiful tree on the Pacific Coast—bearing the name of Menzies, the botanist who accompanied Vancouver on his voyage of discovery, here grows in profusion and in its largest proportions. The live oak and white oak vie with each other in size, and afford a grateful shade that is sought by man and beast during the long sultry summer days of this valley. These, with the tall trunks of the red woods, shooting hundreds of feet into the air, covered the foot hills before us. It is a matter of astonishment that so few of the hundred and fifty thousand people who live within an hour and a half of this splendid valley have ever seen it, and it is some pleasure to think that the thousands who will in the near future haunt its groves will bless the liberality that preserved these magnificent trees, when so much could have been realized by converting them into firewood and rubbish.

But my errand was not now to search for the picturesque. No time was to be lost in gaining the top of the mountain before the sun had dissipated the mist; but without a guide, or any one on the way to direct us to the trail, much time was lost in efforts to penetrate the dense thicket of manzanitas, that form the growth above the line of coniferous trees. We charged upon them with willing steeds until, with clothing left like signal flags, as warnings to those who might come after us, on many a burnt prong of the bristling antlers of the mountains—sometimes pushed from our saddles or saddles slipping; often repulsed and as often renewing the assault—we finally reached the ridge or divide, which led us to a well-traveled trail. With all the speed we could make, and notwithstanding our early start, we were five hours in the ascent, and it was nine o'clock when at length we stood beside the flagstaff. The elevation of this mountain is given on the official map of the State Geological Survey at twenty-six hundred feet. This elevation should give us a temperature at least ten degrees below that at the base of the mountain, but the total absence of a breeze made it uncomfortably warm. We had passed through and were above the region of the summer wind and its attendant fogs. Above us the sky was unflecked by a particle of cloud, the butterfly flitted his zig-zag way among the flowers, and the plumes of the seeds of composite plants were expanded and ready to be wafted away by the lightest breath from the sea. It was like a day on the Sierras—that fourth day of July last on the summit of Tamalpais.

How was it in San Francisco? Let me tell. I was in the counsels of Eolus on that day, behind, or, more literally speaking, above the scenes, on the very

throne of the king of the winds, and looked down with compassion upon the place where thousands of my fellow creatures were groping their way in darkness, and overwhelmed with billows of cloud and dust. The people of San Francisco need not be reminded of the weather on that day, but it is necessary to state, for the information of those at a distance, in order that they may comprehend the novelty of the scene, that it was a typical midsummer day—cold and cloudy in the morning, sunny for an hour or two before noon, and windy, with the usual mixture of dust and fog, for the rest of the day.

Looking towards the sea, which washes the foot of the mountain on the west, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but the blue sky above and an unbounded cloud-plain a thousand feet below, billowy, apparently motionless, and resplendent with the sunlight, totally obscuring the sea, the line of the shore, and the lower part of the mountain, and showing no tendency to rise higher. Under this unbroken cloud ships feel their way into port, and the telegraph operator at the Heads reports: "Weather cloudy; wind light, S.W." So low down, apparently, on the surface of the sea lay the vapor that one would look to see the topmost spars of inward-bound ships piercing through; but really it must be at least a thousand feet in depth. To the south, over the forts, the city and its neighboring hills, away to the mountains beyond Redwood City, the snowy shroud extended in a rolling plain a distance of fifty miles or more.

As the eye ranged to the eastward, Mount Diablo rose like an island from the sea. Farther round, Mount St. Helens and Geyser Peak in Napa County broke the horizon; but all the country in that direction, in a line with the west shore of San Pablo Bay, extending to the coast mountains, and up to the foot of the mountain where I stood, reposed in unbroken sunshine. There lay the vine lands of Sonoma and Napa, their russet hills and winding ribbons of green marking the wooded course of their streams; and at our feet, warmly nestled in a little valley, San Rafael. Baulinas Bay was drifted full to the crests of its surrounding mountains with fleecy clouds, but that of Tomales, reaching far inland, appeared like a lake among wooded hills; here the panorama ended in the dark vapor that overhung the sea at Point Reyes. About mid-day the radiation of heat from the land had so rarified the vapor that the lands of Contra Costa and Alameda Counties were clear of it; I hoped to see the city of San Francisco streaming with patriot bunting and holiday attire. The head of Richardson's Bay, with a stream winding through a green meadow which appeared like a lake in the morning, had now unfolded itself as far as Saucelito; the ferry-boat emerged from the mist, made its landing, and disappeared again in the gloom. The great guns at the forts boomed sullenly their mid-day salute; but we looked in vain to see the wreaths of smoke burst up through the cloud.

The sea-breeze had now set in; heavier masses of fog came rolling in through the "Gate" with increasing velocity; they tore along the rugged sides of the mountain, leaving their fleece among its crags, and surged over the lower hills like an incoming deluge from the great deep. What a glorious sight it was! I have stood on higher mountains, on the summit of our Sierras, on Mount Washington in New Hampshire, on the Peak of Corcovado that overlooks the Bay of Rio in Brazil, and

> Where Andes, giant of the western star,
> With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,
> Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world,

but this view from the summit of Tamalpais in the month of July, to one at all interested in the phenomena of the atmosphere, surpasses them all. One needs no meteorologist to point out to

him the physical facts which determine the climate at any given point within the range of his vision; it is marked out by the finger of God on the moving panorama.

But there are those who will read these pages who cannot make the ascent, and some who are content not to do so, and yet who have a desire to reconcile the apparently contradictory elements of our climate, which make it so unlike any other on the continent. I propose to state some facts that cannot be learned from the top of Tamalpais, which, though not new, will be repeated yet many times before they are generally known.

Now, it is well known to physical geographers, that the current of the North Pacific Ocean makes its vast sweep by the east coast of China and the high latitudes of the Eleutian Islands, and down the northwest coast of America. In this circuit the sea-water has parted with its superabundant heat. As it passes our coast on its southern journey, that near the surface is the warmest in deep seas, but when it crosses shoals, as indicated by the green color of the water, the deep strata are driven to the surface, and, as a consequence, along our immediate coast the temperature of the water is colder than that of the cold air resting upon it; as another consequence, the moisture of the air is condensed in the form of fog, and there it lies to-night, and has lain during all this month nearly past, like a mantle overhanging the sea, which the sun seldom penetrates, its temperature down nearly to fifty degrees, whether in winter or summer rarely if ever above sixty degrees of Fahrenheit. Now let us leave the cold sea and consider another element that we must take into account when we would understand our climate. There is a belt in latitude north of the northeast Trades that is windless and rainless, known to the sailors on the Atlantic as the "Doldrums." Now we will suppose California, during the dry season or the summer solstice, to be in the "Doldrums." The sun pours down from cloudless skies during all the long days of summer upon plain and mountain, from whose surface the last drop of moisture has been roasted. It grows hotter as it becomes dryer, and dryer because it grows hotter. In other words, as evaporation diminishes from the exhaustion of moisture, the temperature rises higher; for in the most tropical climates it is the superabundant moisture whose evaporation takes up the superabundant heat and holds it in an insensible state. In such climates the temperature ranges not far from eighty-five degrees. In California the want of rain causes the thermometer to rise as high as one hundred degrees, and sometimes to an elevation almost incredible. This elevated temperature of the air in the interior is attended with rarefaction; its specific gravity is diminished and it rises, but it rises from a vast basin, shut in on all sides by lofty mountains, with a few passes or gaps in the coast range. The heavy air cannot rise above high mountains because it is heavy, and heavy because it is cold.

With the rise of sun the atmosphere grows heated, until about noon the heavy winds from the sea get under way and the rush begins. Here is the principal gap, extending from Tamalpais on the north for forty or fifty miles south, the elevation gradually increasing until it attains an altitude in the redwood-fringed mountains above their reach; but it is through the "Gate" that the greatest force of the blow is felt, though all along the low hills between the town and the sea, the wind sweeps with resistless force; a hill of less than a thousand or fifteen hundred feet is its sport; fog-laden it sweeps up its seaward side and pours like a cataract of snow down the opposite slope, following all its undulations until dissipated by the heat radiated from the land. The

wind increases in force until the middle of the afternoon, when the sun's power waning, the fog resumes its sway until, before sun-down, it again envelopes the land. At the south end of the Bay the wind is felt as a gentle breeze from the north, at the Mission of San Jose it comes from the northwest, at Oakland it is directly from the west, and it follows the course of the great rivers up into the interior, becoming more feeble everywhere as it is more diffused.

With this elementary lesson a child standing on Tamalpais will learn the rest. He will see on one side of the mountain wintry winds sweeping over dreary sunless seas, and rock-bound shores as desolate as ever struck mortal terror into the soul of a lost mariner ; on the other, he looks down upon valleys from which the sun rarely withholds its smiles during the long summer days ; where the blighting effects of the fog are unknown ; where the vine grows luscious on the sunny side of the hills, and the orange and the fig ripen the greater part of the year ; where the zephyr comes ruffling the leaves in search of rest, and the sultry day invites to indolence. The lofty range that follows the coast to the northwest, of which Tamalpais is the southern culmination, affords but few passes of sufficient depression to admit the sea-breeze, though sometimes when the wind is unusually strong, a bank of fog may be seen crossing, as if by stealth, the mountain gorges, yet it lies nearly motionless and never descends into the valley with the afternoon wind. When the nights are sufficiently cool and calm the whole sky may be overcast, but the fog is dissipated with the morning sun.

But the sun is declining—the fog-clouds have again spread over the Oakland hills—the mountain around us and the clouds far below alone reflect the setting sun—no breath of air has yet reached our lofty stand-point. Great deer-flies have goaded our horses to madness all day, and with faces burned to blistering we descend a few hundred feet to a copious spring of cold sweet water, quench our thirst and spread our luncheon. The shadows creep up the slopes of the mountain, the cañons grow darker, we hear the hooting of the owl and the quail's call to its brood, and we reach our resting place on the banks of the San Anselmo while the rays of the setting sun still gild the summits of the mountain. O beautiful mountain ! O sacred heights ! above the clouds that obscure our sight, above the sordid pursuit of wealth, above the storms of passion ! Not Ida or Parnassus was more blessed by the gods—nymph and satyr found no haunts more worthy. Our youth, in the long line of generations yet to come, shall tune their lays to the murmur of thy waterfalls, and catch anew the inspiration of early Greece in the cool shadows of thy groves ; and we, the pioneers of thy plains, will turn our faces to thee in dying, and see the never-ceasing smile of Hope in the sun-set light of thy evergreens.

IN NAN-KIN.

THE year 1848-9 presented an extraordinary phase of political agitation all over the world, a fact that Buckle was not slow to claim as a proof of his theory of "civilization." At all events, China, so renowned for its immobility and aversion to change, was among the first of the great family of nations to feel the shock of political turmoil that, like a great wave, seemed to jar every continent of the world, overturning ancient barriers, and sometimes putting a new face upon old landmarks.

It is not worth while in these fugitive leaves to discuss whether resistance to established authority be permissible under any circumstances; but it appears that at the period mentioned a young man of extraordinary ability was an aspirant at the University of Quong-tung for literary honors. These things are bought and sold in China, and as only a limited number can be conferred every three years, it happens that the wealthy undergraduates contrive, through merits of golden eloquence, to out-distance the students whose sole merits are superiority of brains, a currency very logically despised among a people thoroughly materialised. But plain Mr. Hung-Sin-tseun was destined to earn another title, no less than that of Emperor, the fountain of a certain kind of distinction. Rejected unjustly from the arena of literary contest, he resolved to write essays with the point of his sword. He would one day trace the graceful characters of his language in blood, and the haughty officials that had dared to despise his scholarship to-day should one day read his decrees with fear and trembling. He kept his word to the letter!

Knowing little and caring less for Europe or America, he was, nevertheless, aware that western ideas were slowly filtering into the "middle kingdom," through the foreign ports pried open by the guns of England. He resolved on a trip to Hong-Kong, where he learned that the religious doctors of the west taught the moral maxims that swayed the societies of Christendom. There he met, through the introduction of a fellow villager from his native hamlet, the Rev. Issachar Roberts, an American missionary, sole envoy of the Seventh Day Baptist Board. In a few weeks he had read the Bible from cover to cover, and expressed himself delighted with the contents. The character of Moses seemed to him the most elevated and holy of any of the worthies whose history he had perused. He would be Moses. Why should he not lead the Chinese nation from out the house of Man-Choo bondage?

His mind was made up. In the meantime the grim hand of poverty was upon him, and something must be done to ensure subsistence. How could a disappointed scholar, wrapped up in visions, get money in the marts of commerce? So he wended his way home to the family that loved him and the peasants of his native town, who would still help him, at least, to exist. He arrived there one night, worn out with fatigue, regret and melancholy, embittered with the memories of the past and the hopeless future; raised by education to the rank of the great, and thrust by poverty to the depths of the toiling slave that accepts of mere animal existence for the sake of existence.

His arrival, however, was scarcely noticed but by his own immediate relatives, for a very good reason. The year before the Mandarins had fleeced these quiet villagers of their last dollar, and this year, the very day before, the myr-

midons of authority had demanded a still greater levy than before, and had threatened them with the military if more than the value of their property in sum-total were not forthcoming instantly. The next day would be the last day of grace. Everything had been sold that could be disposed of; not a ring, bracelet or ornament of gold and silver had been withheld; but the sum demanded was far, very far from being made up, and the villagers saw themselves on the brink of ruin, for the soldiers of China are but bandits, and their presence is the signal for outrage and destruction without remedy.

The next day the hamlet was a heap of ruins; the crops destroyed, and the peasants, before peaceful farmers, were now desperate with a fury that nothing but vengeance could satiate. Hung, the poor scholar, now beggared in every sense but one, flung himself into the midst of the weeping and outraged crowd of his townsmen. "High Heaven!" cried he, "register this vow! We will march on to the provincial city of Yan-nynan, and either strangle the monster who has thus driven us to despair, or we will leave our bones there as a witness to Heaven of our hatred to tyranny, and as our protest against the decree that consigns the virtuous and the helpless as the victims of infamous oppression and atrocious cruelty, into the iron hand of unscrupulous power!"

These words fell upon ears but too ready to listen. As these villagers sallied forth from their desecrated homes others joined them, till they reached the walls of Yan-nynan. The shock was terrific, but the mercenary soldiery met an unarmed foe, whose stern sense of wrong soon taught them how much more terrible a wronged people may become than a battle set in array. The slaughter was fearful, but the insulted peasantry completely defeated the military, and before sunset the heads of the rapacious Mandarins were hanging on the city walls in expiation of their crimes. After the first flush of victory came sober reflection. Every participant in the insurrection had forfeited his life, and only one course was open to the victorious revolutionists, and that was to face the legions of the Manchon Emperor, and either defeat them or be cut to pieces. Mr. Hung felt that he was already launched upon his irretrievable career, and boldly counselled instant action.

With the arms found in the captured city they again met the Imperial army, and so utterly routed them that after so signal a defeat, which was attributed to the incompetency of their leaders, the remnant joined the ranks of the insurgents. Then it was that Hung assumed the title "*Teen-te*," Heavenly Virtue, and openly avowed his purpose of overthrowing the monarch of three hundred millions of men. His victorious hordes rushed like an avalanche through the richest provinces of China, plundering the opulent cities that line the banks of the Yang-tse, till, on the nineteenth of March, 1853, just two years to a day from the capture of Yan-nynan, was proclaimed EMPEROR of China plain Mr. Hung, the rejected scholar and slighted aspirant for literary honors, in Nan-Kin, the ancient capital and metropolis.

The master of this important city could claim the Imperial title by a right that no Chinaman could question. It had been for ages the seat of the native dynasties. Its public buildings were, though now in decay, monuments of past splendor, dear to a people who revere nothing but age, and who dwell with an absolute passion upon the memories of the past. Its University held the highest rank for learning, and correct elegance in the issue of princely editions of the classic literature of the country. The religious monuments of this antique city were on the same scale of costly splendor. The porcelain tower, whose magnificence was de-

scribed in the school books of the children of Christendom, was in keeping with the metropolitan glories of the old capital, that the people venerated with a respect that Russians like to show toward Moscow; for to this day no Chinese feels that regard for Pekin, the home of their Tartar masters, that the Muscovites make a show of expressing for St. Petersburg.

The new Emperor on being crowned took the title of "*Tai-ping-wang*," "peaceful Emperor," and appointing eight of his most trusty officers as princes to govern under his immediate orders, retired to his sumptuous palace, there to work out his policy in comparative retirement, and plan out the future eventualities of his reign. A hundred millions of subjects acknowledged his sway, and a powerful army that had become accustomed to beat the imperialist troops were at his beck and nod.

The Tartar dynasty seemed doomed. A weak monarch sat in Pekin, the debauched victim of the opium pipe, while Lord Elgin was battering down the gates of his capital and the French were burning his most magnificent palace, and christian barbarians were reducing to a heap of ashes the finest library ever collected in his empire. The apathy of the Tartar forces was easy to understand; disheartened by overwhelming disasters, in a country at once torn into fragments by civil war, and trampled under the mailed foot by an invading host, a spark of energy on the part of Tai-ping-wang would have placed the poor student upon a throne that would have dazzled Cæsar.

But the stupor of the Tartars seemed to have also paralyzed the Tai-pings. One of those unforeseen providences, or chances, that the historian can but recount with amazement, occurred to change the whole course of events. The peasant that had raised himself from the dung-hill to the diadem, either turned giddy at his elevation, or what is more likely, became crazed by the tremendous ventures he had made as well as the appalling responsibilities now upon him, to win the great game of mastering one-third of the human race. For ten golden years he trifled with fortune with the childishness of an idiot. Days, months and years were passed and more than wasted in the composition of edicts, beneath the intellect of an intelligent boy. He declared himself brother of Jesus Christ, commanded the instant allegiance of all the sovereigns of the earth in his mandates, and instead of taking the field, amused his lunacy in applying abusive epithets to his enemies, calling them imps and demons! His chiefs were becoming alienated and his people soon wearied of his imperial nonsense. A crisis was evidently at hand that boded no good to the Tai-pings, who had given their enemies ample opportunity to marshal their forces, and above all secure the alliance of the great allied powers of Europe, at whose complete mercy the crown of China was held, be the head that wore it Chinese or Tartar. Such was the position of affairs when the writer in 1864 visited Nan-kin at the express invitation of undoubtedly the two most distinguished warriors in the Tai-ping ranks, Choong-wong and Kan-wong, two of the eight rebel princes.

Nan-kin lies nearly two hundred miles above the mouth of the Yang-tse river, on the right bank, more than twenty-five hundred miles from its source in the mountains of Thibet; ranges of lofty hills nearly surround it, while the soil and climate go to make this one of the most delightful parts of the empire. As our stately vessel neared the city, instead of the usual bustle and uproar of a Chinese port or a military station, nothing was to be seen but frowning ramparts, and fortifications bristling with cannon, but otherwise apparently deserted. A few wretched hovels built on

either side of the city moat, which winds like a considerable stream around one side of the city, were all that denoted the existence of human life, on a spot that once contained a million of inhabitants. Landing in a small open boat which had been sent from shore for our accommodation, we found horses already saddled for our conveyance, and a guide to conduct us to the palace of the "Shield prince," inside the gates of the Tai-ping capital, more than six miles distant, though we might have entered the city in ten minutes, had not the gates at the river side been walled up with solid masonry. The wall surrounding this enormous city is one of the marvels of this country; an oblong square in form, its circumference extends for thirty miles, fifty feet high, and as many in thickness, though at the gateways the diameter is much greater, owing to the embrasures and bastions constructed to defend them against an attacking foe. All this was in solid masonry of granite, lime stone and brick. There is nothing in other countries to compare it with but the pyramids of Egypt. Our route lay along the city wall, on the banks of the moat, which had evidently been dug not only as an obstacle to attack, but had furnished the material for brick in the construction of the mighty wall. As we turned to enter the gate, on our right, beyond the stream at our feet, arose a high hill, void of vegetation, and glittering in the sun like a heap of variegated minerals. This was all that remained of the porcelain tower that the Chinese were so proud of as the perfection of costly taste, illustrating, as it did, their cardinal doctrine of filial piety. It had been erected in 1411 at a cost of $3,000,000 by the Emperor Young-lo, as a token of honor and respect to his beloved mother, as we read on the marble tablet half buried in the ruins, and standing like a sentinel over the melancholy devastation of the spot. In a fit of lunacy Tai-ping-wang had commanded the destruction of this magnificent work, in consequence of a dream, in which he beheld "an armed warrior rise up from its spire, threatening the august dreamer with a naked sword." The next day it was blown up with gunpowder, and the finest structure ever erected in China reduced to a heap of ruins, still attractive to the traveler from the countless fragments of fictile art, in the shape of gilded elephants, lions and dragons, that cover the spot for many acres.

Arrived at last under the "imperial shadow," our hosts, the "princes," who, (to their credit be it said) had risen from the ranks of the Coolies, received us with a kind cordiality that did not conceal from us the anxiety that seemed to oppress them. They were eager for news, and questioned us with solicitude on the subject of public opinion in their regard among the English and French, that showed clearly their forebodings for the future of their usurped government. We frankly told our auditors that "their own inactivity, the suspected insanity of their leader, their wanton destruction of life and property, and total inability to provide their countrymen with a better system of government than that of the Tartars, had turned the scale of European opinion against them, and that there was now no hope from that quarter. The English had already taken the field against them, Soo-Chow, the key of Nan-kin, had already fallen, and nothing could now save them but a campaign compared to which their former force and energy would be but child's play."

It was painful to observe the ill-concealed emotion of these hardy warriors at this dreadful intelligence, confirming their worst anticipations.

As by this time night had far advanced, our hosts promised to answer all our questions on the morrow, when we were to see all that remained of the

glories of Nan-kin, and learn, as far as prudence permitted, the internal workings of the Tai-ping system, as displayed at the head-quarters of its leader, who claimed no less than inspiration as the source of his doctrines, and even proclamations regulating the daily administration of the city he called his capital.

The next day and those following we had ample opportunity of looking about us, and gaining information. A visit to the Tai-ping palace was proposed, and thither we went. On our way we discovered that Nan-kin *fuit*. Ruins blocked up all but the principal streets, rendering the services of a guide indispensable. The millions of inhabitants that once peopled these deserted thoroughfares had vanished, and scarcely a living being was to be seen, except squads of villainous looking soldiers, natives of the southern provinces, whose very dialect would have been unintelligible to the former polished Nan-kinese.

The palace disappointed us. Instead of being a noble structure of simple splendor, betokening a sovereign still militant in a ruined and desolate land, we found an immense series of flimsy built rooms roofed in the tent style *a la chinoise*, and enclosed by a high wall excluding the least view of the interior, the whole daubed over with a coarse yellow wash. The grand entrance was however as splendid as gilding, tinsel and paint could make it. Gilded dragons, flowers and arabesque altogether made up a sight, precisely similar to the scene painting of a second-rate theatre, and the whole effect produced seemed to remind the beholder of the uncultivated taste usually shown by an aristocracy of *parvenus*. A finely executed map, drawn on silk, of the Tai-ping territories, hung up on the right of the vestibule, while on a painted archway was inscribed "All men come here to adore." Underneath this was a whole piece of yellow satin of many yards in length, upon which were inscribed the latest proclamations of the Emperor, written by his own hand, and by no means remarkable for literary elegance. Though our arrival had been announced before hand, the guardians of the "sacred portal" refused to admit us till his majesty had finished "eating rice," when we should be permitted to enter the reception room of the palace, and behold the august ceremony of washing the Imperial dishes. This was an honor reserved only for distinguished visitors, and the princes assured us that this was all the personal intercourse they had ever been permitted to hold with "majesty" for many years past. The Imperial band did not presume to play a note during the Imperial repast, but no sooner had the sovereign signified repletion, than a clash of gongs gave the signal, when a crash of the most dismal and outrageous sounds echoed from the orchestra outside the palace. We were now admitted by a side door, as the great doors may be alone opened for the passage of majesty. On entering the great hall, we could hardly express an exclamation of surprise. The immense apartment, as gaudily decorated as the entrance vestibule, was literally crammed with precious objects looted from Soo-chow, and the wealthy cities of the richest regions of China. Standing in rows, were carved vases of crystal and the precious jade stone, (so highly valued by the Chinese) some of them five feet high. Gongs of solid silver inlaid with gold in the most beautiful manner, chests (some of them open) filled with the richest silks, cases of pearls and precious stones littered the floor, while the countless tables were loaded with European arms of the finest make, heaped up amid costly clocks imported probably through Russia, from France. The innumerable lanterns that hung from the ceiling were the finest that Chinese art had or could have produced, while the furniture of the hall, principally chairs and tables, was of

solid ebony elaborately carved, and a kind of precious wood lacquered in various colors, red predominating. In the centre stood a gigantic censer for burning perfumes of the choicest description. It was a fac simile of the Nan-kin tower, but encrusted with enamel, and solid gold ornaments, all in a taste that proved its great age, for the real art of enameling has never been found out of China, and now the art is as utterly lost as though it had never been known. And all this valuable lumber we were told was stowed there for want of room. We had scarcely time to note the strange surroundings, when the Imperial servants entered, bearing the golden rice bowls, and table utensils of majesty. They were all of beaten gold of such rude workmanship as still to show the hammer marks of the goldsmith's tools. They were about a dozen in number and of great weight, though we were told that Tai-ping-wang's "solemn" service was immensly more costly, and of an incredible number of pieces, "enough for a hundred guests." The "washing" ceremony was simple enough, one servant merely rinsed each article, one by one, in a huge earthen-ware tub of water, a second received the cleansed vessel and keeping count, handed it to another, who gravely noted down the transaction in a book. They all then retired, when we did the same, as we had another expedition on foot—a visit to the tombs of the Ming dynasty outside the walls.

Only four centuries had elapsed since these sepulchres of the last Chinese dynasty had been erected, and yet all were ruins as far as the eye could reach; all that remained of magnificent temples, that once adorned the spot, still exquisitely beautiful so far as nature went, were countless granite statues of distinguished statesmen, camels and elephants. A high hill had been chosen for the last resting place of the founder of the family, (who had risen to the throne from the plough) and a dismantled vault for the princes his descendants. The hill is pierced through by an ascent to the summit exactly like a railroad tunnel, cased with solid masonry, apparently now as firm as it was on that spring morning when the master workman declared it finished. On the top is a remarkable echo, repeating with perfect accuracy the shouts addressed to the unseen voice. As we slowly returned to the head quarters of our host, we learned that the Tai-ping policy had ever been based upon a patriotic desire of chasing the Tartar usurpation from the country, but that as their leader had also rigorously carried out his determination of burning the heathen temples and murdering their priests, their whole cause had been jeopardized, through superstition. It was further stated that as the Chinese are not a fighting people, utter destruction of agricultural and commercial pursuits were found to be a necessity, in order to force the people into the ranks of the revolutionists. To obviate the evils of this desperate policy, all supplies were held in common, so money traffic was avoided, while the territories still remaining under Tartar domination should be held as ever ready to be pillaged—necessity acting as a spur to force the soldiery to constant action. The apparent desertion of the capital was owing to the absence of six of the commanding princes now in the field at a distance, who were however acting without concert, and of course, wanting in that unity of combination alone possible under an accomplished and respected head. The melancholy tones in which this information was given, the overwhelming sadness which presses upon the mind in the midst of desolation and decay, made us feel glad when our last adieus were said and we parted from Choong-wong and Kan-wong forever. We had hardly time to reach an "open port" when Nan-kin fell a second time under Tartar rule. No

quarter was asked or shown. At last the disheartened Tai-pings gave way, and Tai-pingdum became history. The rebel "Emperor" like the Abyssinian King Theodore died by his own hand, midst a bevy of his concubines, also suicides. Our friends the "princes" had escaped, and one of them is now in a southern province still defying the Tartar, while the other is reported to have died of disappointment and shame.

Such was Nan-kin as we saw it, and such the story of the Emperor-peasant as we learned it from his tried and trusty friends. What will history say! was this remarkable man of our day mad, demented, a fool, or an enthusiast? We say he was not a Cromwell, not a Napoleon, First or Third!—only, not successful.

FARMING FACTS FOR CALIFORNIA IMMIGRANTS.

AGRICULTURE in California is in every respect so different from farming in the Atlantic States, that a brief description of its peculiarities cannot fail to be interesting and instructive.

The first peculiarity is the entire absence of rain, and the scanty dew from May to November. The verdant hills and meadows green, the babbling brooks and velvet lawns, that make gay the drapery of summer time, and wed us to our rural homes in other lands, are all unknown in California. A dull and dusky brown pervades the face of Nature. No woods occur to give relief to the eye, and shaded intervals on the highways. Not a tree lines the roads. Not a rivulet breaks the monotony of blinding dust that attends the traveller, and buries his wheels to the axles. No rocks, no stumps, no hedges, not even a worm fence to give the eye diversion. The farm-house we admire in the Eastern States, with its wealth of comforts and its adornment of shading trees, its sweet shrubbery, its ample garden and its gay beds of cultured flowers, its barn and corn-crib, its spring house with green pathways, weeping willows and grassy slopes—how many of these attractions can we number among those that grace the homes of the farmers of California? Not one! Each and all are strangers to the landscape in the great agricultural valleys that supply the wheat crops which form the bulk of agriculture and the great money-making attraction. The fencing is all one monotony of horizontal boards, light and temporary, but costly beyond conception. The houses are equally monotonous, comfortless, treeless, sun-stricken, fly-beset cabins. This is the general aspect of three-fourths of the present agricultural country along the hundreds of miles of the great farming valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin.

Let it not be supposed that this nakedness is necessarily contingent to the dry summer climate. Quite the contrary. It is all owing to circumstances that are giving symptoms of impending change for the better. Hitherto poor men have farmed the soil under claim of first possession, but also under uncertainty of legal tenure on account of Mexican claims, that covered the country in grants of twenty to forty thousand acres, which have held the preëmptors in legal dispute since the American advent.

The Courts have now settled most of the land titles, and a better class of farmers is fast taking the place of the earlier settlers. Besides, till within the past two years farming has not been profitable, there being no outside mark-

ets for wheat. But the years 1866 and 1867 have been seasons of great prosperity. From poverty and from dull prospects the farmers of California find themselves suddenly rich. They are speculators in land and lenders of money now. It is the last crop of fifteen millions of bushels, and a foreign demand at unusual prices, that have made sensible the greatly altered condition of the farmers of California. It is a general change, to which there is scarcely one exception, and it has bright prospects for continuance. The harvest of 1868 largely excels all others, but its money value will be less.

But we have presented but one side of the picture. Where great advantages are given there are always disadvantges to correspond, tending to equalize the conditions of mankind. So, in return for so many repellant features, it is natural to ask what are the attractions that so overbalance them, as to retain those who are there, and to excite so extended a desire abroad to emigrate to California? It is our aim to bring this to the comprehension of every reader by simple narration of facts. That there is ample room for a large agricultural population may be seen from the extent of the arable land of the State. California is seven hundred miles long and two hundred and twenty in average width. There are sixty-five millions of acres adapted to agriculture, and less than two millions in culture. The great valley known as the Sacramento basin, and occupying the longitudinal centre of the State, is four hundred miles long by fifty miles wide. It is watered by two rivers, viz, the Sacramento, coming from the north, and the San Joaquin, from the south. These meet in the centre of the basin, and pour their united waters into the Bay of San Francisco. There are in this basin over twelve millions of acres of valley land, of which some is yet open to preëmption as Government land. This is a treeless country, as already described. Much of the soil is of inexhaustible richness. Adobe soil covers a large area. This is a dark, tough, unctuous clay, very deep, very rich and very cloddy under cultivation. The immediate river banks are scarcely habitable, being subject to winter overflow. Most of it is swamp land, covered with wild cane and rushes. When reclaimed, which it can be at practical rates, it will be the best land in the State. It is all open to purchase, at low prices. There are four and a half millions of acres of this kind of swamp land, salt and fresh, in the State, and fevers and mosquitos prevail on their borders.

In other countries the choice spots for settlement and for the dwelling-house are by the side of streams. Three-fourths of the streams of California, however large in the season of rains, are dry or nearly so in summer. It is unsafe to build near them, for in rainy seasons like those of 1866–7 and 1867–8 there is great destruction along their banks. Springs that flow in the dry season are not known in this great valley. Dependence is on wells, and the water is impregnated with alkali. Farmers are attracted by the richness of the soil. With any fair cultivation, in ordinary seasons, it yields thirty bushels of wheat to the acre; of barley, forty; of oats, the same. Indian corn is not much planted. It is not a profitable crop. Cool nights and no summer rain are against it.

One seeding and one cultivation suffice for two crops. The "volunteer" crop of the second year is, perhaps, one-fifth less in quantity, but it is all profit.

The cost of cultivation is reduced to a minimum by the non-use of manure. Straw is generally burned on the ground. Ploughing is very shallow, and it costs three dollars a day for a plowman.

There are no barns, no expense of housing fodder for winter-feed, no stables to cleanse, no shelter provided

for horses and cows. The harvest is cut, threshed and sacked on the field, and the field is all the store-house that is used till November rains come. By this time the farmer has generally disposed of his crop, for soon the state of the roads puts a stop to teaming. The number of acres that goes into wheat on a farm in California is treble or quadruple the usual proportion elsewhere ; for, excepting the oats he cuts for the little hay that is wanted, his land has no other use. The wheat-grower here is subject to no summer casualties. His wheat is sure to be sound. There is no rain to interrupt his harvest. He can engage his hands for such a day, and he knows the weather will be all right. If he be not ready in June, when his grain is ripe, he can postpone the cutting a week, a month, or more, with trifling difference, for it is a peculiarity of vegetable life here that seeds do not readily fall from the plant till rain comes to loosen the capsule. Wheat has no diseases here, and the flinty effects of prolonged dry weather go against insect ravages. Horses, when not at work, pick up their own living. Give the farmer a market, at even low figures relatively to Atlantic prices, and it must be evident that he will garner up money as no farmer can do elsewhere. This is a great attraction, sufficient to draw all the world to California, when money is the object. But there are other reasons.

The winter in the agricultural districts of California is so mild that there is no suffering, no discomfort from snow and frost. There is small expense for fuel, overcoats, or extra blankets. Winter is, in reality, one long-subdued spring. The hills and the valleys cast off the russet garments of summer, and every nook of vale and hillside is clad in brilliant green. It is the time to dress the land, the time for seeding, the good time for cattle to taste of fresh herbage and sound the notes of joy—it is "the rainy season." This sounds to foreign ears as a period of discomfort. As a general rule, the days of rain from November to May are exceeded by the days of bright and balmy sunshine that intervene between the rains. The rains are showery rather than continuous, and they prevail more at night than in the daytime. There may be four or five spells of shower through the day, with some hours of genial sun interspersed. There are usually two periods of rain—November and December, with part of January, give two-thirds or more of all the rainfall. Then a dry spell, often till in March. April never gives as much rain as would be preferred, and one scant shower, and the last, in May, is all that is expected.

The anxiety of the farmer lest there should be scanty rainfall gives him material satisfaction, that counterbalances the personal discomfort. So that, except in destructive floods, every rainfall is a shower of blessings on his household. Besides, after six months of drought, seeing never a drop of rain and scarcely a bead of dew, the eyes and nostrils and every crevice suffused with dust to the verge of endurance, one so hails the grateful contrast of a pouring rain, that the first two months, which are the heaviest, are passed before the nausea of surfeit begins to tax one's endurance to the point of imprecation.

It is the direst calamity to the country when the winter rainfall is insufficient. The farmer is beggared and the cattle perish. Such a season was 1864. More than half the cattle perished of famine, for there was no pasture. And food for the people had to be imported from Chili, Australia and elsewhere. Since the advent of Americans, this calamity has happened so seldom that farmers do not reckon it seriously among the evil contingencies. Nor do the consumers. Every year the crop is sold closely out, unless the price should be unusually low. But the records of

the Mexican missions show that experience made it their law to keep always in store one year's supply, to meet the exigencies of famine years. Now, our farmers are in condition to hold over; and it is probable that the enormous crops just garnered, at least thirty per cent. above all former years, will find prices low enough to induce such a provision against a calamity that should ever be in our calculations.

There is no sod in California. Frost in the Atlantic States suspends animation, but spring rains revive the grass. Here, the drought of six months kills the grass at the root. Nearly all hay is made of oats and barley, cut before ripeness. The exemption from rain in time of hay-making, (May and early June) gives it perfect curing, and it is abundantly nutritious. There are spots among the swamp lands that have moisture enough to maintain a perennial sod of coarse wiry grass; and there are among the dells of our mountain ranges springy nooks, where clover and timothy carry a sod. But these are exceptional. Farmers must sow their hay crop biennially, as they do their wheat.

Will not constant cropping without manuring soon extract the soil? This is an interesting question. Year after year for the past fifteen summers, wheat and barley and oats have been cropped from the same fields without returning anything to the soil except the ashes of the straw left where it was burned. Many large farmers aver that the crop knows no diminution. But others admit the contrary. Certainly deterioration is much less than theory expects. It seems as if the winter rains bring larger elements of fertility; for the vast mountain ranges have for seventy years, and probably seventy times seventy, borne the same undiminished crops of herbage, notwithstanding their steepness and their thinner soil.

The dry and pure electric air of California holds more ammonia than other atmospheres. It is perhaps on this account that it has no thunder storms and no lightning, which in other countries are necessary to purge the poison products of electric exhaustion.

The soil is everywhere volcanic. Soda and other alkalies permeate it thoroughly and impregnate its waters, every drop of which is alkaline. Here is an inexhaustible source of subterranean manure that accounts for the general non-exhaustion of the soil. To make stable manure in this climate is opposed by a curious obstacle, viz, the difficulty of getting it to rot. It inclines to dry out rather than to rot. So cattle that die by the road side mummify without the stench of decay, leaving the hide tanned on the ribs. Hang your quarter of beef in the air and you may cut and carve again, as your cook desires, for a month. It will dessicate somewhat, but not decay.

This peculiarity hints that manuring after the fashion of other climates, is not the mode that Nature has designed for California.

We have spoken only of the great centre valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. But there are other valleys innumerable in "the coast range" district, nearer the ocean and within the influence of its strong summer winds and moderating temperature, summer fogs and winter mists. In the aggregate these have as much rich land as the great valley. We can only give the names of the principal ones, with numbers indicating the distance from the sea. North of San Francisco: San Rafael, ten miles; Russian River, Petaluma and Santa Rosa, twenty; Sonoma, Diablo and Ramon, thirty; Napa and Suscol, thirty-five; Suisun, Vaca, Putah, Cache Creek, Berreyesa and Clear Lake, averaging from forty-five to sixty. South of San Francisco: Alameda, San Mateo, Castro, Suñol and Santa Clara, ten to forty; Santa Cruz, Pajaro and Salinas running into the bay of Monterey, and others in Santa Barbara and

Los Angeles counties, much farther south and near the coast. Few of these valleys contain less than twenty to thirty square miles, and many are much larger. Their soil is always rich and deep, and their landscape is beautiful by being embosomed in deep mountains of very peculiar appearance. Their bare and steep sides are deeply furrowed with a thousand gorges, that, in the bright and persistent sun, give a play of light and shade which in the picture compensate for the absence of trees. The few clouds which there are have a fashion of scudding along the mountain tops in protean shapes, whose ever-changing play sheds grace and sublimity over all. Enchantment is the word that best expresses the effect.

The vale of Napa is remarkable as an example of this enchantment in its rarest exhibition. It is thirty miles long by five at its entrance, with a gradual tapering of its width towards the upper end. Santa Rosa is a rich circle ten miles in diameter. But all are beautiful, and all are of rich, deep, mellow soil. In these valleys prices have so advanced as to put the lands out of reach of emigrants of small means. Here may be seen what sweet surroundings can spring up with magic quickness around the farmer's home, when his taste and his means desire it. Money, indeed, contributes little: give Nature and this prolific soil and climate the least show of fair play, and you may have in five years a wealth of shade and adornment that ten years, nay fifteen years, if ever, can give you in the States of the Atlantic. This is no exaggeration.

We have said that everything green turns to brown in summer; how then do cattle live? The mountain ranges have vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, which get no food the year round but what they can pick up. Wild oats cover a large area of the coast range mountains. Burr clover, whose seed is enclosed in a prickly capsule, alfalfa, bunch grass and alfilarea represent the general pasture of the mountains. When the dry season sets in, all grasses are converted into nutritious hay where they stand, and all seeds are held fast in their capsules. Thus cattle browse and keep in condition without green food, during the dry season. But the first rain beats down and destroys the standing hay, relaxes the seed capsules, and scatters the grain beyond the gather of the cattle. This is their hard time, and lasts through November and December till the fallen seed sprout into edible form.

The surest and cheapest crop is barley. It goes thirty-five bushels to the acre. It is the staple feed of the country. Oats make a crop scarcely inferior. Rye is almost unknown. Indian corn does not pay. Buckwheat is little cultivated. Potatoes are prolific and of superior quality, knowing no disease. They can be had fresh from the ground during ten months of the year. Beans and peas make a large yield, and are green in the market most of the year after March. Cabbages, beets, celery, cauliflowers with large and full heads, artichokes, spinach, turnips, carrots, parsnips, etc., stand green in the garden the year round. Strawberries and tomatoes are ripening during eight months.

This perpetual supply of green garden food is a very attractive feature for health, comfort and domestic economy. Fruits of every kind thrive; they are free from diseases (the yellow leaf in peaches excepted). They yield abundantly, and they are of good quality. Pears and plums are first in excellence: then cherries, apricots, peaches, apples, etc. For apples that have the full flavor and keep in winter, and for peaches in healthiest condition, you must go to the far uplands—the foothills in the gold-mining district. Oranges, lemons, olives, almonds, nectarines, walnuts, pomegranates, etc., flourish in the southern counties chiefly. Chicory is in full supply. Hops beat everything on the earth in

strength of lupuline and in the enormity of production. The grape-vine finds a home in California that no other country can afford. It has no disease. The crop never fails. It needs no irrigation, (artificial irrigation is not practised but in very few and exceptional cases in this country). No such wine can be made elsewhere, for quality, for high fruity flavor, for bouquet, and for rich and saccharine body. The dairy is one of our best-paying and easiest branches of farming in the coast range country of three hundred miles extent, where mountain springs and summer fogs keep up the mountain pastures. No butter is so sweet and so long in keeping. Fresh grass butter is in the markets of San Francisco every month of the year. Spring-made rolls keep their fresh grass flavor for a year, wrapped in muslin and covered with salted water. Raspberries and blackberries have full three months bearing time. Cheese ripens in two years equal to five years elsewhere. It has peculiar excellence. Honey is superabundant, and the hive yields double the quantity known elsewhere. Fowls pick up their own living, and lay readily. But in the coast range they do not find the best health; and a fowl tender and fat is a rare dish at our hotels. Beef and mutton are excellent. Venison has a long season, and is of good quality. Wild fowl are very plentiful. Salmon is abundant during nearly twelve months. It is large and of superior meat. Oysters are small and coppery. Crabs huge and good; so also lobsters. Halibut, pikes, perch, soles, etc., abound. The dried fruits of California have peculiar excellence of color and flavor. They are cured in sunshine untarnished by rain. They are not dried in fact, but cured with great supply of juices preserved. They supply for the table a sauce far surpassing ordinary dried fruits in flavor and in acceptability to the palate and to the organs of digestion. They greatly enrich the farmer's winter fare. Wine of pure grape juice is everywhere in California cheap and plentiful—say from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents per gallon.

The price of land cannot be quoted except when it is public domain. In the rich coast range valleys spoken of, say from ten dollars to over one hundred per acre, when well improved. In the Sacramento basin, from five to twenty-five dollars and over. In the Southern counties, from one to ten dollars per acre. Agricultural labor is from thirty to forty dollars a month and board: Chinamen get nearly the same without board.

There is, besides the two great farming districts described, a third of very different character, and of very great extent. It is called the foothills, which answers to Piedmont in Italy. This region has about half as much tillable land as either of the others. It extends the whole length of the Nevada range, of which it is the gradual undulations, falling away towards the great plain of the Sacramento basin. In these rolling sub-mountains are the gold mines and the auriferous gravels. Gold mining overshadows agriculture. Yet there is a gradual influx of farmers, horticulturists and vine-growers who are attracted by many superior advantages to this hill country. The best wine is certainly produced here, and the best fruit. The hill-side vineyards and orchards are already numerous. It is a notable peculiarity of the hills that their soil is richer than the valleys. Though often quite steep in the ascent, the soil is usually rich and deep; and it holds its moisture well through the six months of annual drought. The miners' ditches supply irrigating water at prices convenient. But irrigation is seldom practised. In this great range there is a home-market at the mining camps. Most of the land is open to preëmption at the usual government price, and small farms can be bought cheaply, with full-bearing orchards and vineyards. Higher up the

mountains are many secluded vales hidden from observation, in which there is room for considerable settlements. These are usually watered by mountain springs: and snow may cover them for sixty days. Among the mines snow is rare. Details of these different farming sections, carefully recorded from official data and personal investigation, are given in *Cronise's Natural Wealth of California*, and "The Resources of California," by John S. Hittell, San Francisco, 1867. Both works are herein reliable, and made very interesting to the general reader.

Great efforts are being made by organized societies to excite a rush of emigration to the farm lands of the State. In anticipation of success, speculation runs high, and prices of land have advanced—not a little, but a great deal. They will double and treble should anything like a rush come, of which there are strong probabilities. It should be known that these movements are all founded on the presumption that wheat will continue to sell for something like one dollar and fifty cents a bushel in gold coin, in San Francisco. We should here remark that all prices and estimates in this article are gold valuation. The crop of '67 was fifteen millions of bushels. Half was exported. For '68 reckon twenty millions; for every available acre was put in wheat, and the rain has been unusually abundant. Should there be an eager market in Europe, perhaps this twelve millions surplus may return satisfactory profits. Otherwise, the markets of the Pacific will be greatly overstocked. Taking in view all reasonable probabilities, there is no room at present for any emigration of wheat-growers. Fruit men may be advised that the orchards of the State are in excess of the existing markets, being subject to heavy competition from Oregon: but when labor permits of curing fruits, orchards will pay.

Vineyards are very far ahead of the wine factories, and they do not pay yet; though as California wine is fast finding favor abroad, they will soon be good property. There is room for sugar beets, if accompanied with sugar factories, and for flax and hemp with factories. There is room at high wages for farm laborers and miners, and for working women. But clerks and men of no trade will find everywhere distressing want of employment. Merchants are not wanted; every avenue is overcrowded. Scarcely any manufacturing can thrive at the present wages of white labor. Speculation in town lots has been active, under the universal assurance of a great rush of eager new-comers and a corresponding expansion of industry.

Certainly the prosperity of agriculture and mining, and the steady advance ot commerce, give great promise of a bright future for the State and its commercial metropolis. Capital is also accumulating very fast for so young a community. Every industry is upon a sound basis, and cumbered little with debt. Still we are but half-a-million of people in the State, and 125,000 in San Francisco: and speculative prices may retard the emigration of the substantial and the prudent classes that can alone give fulfillment to our expanded expectations.

For what kind of persons is there room in California? Farmers who have means to buy a house and maintain themselves one year have a sure thing if they will enter into more varied culture than only wheat. The garden and orchard go far to supply the table the whole year in this climate, if you have water for the farmer. Every place has grapes. These pay, if you can make and hold your wine, and they have a sure future, not far off. Mulberry-trees grow like weeds. There are five millions now growing. You can get them one year old. In two years these will feed silkworms. Any quantity of reeled silk is saleable. All your family can work at this; and two crops of cocoons are certain. There is no such country for silk, in quantity and quality.

Flax, castor bean, hops, tobacco and many such things might be mentioned. Wood-planting in this treeless country would pay largely, and ten years give growth that other climates and soils would not give in twenty years; for all winter long the growth keeps on with little interruption. The dairy farm pays at once and handsomely. We still import butter and cheese. Farm hands and miners would find steady work at large wages in gold. Miners get three dollars a day.

In conclusion, California is especially recommended to persons whose health demands a genial atmosphere. Drink no spirits; but domestic wine in moderation. Eat sparingly of meat, take your coffee weak, and avoid speculative excitements. Then, if you bring a liver not entirely leathered and lungs not over half-consumed, and choose from a variously distributed climate the locality best adapted to your complaint, you may live yet long in the land.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.

THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's" grocery had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp: "Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom—hard enough to bear even in the seclusion and sexual sympathy with which custom veils it—but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation, which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive sympathy and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio.* Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal in-

formality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;" even, that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd, which had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring

Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "mighty small specimen;" "hasn't mor'n got the color;" "ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst, the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about $200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left—a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d——d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "The d——d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed he walked down to the river and whistled, reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy, "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the d——d little cuss," he said and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hill-side, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusi-

astic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they did'nt want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan, that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the express-man's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work and frills—d—m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiences. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot-hills—that air pungent with balsamic odor; that etherial cordial, at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Cayote"—(an allusion to his vocal powers)—and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all around. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was

to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who 's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus estopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California—So help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered aught but profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived, but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how The Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defence, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked in Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D——n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquillizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-O'-War Jack," an English sailor, from Her Majesty's Australian Colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a

fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azalias, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy—albeit there was an infantine gravity about him—a contemplative light in his round grey eyes that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tessallated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a talking to a jay bird as was a-sittin on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a-jawin at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back, blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumble-bees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times"—and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp, they duly prëempted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of

Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "the Luck"—who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of '51 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy, "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner, but the pride—the hope—the joy—the Luck—of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's a taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me, now;" and the strong man clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

ETC.

At any time during the present season you shall meet on the suburban routes certain preoccupied men in linen dusters, with parcels and baskets. The parcels and baskets, which are generally filled with metropolitan luxuries, denote that they are suburban residents; the general air of discontent and anxiety that prevades their unhappy being denotes that they live in the suburbs for pleasure. They make their appearance on railway and steamboat out of breath and savage; they clutch their evening papers with selfish greediness and retire to their seats—the best ones—in sullen ferocity. They do not look at the landscape which they have seen on an average fourteen times a week, and they cannot help feeling a sensation of disgust for those who do. If they converse, it is upon the topic suggested by the business of the day, or the paper which beguiles them of their tedium. They examine their watches and are severe upon the engineers and conductors; they look upon the last five minutes spent in speeding through a champaign country or over a placid sheet of water as so much time of which they were defrauded; a delay of ten minutes is an enormity to be referred to in only the most extravagant terms. They are unhappy and they know it; they are hypocrites and they know it. They have attempted to compromise with their instincts, they have tried to combine business with pleasure—recreation with duty—and the result is disastrous. Instead of taking their summer vacation honestly and fairly and then returning to business, they have but half achieved both business and recreation.

That any citizen who has the true urban instinct ever enjoys living in the suburbs, I candidly doubt. It is well to have a villa. The very consciousness of having a place elsewhere than in the city gives a charm to civic life. But to enjoy the villa you must leave the city behind. You cannot think of Cicero coming down from Tusculum to the Senate every day and going back by 5.30 express.

It is hard to add to the business of business the business of pleasure. The French philosopher has said that this world would be tolerable enough if it were not for its amusements. What a feeling of relief we generally have when we get back from our jaunt, if it be but a picnic party! "Tis an excellent piece of work" says Christopher Sly, speaking of the play, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "'tis an excellent piece of work—would 'twere done."

I wonder if we have improved any since old Froissart noted that our ancestors the English "went about their pleasures sadly." I sometimes think we go about ours too practically. Does anybody know why my friend Rusticus always asks me about the price of town lots and affects such an interest in business, and why I always ask him about the profits of farming. Are we ashamed that we should be supposed to have any interest but pecuniary ones in town and country? Not long since, the railway carriage in which I was one of many passengers stopped before a picturesque station. It was sunset; level shafts of golden light shot through and through the woods; in the foreground a lane, an open barouche with two fine horses, and a few ladies artistically grouped in and beside the carriage, made a pretty picture. There was a dead silence. Every eye was turned to the windows. "Them lots" said an oracular voice "in '55 could have been bought for a hundred dollars an acre." The spell was broken and the train moved on. Yet I am not sure that we would have been any better pleased if some one had quoted Moore or Byron. Sentiment is unsafe unless you know your company. You remember that the Judge in Maud Muller pretended to take a lively interest in the crops, and "looked at the sky and wondered whether the clouds in the west would bring fair weather."

I am not familiar with the details of the Roman occupation of Britain—my memory being under obligations to the opera of Nor-

ma for freshening on that point—but I doubt not that a society of British Pioneers was early formed by the invaders. That they knocked down a few of the old Druid temples and glorified themselves; that the morning paper alluded to the breaking up of a rotten old galley as "another landmark gone," no one familiar with high Roman civilization and the manners of that imperious race can for a moment doubt. That they made a distinction between the different dates of their galleys' arrival, awarding a higher honor to the ninth legion than the tenth seems equally probable. No doubt the immediate descendants of Adams, the original mutineer, regard themselves as better than the other Pitcairn's Islanders. The thrilling question, therefore, whether the California Pioneers who came in the fall of 1849 shall admit to equal privileges the people who came in the spring of 1850, is no new one. For my part, I —albeit not a pioneer—incline to the views of the aristocrats of "forty-nine." If we have not the distinction of priority, what have we? The mere fact of one's coming to California, although doubtless commendable, is still too common for extra distinction. As the pioneers, unlike the Puritans of New England, the Huguenots of South Carolina, the Cavaliers of Virginia, or even the Mormons of Salt Lake, did not emigrate for conscience' sake, but purely from pecuniary motives, what claim have they for distinction if that of priority be left out? If we are to have an aristocracy, this seems to have about as sensible a foundation as most of those found in a Herald's College. To be proud of one's ancestor because he arrived in San Francisco on the last day of December, 1849, is not a bit more ridiculous than to honor him because he came to England after the battle of Hastings. The passenger list of the steamer California, as a passport to celebrity, is only a trifle more snobbish than the roll of Battle Abbey. The origin of some of the oldest families of England, and what will be some of the oldest of California, are equally ignoble. Let us by all means cling to the distinction of "forty-nine." It is true that it may not have been a poetical era; it is true that it may not have been a heroic era; it may have been a hard, ugly, unwashed, vulgar and lawless era; but of such are heroes and aristocracies born. Three hundred years, and what a glamour shall hang about it! How the painters shall limn and the poets sing these picturesque vagabonds of "forty-nine;" how romantic shall become the red-shirts, how heroic the high boots of the pioneers! What fancy dress balls shall be given then, and how the morning journals shall tell of Mr. F's distinguished appearance as a "pioneer of 'forty-nine.'" A thousand years, and a new Virgil sings the American Æneid with the episode of Jason and the California golden fleece, and the historians tell us it is a myth! Laugh, my pioneer friends, but your great-great-great-great-grand children shall weep reverential tears. History, as was said of martyrdom, is "mean in the making," but how heroic it becomes in the perspective of five centuries! How we once loved Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald De Roye. And yet we know now that they were unpleasant company at table. Did the suspicion ever cross our minds that the Knights Templar seldom changed their linen, and that the knights errant must have smelt of the horse, horsey?

Though there may not be much that is picturesque or heroic in the pioneers of "forty-nine," still I am far from discouraging anything that in our too skeptical and material civilization points to reverence of the past. Perhaps it would be well if the bones of those old pioneers who have been dust these fifteen years were collected from Yerba Buena Park and not disseminated gratuitously over the city. And I cannot help thinking that there are some traditions of the soil —some few guide boards to older history— that are worthy of respect. Besides the Spanish archives of California—consulted only for gain and too often interpreted by fraud; we have the old Missions—those quaintly illuminated Missals of the Holy Church. Here too are those rude combinations of the bucolic and warlike expression of a past age—the Presidios. One—a few miles from the plaza of San Francisco—was the scene of as sweet and as sad a love story as ever brought the tear of sensibility to the eye of beauty. Is it possible you do not remember it?

Doña Concepcion Arguello was the commandante's daughter. She was young, and

the century was young when Von Resanoff the Russian diplomat, came to the Presidio to treat with the commander in amity and alliance. But the sensitive diplomat began by falling in love with Doña Concepcion, and this complicated affairs, and Von Resanoff being of the Greek church found that his master the Czar must ratify both alliances. So he bade adieu to the weeping Concepcion, and sailed away to Russia to get his master's permission to be happy. He broke his neck, and did not return!

What do young ladies do in such circumstances? In novels they pine away and die; sometimes they take that last desperate revenge of womanhood—marry somebody else and make him unpleasantly conscious of their sacrifice. In poetry they follow the missing lover, like that beautiful but all too ghostlike Evangeline. But here was a young lady of flesh and blood, if you please, who had read little romance and certainly had no model. She did not become delirious, and beat the wall, like Haidee, "with thin, wan fingers." She did not dress herself in male attire and wander away; she did not walk the shore at unseemly hours, *decolletée* and with hair flying. She waited. She had that sublime virtue, patience, which the gods give to these feeble creatures—despite all that your romancers say. She did not refuse her victuals. Her little white teeth were not unfamiliar with the *tortilla*, and she still dressed becomingly and looked after the charms that Von Resanoff admired. Sir George Simson saw her in '42, and she was still fine looking. "She took," says the chronicle, "the habit but *not* the vows of a nun, and ministered to the sick." Poor Pachita! that one exception was the piteous evidence of a life-long faith.

Did she suffer? I think she did, in a quiet way, as most women suffer. Your true heroine goes about her round of household duties, outwardly calm. I think this brave little heart trembled of nights when the wind moaned around the white walls of the Presidio, and the rain splashed drearily in the court-yard. I think those honest eyes dilated when the solitary trader swept into the gate, and filled with moisture when she found it brought him not. There are nights and days too in this blissful climate that are as irritating to old heart-sores as they are to mucous membranes. In that chill hour of twilight when the Angelus rings, one may shudder to think of Concepcion.

It is said she did not fairly know her lover's fate until Sir George Simson told her. I doubt it. Whether revealed to her inner consciousness or gathered from the lips of some dying sailor at whose side she ministered, she knew it, and kept it to herself as part of the burden. And now she has followed her lover, and the treaty of alliance she was to grace has been made by other hands. But are not these things told in the chronicles of De Mofras and Simson, and in the pages of Randolph and Tuthill?

GOSSIP ABROAD.

FROM "under the Quirinal Gardens," "Stivaletto" remembers California and THE OVERLAND:

"In the management of the late fêtes in Florence, there was much of which to complain. King and princess, bride and heir apparent, ducal mother and cousin to my uncle's nephew, were all exposed to fatigue and burning sun in a most provoking manner. And some of the public entertainments entirely failed. But after all, a most pleasant impression was produced. Nothing could have been better managed than the entrée of the princely pair into the city. Nothing could have been more interesting than the visit of the royal family to the Theatre on the first evening of their arrival, and nothing could have been prettier than the general illumination of the city on the same occasion.

"The grand towers, and old walls; the arches of the Uffizi; the massive stones of the Pitti; the frowning battlements of ancient palaces, and the coquettish windows of new houses, alike flamed their bright welcome. Brunelleschi's dome was written over each curve in letters of fire. The Arno swept on its course, reflecting the thousands of lights with which its quays and bridges were hung, until the river, a grand curve of glory, was lost in the distant woods.

"Next to the lovely young princess, the greatest favorite among the royal party was the Prince of Prussia, the hero of Sadowa, as he was always called by the multitude. And the young Prince, delighted with the

warmth of his reception, which was very marked from the time of his entry into Turin, was never more charming, and quite won all hearts, or rather wore the hearts he had won in another field, by the thousand little courtesies he extended to all, and especially to the youthful bride. One of his "petits soins" reminds us of the old days of knight and ladyhood.

"Many acts of kindness, many graceful deeds of benevolence, were mingled with the rejoicing welcome given to the future rulers of Italy. The French term for thanksgivings—*actions de grace*—occurred to me often, when noting the deeds of charity which accompanied the rejoicings. A young orphan girl presented a bouquet of flowers to the bride. The latter talked with her, and found that she was the child of a soldier, killed in battle for his country. A few hours after, Prince Umberto sent a large sum of money to be spent in the child's education. Telegrams flashed all over the country the news that towns and villages were draped in rich hangings and illuminated in honor of the marriage, and with this announcement was always that of the fact that a collection had been made for the poor. No one can have an idea of the dependence of the poor of Italy upon the sums borrowed at the *Monte di Pieta*—the pawnbroker's shop. Hundreds every day resort there, and upon the few cents paid upon some valueless article, procure the necessary food for the day. It was a most benevolent act of King Victor Emmanuel to order all articles pledged for sums of a franc and a half, or less, to be returned to the depositors at his own expense. The sums paid at the tournaments and other entertainments were given to various benevolent objects. Thus, in many ways were the poor made to bless the marriage of their future rulers, and to rejoice in their happiness.

"The contrast between the hurry and crowd and gayety and light of Florence, and the quiet and dullness and darkness of Rome, is very great. But, after all, there is a wondrous charm about the old city, to whose spell one unconsciously yields as soon as one begins to study it. This month is a very beautiful one. The modern Romans consecrate it to the Madonna, but one would think they had set it apart for the worship of Flora. The air is heavy with the perfume of flowers, and we are regaled with enormous strawberries, and cherries which have by no means attained their usual size. The children erect funny little altars to the goddess of the month; setting out a table or chair, which they cover with a white cloth, and setting up a picture of the Virgin amid artificial flowers and tiny tapers. Then they waylay the passing stranger for coppers. Some of the prettiest *festas* occur about this time. The other day, we witnessed one at the church of Sts. John and Paul, which is situated at the base of the Palatine, and over vaults which were, some of them, doubtless used as dens for the wild beasts of the Colosseum. Ancient arches frowned over our heads, as we drove to the door of the church, hung with colored lanterns, and the building itself was magnificently illuminated. The decorations were very extraordinary. The whole church was hung with crimson and gold; the latter being introduced even into the volutes of the capitals of the columns and the decorations of the ceilings. And there came rising over the empty dungeons, and beneath the small roof of the church, the same sweet voices which on great *festas* rise and fall beneath the Dome of St. Peter's.

"Our artists are still to be found in their studios, which indeed they do not generally leave until July. Bierstadt has, however, flown, and the closing of his studio is felt to be a great loss to the little colony of residents in Rome. Mr. Bierstadt has won himself a great name in Rome, among the Italians. One of his pictures, which he was solicited to exhibit in the *Piazza di Spagna*, was constantly surrounded by an admiring crowd. Californians will be pleased to hear that the picture of the Yo Semite Valley formed the great attraction of Mr. Bierstadt's studio. It is indeed a wonderful production. One came in from a drive beneath the Alban hills—with their soft outlines, and clusters of white villages—to mount a long flight of stairs in the *Vicolo d' Alibert* in the very heart of Rome. The painter seems, like one of the genii of the Arabian nights, to anoint the eyes and touch the shoulder with his magic wand, and forthwith, one has left the Old World, and is back again towards the setting sun,

in the midst of the new and glorious world of the Pacific. The Mediterranean's tideless waters recede. The Tiber forsakes its bed. Rome, old and new, has passed away. The Sentinel Rock is once more our landmark. The grand El Capitan raises its vast walls of solid granite above the valley. The Yo Semite Fall rushes over the mountain, and pours its beauty down to break and fall, and fall and break again, ere it reaches the valley. The Merced winds its course, reflecting the huge walls of rocks which tower so far above it. We hear the sighing of the wind, and see it catch the Bridal Veil and sway and roll its wreathing mist. We see the rainbow—imprisoned in the waving folds of the fall—hang bright and beaming over its waters. We see—but the painter has spoken. His voice has broken the spell, and we see only a studio filled with marvellous reminders of distant scenes.

"Mr. Bierstadt left Rome with orders which it will require seven years, even for his rapid pencil, to fulfill. For the moment, his studio is occupied by the poet-painter, Buchanan Read. Just before the departure of the Bierstadts, Mrs. B. gave Mr. Read a few sittings, and he has made a lovely portrait of her. He has some most charming bits of pencil poetry about his room. One wonders if his lovely Spirit of the Mist was not set free from one of the waterfalls of the Yo Semite, and persuaded to hover for a little on the banks of the Tiber. He has also a very fine conception, which he calls the Dream of Apollo, and a most poetic figure to which he gives the name of the Will-o'-the-Wisp. One of these days, he promises to paint for us his Sheridan's Ride, and he has drawn a lovely group which will tell the tale of the lost Pleiad. I am sorry I have not time for other of the studios to-day. But this one was so full that there was no tearing one's self away from it. I have but begun to tell what both Mr. Read and Mr. Bierstadt have shown us here.

"A party were got together last night, at the house of one of our artists, who were delightfully entertained by the music of a German chorus. The company were wonderfully social, and flowers and trailing ivy decorated the studio, which was on this occasion thrown open, so that the eye was charmed as well as the ear. The night before, at a smaller gathering, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Sjoden, a Swedish harpist, who plays most ravishingly on his lovely instrument, and has won all hearts during his short sojourn here. He promises to return next winter, and give a series of concerts, which will, I am sure, be largely attended."

"There are," says a pleasant authority in a late number of the Overland "more than 5,000 springs in the Coast Range." How many there are in other parts of California we cannot estimate, for our Spas have yet to be written up. Oral tradition gives a glowing but vague account of their peculiar and wonderful virtues. We all know some man who knew another man who, after having been given over by the faculty, was cured by two baths in the Scalding Spring, the Lukewarm Spring, or the Spring of Abominable Odors. We all know the famous Thompsonian Spring, of San Andreas, where Nature offers boiling pennyroyal tea and boneset to the exhausted invalid, and the Compound Cathartic Spring, of San Antonio, whose waters, impregnated with magnesia, percolating a plantation of rhubarb, are so famous; but we want details. The following is a contribution toward making up those deficiencies:

THE ARSENICAL SPRING OF SAN JOAQUIN.

Of all the fountains that poets sing—
Crystal, thermal or mineral spring,
Ponce de Leon's Fount of Youth;
Wells—with bottoms of doubtful truth—
In short, of all the springs of Time
That were ever flowing in fact or rhyme,
That were ever tasted, felt or seen,
There were none like the Spring of San
Joaquin.

Anno Domini Eighteen-Seven,
Father Dominguez (now in Heaven—
Obiit, Eighteen twenty-seven)
Found the spring, and found it too
By his mule's miraculous cast of a shoe.
For his beast—a descendant of Balaam's
ass—
Stopped on the instant, and would not pass.

The Padre thought the omen good,
And bent his lips to the trickling flood;

Then—as the chronicles declare,
On the honest faith of a true believer—
His cheeks, though wasted, lank and bare,
Filled like a withered russet-pear
In the vacuum of a glass receiver,
And the snows that seventy winters bring
Melted away in that magic spring.

Such, at least, was the wondrous news
The Padre brought into Santa Cruz.
The Church, of course, had its own views
Of who were worthiest to use
The magic spring ; but the prior claim
Fell to the aged, sick and lame.
Far and wide the people came :
Some from the healthful Aptos creek
Hastened to bring their helpless sick ;
Even the fishers of rude Soquel
Suddenly found they were far from well ;
The brawny dwellers of San Lorenzo
Said, in fact, they had never been so ;
And all were ailing—strange to say—
From Pescadero to Monterey.

Over the mountain they poured in
With leathern bottles and bags of skin,
Through the cañons a motley throng
Trotted, hobbled and limped along.
The fathers gazed at the moving scene
With pious joy and with souls serene,
And then—a result perhaps foreseen—
They laid out the Mission of San Joaquin.

Not in the eyes of Faith alone
The good effects of the waters shone ;
But skins grew rosy, eyes waxed clear,
Of rough vacquero and muleteer.
Angular forms were rounded out,
Limbs grew supple and waists grew stout ;
And as for the girls—for miles about
They had no equal ! To this day,
From Pescadero to Monterey,
You'll still find eyes, in which are seen
The liquid graces of San Joaquin.

There is a limit to human bliss,
And the Mission of San Joaquin had this :
None went abroad to roam or stay,
But they fell sick in the queerest way—
A singular sort of *malade du pays*
With gastric symptoms ; so they spent
Their days in a sensuous content.
Caring little for things unseen
Beyond their bowers of living green—
Beyond the mountains that lay between
The world and the Mission of San Joaquin.

Winter passed, and the summer came ;
The trunks of *madroñe*, all aflame,
Here and there through the underwood
Like pillars of fire starkly stood.
All of the breezy solitude
  Was filled with the spicing of pine and bay
And resinous odors mixed and blended,
  And dim and ghost-like far away
The smoke of the burning woods ascended.
Then of a sudden the mountains swam,
The rivers piled their floods in a dam ;
The ridge above Los Gatos creek
  Arched its spine in a feline fashion ;
The forests waltzed till they grew sick,
  And Nature shook in a speechless passion ;
And, swallowed up in the earthquake's
    spleen,
The wonderful Spring of San Joaquin
Vanished, and never more was seen !

Two days passed ; the Mission folk
In languid patience bore their yoke ;
Some of them looked a trifle white,
But that, no doubt, was from earthquake
    fright.
Three days : there was sore distress,
Headache, nausea, giddiness.
Four days : faintings, tenderness
Of the mouth and fauces, and in less
Than one week—here the story closes—
We won't continue the prognosis—
Enough that now no trace is seen
Of Spring or Mission of San Joaquin.

MORAL.

You see the point ? Don't be too quick
To break bad habits—better stick,
Like the Mission folk, to your *arsenic !*

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Foul Play; a novel, by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, with illustrations by George De Maurice. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

It is by no means demonstrated that literary copartnership, in works of fiction, is practically a success. In theory, of course, nothing can be finer. To add Jones' sentiment to Smith's well-known humor; to combine Thompson's dramatic force with Robinson's philosophy, and to blend with Brown's crisp dialogue, Jenkins' nicety of detail, is to produce excellence. Even critics fall into the habit of deploring that this writer's vigor could not be modified by that writer's delicacy; of alluding to a new writer as embracing the wit of X with force of Y, etc., etc. A grand combination of "Star talent," such as we sometimes find on the play-bills, with Mr. Dickens to do the humorous, Mr. Reade the sensation, M. About the audacious, and Wilkie Collins the plot, ought, in all reason, to be a perfect performance. Yet, it is doubtful if the general reader would be as satisfied as with the separate individual performance of each author. It is quite certain that Mr. Dickens' characters could not go through one of Mr. Wilkie Collins' plots and preserve their resemblance to human nature; that one of Mr. Reade's heroes subject to Mr. Thackeray's narrative, would become a tinselled and fustian actor. We are told, nevertheless, how that wonderful man, the elder Dumas, has his finest work done by skillful *collaborateurs* at the merest hint, and we know that "No Thoroughfare" is declared to be the joint work of Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens. But M. Dumas' heroes never change, and his dialogue is not so much Dumas' as it is French, and Collins imitated Dickens very cleverly in *Household Words* long before he developed Count Fosco and Women in White. Such copartnerships are therefore simply a matter of imitation on the part of one of the partners as pre-arranged and agreed upon. The nameless hack who fills up Dumas' romances, and the gifted coadjutor of Dickens or Collins, merely copy a model. Only one flavor is dominant. It is true that toward the close of *No Thoroughfare*, Mr. Collins, in the absence of his chief, forsook his trust and revelled wildly in the intoxication of one of his own situations; but this was an individual act for which the firm was not responsible. The best examples of the natural effect of literary co-partnership are shown in the *London Times*, the *Saturday Review* and the *New York Nation.* Each of these papers has a model which absorbs the individuality of the contributor so cleverly, that all the articles might have been written by one pen.

Foul Play is the joint work of Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. But for the public avowal of this fact on the title page, the novel might be easily attributed to Charles Reade, whose characteristics it exhibits. And it is questionable, if in a story, some of the fascination is not lost by this tacit exposure of the arts of composition. The effect becomes mechanical. The reader instead of giving himself up to the movement of the story, is puzzled to discover which is Mr. Reade and which is Mr. Boucicault, and it is as ruinous to a good novel to obtrude a second figure even by suggestion, between the reader and writer, as it is to interrupt the *raconteur* of society by emendations.

But Charles Reade is the dominant flavor, and although Dion Boucicault may have furnished the tableaux which ring down the chapters so effectively, we feel that though these may be the hands of Esau—it is unmistakably the voice of Jacob. With Mr. Boucicault we have nothing to do. For here is our old friend, Mr. Reade's materially developed scholar; the highly cultivated man of action—be he Penfold or Hardin. Here is the female of his species, the young English gentlewoman—half filly—half goddess—whether she be called Lucy Dodd, Kate Payson, or Helen Rolleston. We know their faces as we know Mr. Reade. And here is the ocean—Mr. Reade's ocean—

with its Turner-like gorgeousness and picturesqueness, which has given us its characteristic demigods in Dodds, Welches, Wylies, etc., etc. The language, too, is Mr. Reade's—the epigrammatic brightness, the masculine vigor that trembles often on the verge of coarseness, the graphic touch that can handle technical details with workmanlike fluency; the dialogue, natural, without losing its dramatic form—these cannot be mistaken for any other's. The analysis of feminine character—the half-critical, half-sensuous gallantry—can belong to nobody but Mr. Reade. For although there be satirists of the sex that have been justly denominated "hateful" by the maligned fair, Mr. Reade's "hatefulness" is peculiar and exasperating.

If sustained interest, picturesque grouping and color, and strong sympathetic effects make a good story, *Foul Play* is unapproachable. The incidents, without being crowded or incongruous, are thrilling and frequent, yet the effect is produced rather by a prolonged tension of the sympathies, in the attitude of waiting for a climax that is inevitable from the first. The hero, Robert Penfold, is unjustly accused of a forgery committed by his friend, and is tried and transported. His good conduct obtains him a ticket of leave, and a situation as gardener at Sydney in the household of General Rolleston, with whose daughter Helen he falls in love. Two obstacles are in the way of his successful passion, and these are the obstacles which fire the genius of Mr. Reade and the heart of the novel-reader. Helen loves and is betrothed to Arthur Wardlaw, of Wardlaw & Son, merchants—the man who has so cruelly wronged Penfold — and is for some time as profoundly ignorant of his criminality as she is of the affection and even the heroic sacrifices of her unknown admirer. On her way to England to join her betrothed, she is shipwrecked in company with Penfold, who has managed to accompany her under an assumed name, declare his passion and be—rejected. Her shipwreck is the result of a blunder in the systematic villainy of her affianced lover—the ingenious scuttling of ships for the sake of the insurance—by which the wrong vessel is doomed. After a terrible voyage in an open boat the survivors, reduced by famine to the hero and heroine, are cast upon an uninhabited island in the South Pacific. Here Mr. Reade has a chance to touch the Robinson Crusoe memories of his readers. The lover does wonderful things—develops extraordinary powers of invention; becomes in fact a cultivated Alexander Selkirk of the nineteenth century, and mind triumphs generally over matter. The island is made to yield all the necessaries and in fact most of the luxuries of life, from India-rubber shoes to turtle-soup. What woman could resist such a hero? What woman could remain insensible to the superiority of a lover who could provide towels, hair-pins, soap, and pens and paper on a desert island? The result is inevitable. Helen loves Robert Penfold. By an act of heroic sacrifice—an incident really beautiful, poetic and feminine—she confesses her love. But they are rescued, separated, return to England, where after vicissitudes, they are finally made happy, and Penfold's reputation is cleared.

The interest of the story expires with the winning of Helen Rolleston's love. The true idyl closes with the first kiss of the lovers in their island home. Their late troubles are but anti-climaxes to the story, which really ends here. The real problem is not, as Mr. Reade puts it, "To diffuse intelligence from a fixed island over a hundred leagues of ocean," but to make an honorable girl, already in love with, and betrothed to one man, fall in love with another and be ready to contract with him. And this is cleverly arranged. The incidents of the pre-arranged shipwreck — borrowed from the records of a late criminal trial in England—are well worked up; the detection of the real forger by the careless use of a single letter—the Greek E—is not, perhaps, as clever as Mr. Reade believes it to be, and the apparent climax is rather too long delayed. But the descriptions of scenery are wonderfully graphic, the characters life-like and natural; the portraits of Welch and Cooper—two genuine sailors—will survive the story, and the dramatic action is always thrilling. And yet Mr. Reade's art is so pleasantly obvious, that in the most sensational passages the reader, instead of being carried away by his feelings, is raised to the height of the author, and feels something

of that delight in the ingenuity of the situation which Mr. Reade cannot help showing.

The defects are equally characteristic of the author, and his peculiar materialism is amusingly shown throughout the novel. His attention to the physical wants of the heroine, his careful attention to the board and lodging of the couple, and his final pecuniary provision for Robert Penfold, are all ludicrously earnest. The material resources of Godsend Island are displayed in a way to tempt not only Josh Fullalove's cupidity, but the attention of all speculators and emigrants. Desert islands are in fact good speculations. Perhaps the details of the Robinson Crusoe life are a trifle tedious, because they can be so easily projected. We cease to wonder after the first few inventions and make-shifts. Given, Mr. Robert Penfold, and we can easily imagine that if he had staid a year longer on the island he would have had a daily newspaper, would have printed and published a few books, and have constructed a railroad, a telegraph and a great organ.

The illustrations, by George De Maurier, give the help that artistic scene-painting does to a fine drama. Truth is sometimes sacrificed for pictorial effect; the one dress of Helen Rolleston is marvellously well preserved as she appears on the desert island after the shipwreck, and there is a general suggestion of romantic picnicing about the groupings. But the struggle in the boat is full of force and truthfulness.

Fairfax; or the Master of Greenway Court. A chronicle of the Shenandoah. By John Esten Cooke, author of "The Virginia Comedians," etc. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

The great North American novelist has not yet appeared. Whether he be hidden in the womb of time, or now develops his budding talent in the weekly newspapers, we cannot say. It is tolerably certain, however, that he is not John Esten Cooke, the author of "The Virginia Comedians" and "Fairfax." Mr. Cooke has no confidence whatever in those things which our people delight to call "American institutions," but is fain to transplant the manners and customs of boar-hunting, ale-swilling, swearing, mediæval England to Old Virginia, where the savagery of an uncultivated wilderness is interfused with the brawling coarseness of such British squires as those whose lives, as recorded by the chroniclers, were one lusty round of animal pleasure. We have in this wonderful mosaic of English-American life and adventure a cold-blooded Earl, whose past life is not above suspicion; a poorly modified Leather-Stocking who steps out of Cooper's novels, much the worse for wear; a nice girl who consorts with Indians, bears and panthers, grows refined and delicate in her singular associations, and dies young; a distressed English cavalier who appears at the right moment to unravel mysteries, protect the innocent from harm and generally play the goody-goody on all possible occasions when the throwing off his long overcoat and a sudden revelation of the magnificent court dress, which he habitually wears under that rough garment, can inspire courage in the despairing and terror in the breast of baseness. Besides these there is a tolerably full corps of *dramatis personæ*, not forgetting a mild-mannered young cavalier—George, by name—who cuts a somewhat inconspicuous figure in the book, and finally appears to be no less a person than G. Washington, the Father of his country, irreverently represented as making love in the most unreasonably mawkish fashion, and who is guilty of pronouncing over the grave of his early-lost nice young lady such stuff as this:

"Farewell youth! farewell happiness! farewell dream of my boyhood! The earth is dreary since you went away. Farewell until we meet again!"

The style of the book is borrowed from that school of which G. P. R. James is the responsible head and founder. The characters of the heroines are dim reflections from the pages of "Agincourt" and the countless hosts of its companions, and the men all swear roundly by their halidames and string "i'faith" along their talk as the traditional sailor of the stage is continually shivering his timbers and blasting his tarry top-lights. Nay, more, the veritable October evening, and the two horsemen of James' novels do duty on the very first page of "Fairfax." They descend the Blue Ridge instead of the Chiltern Hil s; but one is young and fair and talkative, while the other is duly older, dark of feature, huge of limb,

travel-stained, wears a great broadsword, and swears like one of James' heroes when things go wrong with him, and they do perpetually go wrong with him. For the rest, we have the florid and tropical manner peculiar to Southern literature, in which intensity of style and inconsequentiality of matter struggle with each other in ludicrous confusion. The tragedy is very funny, and the comedy is all unintended by the author. For all this—for all this—the book will find many pleased readers.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES; hit at by Fanny Fern. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

The writer of this book considers her mission to be to carry on a vigorous crusade against all the small weaknesses to which our frail humanity is subject. She is perpetually saying things that say themselves; demolishing the most pitifully weak shams; breaking butterflies upon the wheel, and pouncing upon trifles which more liberal people silently tolerate, with a savage vigor that is quite distressing to an easy-going nature. Smokers, mothers-in-law, literary people, Bridgets, fops and such small deer, are the legitimate game of this severe woman, who not only refuses to tolerate shams, but thinks the truth should always be told in the most unpleasant manner. The harmless deception that mercifully gilds an unwelcome fact is to her a monstrous crime, to be assailed in such fierce fashion that the reader shall be reminded of a cat-bird, which, enraged at a red rag, makes the forest terrible with her cries, shrieks, flappings, scratchings and angry out-cry. She has not patience with the pink cheeks, weak sentiment and namby-pamby ways of "bread-and-butter school-girls," as she delights to call the adolescent female man, and she exhausts the printer's art in her mechanical contrivances to express in italics, large type and exclamation points, her utter contempt for the male man in his commonest condition. Man, with his unhappy little weaknesses for a good dinner and a cigar, with his ignorance of woman's mental idiosyncrasies, with his depraved notions about dress and manners—this unfortunate being is fair game for Fanny Fern, and she hunts him down with all the savage vindictiveness of an Apache. She has no mercy for him; nor does her own sex fare much better at her hands, for she takes it for granted that the weaknesses of the young will become chronic, unless some such actual cautery as that which appears in "Folly as it Flies" shall be applied.

In the midst of all this discouraging and depressing torrent of sarcasm and invective, there is some practical good sense, which will nearly repay the reader who winnows the grains from the nettles. The writer has a tolerably keen appreciation of the beautiful in Nature, and her descriptions of scenes of travel are graphic and readable. The same proclivity to scolding which furnishes the sustained note of the whole book is apparent, however, in every mood into which the author is beguiled. The reader is continually burdened with a sense of his own naughtiness, for he feels that he is guilty of many of the follies which Fanny Fern hits at as they fly, and as somebody is perpetually being blamed for something, his sympathetic nature sides painfully with the offender.

DAISY, CONTINUED FROM "MELBOURNE HOUSE." By the Author of "Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

There are some books, chiefly written by women, in reading which one's mind is constantly harassed with uncertainties whether they are written for very young persons, or for mature minds. One is inclined to resent the imputation, which is covertly conveyed in the muffled jejuneness of the book, that he may be yet lingering in the "milk-for-babes" period of life; and he vibrates between a rising indignation at the suspected insult and a shadowy conviction that it is the writer who is young, and not the predestined reader. In the case of the writers of "Daisy," the dual Miss Warner, we cannot entertain the last-named suspicion, for the author of "Wide, Wide World" can be no longer young. The sensation which that book created was among the things of our boyhood, and, unless the original Miss Warner has been succeeded by a younger candidate for the honor which the best-known gained so handsomely, the book before us is written by a pen which would have been better educated by

time and experience than it seems to have been. "Daisy" is not harmful, except so far as a subject of milk-and-water diet may be harmful. A lenient critic would say that it was "a healthy book," and not greatly stretch his conscience, for milk and water are healthy under proper conditions. Still, the question will constantly recur—Was this book written for young persons? We answer candidly that we do not know. Three-quarters of the story are occupied with the trials and dire distresses of a young girl who is, for some unexplained reason, separated from her parents, who are alive and prosperous, but who leave her to the slings and arrows of such outrageous fortune as a sensitive young person might fall in with from the hands of unsympathizing aunts, tyrannical governesses, proud and heartless school-girls, and associates who do not relish her "unco guid" ways, nor understand why she—a Southron—can dis-relish secession and prophesy the defeat of the Southern rebellion. The heroine, it will be seen, has a very unhappy time of it; but she finally revenges herself upon her contumacious relatives and companions by becoming a devout and demure Methodist, though born to rich and fashionable attire, and by falling in love with a Northern officer, though she is a Southern blue-blood.

The last chapters of the book record the love passages of Daisy's life, and unfix the mind which was become settled in the belief that this is a story book for juveniles. Notwithstanding these facts there is some fine portraiture in the work, the repulsive characters being especially well drawn, to the great injury of the good people, who invariably retire into a vagueness of outline which is, on the whole, consoling to the depraved reader, who really feels that he knows all he wants to about these exasperatingly perfect persons. We miss from the pages of this last work by the author of "Queechy" and "Wide, Wide World" the frequent spreads of snow-white table linen, matchless biscuits, odorous cakes, translucent preserves, and other good things of this life, which made those books so popular among notable housewives, and suggested the belief that the author had never fared well in early life and was making up for it in her book writing. Instead of these continual appetizing but Barmecide feasts, we have plenteous descriptions of dress and shopping. There are "rich folds of claret stuff at two dollars and a quarter a yard," and a variety of black silk pelisse of which it is said, with great gravity, that "a good gloss was upon the silk, the article was in the neatest style, and trimmed with great simplicity," all of which we are assured was afforded at the astonishingly low price of forty-five dollars. Then there are glimpses given of grey grenadines with broad red stripes, the body all of black velvet; of chameleon silks and "real point," with a hundred other gorgeous items of millinery, which are described with such unctuous enjoyment that one heartily sympathizes with the writer, and, though deplorably ignorant of the articles referred to, feels that they are something excessively nice, and whose charms cannot be resisted by any well-balanced female mind. We have said enough to indicate that "Daisy" is a very proper book for young ladies just "coming out." Possibly matured people may extract some pleasure from the work, but the evidence is against the supposition that it was intended for them.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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THE APACHE RACE.

THE romantic wanderings of Catlin, Schoolcraft and some others among the Indian tribes of North America; the delightful tales of Cooper, as developed in his "Trapper," "Last of the Mohicans," etc.; the stirring adventures of Captain John Smith, Daniel Boone, Chamberlin, Carson, Hays and a host of noted pioneers, have invested our Indian races with rare and absorbing interest. But they have also tended to convey false and erroneous impressions of Indian character, and have contributed to misguide our legislation on this subject to such an extent as to become a most serious public burden.

Since the foundation of our government, Indian wars have cost the American people nearly four hundred millions of dollars, and the stream of expenditure continues with unabated volume. When the whites were few and the savages many, the cost of keeping them in subjection was measurably less than it has been since the reversal of our respective numerical condition. Whence arises this anomaly? Simply because of our strange ignorance of Indian character as it really exists, and not as we have been taught to understand it by writers of attractive fiction, or the chroniclers of heroic deeds and romantic adventures. This sweeping assertion may be met with one more plausible and popular, because more suggestive, and having the merit of being sanctioned by time. "Is it possible," exclaims the old school debater, "that we have been for more than two centuries and a half fighting, treating, and dealing with our Indian tribes without acquiring a positive knowledge of their character!" Such an exclamation certainly seems to be staggering. It appears to possess the vital force of reason and unanswerable argument; nevertheless, it is exactly true that, as a people, we know little or nothing about this very important matter. Unfortunately, those who have been the best able, from long and careful personal experience to give the requisite information, have also been, for the most part, deficient in educational attainments and the capacity to impart their knowledge; while others have given no evidence of entertaining

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a just value of its public importance. Satisfied with their own acquirements, they have not sought to publish them for the benefit of others.

The white races of the American people boast European origin, mainly that of English lineage ; but how much did the British really know of Americans, even at the period of our Revolution ? Is not the history of that struggle indisputable evidence of the most lamentable and inexplicable ignorance on the part of the mother country ? But, worse still ; after the Revolution, after we had been in strict and closest commercial and political relations with Great Britain for over sixty years, after a second and sanguinary contest with that country, we have only to read the works of some of their travelers to arrive at the superficial and wonderfully erroneous idea of American character possessed by intelligent Britons.

When the two leading commercial nations of the globe, each claiming the highest civilization, speaking identically the same language, and governed by the same general laws, contrive to pass two centuries and a half of close intercourse with such unsatisfactory interknowledgable results, is it strange that a like ignorance should exist between the American people and the nomadic races of this continent ?

Causes similar to those which operated as a bar to English knowledge of the American character have interposed against our acquisition of precise information relative to the leading traits of Indian nature. Without being captious, it is assumed that British tourists have, for the most part, approached us with something of an intolerant and preoccupied spirit. They came prepared to encounter ill-bred, semi-educated, uncouth and braggart provincials, rendered more unendurable by their democratic form of government, and political hostility to the time-honored institutions of their own country. Reference can as emphatically be made to the course pursued by the British in India, the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, the French in Africa and Cochin China. The conquering race seldom care to inform themselves minutely about the condition and characteristics of the conquered, and the results have been renewed sanguinary struggles and immensely increased expenditures.

Our own dealings with the nomads of North America have been but so many chapters of the same record. What has our Government ever done, in a concerted, intelligent and liberal spirit, to acquire a definite knowledge of Indian character, as it exists among the tribes which wander over more than one-half the public domain ?

The Indian Bureau, with its army of political camp followers, bent upon improving their short and precarious official positions to "turn an honest penny," can scarcely be quoted as evidence of our search for the needed information. Tales of violence and wrong, of outrage and devilish malignity, committed by Indians, are rife all along our frontiers ; but who ever hears the other side ? Who chronicles the inciting causes, the long, unbroken series of injuries perpetrated by the semi-civilized white savages who, like Cain, fled from the retributive justice of outraged humanity, and sought refuge among the copper-colored savages of the woods and the plains ?

Naturally ferocious, warlike, revengeful and treacherous as were the aborigines of America, we have educated them to a pitch of refinement in cruelty, deceit and villainy far beyond their normal standard.

If the white man has come to be regarded as his natural enemy, it may be set down as the result of long and murderous schooling. The inherent disposition of the American nomad inclined him to hospitality ; but that inclination has been completely blotted out, and its

opposite engrafted on his nature. Legends and traditions of white men's ingratitude have been handed down through so many generations, and the experiences of the living have been in such direct accordance with them, that they have become prime articles of their creed.

Keenly alive to a sense of the inferiority of their armament, incapable of subsisting large bodies of men for any considerable period, and perpetually engaged in the work of exterminating each other, the several tribes have been reduced to the necessity of employing deceit against force, cunning against courage, artifice against honesty. When the Indian mutilates the dead body of his enemy, he knows as well as the most skillful anatomist that his victim is beyond all capacity of sensation; but it is done to terrify, if possible, all beholders, and as a caution to other invaders, as well as for the enjoyment of a savage gratification. Such deeds, while they horrify, also serve to excite the indignation and strengthen the resolve of civilized and enlightened men; but the aboriginal is incapable of such reflections.

Prominent among the tribes stands the great Apache race. Occupying the largest regions of the public domain, holding possession of a belt which must soon become a grand national highway, wielding a sanguinary sway over two extensive and naturally rich Territories, and filling the most important intervening space between the Atlantic and the Pacific States, we have as little real knowledge of them this day as we possessed when our acquaintance first commenced. Twenty odd years of unremitted warfare have added comparatively nothing to our knowledge, but have cost thousands of lives and millions of treasure.

In point of intellect, in cunning and duplicity, in warlike skill and untiring energy, in tenacity of purpose and wondrous powers of endurance, the Apaches have no equals among the existing Indians of North America. In this wide-spread race are included the powerful Navajo and Lipan tribes, as they speak identically the same language, and almost always remain friendly toward each other, while they war upon all other people. The Apaches proper, or those specially known to us by that name, generally receive their distinctive appellations from some peculiar characteristic, or from the place which they mostly inhabit. The Coyoteros are so named from a fancied or real similitude to the coyote, or small prairie wolf; the Mescaleros derive their cognomen from the mescal plant, which abounds in their country, and is with them a staple article of food. The Jicarillas are so called on account of their manufacture of a small water-tight basket, resembling a gourd, and named *jicara* in Spanish. The Chiricahui, Rio Mimbres, El Pinal, and other branches of the tribe receive their nomenclatures from the localities in which they are generally met.

It is very common for a close observer to meet a group of Apaches one day on the Mimbres or in Apache Pass, and encounter the same individuals at a subsequent period at the head of the *Jornada del Muerto*, or even on the Pecos river, seven hundred miles distant.

It will be observed from this fact, that the distinctive appellations given to them by the Mexican people are purely gratuitous, and do not really exist, the tribe being one, but ranging over an enormous extent of territory. Certain individuals affect particular localities, and when at home (if such a term can by any possibility apply to Apaches) they will resort there to enjoy their plunder, hold their feasts, and indulge in temporary rest from active campaigning. The various bands comprising these people number at least 35,000, of whom 8,000

can be made effective for warlike and plundering expeditions. A lad of twelve years is expected to take his place among warriors of matured years and experience, and is quite as deadly an enemy in their style of warfare. The Navajoes are about as numerous, but confine the bulk of their depredations to New Mexico, while the Apaches proper devastate portions of that Territory, all Arizona, and nearly all parts of the Mexican States of Sonora, Chihuahua and Durango. In 1850 the probable fighting force of the Apaches was 10,000 warriors, but they were not nearly as zealously active nor as hostile as now, neither were they so well armed. Their present condition renders them much more formidable than at that period.

A great and grievous mistake has been made in underrating the numerical strength and the armament of this tribe. This error has been attended with serious sacrifice of life, great additional cost, vexatious and ineffective policy, and the continued retention, by the Apaches, of the richest mineral region in the Union—not to speak of it as the grand immigrant overland highway to the Pacific coast.

Their frequent and extensive massacres and robberies of immigrant trains have served to place them in possession of first-class rifles and Colt's revolvers. A force of seven hundred Apaches was encountered in Apache Pass by the first two companies of Carleton's column from California, and every individual was armed as above described. Although such large bodies are rarely met, yet it is not unfrequent to find them in companies of from fifty to two hundred, and to underrate such a foe is simply to trifle with our own lives and interests.

On the northern borders of Chihuahua and Sonora are a number of small villages, which are wholly under the control of these savages, and are used by them for the purpose of obtaining arms and ammunition. After a successful raid into Sonora, the stolen animals are taken to one of these towns in Chihuahua, when certain men are selected to convey a number of the beasts to the more settled districts, and to exchange them for the required articles, receiving a handsome gratuity for the service. During the absence of these factors, their families are retained as hostages for the fulfillment of their obligations. When the plunder is taken from Chihuahua it is, in like manner, bartered off in Sonora. Portions of the race carrying on their operations in Arizona and New Mexico, find little difficulty in having their wants supplied by unscrupulous New Mexican traders.

Within the past forty years, a belt of country comprising the northern frontier of the two Mexican States above named, and covering a space three hundred miles long, east and west, by forty miles wide, has been completely devastated by the Apaches. The once rich and magnificent ranchos of the San Pedro, the Barbacomori, the San Bernardino, together with many towns and villages once flourishing, exist no longer. All is desolation, ruin, death.

The greater hardihood, courage and plucky determination of the American people, together with the superiority of their weapons, have saved Arizona from a similar fate, so far; but the struggle has been desperate, unremitting and sanguinary. Immense damages have been suffered. Settlers have been driven out time and again; mines of almost fabulous richness have been abandoned; from Tucson to El Paso, three hundred miles, is one continuous graveyard, marked throughout the whole distance with the grim and silent monuments of death from Apache animosity.

From the Pimo villages to the Pecos river, eight hundred miles, and from Durango to Santa Fe, in New Mexico, the Apache is almost absolute "lord of all he surveys." To accomplish this, ar-

gues the existence of numbers as well as of intense activity. Depredations, by considerable bodies, are frequently committed in widely separated districts at the same time, and with all his remarkable energy the Apache is not ubiquitous.

A close, personal acquaintance of over eight years, under peculiarly favorable circumstances, has given the writer such a knowledge of these Indians as to effectually dispel all his preconceived opinions.

Insensibly, but surely, the conclusions arrived at after a residence of one or two years in Arizona or New Mexico are rejected for fresher ones, and they, in turn, give place to still others, as experiences and opportunities arise. But to meet the Apache upon his own ground, to descend to his level, and interest ourselves in his pursuits ; to converse with him in his own language, and gradually convince him of our indisposition to do him harm ; to approach him without offensive arrogance, and trust him as our equal ; to be apparently under obligations to him for instruction in his modes of life, and at the same time, to let him quietly comprehend that we are not uneasy at his presence, nor afraid of his intentions, is to adopt the only method by which we can arrive at anything like a correct estimate of his inner nature. After all this has been done, and it is the work of labor, perseverance and danger, one may reasonably indulge the conceit that he understands something of Apache character ; but not until then.

He who has once or twice heard the war-whoop of the American savages ; who has contended with them in the arena of battle, or who has listened to the tales of their exploits as related by persons who are supposed to be versed in the subject, is very apt to felicitate himself with the belief that he knows all about them. In no special instance is Pope's estimate of the danger of a "little learning," more applicable than to this asserted knowledge of Indian character, so much boasted of by our frontier settlers, and casual wayfarers through the regions inhabited by nomadic races.

Cautious, suspicious, treacherous and crafty, the Apache meets all other races on the ground of distrust and doubt. An Ishmaelite himself, all other people are to his perverted senses, objects to be shunned or destroyed. With him, the end justifies the means. Indebted to us for the refinement of his naturally savage instincts, it is but due to him to acknowledge that his schooling has not been thrown away. Excusable as this may appear to some, the fact remains, that he is a viper, an untameable, ferocious, sanguinary monster, bent upon the destruction of all with whom he comes in contact, and only restrained by fear. As the interests of the Apache race bear no appreciable proportion to those of civilized men, it becomes a duty to impose that condition of dread, which only will insure their discontinuance of revolting atrocities, and the safety of our people.

The tribal organization of these savages has always been misunderstood. We have taken it for granted that they were similar to other tribes in this respect. But such is not the case. Under every aspect, and at all times, the Apache is a pure democrat. He acknowledges no chief, no ruler, no authority but his own will, nor does he ever delegate to another the right to act in his behalf.

When in camp, a temporary ruler is elected to preside over its affairs, and each person is free to remain or leave at his or her discretion. When on the war path, a leader is chosen to direct proceedings, but he does not presume to exert control over individual proclivities. The warrior may submit to existing authority, but it is entirely optional, and his connection with the party may be sundered at any time he may see fit. The case is different among the Nava-

joes, who, in this respect, in their manufacture of superior blankets, and in the construction of more durable houses, together with an inclination to pastoral life, exhibit much less of the nomadic tendencies.

This absolute personal license and freedom from all control, which are the highest prized rights of the Apache proper, form, also, the most insuperable bar to any permanent treaty relations between them and the American Government. Our intercourse with other tribes led us to believe that a similar tribal organization obtained among Apaches; but it was a fatal error, which has led to a false estimate of their adherence to treaty stipulations. If a hundred or more of them were gathered together to sign a treaty, that instrument would be binding upon none but the absolute signers. Every other individual present, although consenting by such presence, would hold himself entirely free from its conditions. What follows? Those who have not bound themselves continue their original course of depredations and massacres; we accuse them of want of faith and treachery, and forthwith proceed to punish the offenders. Hostilities are again urged on either side, and those who did sign claim that we have violated our contract.

The tribe of which we treat is, undoubtedly, the most nomadic in existence. They build no houses, and never remain longer than a week in any one place. Four or five slim and flexible branches of trees, with the butt ends sharpened and thrust into the ground, while the taper points are brought together and tied, constitutes the only residence of the Apache. Twenty minutes suffices to erect one, which is abandoned without regret. Even these ephemeral structures are never resorted to except in winter, or when the parties intend remaining for a few days. From eighty to ninety miles a day, for several successive days, are not considered long marches by these people when in a hurry. Their horses are ridden at a sharp pace throughout the journey. If one or more die under the fatigue, or from any other cause, they are immediately cut up for food, and the owners continue their march until opportunity serves to steal another horse.

It is indeed wonderful that with their intensely nomadic habits; their absolute personal irresponsibility; their widely-scattered clans; the vast region which acknowledges their presence, and their perfect non-intercourse with all other races, except for war, their language should be so regular and full. Their verbs have the active and passive voices; the infinitive, indicative, subjunctive and potential moods; the present, imperfect, perfect and future tenses; the singular, dual and plural numbers. Their nouns have the nominative, genitive, dative, accusative and ablative cases, with three numbers corresponding to those of the verbs. Their numerals reach to the thousands, and are very similar to our style of decimal enumeration.

Thus we say, two, twelve, twenty, two hundred; three, thirteen, thirty, three hundred; four, fourteen, forty, four hundred. In like manner the Apache says *nakee*, two, *nakesatah*, twelve, *natinyee*, twenty, *nat-too-oh*, two hundred; *kahyeh*, three, *kayesatah*, thirteen, *katinyee*, thirty, and *kat-too-oh*, three hundred; *tinyee*, four, *tinsatah*, fourteen, *tish-tinyee*, forty, and *tin-too-oh*, four hundred.

The word *to-dah* means no, and all their negative verbs are formed by splitting *to-dah* so as to place the first syllable at the commencement and the second at the end of the positive verb. For example, the word *ink-tah* means, sit down, or sit, and to command do *not* sit, they say, *to-ink-tah-dah*. *El-chin, yashtee, hashtee*, means, I wish to speak with you, and *To-el-chin-yashtee-hashtee-dah*, expresses, I do *not* wish to speak with you. Quite a number of

words, having quite different meanings, are only distinguishable apart from the accent imparted to each ; thus, the word *kah* means an arrow, and *kah* also means a rabbit, but the latter is distinguished from the former by a strong gutteral accent on the first letter.

For all objects presented to their observation for the first time, they adopt the Spanish name, and then append the Apache aspirate, *hay*. *Pesh*, means iron, and before they were acquainted with the relative values of gold, silver, brass and iron, they called gold and brass *pesh-klitso*, which means yellow iron, and silver was termed *pesh-lickoyee*, which means white iron ; but since then they have adopted the Spanish terms, and now call gold, *oro-hay*, and silver, *plata-hay*, while brass retains its original appellation of *pesh-klitso*.

The strange regularity of their language and the copiousness of their numerals indicate the possession of superior intelligence ; but there is an abundance of other proof to this assumption. About fifteen hundred Apaches, including many of the most prominent warriors and councilmen of the Mescalero family, surrendered to the California troops in the winter of 1862. They had been the most formidable scourges of the country, and had never before succumbed to any power. General Carleton located them on the extensive reservation at Fort Sumner, at a point called the *Bosque Redondo*, on the Pecos River, nearly four hundred miles east of the Rio Grande. In the distance, one hundred and twenty-five miles westward, could be seen the grand peak of the *Capitan* Mountain, towering among the clouds, while the intervening space was a rolling prairie, covered with fine grass, and the resort of thousands of antelope and deer. Among the more prominent of our Apache prisoners were *Gianatah*, which means "Always Ready;" *Natch-in-ilk-isn*, or the "Colored Beads;" *Klosen*, or the "Hair Rope;" *Tooa-ah-yay-say*, or the "Strong Swimmer;" *Nah-Kah-yen*, or "Keen Sight;" *Nah-tank*, or "Corn Flower," and many others unnecessary to name.

These men lost no opportunity to acquire all the information possible. Such officers as evinced any kindness toward them were besieged with questions, and of a character to excite the liveliest astonishment. On one occasion the writer was addressed as follows :

"*Tata* (you) *Inday-Pindah Lickoyee* (people with white eyes) say that the world is round. How can that be ? I have traveled for many suns, and wherever I went, I found it flat. Tell me how it is."

Pointing to the sublime heights of *El Capitan*, the interrogated party said :

"Do you see yonder mountain ?"

"Yes ; it is *El Capitan*."

"What portion of it do you perceive ?"

"The top."

"Why do you not see the bottom as well ? It is broader and larger than the top."

"I do not know."

After this was duly explained the Apache was caused to look at the sun through a piece of smoked glass, in order that he might observe and note its round shape.

He then said :

"But you also say that the world turns over and over ; how can that be possible ? If it did we would all fall off."

Having no means of explaining the attraction of gravitation, a strong magnet and a small piece of steel were used to convey the idea, which was received with marked approbation.

Questions as to what caused the drying up of the ponds and lakes, what formed the clouds, where does the rain come from, what was the nature of thunder and lightning, and many others of like character, were asked and answered.

From thirty to forty of their leading

men came daily for two or three months to receive instruction on such points, until they comprehended them.

The delight which they evinced on acquiring information induced General Carleton to establish a school at the Bosque for the purpose of educating the young, but the Apaches regarded it with suspicion and loathing. They construed it into an attempt to enslave the mind and control personal freedom. They were ever zealous to acquire knowledge orally imparted, but the idea of working to obtain it was horrible to them.

Quite a number of pictorials containing street views in some of our large cities, cuts of ships, steamers, carriages, etc., were received in camp and exhibited to the Apaches, who invariably looked at them upside-down, until they were properly placed before their vision, and the different objects carefully pointed out and explained.

After a pleasant discussion one day, Gianatah remarked:

"You desire our children to learn from books, and say, that because you have done so, you are able to build all those big houses, and sail over the sea, and talk with each other at any distance, and do many wonderful things; now, let me tell you what we think. You begin when you are little to work hard, and work until you are men in order to begin fresh work. You say, that you work hard in order to learn how to work well. After you get to be men, then you say, the labor of life commences; then, too, you build big houses, big ships, big towns, and everything else in proportion. Then, after you have got them all, you die and leave all behind. Now, we call that slavery. You are slaves from the time you begin to talk until you die; but we are free as air. We never work, but the Mexicans and others work for us. Our wants are few and easily supplied. The river, the wood and plain yield all we require, and we will not be slaves; nor will we send our children to your schools, where they will only learn to become like yourselves."

It was so utterly impossible to make them comprehend the other side of this specious argument, that it was not attempted. It will however be seen, how absurd it is to hope for any civilization of these savages by the employment of any means now known to us. Labor of all kinds is held to be so degrading, that any effort to promote it among the Apaches will be resisted to the death.

Skill in hunting ranks high among them, being only second to dexterity and adroitness in stealing. The first award of merit is accorded to the individual who exhibits the greatest address in appropriating the property of another person. As he is deemed the best able to support wives and cater for their wants, he is the cynosure of their admiration. Personal prowess in battle takes the third rank in their estimation, and unless they have their enemy at the greatest possible disadvantage they refrain from attacking. "It is easier and safer to run than fight," is the maxim in vogue among them, especially when there is no plunder to tempt their cupidity and afford a field for the exercise of their cherished faculty.

Nah-tank, the "Corn Flower," and *Nah-kayen*, the "Keen Sight," were hunting a very large cougar which had been feasting on some of their horses. Having discovered his lair, about five miles from camp, down the Pecos, Nah-tank climbed a large cotton-wood tree which flung some of its branches far over the stream, and from which he could survey the lair at his leisure. He had crawled out on a projecting branch, and was intently peering into the covert, when Nah-kayen called his attention to a cougar crouched upon another branch some twelve feet off, and as fixedly gazing at Nah-tank, evidently with hostile intention. The wily savage turned his head and saw the beast, but made no

other motion. On the other hand, the cougar was lashing its sides with its long tail, and gripping the limb with spasmodic clutches of its powerful talons. Suddenly its outspread form dashed through the intervening space and alighted on the exact spot which had been occupied by the Indian; but the cool savage had let go his hold, and had dropped into the stream at the very moment. The astonished and out-witted cougar gazed into the river below, while he tore great strips of bark from the limb and growled with intense rage. Nah-tank swam under water until he reached the shelter of a projecting bank, and on regaining *terra firma*, the two warriors soon despatched the cougar with their rifles.

This incident exhibits the surprising coolness and presence of mind possessed by the Apaches, for it was not regarded by them as worthy of special note.

As wampum was the standard of value among the Delawares, so are horses among the Apaches. Wives are purchased with horses, and their value is determined by the number of horses offered to the parents. Some fetch as high as six and seven horses, while others can be bought for one. The girl that brings six horses, feels as much superior to the one who is sold for two, as a fine lady who sports a fifteen hundred dollar cashmere, affects to look down upon a neighbor who can only afford to pay twenty dollars for a shawl.

But we have said enough to enable the reader to perceive that our policy in relation to these savages has been altogether erroneous. We have treated with them upon suppositious grounds, and all our efforts have failed in the past as they must in the future. We have entirely underrated their numbers, strength, mental capacity and indomitable spirit. We have haughtily and offensively approached them with expressions of superiority and disdain. We have failed to inquire into their natural instincts, training, language, habits or opinions. Everything has been done with the stiff formality of red tape, with an easy indifference to the result. We have already expended thirty millions of dollars in the futile attempt to reduce them by the ordinary means employed with other tribes, and have only succeeded in rendering them vindictive, more alert and dangerous, and furnishing them with a very superior armament.

Considering the extent and value of the region over which these savages exercise almost unrestricted control, is it not almost time that the Government should pay the subject that attention which its specialty indicates, and its importance demands?

A CALIFORNIAN ABROAD.—THREE ITALIAN CITIES.

WE were a little fatigued with sight-seeing, and so we rattled through a great deal of country by rail without caring to stop.

Toward dusk we drew near Milan, and caught glimpses of the city and the blue mountain peaks beyond. But we were not caring for these things. We were in a fever of impatience; we were dying to see the renowned Cathedral! We watched—in this direction and that—all around—everywhere. We needed no one to point it out—we would recognize it, even in the desert of the great Sahara. At last, a forest of graceful needles, shimmering in the amber sunlight, rose slowly above the pigmy housetops, as one sometimes sees, in the far horizon, a gilded and pinnacled mass of cloud lift itself above the waste of waves at sea.

Half of that night and all of the next

day, this architectural autocrat was our sole object of interest. What a wonder it is! So grand, so solemn, so vast! And yet so delicate, so airy, so graceful! A very world of solid weight, and yet it seemed in the soft moonlight only a fairy delusion of frost-work, that might vanish with a breath! How sharply its pinnacled angles and its wilderness of spires were cut against the sky, and how richly their shadows fell upon its snowy roof! It was a vision! a miracle! an anthem sung in stone, a poem wrought in marble!

The building looks best by moonlight, because the older portions of it being stained with age, contrast unpleasantly with the newer and whiter portions. It seems somewhat too broad for its height, but maybe familiarity with it might dissipate this impression.

They say that the Cathedral of Milan is second only to St. Peter's at Rome. I cannot understand how it can be second to anything made by human hands.

We descended and entered and walked about, gazing aloft at the monster windows, all a-glow with brilliantly colored scenes in the lives of the Saviour and his followers. Some of these pictures are mosaics, and so artistically are their thousand particles of tinted glass or stone put together, that the work has all the smoothness and finish of a painting. We counted sixty panes of glass in one window, and each pane was adorned with one of these master achievements of genius and patience.

The guide showed us a coffee-colored piece of sculpture, which he said was considered to have come from the hand of Phidias, since it was not possible that any other man, of any epoch, could have copied nature with such faultless accuracy. The figure was that of a man without a skin; with every vein, artery, muscle; every fibre, and tendon, and tissue of the human frame, represented in minute detail. It looked natural, because, somehow, it looked as if it were in pain. A skinned man would be likely to look that way, unless his attention were occupied with some other matter. It was a hideous thing, and yet there was a fascination about it somewhere. I am very sorry I saw it, because I shall always see it, now. I shall dream of it, sometimes. I shall dream that it is resting its corded arms on the bed's head, and looking down on me with its dead eyes; I shall dream that it is stretched between the sheets with me, with its exposed muscles and its stringy, cold legs.

It is hard to forget repulsive things. I remember yet how I ran off from school once, when I was a boy, and then pretty late at night, concluded to climb into the window of my father's office and sleep on a lounge, because I had a delicacy about going home and getting thrashed. As I lay on the lounge and my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, I fancied I could see a long, dusky, shapeless thing stretched upon the floor! A cold shiver went through me. I turned my face to the wall. That did not answer. I was afraid that thing would creep over and seize me in the dark. I turned back and stared at it for minutes and minutes—they seemed hours. It appeared to me that the lagging moonlight never, never would get to it. I turned to the wall and counted twenty, to pass the feverish time away. I looked—the pale square was nearer. I turned again and counted fifty—it was almost touching it. With desperate will I turned again and counted one hundred, and faced about all in a tremble. A white human hand lay in the moonlight! Such an awful sinking at the heart—such a sudden gasp for breath! I felt—I cannot tell *what* I felt. When I recovered strength enough, I faced the wall again. But no boy could have remained so with that mysterious hand behind him. I counted again, and looked—the most of a naked arm was exposed. I put my hands over my eyes and count-

ed till I could stand it no longer, and then—the pallid face of a man was there, with the corners of the mouth drawn down, and the eyes fixed and glassy in death! I raised to a sitting posture and glowered on that corpse till the light crept down the bare breast—line by line—inch by inch—past the nipple, and then it disclosed a ghastly stab!

I went away from there. I do not say that I went away in any sort of a hurry, but I simply went—that is sufficient. I went out at the window, and I carried the sash along with me. I did not need the sash, but it was handier to take it than it was to leave it, and so I took it. I was not scared, but I was considerably agitated.

When I reached home they whipped me, but I enjoyed it. It seemed perfectly delightful. The man had been stabbed near the office that afternoon, and they carried him in there to doctor him, but he only lived an hour. I have slept in the same room with him often since then in my dreams.

Now we will descend into the crypt, under the grand altar of Milan Cathedral, and receive an impressive sermon from lips that have been silent and hands that have been gestureless for three hundred years. The priest stopped in a small dungeon and held up his candle. This was the last resting-place of a good man, a warm-hearted, unselfish man; a man whose whole life was given to succoring the poor, encouraging the faint-hearted, visiting the sick; in relieving distress, whenever and wherever he found it. His hearth, his hand and his purse were always open. With his story in one's mind he can almost see his benignant countenance moving calmly among the haggard faces of Milan in the days when the plague swept the city; brave where all others were cowards, full of compassion where pity had been crushed out of all other breasts by the instinct of self-preservation gone mad with terror, cheering all, praying with all, helping all, with hand, and brain and purse, at a time when parents forsook their children, the friend deserted the friend, and the brother turned away from the sister while her pleadings were still wailing in his ears.

This was good St. Charles Borromeo, Bishop of Milan. The people idolized him; princes lavished uncounted treasures upon him. We stood in his tomb. Near by was the sarcophagus, lighted by the dripping candles. The walls were faced with bas-reliefs representing scenes in his life done in massive silver. The priest put on a short white lace garment over his black robe, crossed himself, bowed reverently, and began to turn a windlass slowly. The sarcophagus separated in two parts, lengthwise, and the lower part sank down and disclosed a coffin of rock crystal as clear as the atmosphere. Within lay the body, robed in costly habiliments covered with gold embroidery and starred with scintillating gems. The decaying head was black with age, the dry skin was drawn tight to the bones, the eyes were gone, there was a hole in the temple and another in the cheek, and the skinny lips were parted as in a ghastly smile! over this dreadful face, its dust and decay, and its mocking grin, hung a crown sown thick with flashing brilliants; and upon the breast lay crosses and crosiers of solid gold that were splendid with emeralds and diamonds.

How poor, and cheap, and trivial these gewgaws seemed in presence of the solemnity, the grandeur, the overshadowing majesty of death! Think of Milton, Shakespeare, Washington, standing before a reverent world tricked out in the glass beads, the brass earrings and tin trumpery of the savages of the plains!

Dead Borromeo preached his pregnant sermon, and its burden was: You that worship the vanities of earth—you that long for worldly honor, worldly wealth, worldly fame—behold their worth!

To us it seemed that so good a man, so kind a heart, so simple a nature, deserved rest and peace in a grave sacred from the intrusion of prying eyes, and believed that he himself would have preferred to have it so; but peradventure our wisdom was at fault in this regard.

Florence pleased us for a while. I think we appreciated the great figure of David in the grand square, and the sculptured group they call the Rape of the Sabines. We wandered through the endless collections of paintings and statues of the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, of course. I make that statement in self-defense. There let it stop. I could not rest under the imputation that I visited Florence, and did not traverse its weary miles of picture galleries. We tried indolently to recollect something about the Guelphs and Ghibellines and the other historical cut-throats whose quarrels and assassinations make up so large a share of Florentine history; but the subject was not attractive. We had been robbed of all the fine mountain scenery on our little journey by a system of railroading that had three miles of tunnel for every hundred yards of daylight, and we were not inclined to be sociable with Florence. We had seen the spot, outside the city somewhere, where these people had allowed the bones of Galileo to rest in unconsecrated ground for an age because his great discovery that the world turned around was regarded as a damning heresy by the church, and we knew that long after the world had accepted his theory and raised his name high in the list of the world's great men, they had still let him rot there. That we had lived to see his dust in honored sepulchre in the church of Santa Croce we owed to a society of *literati* and not to Florence or her rulers. We saw Danté's tomb in that church, also, but we were glad to know that his body was not in it; that the ungrateful city that had exiled him and persecuted him would give much to have it there, but need not hope ever to secure that high honor to herself. Medicis are good enough for Florence. Let her plant Medicis and build grand monuments over them to testify how gratefully she was wont to lick the hand that scourged her.

Magnanimous Florence! Her jewelry marts are filled with artists in mosaic. Florentine mosaics are the choicest in all the world. Florence loves to have that said. Florence is proud of it. Florence would foster this specialty of hers. She is grateful to the artists that bring to her this high credit and fill her coffers with foreign money, and so she encourages them with pensions. With pensions! Think of the lavishness of it. She knows that people who piece together the beautiful trifles die early, because the labor is so confining, and so exhausting to hand and brain, and so she has decreed that all these people who reach the age of sixty shall have a pension after that! I have not heard that any of them have called for their dividends yet. One man did fight along till he was sixty, and started after his pension, but it appeared that there had been a mistake of a year in his family record, and so he gave it up and died.

These artists will take particles of stone or glass hardly larger than a mustard seed and piece them together on a sleeve button or a shirt stud, so smoothly and with such nice adjustment of the delicate shades of color the pieces bear, as to form a pigmy rose with stem, thorn, leaves, petals complete, and all so softly and as truthfully tinted as though nature had builded it herself. They will counterfeit a fly, or a remarkable bug, or the ruined Coliseum, within the cramped circle of a breast-pin, and do it as deftly, and so neatly that any man might think a master painted it.

I saw a little table in the great mosaic school in Florence—a little trifle of a centre table—whose top was made of

some sort of precious polished stone, and in the stone was inlaid the figure of a flute, with bell mouth and a mazy complication of keys. No painting in the world could have been softer or richer; no shading out of one tint into another could have been more perfect; no work of art of any kind could have been more faultless than this flute, and yet to count the multitude of little fragments of stone of which they swore it was formed would bankrupt any man's arithmetic! I do not think one could have seen where two particles joined each other with eyes of ordinary shrewdness. Certainly, we could detect no such blemish. This table-top cost the labor of one man for ten long years, so they said, and it was for sale for thirty-five thousand dollars. We went to the church of Santa Croce, from time to time, in Florence, to weep over the tombs of Michael Angelo, Raphael and Machiavelli, (I suppose they are buried there, but it may be that they reside elsewhere and rent their tombs to other parties—such is the fashion in Italy) and between times we used to go and stand on the bridges and admire the Arno. It is popular to admire the Arno. It is a great historical creek with four feet in the channel and some scows floating around. It would be a very plausible river if they would pump some water into it. They all call it a river, and they honestly think it is a river. They even help out the delusion by building bridges over it. I do not see why they are too good to wade.

How the fatigues and annoyances of travel fill one with bitter prejudices sometimes! I might enter Florence under happier auspices a month hence and find it all beautiful, all attractive. But I do not care to think of it now, at all, nor of its roomy shops filled to the ceiling with snowy marble and alabaster copies of all the celebrated sculptures in Europe—copies so enchanting to the eye that I wonder how they can really be shaped like the dingy, petrified nightmares they are the portraits of. I got lost in Florence at nine o'clock, one night, and staid lost in that labyrinth of narrow streets and long rows of vast buildings that look all alike, until towards three o'clock in the morning. It was a pleasant night, and at first there were a good many people abroad, and there were cheerful lights about. Later I grew accustomed to prowling about mysterious drifts and tunnels, and astonishing and interesting myself with coming around corners expecting to find the hotel staring me in the face and not finding it doing anything of the kind. Later still, I felt tired. I soon felt remarkably tired. But there was no one abroad, now—not even a policeman. I walked till I was out of all patience, and very hot and thirsty. At last, somewhere after one o'clock, I came unexpectedly to one of the city gates. I knew then that I was very far from the hotel. The soldiers thought I wanted to leave the city, and they sprang up and barred the way with their muskets. I said: "Hotel d'Europe!" It was all the Italian I knew and I was not certain whether that was Italian or French. The soldiers looked stupidly at each other and at me, and shook their heads and took me into custody. I said I wanted to go home. They did not understand me. They took me into the guard-house and searched me, but they found no sedition on me. They found a small piece of soap and I made them a present of it, seeing that they regarded it as a curiosity. I continued to say Hotel d'Europe, and they continued to shake their heads, until at last a young soldier nodding in the corner roused up and said something. He said he knew where the hotel was, I suppose, for the officer of the guard sent him away with me. We walked a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles, it appeared to me, and then *he* got lost. He turned this way and that, and finally gave it up and signified that he was going to spend the remain-

der of the morning trying to find the city gate again. At that moment it struck me that there was something familiar about the house over the way. It was the hotel!

It was a happy thing for me that there happened to be a soldier there that knew even as much as he did; for they say that the policy of the government is to change the soldiery from one place to another constantly, and from country to city, so that they cannot become acquainted with the people and grow lax in their duties, and enter into plots and conspiracies with friends. My experiences of Florence were chiefly unpleasant. I will change the subject.

At Pisa we climbed up to the top of the strangest structure the world has any knowledge of—the Leaning Tower. As every one knows, it is in the neighborhood of one hundred and eighty feet high—and I beg to observe that one hundred and eighty feet reach to about the height of four ordinary three-story buildings piled one on top of the other, and it is a very considerable altitude for a tower of uniform thickness to aspire to, even when it stands upright—yet this one leans more than thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. It is seven hundred years old, but neither history nor tradition say whether it was built as it is, purposely, or whether one of its sides has settled. There is no record that it ever stood straight up. It is built of marble. It is an airy and beautiful structure, and each of its eight stories is encircled by fluted columns, some of marble and some of granite, with Corinthian capitals that were handsome when they were new. It is a bell tower, and in it hangs a chime of ancient bells. The winding staircase within is dark, but one naturally knows which side of the tower he is on, because of his naturally gravitating from one side to the other of the staircase with the rise or dip of the tower. Some of the stone steps are foot-worn only on one end; others only on the other end; others only in the middle. To look down into the tower from the top is like looking down into a tilted well. A rope that hangs from the centre of the top touches the wall before it reaches the bottom. Standing on the summit, one does not feel altogether comfortable when he looks down from the high side; but to crawl on your breast to the verge on the lower side, and try to stretch your neck out far enough to see the base of the tower, makes your flesh creep, and convinces you for a single moment, in spite of all your philosophy, that the building is falling. You handle yourself very carefully, all the time, under the silly impression that if it is not falling your trifling weight will start it, unless you are particular not to "bear down" on it.

The Duomo, close at hand, is one of the finest cathedrals in Europe. It is eight hundred years old. Its grandeur has outlived the high commercial prosperity and the political importance that made it a necessity, or rather a possibility. Surrounded by poverty, decay and ruin, it conveys to us a more tangible impression of the former greatness of Pisa than books could give us.

The Baptistery, which is a few years older than the Leaning Tower, is a stately rotunda, of huge dimensions, and was a costly structure. In it hangs the lamp whose measured swing suggested to Galileo the pendulum. It looked an insignificant thing to have conferred upon the world of science and mechanics such a mighty extension of their dominion as it has. Pondering, in its suggestive presence, I seemed to see a crazy universe of swinging disks, the toiling children of this sedate parent. He appeared to have an intelligent expression about him of knowing that he was not a lamp at all; that he was a pendulum—a pendulum disguised for prodigious and inscrutable purposes of his own deep devising; and not a common pendulum

either, but the old, original, patriarchal pendulum—the Abraham pendulum of the world.

This Baptistery is endowed with the most pleasing echo of all the echoes we have read of. The guide sounded two sonorous notes, about half an octave apart; the echo answered with the most enchanting, the most melodious, the richest blending of sweet sounds that one can imagine. It was like a long-drawn chord of a church organ, infinitely softened by distance. I may be extravagant in this matter, but if this be the case my ear is to blame—not my pen. I am describing a memory—and one that will remain long with me.

The peculiar devotional spirit of the olden time, which placed a higher confidence in outward forms of worship than in the watchful guarding of the heart against sinful thoughts and the hands against sinful deeds, and which believed in the protecting virtues of inanimate objects made holy by contact with holy things, is illustrated in a striking manner in one of the cemeteries of Pisa. The tombs are set in soil brought in ships from the Holy Land ages ago. To be buried in such ground was regarded by the ancient Pisans as being more potent for salvation than many masses purchased of the church, and the vowing of many candles to the Virgin.

Pisa is believed to be about three thousand years old. It was one of the twelve great cities of ancient Etruria, that commonwealth which has left so many monuments in testimony of its extraordinary advancement and so little history of itself that is tangible and comprehensible. A Pisan antiquary gave me a tear-jug, which he averred was full four thousand years old. It was found among the ruins of one of the oldest of the Etruscan cities. He said it came from a tomb, and was used by some bereaved family in that remote age, when even the Pyramids of Egypt were young, Damascus a village, Abraham a prattling infant and ancient Troy not yet dreamt of, to receive the tears wept for some lost idol of the household. It spoke to us in a language of its own, and with a pathos more tender then any words might bring; its mute eloquence swept down the long roll of the centuries with its tale of a vacant chair, a familiar footstep missed from the threshold, a pleasant voice gone from the chorus, a vanished form!—a tale which is always so new to us, so startling, so terrible, so benumbing to the senses, and behold how threadbare and old it is! No shrewdly worded history could have brought the myths and shadows of that old dreamy age before us clothed with human flesh and warmed with human sympathies so vividly as did this poor little unsentient vessel of pottery.

Pisa was a republic in the middle ages, with a government of her own, armies and navies of her own, and a great commerce. She was a warlike power, and inscribed upon her banners many a brillant fight with Genoese and Turks. It is said that the city once numbered a population of 400,000; but her sceptre has passed from her grasp now, her ships and her armies are gone, her commerce is dead. Her battle flags bear the mold and dust of centuries, her marts are deserted, she has shrunken far within her crumbling walls, and her great population has diminished to twenty thousand souls. She has but one thing left to boast of, and that is not much, viz: she is the second city of Tuscany.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

"FOR the public good," is the ruling maxim of all public education. If the people are taxed for common schools, it is that the people may be profited. If in our chief cities higher departments are added, it is that better culture may be offered to all. And when the system is crowned with the university, a like end is in view. The State provides grounds and buildings, apparatus, books, instruction. Then it invites its youth to come and use these advantages. It has an eye to its own welfare, knowing that it will thus rear more intelligent, more influential, and better citizens ; but it cares also for the happiness which it brings to its people. Self-interest justifies the university ; a wide benevolence demands it. The two notions are blended and epitomized in the phrase, " For the public good."

It will hardly be denied that, even in our newer States, the public good demands institutions for the higher education. The old cry for self-educated men has been modified, the hostility to "college learning " abated. It is seen that self-trained men must study the same subjects, acquire the same information, as those who frequent seats of learning. They go toward the same goal, only by roundabout and rugged ways. In this practical age we want the best and quickest means of reaching a given end. Why should a young man struggle on by himself, at a disadvantage, when he can find a full library, complete scientific apparatus, and the guidance of men who are familiar with the whole ground to be traversed? It will be his own fault if these helps make him less vigorous and manly. He will learn all the better for the genial companionship of other students, and of enthusiastic teachers. He needs to know about things that he has not time to learn. The more numerous the departments of knowledge which are grouped around him, the more likely will he be to escape that one-sidedness which is the bane of so many powerful minds. No State can refuse these highest advantages without implying that its sons are less worthy of culture than those of other States. We, of the Pacific Coast, intend to make no such confession, and we are agreed that we must give them the university.

What sort of instruction shall it offer? We may speak freely, for we are not fettered by traditions and usages. We must, indeed, go to the teachings of the past, but we must not fail to learn from the recent past, in its attempts at improvement. No full discussion is intended in these few pages ; only a glance at some phases of university instruction which are of special present interest. This State is now founding an institution on principles carefully considered, and indicated in the bill for its establishment. These principles are at once conservative and progressive. They imply the retention of what is best in older institutions, and the adoption of some of the latest tenets of reform. It is well for the people to familiarize themselves with thoughts about their new possession. It is well for the friends of the higher education to contribute their various suggestions toward the best possible results.

The university must take the highest rank in instruction. It must be much more than a large high school. For teaching what are called the higher English branches, there are acadamies, and seminaries, and high schools ; there is no need of a separate institution endowed by the State. The university

begins where these schools leave off, and provides advantages which otherwise would not be enjoyed. Its range must therefore be high, its instruction in each department broad and thorough. It will insist on full courses for those who ask its diplomas. Not that every student must promise to take a full course. A university, as it is for the people, offers popular advantages. The young man who can stay but a half-year is invited to attend its lectures and recitations, use its library and laboratory, and learn what he can within the semester. These facilities are open to all, whether they can spend more or less time in using them. But from its graduates the university may justly claim a prolonged and thorough course of study. It can refuse its seal of scholarship, except to those who have patiently and manfully earned it—to those whose proficiency will do credit to themselves and to their Alma Mater. Instruction is a privilege to be denied to none : a diploma must be the prize of thorough study. Standing at the head of the educational system, the university cannot but hold its standard high.

It will provide a full variety in its courses of instruction. It must combine the theoretical with the practical, the literary with the scientific. Natural science is not enough. Great as is the place which it has won, it is not yet sole ruler. The old royalties do not own themselves cast down, while yet they gracefully acknowledge a divided supremacy. Latin and Greek must still be university studies, side by side with chemistry and geology. The Hon. Mr. Lowe may use the fine power of expression to which the ancient tongues have helped him, to decry the study of those tongues. Dr. Bigelow may try to prove that Greek should, like Hebrew, be laid on the shelf for dry theologians to guard. But the truest leading minds think, with Stuart Mill, that the good old classics fill an indispensable place in the circle of the humanities. The tongue of Homer and Plato cannot yet be ignored. The mother of French, Italian, and Spanish, proud as she is of her children, claims still a recognition for herself, while she points to their English cousin, and defies English scholars to slight the relationship. Thorough study of English involves a knowledge of Latin, and more remotely of Greek. These clear-cut tongues are the best, by all odds, to show the principles of grammar. Whoever seeks a mastery of language cannot afford to pass them by. The musician gives years to the study of expression ; the sculptor toils unweariedly to make the marble express his thought. Let this prediction be noted : If scientific men, in their hurry and their enthusiasm for science, forego all the discipline of the ancient languages, they will fall below expression as teachers, writers, and lecturers. Science will have won her votaries, but they will not be silver-tongued to herald all her praise.

But this does not prove that the old classical course must be insisted on for all. There is no one line of study to which all should be rigidly held. In this, the new popular demand is right. If a young man really dislikes Latin and Greek, so much the worse for him ; but he need not give two or three of his best years to the ungrateful task. If he shrinks from the higher mathematics, he need not be dragged to them by force. Tomatoes are an excellent edible ; but if one endeavors faithfully to like them, and cannot, he is not to do penance on them for a life-time. The forcing process in education has been tried, and has signally failed. We bury it now out of our sight. If the minds of young men are to be roused to manly energy, it will be henceforth by attraction, not by compulsion. There was once a seeming dearth of material for a college course. In the pre-scientific era, when students in Yale College studied Morse's Geography and Ames' Medulla, there was the shadow of an

excuse for imposing unwelcome tasks for mental discipline. But the area of commanding knowledge has widened and lengthened, till, for single minds, it is boundless. No one scholar, however earnest and active, can compass the whole vast field. Division of labor is now a necessity of students, no less than of artisans. With this wide room for choice, surely something can be found to interest every undergraduate. We leave out of the account young men who have no taste for any study. They will become fewer in our universities, as just notions gain sway among parents, and as business life increases its attractions. We plan only for those who wish to learn, to be profited by university studies. For these we must provide what will interest them. It is better to pursue an inferior branch of knowledge with zest, than to drone through something higher. Entomology well studied is far better than the calculus botched. By interesting young men, the university can indefinitely increase its numbers. It would be better to inoculate a thousand students with the love of learning, if it should be on a lower plane, than to give a little higher training to a select hundred. Let there be, then, widely varying courses of study.

Agriculture is calling for scientific aids; it is most fitting that it should have a course of its own in the university—not as an interloper, or an inferior. Graduates from this department should be versed in many branches of learning. They want a knowledge of general as well as applied chemistry; of physics, if not of mechanics; of geology, mineralogy and botany; of meteorology and astronomy; of history and mental philosophy; of political economy and the national government; of one or more of the modern languages of culture; and, indispensably, of the use and history of the English language. Still other specifications might be made; but these are enough to show that he who would be an accomplished agriculturist and citizen, has no narrow field before him. His course of study in the university must be made broad and liberal.

The department of mining knowledge, differing from the last in important particulars, but the same in many features of general study, must be furnished with equal care. Civil engineering calls for yet other variations. The mechanic arts demand a full and thorough curriculum.

A general scientific course makes its own large requirements. Scientific studies must have a cordial welcome, both for their own importance and for popular interest. The shrine at which Kepler and Newton, Hugh Miller and Faraday have reverently knelt, is no profane shrine. The altar to which Agassiz, and Dana, and Tyndall are still bringing their offerings, is no unworthy altar. Scientific discoveries connect themselves with the most useful and wonderful inventions of the age, with whatever is most hopeful and most brilliant in the material progress of mankind. The investigations of science are yet in their infancy. Its student works in virgin soil, explores mines not yet prospected. He is lured by bright hopes of some original discovery, which, if it bring him little wealth or fame, will be in itself an exceeding reward. For all such students the university must make the amplest provision. Without neglecting other equally necessary departments, it must see that this is furnished with the best helps of the day. Nowhere is the progress so rapid, as in the sphere of these studies. A live institution will bring the student within reach of the latest and fullest teachings of his science.

All these courses will have much in common with each other, and much in common with the classical course. This is one great advantage of the university, that it puts all the departments of lib-

eral education side by side, where their parallelisms and affiliations can be seen; and the students, passing often from one course to another, attending many of the same lectures and recitations, may learn their common bond of brotherhood.

The classical or literary course needs greater flexibility. Changes have lately been made in this direction in our oldest American colleges, and they will doubtless go further. Latin and Greek will not lose their place, but students will be permitted to fly off from them at more than one tangential point. Four years are not enough for the mastery of a full college curriculum. Perhaps the greatest mistake of recent college instruction has been the constant enlargement of the course, with the attempt to make all the members of every class go over nearly the whole ground. The result has been either superficialness, or unsafe crowding. We must make room for the new claimants. The natural sciences demand increased attention from every scholar. Political economy and political institutions, with international law, ask for more space. The place of history is more fully recognized. The modern languages urge their double claims of literature and of commercial intercourse. Our own mother tongue startles us by the proof of the neglect with which she has been treated by her most cultured sons. What is to be done? Our hurrying age will not grant an extension of the course beyond the accustomed four years. We must simply give over trying to do impossibilities. We must offer choices in the regular classical course, and insist on thoroughness in studies chosen. Some will study "small Latin and less Greek;" but these noble old tongues will have a sifted retinue more worthy of their banner. The higher mathematics will be a pleasure to the moiety who pay them allegiance. The old classics ought, probably, to be more evenly distributed through the course, so as not to weary by over-pressure. Instead of spending nearly two-thirds of the first two years on Latin and Greek, let the classical student take but one of these languages at a time, and keep them up through the course. This will give variety, and initiate him early into natural science. The course will thus be better balanced, and gain in freshness of interest.

Familiar lectures may be more relied on than has been common in this country, for the literature and history of each department; placing before the student in a single hour that which has cost the professor a month of hard work. These lectures will be of full advantage only to students in the same department; but they will be valuable to others, also, for bird's-eye views. A university can command and concentrate the best abilities in its courses of lectures. If thoroughly undertaken, they will be attended, not by the students alone, but by many of the people.

It will not be difficult to gather about such an institution more of popular appreciation and sympathy. It is not to hold itself aloof from the people, but to put itself in contact with them. Men of every calling like to learn; the university is the place to learn. There is mismanagement, or overweening pride, or unnatural seclusion, if the highest of the springs of learning is to the people generally a sealed fountain. The spirit of the university is democratic. The "aristocracy of learning" is no narrow-minded and haughty oligarchy, but a chivalric band of the best champions of the commonwealth.

And when the university accepts its high office as a dispenser of popular blessings, it is but fair to ask that the people give it their cordial appreciation. Its graduates are to be welcomed. A man is no better for an academic degree; but if he has that which the degree is meant to represent—a large and generous culture in the things best worth

knowing—then there is a gain to him, and to the public of which he is a part. It is a good thing for the community that the old notion of but "three learned professions" is already broken down. These professions were wont to form a "ring" for the manipulation of all graduates. If one was not to be a lawyer, a preacher, or a doctor, it was not to be supposed that he would go through college. If a graduate declined the learned three, he was held to have thrown away his time. A juster sentiment already prevails. It is found that the best culture has ample play in the common school, in the editor's chair, in many new "professions." More, there is a partial recognition of the truth that the merchant and the manufacturer, the artisan and the agriculturist, are the better for mental culture; that there is no private walk which liberal learning does not adorn and brighten. Let this truth be fully recognized. Let those who aspire not to public service or eminence, foster to their utmost their love of learning. Let those who mean to be traders, or mechanics, or farmers, or miners, or workers in any of the beneficent industries of the age, throw over their work-day lives the "sweetness" and the "light" of a higher culture.

SIESTA.

If I lie at ease in the cradling trees,
Till the day drops down in the golden seas,
Till the light shall die from the warm, wide sky,
And the cool night cover me—what care I ?

All as one when the day is done,
The woven woof or the web unspun :
In my leafy nest I will lie at rest,
A careless dreamer, and that is best.

Does a brown eye wake for a trouble's sake,
Ye little tenants of wood and brake ?
What deeper woe does a wild-bee know
Than to vex the heart of a honey-blow ?

Bonny birds, sing to me; butterflies wing to me;
Slender convolvulus, flutter and cling to me ;
Dim spice-odors and meadow-musk,
Blow about me from dawn to dusk !

Though the city frown from her hill-tops brown,
And the weary toilers go up and down,
I will lie at rest in my leafy nest,
A careless dreamer, and that is best.

THE SIX CHINESE COMPANIES.

MANY incorrect notions are entertained respecting the six Chinese companies of California, and a variety of groundless assertions have been made in regard to them. In the minds of some people there is a kind of mystery hanging over these organizations, as though the heads of different Chinese clans in this city and on this coast were accustomed to meet in conclave, and by the use of that strange language which they speak, and the symbols employed by them in writing, which to most of our people are as unintelligible as the signs of the *Ku Klux Klan*, engage in plots which, for ought we know, may result some day in the undermining of the "great and glorious temple of American liberty," and in the establishment of a new Chinese empire on this continent which was discovered by Columbus, redeemed from the savages, and consecrated to freedom.

It has been stated, and by many it is believed, that these organizations are seats of authority and power; that the officers wield despotic sway over the people connected respectively with the several companies; that they have established their codes of laws with penalties affixed, and which Chinamen dread more than they dread our own laws and officers of justice.

In the early days of Chinese immigration to California, it was currently reported that these companies were the great coolie agencies, and that the officers of the companies were the factors of Chinese lords—and that the mass of the Chinese who came to this country were serfs or slaves; that the companies imported them, set them to work or sold their time, received their earnings or their wages, being themselves obligated only to send the coolie home within a stipulated time, or in case of his death to see that his bones or his ashes should at last find sepulture along with the graves of his kindred in the home of his ancestors. The echo of those reports may still be heard almost anywhere throughout this country, although the reports have been steadily refuted, and the real nature of these societies has been carefully stated by those who have enjoyed the best means of knowing the truth in regard to them.

Such are a few of the popular fallacies regarding the Chinese companies of California. The facts are as follows.

Natives of other countries who have chosen this as the land of their adoption generally show a desire to keep alive the memory of the home they have left; and we have associations of Scandinavians, of Scotchmen, of Hibernians, of Germans, and of Italians. These societies have their head-quarters or club-rooms, their constitutions, by-laws and officers. Some of these are benevolent or mutual aid societies. A foreigner landing as a stranger in this city, and who may be directed to the rooms of his country people, will find himself at once amongst brothers: he will find their house the place where he may hear news from home. National days are celebrated by the society; and the practice of national games keeps fresh in each heart the associations of youth. When a member is sick or unfortunate, he is cared for; and when death calls away his victims, the deceased is borne to the grave by brothers, and the widow and orphans are not forgotten. Similar to these, in many respects, are the Chinese companies. In the cities of China we find precisely what we have here in California, and Chinamen have a greater need for such associations than have the people of

other countries when they emigrate to foreign lands.

The Chinese never—or never, except in very rare instances—abandon one home to go in search of another. When they go abroad, wife and children are left to keep the house, and every man hopes to return again after having improved his worldly estate by traffic or labor in foreign parts; he hopes to spend the evening of his days where many generations of his kindred have lived, and at last by weeping relatives and by filial sons to be laid to rest amongst the honored dead of a long ancestral line. Therefore, when people in China visit distant cities, whether for trade, or study, or adventure, they feel the need of home associations; and to meet this need the *Ui Kün*, or company house, is established.

The uses and the regulations of these societies are, we presume, very much the same in Chinese cities as they are in San Francisco, Sacramento, and Stockton. In Shanghae and Ningpo, where Canton and Fukeen people resided for trade, there were the guild halls, the Ui Küns of the people from each of those provinces. So in Canton, there were the society-rooms or club-houses of the Chinamen from other portions of the empire who were sojourning in that city. Thus, without going into minute details as to the organization and designs of these societies, every intelligent reader may form for himself a tolerably correct opinion concerning them. At least, he will learn that they are not agencies for importing coolies: not secret societies with signs, pass-words and dark plots: not portions of a machinery by which the Emperor of China might attempt to retain the government of his subjects while sojourning on a foreign shore; and that it is no part of their object or endeavor to assume the prerogatives of the civil magistrate, nor to shield their people from the obligations or the effects of our laws.

The companies in this city seem to have been first organized by the merchants and men of standing and influence, who chose for themselves officers, formed their laws and regulations, and by assessments of subscriptions erected their public buildings. There does not appear to be any provision by which all the members are entitled to a vote for the choice of officers, and in the management of the business of the company, but by common consent the government seems to be left with a few leading men whose business and residence keeps them in the town, and who are supposed to understand what is needed by the company, and who are presumed to possess the integrity which may warrant the faithful discharge of the duties assumed by them. When we consider that it is entirely optional with every individual whether he becomes a member of these societies or not, and that nearly all the Chinamen who have come to California have voluntarily incurred the expenses consequent upon membership, we must infer that they have some confidence in the managers of them, and that they value the benefits to be derived from them.

The company building, or Ui Kün, serves the purpose of the caravansary of eastern countries in olden times. To them the emigrants resort on landing from the ships, some servant of each Ui Kün going off to meet and to give the necessary instructions to those on board who have come from the districts which are represented in his particular company. In the caravansary he is furnished a room in which to spread his mat in Oriental style, with water and facilities for cooking. This arrangement saves him much expense, and also protects him from those who otherwise might take advantage of his ignorance of the country, and its ways of doing business. Parties returning from the inland towns to embark for home often choose the company house instead of the boarding

houses ; so also of parties who, having finished one job of work in the country, return to look around for another. The sick and indigent may have lodgings in these houses ; but idlers and dissolute persons are not allowed to remain many days upon the premises.

Some of the companies have had regulations for relieving the indigent sick and disabled. Such cases, however, are generally provided for by private contributions, the relatives and townsmen of the unfortunate individual voluntarily assuming the care of their relative or neighbor. Scarce a day passes without the recurrence of such cases. No people give more in charity than do the Chinese. They help their sick friends, pay their rent, their nurses, their doctors' bills, the expenses of their funerals, if they die ; and many poor men have their passage paid back to China when it becomes apparent that they cannot recover health in this country. If, however, the unfortunate individual has no friends to care for him, the company to which he belongs will attend to these duties, making an assessment for the expense, unless there are especial funds for the purpose.

One important office which these companies perform is to arbitrate in cases of misunderstanding or quarrels amongst their countrymen. In case the difficulty cannot be settled by arbitration, the officers of the companies often attend to the case in the civil courts, hiring lawyers, and becoming responsible for costs. Thus many a poor Chinaman has been defended in the courts who himself was too poor to fee a lawyer. It may well be supposed that strangers in the land, ignorant of our laws and unacquainted with our language, value an agency like this, viz : friends to help them settle disputes whether with their own brethren, with different clans, or with people of other nations ; also friends to manage for them when they fall into the hands of the officers of the law.

One use which has been made of the company has been to prevent the absconding of defaulting debtors. A person proposing to return to China has been required, a certain number of days previous to sailing, to report his name to the company to which he belongs, whereupon the books are searched to see whether all his dues are paid ; also to see whether a person bearing his name has been reported to the company as indebted to other parties. Notice is also sent to officers of the other companies, and if the individual has been reported to them as indebted to any of their members, means are taken to prevent his leaving the country until he shall have made some satisfactory arrangement with his creditors.

The propriety and equity of this arrangement is commented on in quite a different strain by different parties. Creditors like it : bankrupts, and those disposed to be dishonest, speak against it. There is also a class who have become dissatisfied with the management of one or more of the companies, and who feel it a hardship to have to pay all their assessments. These complain of the rule above mentioned.

Here it may be remarked, that there are Chinamen in the country who profess to believe that their people would be as well cared for were there no Ui Küns. These persons complain that the funds of some of the societies have not always been used in a legitimate way : they argue that the monthly expenses consumed in rents, salaries of officers, and taxes of company property, call for too heavy an assessment upon the poor immigrant ; and that the heavy arrears keep many from returning to their families who otherwise would long ago have had their eyes delighted with sight of home and native land.

In most of the company houses there are apartments devoted to religious uses. These apartments are furnished by voluntary contributions, and are not usually

provided for in the constitutions of the societies. Some individual obtains the privilege of taking care of the gods and the rooms which are devoted to their use, and gets his support (sometimes enriching himself) by the profits on the sale of candles, incense sticks, and charms, and by the gifts and fees of worshippers. There are not, in California, priests of any of the religious sects which prevail in China. We have in California, merchants, artisans, laborers, a few of the literati, doctors, theatrical performers, but no priests.

In several of the Ui Küns is a room, or portion of a room, devoted to the worship of the spirits of deceased members, where is an altar before which a light is constantly kept burning, and on which offerings are made by friends of the deceased, and by strangers who arrive and depart, and who desire to secure the good offices of these disembodied spirits. Behind the altar is the list of the names of members of the society who have died; and as fast as deaths are reported, the names are added to this already lengthened catalogue of those who have "departed from the body." With what feelings must the stranger just from China, who has not had recent letters from his friends, address himself to an examination of this necrology of the people of his district.

The gathering of the bones of the dead and sending them back to China is not a part of the work undertaken by these companies; but the people of different districts have in some instances undertaken separately the performance of this office; they have, however, selected the president of the company to which they belong to be their agent in the transaction of the necessary business, and to receive and disburse the funds subscribed for the purpose. Only about half of the districts represented in California have sent home the bodies of their dead; but very many bodies are sent home by personal friends here, or at the expense of relatives in China, independent of the aid of organizations in this country for the removal of the dead.

The names of the six companies are, Sam Yap, Kong Chau, (formerly Sz Yap) Ning Yeung, Yeung Wo, Hop Wo and Hip Kat.

The Sam Yap was organized in 1851, and consists of the people from three districts, as the name implies, viz: Nam Hoi, Pün U, and Shun Tak, which embrace the city of Canton and the country in its vicinity. The company house is on Clay street above Powell, but in a dilapidated condition. The company owns another building on Sacramento street, but rents offices for the transaction of its business on Commercial street. The assessments to members is larger in this society than in any other, viz: ten dollars initiation; ten dollars for removing the dead; two dollars to pay for the Sacramento street property; fifty cents to constitute a fund for costs of legal proceedings, and three dollars and fifty cents miscellaneous. The officers, which are nearly alike in all the companies, are a secretary and treasurer, at a salary from eighty to one hundred dollars; an assistant and linguist, his salary from sixty to eighty dollars, and a servant and messenger, whose salary is about forty dollars. Besides these salaried officers, each company has a sort of advisory committee of about half a dozen men of acknowledged wisdom and integrity, who are consulted in all affairs of importance. This company reports fifteen thousand arrivals, four thousand two hundred departures for China, and eight hundred deceased.

The Kong Chau Company consists of the people from three districts situated to the southwest of Canton. It was organized in 1851. The house now occupied was built in 1854 at a cost, for ground and building, of $40,000. They report sixteen thousand arrivals, seven thousand departures, and seven hundred deaths. The fees of members are light:

five dollars if paid when first coming to the country, ten dollars if long delayed, and fifty cents to the "lawyer's fund," which is the same in all the companies.

The Yeung Wo Company was organized in 1852. They have an old house on the southwestern slope of Telegraph Hill, but are about erecting another on a lot which they own on Sacramento street. Their entrance fee is ten dollars, and ten dollars for removal of the dead. They report twenty-six thousand arrivals, thirteen thousand two hundred departures, and one thousand deaths. The company consists of the immigrants from the three districts which embrace Macao and the country lying between it and the districts represented in the Sam Yap Company.

The Ning Yeung Company was formed in 1853 by the separation from what was then called the Sz Yap Company. Its members are from a populous district west of Macao, bordering on the sea-coast and stretching inland. Their house is a three-story brick edifice, on Broadway, between Kearny and Dupont. They report twenty-seven thousand nine hundred arrivals, seven thousand eight hundred departures, and about one thousand deaths. Entrance and other fees, five dollars and fifty cents.

The Hop Wo Company was formed in 1862 by a separation from the Sz Yap. They occupy a rented building on Commercial street. They report seventeen thousand arrivals, eight thousand two hundred departures, and about three hundred deaths. Entrance and other fees of membership amount to seven dollars. The members are from three districts southwest of Canton, and north of the district represented by the Ning Yeung Company.

The Hip Kat, formerly the Yan On Company, is made up of what is known in China as the Hak Kah people, or foreigners, from the fact that they have entered the districts in the southwest of China, having come, as is supposed, from the north, and still speaking a dialect quite unlike that used by the native population. The members of this company are from sections of the southeastern portion of the Canton province, their homes far apart, but all speaking one dialect. The company was organized in 1852. In 1865, their house in what was once known as Happy Valley, was destroyed by fire; after which they purchased a building on Dupont street, between Washington and Jackson. They report five thousand eight hundred arrivals, two thousand four hundred departures, and one hundred deaths.

In regard to the reports of arrivals and departures, we may remark that we have seen one statement which makes the numbers larger, and another which makes them somewhat less. These discrepancies may be accounted for by supposing that one set of figures contains only the first arrivals and departures, while another embraces the names of all who arrive and return, though some of these have come and returned several times. There are but few Chinamen in California not connected with one of the six companies.

From the statistics just given, it appears that when the departures and deaths are subtracted from the arrivals, we have sixty-two thousand eight hundred as the number of Chinese now in California. As to the list of deaths, however, we are told that the numbers here put down are probably far below what they would be, could accurate lists be made out. As it is, many die in various parts of the country, and the fact may never be reported to the company.

In addition to the organizations above named, there is what may be termed a Congress of the six companies, consisting of the officers and committee-men of the several Ui Küns. This Congress has its separate head quarters, which at present are rented rooms at 709 Commercial street, and it is organized with

permanent officers like each of the six companies. All matters affecting the general interest of the Chinese on this coast are referred to this body; such as the settlement of disputes between the people of different companies, consulting as to means for contesting or seeking relief from unconstitutional or burdensome laws, devising ways to prevent the importation of Chinese women of bad character, arrangements for public dinners and attentions to be shown to public men, and other affairs of importance, and for the benefit of the Chinese population generally.

The convenience and utility of such an agency must be apparent to every person. Should the Chinese population desire to make known any want to our authorities, or to complain of any grievance, they speak through their Assembly of the six companies; and whatever communication it may be desirable at any time to convey to the mass of the Chinese, may be made through this channel more easily and directly than in any other way; and when the late Chinese Embassy arrived, here was a committee already organized, whose well-known prerogatives introduced them to their country's representatives as the proper organ through which the communications of their countrymen might be transmitted.

Outside of the organizations above named we find that the "Trades Union" is also an institution in vogue amongst the Chinese of San Francisco. Washermen, shoe-makers and cigar-makers have formed such unions.

The objects of these societies are to guard against a destructive competition between different establishments, to settle upon a schedule of prices for work, and to save the trade from being ruined by too many engaging in it. This is accomplished by requiring that a term of apprenticeship shall be served before an individual can be eligible to membership in the union; and then an initiation fee is demanded, so large that few will will be inclined to enter except such as are disposed to devote themselves earnestly to their business, and when initiated at such a cost, they will be interested in efforts to sustain the respectability and profitableness of their calling.

The money accumulated from fees and fines is expended in public dinners for the members of the union, in fitting up a place for the god which they may choose for their patron, and in the rites of his worship. Sick and unfortunate members are aided to some extent, and those who die are sure to receive an honorable burial, and this, to a Chinaman, is the most desirable of all things.

If money remains in the treasury at the end of the year it is divided equally amongst the members, unless they choose to spend it in feasting, and in mirth and music.

After perusing this account of the manner in which the Chinese manage some of their matters while abroad, the reader will make his own reflections, but on certain points all will agree. All will agree that the Chinese are a very methodical and practical people, and that they cultivate the social and fraternal feelings. All will agree in admiring the readiness and grace with which these thousands of Chinamen amongst us confide many of their interests to the management of a few gentlemen, the officers of their companies, and the readiness with which they acquiesce in their decisions in cases which come before them for arbitration. This fact testifies to the natural docility of their character, and is an evidence of the effect of that part of their education which enjoins a respect for superiors and for all those who occupy positions of honor and power. All will be unanimous in the opinion, that people who evince so much good judgment and practical wisdom in the management of their affairs will not be slow

to observe or to copy whatever they meet with amongst us which is worthy of imitation, and that much good must result to China from this emigration of her people, who, after years spent in a foreign land, return to talk over amongst their neighbors all the wonderful things they have seen and heard, and to put in practice the various improvements they have learned.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

THE approach to the capital of Mexico is ever remembered by the traveler as associated with all that is inspiring in mountain scenery, and much that is of traditional interest in the history of this land of strange and romantic events. Well-appointed lines of stage coaches connect the city with every part of Central Mexico, and no political commotion seems capable of long interrupting their prompt regularity. They have survived wars and revolutions, and, barring the usual tribute levied by robbers, which is submitted to as being totally beyond remedy, parties are alike interested in sustaining them. Yet, despite the escort of Mexican lancers, who always run away when needed, the stages are frequently stopped, and the passengers stripped of the last vestige of raiment. The driver is never molested, for he instinctively pulls up upon seeing the line of musket barrels across the road.

Many unsuccessful attempts were made in the time of the Empire to destroy this system. Resistance by the passengers is generally in vain; and if so, is followed by their being murdered with Chinese refinement in cruelty. Marshal Bazaine, a grim joker in his way, once astonished a band who had arranged an ambuscade to capture the diligence down from Mexico, which, as their spies had ascertained, was to be freighted with wealthy people, most of them ladies. Information of this had been in some mysterious manner received at head quarters, and a dozen of the most desperate of a Zouave regiment, lately from the African campaign, were disguised as women, and at the moment of departure secretly substituted for the legitimate passengers. On approaching the robbers' haunt—a narrow mountain gorge—two of the squad displayed bonnets and shawls at the windows, while the rest, armed to the teeth, packed themselves away like figs in a drum at the bottom of the vehicle. At the expected place the stage was stopped and surrounded by savage-looking rascals, eager to seize their supposed defenceless victims. To aid in the deception, a falsetto of mimic screams was kept up by the ferocious athletes concealed within. As usual, the passengers were gruffly ordered out of the stage, and at the word, out leaped, with the agility of so many tigers, a species of Tartar such as the cut-throats (or rather "soldiers of the Republic," as they used to call themselves when captured) had not reckoned upon catching. A hand to hand fight could, of course, end only in one way, and the mangled bodies of eight or ten robbers were soon stretched among the rocks and chaparral. Great was the joy in the capital, and for some time after this the brigands were particularly respectful to stages containing lady passengers. But since the fall of the Empire they have become worse than ever.

The journey recalled in these reminiscences was over the Atlantic cordil-

lera, from Orizaba, in the *tierra templada*, up to the City of Mexico. We had the day before left Vera Cruz by railroad, and taken the diligence at the hamlet of Paso del Macho, having passed through Cordova. At Orizaba, which we reached at six in the evening, the traveler begins to experience the difference between the upland air and that of the *tierra caliente* he has just left, and the change in the foliage is not less striking. The town, one of the handsomest in Mexico, seems to be under the very shadow of the lofty volcano of Orizaba, whose summit of perpetual snow, sixteen thousand feet above the ocean, has been a landmark, not only from every point on the road, but is visible far at sea long before the lowlands of the coast are sighted. At three o'clock next morning the journey recommences. A stronger diligence, built especially for mountain service, is brought into requisition, and nine mules harnessed three abreast, in some incomprehensible manner known only to Mexicans, start out into the pitchy darkness at full speed. It seems like breakneck work, but as no one can see a hand's breath through the gloom, the passengers cross themselves, and settle down into as near an approach to drowsiness as the jolting of the vehicle and the yells of the driver at his galloping team will permit. Daylight at length brings the mountains into bold relief against the sky, and as morning breaks, the true magnificence of the scenery of the Mexican Andes reveals itself. No description can do justice to the grandeur of the summits along whose heights the diligence is ever winding—now struggling up ascents whose steepness would defy any but the brains of a Mexican *cochero*, and now, with all brakes down, painfully descending some rocky declivity by a zigzag road hewn out of the mountain side, a wall of bald rock on one hand, and on the other a fathomless abyss. Towards noon a table-land is reached, which extends for many leagues, and offers one of the most valuable agricultural and pastoral districts on the eastern slope of the Sierras. Breakfast at noon at a small village, whose chief features are oranges, fleas, fighting cocks and beggars, and at eight we arrive at the City of Puebla, after a ride (with but one hour's rest besides mule changing) of twenty consecutive hours. Here the third night is passed, and at four the next morning, after the usual hot coffee, we commence the fourth and last day's journey, this time with horses instead of mules. The air has grown chilly, and greatcoats and serapes are in demand. Towards daybreak one of the finest scenes in Nature is opened to our sleepy gaze. Rising in solemn grandeur, far above the adjacent ranges, blue as indigo, and apparently penetrating the very heavens, in which a few waning stars are yet discerned, appears the majestic Popocatepetl, one of the loftiest peaks on the globe, and the very highest in North America. Its elevation above the sea is upwards of eighteen thousand feet, but owing to its perfectly conical form, the summit rounding into a dome of dazzling whiteness, one might imagine a much greater altitude. Three months later the writer had the good fortune to be one of a party who scaled its frozen heights, and from the crater, viewed the amazing landscape, extending over mountain ranges into distant States, down to the *tierra caliente* and the Gulf coast. Near by, but not a rival in symmetrical beauty, stands the volcano of Yztaccihuatl, also snow clad, and forming the shoulder of a long mountain range, which gradually subsides into those bounding the valley of Mexico. Long before the light has penetrated into the gloomy wooded country below, these aerial snow caps are glittering like opals in the full blaze of the coming sun, their forms delicately pencilled against the sky, and reflecting the slightest tinge of

violet as the snow gives back the glowing tints of the morning.

We were now in the region most frequented by robbers. News having been received at Puebla the night before that a band had been collecting on the road, the Austrian commander had kindly ordered an escort of Mexican lancers to attend the diligence some distance beyond Rio Frio, a little hamlet on the western slope of the mountain ranges we were to cross. The road for the entire distance is the famous Camino Real, once a mere mountain path, by which the tables of the Aztec Kings were supplied with fresh fish from the waters of the sea, transmitted to Mexico from hand to hand by swift runners, but gradually improved by the Spaniards during three centuries until it became the best on the continent. Walls of ancient masonry are built along the precipitous places, some of which would do honor to any age or country in sightly, substantial architecture.

At length, abandoned by our gaily caparisoned escort, who pronounce us to be beyond the perils of brigands, the diligence stops on the crest of the mountains surrounding the picturesque valley of Mexico. From these heights Cortes and his mailed cavaliers first looked down upon the city of the Montezumas. The view is memorable for its beauty and extent, as well as for its historical associations. Mexico stands in a spacious plain, some fifteen leagues across, in which the lakes and canals seen from this elevation gleam in the declining sunbeams like molten silver. A range of mountains, forming a serrated rim, encircles the valley like a wall, but not for protection, since from their summits three conquering armies have poured down upon the devoted capital. The descent of the stage is generally made on the clean run, the *cochero* disdaining the use of brakes and yelling like a demon at his horses. A rapid drive towards the towers and domes grouped in the valley brings us to the eastern side of the walled city, which we enter about sunset by the *garita del peñol*, and the diligence is presently rumbling through paved thoroughfares, past stately churches, convents and public buildings, all of stone and of quaint, mediæval architecture; past shops with queer looking signs and elegant show-windows; sombre, richly furnished private dwellings, ancient fountains, and venerable structures as old as the conquest; across open squares into streets for all the world the counterpart of those of Barcelona and Cadiz in the mother country; amid family vehicles of unknown antiquity, but resplendent with silver mountings; blanketed Indians, staring impassively upon the noisy world around them; ladies sauntering along with the listless gait of the Spanish-American belle, and followed by the inevitable *dueña*; Mexican gentlemen enveloped in long blue cloaks; howling peddlers; water-carriers bending beneath their earthern jars; military officers walking in squads, and gaily chatting and smoking; corpulent priests; fierce-looking cavalrymen; leperos, street musicians, and blind beggars. Amid the prancing of horses and jingling of harness, the yells and gesticulations of half naked porters, the clang of cathedral bells, and the distant sound of drums and bugles, the stage with its tired, dusty load enters the archway of the *casa de la diligencia*, and the journey to Mexico is ended.

The Iturbide Hotel, in the Calle Francisco, once the palace of the ill-fated Emperor of that name, is the most pretentious, as it is the best in the city, though El Gran Bazar, in the Calle Espiritu Santo, is but a step behind in point of excellence. It does not take many days to do the lions of Mexico, albeit every stone in the ancient capital, if gifted with speech, could tell of sounding deeds of the Spanish conquerors, and the marvelous drama which re-

sulted in the extinction of a mysterious race, and the building of a new civilization upon its ruins. For the reader of Mexican history, the city abounds in memorials of the nation so suddenly unveiled in the sixteenth century from its primitive isolation, and so swiftly to disappear before the fanaticism of the cross. Here was the seat of the great Empire of the Montezumas, which under Prescott's word-painting has become classical ground. Here is shown the *Salto de Alvarado*, and in another locality the scene of the awful *noche triste*. A few leagues up the Canal de la Viga is the Indian town of Tlastalteca, which, in the time of the conquest, contained a vast population and was the field of sanguinary battles ; while Tezcuco, now a ruin, on the lake of that name, was larger than Mexico itself. The Aztec calendar, a huge aboriginal work carved upon stone, now forms a part of the wall of the cathedral, and science is still puzzled to conjecture the mechanical power used in transporting such a mass across lakes and marshes from its quarry, for the Spaniards found neither horses nor cattle among the people of the new world.

Buildings of stone masonry erected in the time of Cortes, are yet standing. The very canals along which the Aztec armies fought the Spanish invader with such desperation, are still navigated by little fleets of chalupes or Indian canoes, which supply the city with its daily marketing, brought a distance of twelve or fourteen leagues, from the fertile environs of Mexico, where may yet be seen, in the vicinity of lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, a few of the chinampas or floating gardens, of which the old chroniclers have left such glowing accounts. But not a vestige of the great city remains, or a memento of the race that has passed away. Every teocale, pyramid and temple has long since been swept out of existence, or was used to fill up canals and build the Mexico of the Spaniards. For many years after the conquest, the priests consigned to destruction everything relating to the idolatrous Indian empire, so that not only all that could be easily seized upon, such as manuscripts, sculpture and paintings, were burned or broken to pieces, but sacrilegious persons who had preserved such accursed property were required to surrender it under dire penalties prescribed by monkish intolerance. A few relics nevertheless escaped, and have been gradually collected in the National Museum adjacent to the palace. Specimens of the curious picture writing, evidently portions of ancient Mexican history, are preserved ; as also collections of weapons, drums, calendars, idols, ornaments, sacrificial urns and jars, household implements, and stone gods of menacing aspect. In this museum, which is open to the public once a week, is kept the veritable helmet and coat of mail of Hernando Cortes, and those of several of his attendant cavaliers.

The most interesting monument of the reigns of the Spanish viceroys, which extended through more than three centuries from the time of Cortes, is undoubtedly the great cathredral which forms the northern side of the Plaza de Armas. A century of time did not suffice to build it. Among sixty churches, it stands preëminent for its vast proportions and the elaborateness of its ornamentation. One may wander for hours through its wilderness of columns and still find some new attraction. Thousands of European troops attending military mass on Sunday mornings, were ranged around the principal altar, with their officers in the centre, and then a multitude of women and children kneeling in the other parts of the church, and yet the edifice was unfilled. Eight thousand persons can stand or kneel together on its pavement. The circumference of one of its pillars which the writer measured, is thirty-two feet, and it reaches

up to the rim of the great dome, among clouds of angels, seraphs and saints. The walls and altars are crowded with paintings placed without regard to taste or association of subject, and there is a dazzling extravagance of gilding. At the grand altar hangs a Virgin by Murillo, an undoubted original; but with this exception there are few, if any, works by great masters, unless those by Cabrera may be so termed. The church is especially rich in the productions of this Mexican artist, who seems to have devoted a lifetime to his pious work. Crucifixions, ascensions, martyrdoms, immaculate conceptions abound, and particularly great horrible paintings of the infernal regions, with the wicked writhing in flames. In these last the figures are of life size, and the general effect is well calculated to strike terror to the souls of unrepentant sinners. The truly contrite find consolation in kneeling before meek-eyed Madonnas, or saints ascending in a halo of celestial light. There are also painted figures of the Virgin sitting in the silence of retired niches, adorned with laces and ornaments of gold and jewels. The great temple is time-stained and dimly lighted, and seems full of dismal echoes and ghostly shadows. The carving is in some instances an exception to the prevaling bad taste. There is something semi-barbaric in the appearance of the interior; and the curious blending of Italian, Gothic and Moorish architecture, all of colossal conception, probably aids in producing such an effect. As if to mark with a deeper emphasis, the triumph of the cross over heathen idolatry, the stone of sacrifice, on which countless human beings were immolated to the horrid Aztec goddess, *Teoyaomiqui*, is preserved in the church. Everywhere is height, space and impressive silence. The choir is a marvel of proportions and artistic design. It springs from the pavement into the roof of the the cathedral in elaborate carving, wrought into caryatides, saints, angels, cherubs and seraphs, their cheeks distended and eyes staring with frantic efforts to swell the tempest of instrumentation, or with disheveled hair, and mouths stretched wide open, screaming hosannas and songs of praise. Several altars are hung with costly ornaments and biblical paintings, and encircled with steps and pillars of malachite and porphyry. Around and upon the principal altar stand life-size figures of the apostles arrayed in sacerdotal vestments; and the Virgin sits with the infant Saviour beneath an alabaster temple glittering with inlaid gold. This altar is enclosed by the great balustrade of pure silver, admired, coveted and protected by our own invaders of Mexico in 1847. The padres deny that the cathedral has ever suffered pillage in the thousand-and-one revolutions; but there are mossy traditions of treasure, whose hiding-place is transmitted in dreadful secrecy through generations of the priesthood. If so, it is well for the sacred hoard that Bazaine could never discover its whereabouts. In 1790, while the plaza was being leveled, sculptured idols were exhumed at a depth of thirty feet, where they had lain since the overthrow of the great teocale of the god *Mexitil*, on whose site the cathedral stands. Two or more organs, older than Porpora or the Bachs, are fixed in the galleries of the choir, and their harsh tones give one a tolerable idea of primitive organ building as compared with the thundering instruments of modern times. During military mass, French regimental bands made the arches echo with orchestral melody. The overtures to "Massaniello" and "Der Freischutz," are secular music to be sure, but they were certainly solemnized and intensified by the place and its surroundings. Marshal Bazaine was generally present at mass with his handsome staff. Like every officer of the Zouave corps, the French commander was raised from the ranks. Not one of

these richly uniformed, athletic young officers, who lounge in graceful attitudes about "las cadenas," in front of the cathedral, but has distinguished himself for promotion from the ranks by acts of signal daring or meritorious conduct; for in the French army, personal merit alone is the gauge of advancement.

Certainly the *beau ideal* of soldiers are the French Zouaves. It was a sight to stir the heart of a military connoisseur—a regiment of them marching down the calle Francisco or Plateros to military mass at the cathedral. However much he might disapprove of the intervention; whatever his sentiments as to republics or monarchies, the spectator could not repress his admiration of these soldierly displays. The erect mien and air of audacious courage, the implicit reliance on their individual resources and personal strength, the swarthy faces and red foreheads crowned with turbans deftly improvised from their Arab sashes, the sun-burnt throat exposed through the open jacket, the elastic step of thousands of white-gaitered feet upon the pavement, the lines of sword bayonets swaying with the rapid swinging motion of the regiment, and the whole lifted along by strains of music surely would have inspired the veriest clod with something like martial ardor! No wonder that crowds of Mexicans followed and kept step to the grand march that echoed among the streets.

It would be difficult to imagine a finer picture of manly efficiency than these troops present; and yet the American army, in 1847, were immeasurably the superiors of the French in the qualities required for guerrilla fighting. That adaptability to forest and mountain life, patience under privations, and cunning strategy, more or less acquired by familiarity with Indian warfare, and peculiar to the American soldier, were never fully attained by the otherwise formidable Zouave; and the French system of "contraguerrillas," though effective in a few instances—that of Colonel Dupin being a notable one—was generally a failure for the same reasons. A like distinction might be drawn between the advance inland of the American and French invading armies. The Mexican expedition was abandoned by England and Spain in April, 1862. The French, left alone to the task, did not reach the capital until June, 1863, having been fourteen months in making preparations and fighting their way up the mountains with an army of not less than twenty thousand men. General Scott captured Vera Cruz in March, 1847, with twelve thousand men, and was in possession of the city of Mexico in September following—six months. The adventurous frontiersmen, so largely represented in our invasion, made themselves quite at home among the mountain fastnesses; and so far from finding anything very terrible in the tactics of the Mexicans, beat them at their own game, became the hunters instead of the hunted, and made better guerrillas than the bands of Padre Jaurata himself. The guerrillas were as sharp a thorn in the side of the French in Mexico, in 1865, as they were to the French in Spain, in 1808. In the open field, a charge of disciplined troops usually sufficed to put to flight the collection of frowzy-headed mestizos, leperos, mulattoes, Indians, Samboes, and other mongrels now, as in the time of our own war with them, composing a Mexican army. But, gaining wisdom by experience, they took good care to avoid pitched battles, and only attacked the Imperial troops in mountain passes, thickets and ravines, where their knowledge of the country gave them every advantage for sudden assault and safe retreat. It was in some respects our Florida war over again; or, perhaps a better illustration would be the experience of the Roman legions with the Parthians. To European troops, used to war on a grand scale, this was indescribably annoying. No amount of

bravery seemed to avail against a nomadic opponent without camp equipage or baggage, defying torrid heats and malignant fevers, marching leagues barefoot, sleeping under trees, subsisting on plantains, and rendering courage and discipline alike ineffectual against alternate attacks and retreats over an almost impassable country. The Mexicans deserve all praise for their stubborn persistency of purpose, although only a fraction cared anything for the principles involved, so their immemorial right to plunder was recognized. Between two services—in one of which pillage of friend and foe alike was the established rule, while in the other, such festive practices were prohibited under extreme penalties —the native bands of highwaymen would of course seek the ranks of the unscrupulous Liberals. Those ranks, however, were oftener filled up by forced levies of unwilling people driven in at the point of the bayonet than actual recruits. This means of getting an army together prevails in many Spanish American countries.

The French soldiers, who had been originally so enthusiastic for the Mexican expedition, soon grew discontented with a field utterly barren of military renown. Wearied with continual hide-and-seek combats, among mountain ravines and impenetrable jungles, they longed to return to "*la belle France*," or face death in some less ignoble form. They were sometimes worsted in these insignificant encounters ; and it was refreshing to observe the bombast of the Mexicans after any such advantage. Nothing will ever change the national character in that respect. There is a Mexican history of the war with the United States, in which nearly every engagement is set down as a Mexican victory ; but prudence counselled a retreat for strategic considerations. Santa Anna always insisted and conclusively proved that he won all his battles against Scott and Taylor ; and the bells of Saltillo and Monterey are rung to this day on the anniversary of the great Mexican victory of Buena Vista. The Mexicans achieved a good many brilliant victories of that kind over the Chasseurs d'Afrique and Zouaves, by which, as they assert, the invaders were driven away. The facts are, that when Napoleon decided to abandon the ill-starred expedition, the order was given to concentrate the troops in Central Mexico, preparatory to their embarkation at Vera Cruz. As the French or Austrians marched out of a town, the Mexicans, at a respectful distance, marched in at the other side, with the usual paroxysm of aguardiente, shooting and robbing. The idea of any credit being due to the United States for its moral weight in bringing about the exodus of the French, is hooted at as absurd. With their departure, Mexican gasconade may be said to have reached its climax.

The Mexicans rarely fraternized with their European invaders as they did with the American troops twenty years ago. The progress of our armies among those simple populations, scattering dollars where the French spent centimes, was a sort of jubilee to the impoverished towns they occupied. Never was money so plentiful. Wherever the starry banner floated, crowds of both sexes came fearlessly among the troops. Beating the Mexican army one day, and playing monte and drinking pulque with the people the next, our men learned Spanish, courted the señoritas, and danced the fandango. The departure of the spendthrift, rollicking Yankee soldiers at the close of the war, was regarded almost as a calamity. The merciless executions of guerrillas and robbers —more summary and inexorable than those by the French ; the public floggings in the plaza of thieving Mexicans, weighed as nothing in the balance against the loss of profitable trade, to say nothing of more tender relationships. But the French troops, sparing of their scanty pay, and knowing that the people

disliked them, held the Mexicans, their country and their institutions in supreme contempt, and were always on the alert to repel an enemy, rather than make an acquaintance.

The French invasion cannot but prove, in the main, to have been beneficial to Mexico. Much as he dislikes foreigners—Americans especially, since we have helped ourselves to liberal slices of his territory—the Mexican is observant and imitative. The shops, places of amusement, the arts of all kinds, carriages, dress, habits of living, cooking, household conveniences, and in short, the whole routine of domestic life in the capital, improved from the day the French arrived. In all her history Mexico never advanced so materially and intellectually as during those few years of forced familiarity with European life. The barrier of exclusiveness, centuries old, first disturbed by the American invasion, was now effectually demolished; and the field which the good Maximilian fondly hoped to improve, is reserved for the great power of the North when the appointed hour shall arrive.

OUR SPEECHLESS FRIENDS.

ONE of the most remarkable points of difference between ancient and modern civilization is the absence in the former of that diffusive philanthropy which distinguishes the latter. In the literary remains of the great nations of antiquity we have abundant proof that, as to all the private sympathies, human nature was as richly endowed and perhaps as demonstrative under the old systems as we see it under the new. But these sympathies were confined to kindred and friends, to the relations between individuals; or, if they extended to a whole community, seeking an active public manifestation, it was only in exceptional cases, and never resulted in the establishment of societies or institutions designed to prevent or relieve suffering, or to ameliorate the condition and improve the opportunities of a large class. Pericles was liberal in his largesses to the multitude, and magnificent in his expenditures for the beautification of Athens; but he founded no great charity, endowed no popular school. Cæsar could scatter coins among the people, and contribute liberally to their amusement; but he did nothing to permantly alleviate the wants or miseries of any class, or to elevate the character of those he especially flattered. The philosophic kings who figure in oriental story performed many acts of individual generosity, either from native goodness of heart or because they thought such acts becoming in princes, and likely to win the praise of poets, which was once valued in the East as the true breath of fame; but what philanthropy did they ever organize enduringly, to serve as a monument and an example?

The very religions of antiquity were unfavorable to diffusive philanthropy, concentrating in superstition, in vain attempts at divining the Supreme Will and forecasting the future, faculties that might else have sought employment in practical benevolence, and teaching asceticism, seclusion and pride, instead of the fellowship and mutual obligation of a common humanity. There were, here and there, gleams of a doctrine of love as broad as the race; as in the theosophic rhapsodies and poetical apologues of India, the exquisite Platonisms of Greece, or the benign precepts of Confucius, which breathed in China, centuries before the Christian era, the very

spirit of the golden rule. But the essence of the old civilizations was, after all, egotism. Men were everything, but man was nothing. Even Sparta, which tried the Procrustean experiment of training all its citizens by one rule under the care of the state and for its service, made selfishness the basis of its system, and treated physical infirmities and natural defects as crimes to be punished or nuisances to be abated. In this respect the Spartans were not superior to the simple savages of America, who brained the deformed or sickly, and treated with gentleness no infirmity except lunacy, which they regarded with superstitious awe as an inspiration or a visiting of the Great Spirit. The man physical was of more value to the fighting and aggressive nations than the man spiritual, and the imperfect man was a troublesome superfluity. None of the old civilizations organized such charities as in our day claim the care of the state or of associations. They did not esteem it a duty to make public provision for the indigent sick, maimed, blind and insane ; to supply by art a tongue for the dumb and ears for the deaf ; to care for the homeless orphan ; to seek out every form of misery and give it the shelter of a love born of a divine idea. Hellenic civilization, the most perfect of the old forms, had sculpture, poetry and architecture, which supply the world with unequalled models to this day ; but it had no charitable asylums and hospitals. It is centuries after the dawn of the Christian era before we read of a public hospital in the sense in which the term is now understood. The word asylum had no wider meaning than that attached to the temples sought by fugitives from justice or from vengeance. The word philanthropy, though derived from the Greek, would not have been understood by the Greeks in the broad humanitarian sense which now attaches to it. Plato, or Confucius, or Buddha, alone might have comprehended it, for they were of those rare typical souls which express the best capacities of the race, and faintly adumbrate if they do not clearly predict its finer destiny.

It is not too much to say that the noblest distinction of modern civilization is the effort it makes, with more and more success, to substitute love as the ruling motive in its laws and customs ; not the love which weakly cowers to wrong and so strengthens injustice, but that which dares boldly smite wrong when it will not be persuaded, and that, for very tenderness and mercy, can be justly severe. This tendency manifests itself in many ways, some of which have been indicated: but besides its organized forms, we see it in the disposition to cultivate tenderness and delicate consideration in all personal relations ; in the enhanced regard for life ; in the amelioration of punishments ; in the abolition of prison torture ; in the avoidance of cruel sports ; in the enactment of laws to protect the brute creation. This last is the particular point to which we have been deviously moving ; and viewed as an extreme manifestation of the spirit of love in modern civilization, it is full of peculiar interest. It is not mawkish or maudlin, but a philosophical outgrowth of the benevolent spirit of the age. Mere philanthropy is based on a noble egotism, for it promotes the welfare of the individual by what it does for the race ; but there would seem to be an exercise of pure abstract kindness in the measures adopted latterly to prevent cruelty to animals. The sentiment which dictates this is natural to the human heart, and reveals itself in some of the earliest records of human thought—in the most ancient Sanscrit, Hebrew and Greek literature—but rather as an individual than a general trait. In some instances it would be prompted by gratitude, or by considerations of selfish advantage, like those which inspire the gaming laws of Europe and America, or lead the Japan-

ese to protect bird-life by imperial decrees. It may frequently have been prompted by, but should not be confounded with, the superstitious veneration in which every tribe of man has held some particular bird or beast, although this veneration may be interpreted as a recognition of certain traits in the lower animals which are commonly held to be attributes of superior intelligence. Savage man could not but wonder at an exhibition of qualities in mere brutes which in some instances equalled or surpassed the workings of his own rude intellect. If we cannot understand what made the Egyptians venerate the treacherous and prowling cat, or the Kanaka of late days the uncleanly hog, we can have a poetical sympathy with the Assyrian worship of the noble ox, or with Roman respect for the eagle, who, towering in his pride of place, and scorning the impediments that fasten men to the earth, might well seem the messenger of gods and the bearer of thunderbolts.

The study of the habits and mental characteristics of animals and birds was a favorite one with several nations of antiquity. It supplied them with the germs of written language by furnishing symbols for nearly all the traits and passions, and even in modern spoken language these symbols survive in typical expressions that make adjectives of the names of animals. There is no finer exhibition of the penetrative quality of the Greek mind than the fables of Æsop, in which are displayed the nicest observation and on the shrewdest judgment, through what we may call a kind of comparative psychology. These fables, while they convey many a lesson of worldly wisdom, inculcate, as though without direct purpose, a gracious sympathy with all the lower forms of life. This sympathy was deducible, more or less, from all the early systems of thought. Pantheism, which was a Greek inheritance from the East, by teaching that God was in all and through all; that his spirit pervaded all life and matter, and was the beginning and sum of all things; must have inspired in the highest minds a tenderer regard for the inferior animals than would otherwise have been felt, and have caused them to be seen sometimes in the nature of lesser brethren. The doctrine of the metempsychosis furnished a strong incentive to the merciful treatment of animals. If those who discussed it heartily believed that the human soul was liable to tenant a brutal form, and that through the eyes of the very next quadruped or bird they met might look the spirit of some dear friend — "lone, wandering, but not lost" — they could hardly fail to treat with tenderness, amounting in some moments to an exquisite longing, the inferior creatures about them. And here it is curious to observe how modern scientific doctrines approximate to these old notions of Pantheism and transmigration, in the essential point of relating man to all things in nature. What was once a mere poetical or philosophical theory, has come to be an accepted principle with many students of physical and vital phenomena. Pope, in the *Essay on Man*, expressed the Pantheistic idea, Catholic as he was, when, borrowing no doubt from Buckingham, his "guide, philosopher and friend," he wrote:—

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature, is and God the soul.

The development theory, deducing life from matter, and all the forms of life from one germ, is only a scientific expression of the thought which floated in the Indian and Greek mind thousands of years ago; but it is an improvement on the doctrines of the transmigrationists in this, that it is less uncomfortable to think we may have had a Simian origin, than that we shall return to it at last. Hence we can speculate on our possible relationship to the inferior animals with complacency, and even learn to tolerate them as poor kindred, who

have a claim upon our sympathies and a right to our hospitality, which we can acknowledge the more readily because they can never change places with us, nor in any sense succeed to our inheritance.

Lord Brougham, at least thirty years ago, gave a stimulus to the study of animal life in its lower forms by a very entertaining and suggestive little treatise on instinct and reason. He reached the conclusion, after a comparison of the mental traits exhibited by a variety of animals, that the difference between instinct and reason is one of degree, not of kind. This opinion alone, enforced by familiar knowledge of the domestic animals especially, is calculated to heighten our consideration for the speechless creatures with whom the Great Father has associated us on more or less intimate terms. But recent inquirers have gone farther than Brougham. Their investigations of the structural affinity of man to other animals, and of the assumed ascent of animals through adaptive modification, have strengthened the theory of mutual affinity, and led to arguments concerning the spiritual community of life which are ingenious and beautiful, if not convincing, and which suggest a more profound consideration for the creatures whom so many of our race only deign to use, to torture and to despise. One writer on the subject of the natural history relations of man, Professor David Page, of Edinburgh, boldly speaks of "the great brotherhood of vitality," and condemns those zoologists who would assign to the human species a place apart, and altogether of its own kind, in their schemes of classification. He tells us that the immense progress recently made in biological science has arisen chiefly from researches among the lower forms of vitality; and he holds that as all our views of comparative anatomy, of respiration, circulation of the blood, muscular and nervous action, embryology, and the like, are based upon the idea of oneness in the vital plan, we cannot consistently separate in theory what the necessities of our every-day existence compel us to combine in practice. This view is held by the most eminent zoologists, and Prof. Agassiz goes so far as to assert that the relations between man and animals must be considered psychologically. He says: "The psychological history of animals shows that as man is related to animals by the plan of his structure, so are these related to him by the character of those very faculties which are so transcendant in man as to point at first to the necessity of disclaiming for him completely any relationship with the animal kingdom. Yet the natural history of animals is by no means completed after the somatic side of their nature has been thoroughly investigated; for they too have a psychological individuality which, though less studied, is nevertheless the connecting link between them and man." Here we have the intuition of Æsop interpreted by the science of Agassiz, and can use both to point the moral of kindness to our brute brethren.

There is an awful suggestiveness in the foregoing proposition upon one point that need only be mentioned. Considering the unity of the vital scheme, and the psychological relations between man and the animals, must we not regard with less contempt, possibly with a degree of respect, the notion entertained by so many tribes of men, even in certain high degrees of civilization, that animals share the immortality fondly ascribed to the crowning form of life? Must we not remember indulgently the poor Indian who lacks our refined theology,

> But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company?

How know we that the gentle spirit which looks through the soft eyes of the horse or cow is not precious in the estimation of the common Creator? Who shall say that the groans of the suffering beast upon whom we inflict our cruelty do not

ascend to heaven in accusation against us? If not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, shall not the reproachful voice of the wronged animal be heard? Certainly there is at least enough in the suggestion to enhance the obligation of kindness towards the whole "brotherhood of vitality." This obligation is sometimes beautifully expressed in Oriental poetry. In one example that we recall, a sceptic asks a Buddhist saint how he shall find the boundless lover, God. The saint, with a divine look, replies that he will tell him the secret with which all holy bosoms swell. It is this:

> Whoso would careless tread one worm that crawls the sod,
> That cruel man is darkly alienate from God;
> But he that lives, embracing all that is, in love,
> To dwell with him God bursts all bounds, below, above.

This idea is a natural outflow of Hindoo transcendentalism, but it may be found in a less exaggerated form in the poetry of every nation which boasts a great literature; for the poets have ever been a gentle race, and as they were the first natural philosophers, so were they the first to inculcate lessons of charity and kindness. Students and lovers of nature, they divined the nearer relationship of animals to man which modern science asserts as a practical fact, and linked the sympathy thus generated to some of the most delightful efforts of their genius. Speechless though they may be, every living thing has a language which the poet understands, and translates in his verse. It was this subtle sympathy which made Homer describe the touching fidelity of the old dog of Ulysses. This made Anacreon apostrophize the grasshopper as king of the meadows, whose song not Phœbus nor the Muse disdained to hear, since they inspired it. This often warms the line of Virgil, who deemed the flocks and herds which aided man a worthy subject of his muse. This inspired Shakspeare when he put in the mouth of "melancholy Jacques" that tender description of the wounded and weeping deer. This fires the Arab bard who sings the beauty of his steed. Keats felt it when he praised the nightingale; Shelley, when he called the lark "an embodied joy;" Sterne, when he described Uncle Toby saving the life of a fly that plagued him, and putting it out of the window with the remark that there was room enough in the world for both.

Besides this general sympathy with the minor forms of life, the poets have uttered many direct appeals for kindness to animals, and given many instances of their sensitiveness to harsh treatment. Southey describes the tearless burial of a great man, whose death "cost not the soiling one white handkerchief," and makes a spectator say:

> Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
> Love had no place, nor natural charity?
> The parlor spauiel, when she heard his step,
> Rose slowly from the hearth and stole aside
> With creeping face; she never raised her eyes
> To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
> Upraised upon his knee with fondling whine.

A remarkable fact in illustration of the sensitiveness and affection of brutes, is related by Allison, in his History of Europe. Describing the cruelties practised by the Republican troops upon the heroic Vendéans, he says that "the dogs even contracted an aversion to the Republicans, who always used them harshly; they barked invariably at their approach, and were thus the means of saving great numbers: on the other hand, they never uttered a sound when the Royalist fugitives were to be seen, taught by the peasants to do nothing that could betray them." Who does not remember the exquisite beauty with which Coleridge, in the Ancient Mariner, teaches "love and reverence for all things that God made and loveth?" This unique poem is based upon a well-known nautical superstition. The Ancient Mariner inhospitably kills the bird of good omen, the "lovely albatross," that brought the "good south wind," and that "every day, for food or play, came to the mari-

ners' hollo." For this sin he goes through a terrible penance. The good wind leaves the ship. His companions die of heat and drought, fixing on him reproachful looks ; the ship is becalmed in the tropics, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean ;" fearful slimy things crawl on the dead waters, and awful lights gleam above them. The wretched mariner is exposed to supernatural terrors, and to extreme mental and physical sufferings, until finally restored to his native country and some peace of mind. But ever afterwards he is seized at intervals by a strange compulsion to tell his tale, and to convey the humane lesson of kindness to all created things, "for the dear God that loveth us, He made and loveth all."

It is quite characteristic of modern civilization to have incorporated this lesson into statute law, and to have made it the motive of special police associations in several large cities. Within a comparatively short time acts have been passed in England, followed by several nations on the Continent and by some of the States of the American Union, prohibiting cruelty to animals, and enforcing the prohibition by strict penalties. The first society for the prevention of cruelty to animals was organized in London, and has active fellows in several of the European capitals, in New York and in San Francisco. Before these laws were passed and these societies were organized, some noble individuals had occasionally exerted their best private efforts to prevent abuses which were not only cruel to the objects of them, but demoralizing to those who inflicted them. The most remarkable instance of this peculiar form of benevolence is given by Frederika Bremer in one of her "sketches" which accompany the late memoir of her life by her sister. Describing the various characters she saw from her window in the streets of Stockholm, she mentions an original character named Ekeblad. This was a little man, whose legs were paralyzed, and who hobbled about on wooden stumps—walking on four legs, as Miss Bremer says, accompanied by three large dogs. He was a poet and a great lover of the brute creation, particularly of the horse, which many consider the noblest animal after man. He was pained to see his brute friends cruelly treated, and was accustomed to wander through the streets and market places of the city, preaching amongst cabmen and other horse-tormentors the beauty and advantage of kindness to animals. They shut their ears to him and abused him, for until 1857 Sweden did not have a law to prevent cruelty to animals, and without such a law this crippled poet and "horse-friend" could not enforce respect for his arguments. He then began lecturing to the better classes on the same theme, but was only laughed at, and left to talk to empty walls. Not being able by lecturing to prevent the ill treatment of horses, he began buying up all worn-out and broken down animals, and slaughtered them, says Miss Bremer, "in a way which gave them death without pain." During the present year, Mr. Bergh, the New York "horse-friend," has proposed this plan in a modified form ; he would not only slay old horses to prevent them from being worked to death, but would ennoble them by converting their flesh into human food ! This proposition is hardly an essential part of the scheme of kindness to animals, and may be left for a defence to the ingenuity of Mr. Bergh and his fellow hippophagi of Paris and London. The Swedish Ekeblad eventually inspired the passage of laws and the organization of societies to carry out his benevolent plans ; and we may echo the words of his genial eulogist: "Honor to this Christian horse-friend ! He has, under hard struggles and with much self-sacrifice, effected much good."

None but the unfeeling or the unreflecting will ridicule this form of benevolence. The man of feeling will be tender

to all created things, and the man of reflection will know that tenderness to animals flows from a quality of the heart which makes him who has it a better neighbor and citizen. Thus both duty and interest combine to plead for it. Kindness to domestic animals, especially, who are our dumb brethren in toil, is the only atonement we can make for taking them from the freedom of the fields and imposing upon them the yoke of ceaseless servitude. What do they gain by their submission to us? Nothing that nature has not freely provided for them without our care. The green grass they love and the water that slakes their thirst are not our gifts, but hers. From weary day to weary day, year after year, we compel them to perform our heavy tasks, and make them sharers in the curse of Adam though they were not partners in his sin. Patiently they submit, never tasting the sweets of liberty until we turn them out to die, if indeed they do not die in the very act of labor. How base, then, seems cruelty to them who are so kind to us! Nor does this baseness go without its punishment in sensibilities blunted, in natures coarsened, in happiness abridged. The poor brute who suffers from human injustice is sure to be avenged upon society through the crimes which cruel indulgence incites; and thus it is after all a kind of selfishness in society to prevent cruelty to animals as far as possible, and to strengthen the natural tendencies of the soul to kindness.

JAPANESE HOLY PLACES.

IN travelling in the interior of Japan, away from the foreign settlements, one has always the conviction that he has left modern and gone back to ancient times. The mode of travelling is ancient, the dress of the people, when there is any, is conformed to ancient usage; and when there isn't, the nudity is ancient—socks and sandals, or more frequently sandals without socks, instead of shoes and stockings, and a mere robe in place of distinct articles of dress. The occupations, too, of the people are ancient. The house-wife is spinning or weaving at her cottage door. Here are no great factories, and labor is domestic.

Our party of three—Howe, an Englishman, and myself—made preparation by bundling a few necessaries together in the way of travelling rugs, pajjammas, (a kind of night clothes) a few articles of under-clothing, toilet apparatus, towels, etc., etc. The club was called upon to furnish the provisions and liquors, of which there is an abundant supply. Japanese "Chow Chow" is not in request among the foreign residents. All the above are packed in hampers, and conveyed on the shoulders of bettoes, who are sent forward an hour or two in advance of us to the place where we have appointed to lodge for the night. These bettoes deserve a word or two of notice. They are footmen in the strict sense of the term. They accompany their masters when the latter are mounted, keeping pace with their horses even when they are put to a good gallop, or they perform duties as I have noticed above. In short, they act as grooms and carriers. When they are on the road, they cast off nearly every stitch of clothing, and look like the figures of men of their class delineated on the monuments of Egypt. Our party mounted and started off through the Japanese quarter of Yokohama, and after traversing a stretch of paddy fields, struck into the Tokaido,

(literally, "the road of the Eastern sea"). It is the imperial road. On this road a constant succession of novel incidents and magnificent scenery marked our way. We came into it at the entrance of a village, which extends on either hand for a mile or more. These villages continually occur, and the Tokaido may be likened to a cord on which they are strung. From their frequency one may form some idea of the population of Japan, estimated at some 35,000,000, which is probably rather under than over the true calculation. The houses form a line seldom broken by vacant space, and appear to have a multitude of inmates, to judge by the number that are seen in the road, at the doors, and peering through the upper lattice. The appearance of the houses is much like those of the Japanese quarter of Yokohama; only now, we see thatched more frequently than tiled roofs, and occasionally mud walls, the mud being plastered on a basis of plaited bamboos. A house of mud does not imply, in Japan, anything unneat in the fittings either without or within. The exterior wood-work is always neat and pretty, and often very ingeniously contrived. Remember that these are the simple houses of the people, though it is not necessary to suppose the houses of the great differ from them in details so much as in surroundings and extent. The interiors are neat beyond comparison, with matted floors and tastefully papered walls. Wall-paper, I am convinced, was introduced into Europe from the East, and has been in use here from the early times. It is pasted on in sheets.

What is particularly remarkable in and about all Japanese houses, is the air of simplicity, and the surprising and charming effects produced by the commonest means. Split bamboo does a multitude of things—makes curtains, screens, and introduces bits of contrast into papered partitions. Other woods are cut into thin strips, which are woven together, and the tissue appears here and there very tastefully introduced. The wood is left of the natural color. No paint is used anywhere. Of course, surfaces thus exposed to the weather become dark and dingy, and to an unaccustomed observer suggest neglect; but after first impressions have had a chance to wear away, you do not find fault with their appearance; and considering that the surfaces are shielded from the weather, and treated with a daily wax-polishing, as the interior wood-work is, you are more than satisfied with them—you are charmed. Since I have been here, I have wondered why we use so much paint. One has no idea how pretty common pine is, left to itself, save a little polishing now and then with a preparation of wax or something which is not a varnish, nor of the nature of oil, but merely a preparation to preserve the natural lustre of the wood.

Our way, which had already begun to take the upland as we entered the village, now continues gradually to ascend as we pass out of it. Lofty and primeval trees with dense foliage, and a surrounding of solitary country with a deep green upon it. Over all a sequestered and peaceful look, that seems to bid the weary traveler welcome and invites to rest; and as if to give expression to the meaning, rude seats are seen fashioned out of stones and roots of trees, and in the green sward itself. Here, where traveling does not mean being whisked over the ground without imparting any other sense than that of impatience to get to the journey's end, but has all its old-world import of time, distance and circumstance, of weariness and its beguiling incidents—here the wayfarer may rest his tired limbs, and forgetting the toilsome way now overpast, may look out over the wooded hills and the fertile lowlands lying at their feet, away on to the whispering sea—a lovely scene—and think there is no way

so weary that it has no resting place, and none so gloomy that it has no cheering prospect.

The Tokaido is one succession of villages and intervals of country, like that I have attempted to describe. Magnificent views are frequently afforded from the tops of hills over a wide extent of territory of the most varied character, and when the view is shut in, you have still more exquisite bits of natural beauty around you. Sometimes the face of the country puts on a wild and fantastic appearance. Craggy precipices or rugged declivities lie at your feet, and down below rich and fertile valleys extend, widening as they go until they are outspread into a wide level of checkered green, that looks so bright in spots, so dark in others, so indistinct and hazy in the dim distance far away! A turn in the road confronts you with a wall of solid rock that disputes your passage, and a further winding discovers a natural cleft or artificial way, hewn ages ago perhaps, through the very midst of it. A natural tapestry of leafy green covers the sides, and trees and shrubbery crown the summits. Niches are seen cut in it, old and mossy, and accommodating some worshipful image or memorial stone. In every possible place is high cultivation, effected too by the simplest implements. Along the course of the smallest streams that gather the tricklings from the crags and little hills, are miniature rice fields, artificially constructed in terraces that conform to the accidents of the ground and the declivity of the water courses. Now, these fields are only a few feet in extent; now, they enclose a respectable area. The cultivator is often seen in the midst of them, up to his middle in muck and water, armed only with a kind of mattock, with which he has made his little dykes, has broken up the soil, and is now performing some necessary service to his crop.

The incidents by the way are all of another sort from those we witness on our roads at home. The Tokaido is about the only road in Japan that will accommodate wheeled vehicles; but even on it, they are not seen away from the foreign settlements. Other ways and traveled paths are not practicable for such conveyances. I think there is due to this fact an especial charm. Without precisely accounting to myself for the notion, I have an impression that the grading of our roads, with the consequent destruction of immediately surrouding beauties by the way-side, disfigures the country, and keeps its pleasing features at a distance, so to speak. You never seem to be in a pretty spot, but view it from a point outside. It is not so here; you are a part of the scene, or in it. Here is a way-side bank, with its natural shapeliness, and from its side, a famous ancient tree, "that wreathes its old fantastic roots so high," and other touches of nature here and there—or art so like it that you cannot mark the difference—greet the eye right in your foot-steps. The travellers we meet are the humbler ones on foot, the higher, in portable chairs; some few are on led horses. Pack-horses come slowly winding round a turn. A common plodder, with nothing but his trusty staff, is now the only man we meet; and now a gentleman in a norimon (a kind of litter) and his troop of attendants fill up the road-way. Bettoes, with their loads easily balanced on their shoulders, go lightly along, almost at a trot. Religious mendicants beg an alms, while they give to you in return a prayer for a safe journey, mumbling it over their beads. Blind men, also a religious fraternity, come along, blowing each a whistle to remind those on the road to remember to be charitable. And there are objects of charity not on the road, but hard by—hermits in trees, and in cells in the rocks.

And so we journey on, seeing all these things, quickly passing some and less

quickly others, and draw bridle at a tea-house in the village of Fusiama, about eight miles from Yokohama, and two from Katasi, where we intend to lie all night. The idea is to refresh ourselves and our horses, and thus to let them cool off for the end of this day's journey and not to arrive heated. We did not start till late in the afternoon ; and more than that, we did not propose to make long journeys, but to occupy most of the time in rambling about the interesting places, expending our strength in this way rather than wearying ourselves by long stages on horseback. Alighted at the tea-house, we sat down on the raised floor at the door-way, and called for tea, which was immediately brought, as well as a fire-box containing ignited charcoal to light our cigars. While we refreshed ourselves, the horses were walked up and down, much to the amusement of the villagers, a large crowd of whom were collected to witness the outlandish performance. Their faces all wore a look of pleased curiosity ; but there was nothing annoying in that, on the contrary, the incident rather added to our entertainment. To one or two we gave a drink of brandy from our flasks, and they found it marvelously good "saké." After a little, we mounted and went on to Katasi at a moderate pace. Here we stopped at another tea-house, where we were to stay all night. There being still something left of the daylight, the Englishman proposed that we should clamber to the top of a hill and see a famous temple, and get the benefit of the outlook from the elevation. The ascent to the temple is nearly opposite to the tea-house. Temples are built, when it is possible, on elevations overlooking the sea. Their situations are the finest in their respective neighborhoods. They are reached by a series of terraces, on which are disposed with some attention to symmetry, lesser temples, shrines, monuments of bronze or stone, and large tanks of water, many of them magnificent pieces of work in bronze. A structure like the frame of a gate, with two cross beams at the top, is formed at regular intervals arching the direct approaches. Similar ones are found on the road, a long way off from the precincts of any temple or sacred place, but, if followed up, they would lead to the sanctuary, be it temple, image, shrine or what not. They seem to say, "this is the way, walk ye in it." You cannot help giving the Japanese credit for a pervading religious sentiment that is interwoven through all the operations of life, notwithstanding that you are aware of the debasing influences of their form of worship. This sentiment is none the less impressive that it is mysterious and inexplicable. It obtrudes itself on various occasions, and though there may be in it more of the force of habit than sense or moral obligation—as it certainly is not associated with a consistent mode of life—nevertheless it is there, and is interesting as affecting the destiny of a large portion of humanity; and in a certain way, you feel that it awakens a kind of concern in your own mind. Like the gate-frames I have spoken of, the various symbols of this by-gone religion seem to be trying to instruct you, but in a language so long of the past, that its meaning is very vague, or entirely misinterpreted. Overlaid by a gradual accumulation of false and materialistic constructions, its original doctrine is hidden from our sight and forgotten—a myth in place of authentic revelation and a clear spiritual understanding of it, which I can't help thinking was once the fact. What has happened to original Buddhism is so marvelously like what has been more than threatened to Christianity, that you stand before the relics of it, with trembling perplexity as to what may be the destiny of the latter, and with anxious inquiries, which you impatiently make, but which you know cannot be answered, as to what was

really the origin of the other. There is great similarity in all Buddhist temples, and when I have described this, I shall have no occasion to be particular about others. I have forgotten how many terraces must be mounted before the temple is reached, but some three or four. I ought to remember, for the labored ascent was particularly impressed upon me. I had hardly a leg to stand on when I reached the top. The temple is not a large one. It is a quadrangular edifice of wood, and may be a perfect square. It has the appearance of it. A high roof, sloping on all sides, and only saved from being pyramidal in form by a short ridge at the top, running parallel to the front, projects far over the body of the building, and is supported on pillars through the medium of beams, which cross and overlap each other, and thus form heavy eaves, which are the chief peculiarity in the construction. The lines of the roof as they approach the edges curve outward, and there is a massive appearance in the border where they terminate. In the body of the building the spaces between the pillars, though several of them are left open at times and occasions, are sometimes closed in with lattice-work, sometimes with what I would call shutters. There is ornamental work to be seen in the eaves, and parts of the building seem to have been stained with blue and red, and bits of defaced gilding appear here and there. Within are pillars similar to those in the sides of the building, and ranged parallel to them at regular intervals, supporting the same larger beams that rest on the exterior pillars. These larger beams are richly carved, and there is other ornamentation which it would take too long to describe particularly. The interior, excepting spaces corresponding to the aisles of a church and a vacant strip connecting them just inside of the door, is filled with all sorts of sacred furniture, which resembles most strikingly in its general arrangement, forms and uses, that seen in any old Romish church. Priests are there too, with strings of beads in their hands, kneeling before the altar; they are repeating prayers in a tongue which neither they nor the people understand. As I witnessed their devotions and saw about me the symbols of their worship and the images of their gods, or the imaged attributes of their god, a grewsome feeling stole over me. I felt as though the place were haunted:—

> "A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted."

Haunted I know not of what, whether by the pure spirit of the earlier faith seeking to reveal itself, or by usurping demons who have appropriated the sanctuary and its worship. At any rate, a spirit shrouded in gloom communed with me.

While we were here we were joined by our bettoes and attendants. Although the journey we were making afforded them the opportunity of turning a penny, and they were glad enough to be along on that account, still, as it was to holy places, they made a merit of it, and it was droll and curious to see how they seemed to satisfy their claims of conscience, while they made a jolly lark of it. They entered chatting and laughing, and broke in upon my reflections very abruptly. Nearly every one threw a few "cash" into a huge box standing just inside the door. Some muttered a prayer, raising the hands as in supplication with the palms together, while others made purchase of a little table of "josh pidgins," as the Englishman called them, and disturbed the quiet of the place while they did so; or rather, I should say, startled it.

There is an abiding quiet about this temple that even unseemly noise and mirth cannot greatly disturb. Between it and nature there seems to be a uniting link, and the pervading peacefulness of the one is imparted to the other. The

whispering of the wind among the trees is faintly repeated in the temple. Birds fly in and out, and build their nests in nooks and corners, and so far from being disturbed are regarded with religious reverence. It is an act of piety to throw a few grains of corn to these creatures. At some of the temples, not at this, white horses (albinos) are stabled near the entrance, for the use of the god to whom the temple is dedicated. To give a trifle of food to these is also a pious act.

Soon after the bettoes and their party came into the temple, we moved away. We made a further ascent of the hill on which the temple is situated, and came to the top just on the verge of a precipice overlooking a vast extent of fertile flat, and bounded by the sea. Fusi-nogama (the peerless mountain) rose magnificently in the distance. It is another one among the many of the fine views to be seen in this part of Japan. We gazed till dusk began to fall, and then returned to descend. The shadows of evening had already thrown themselves across the temple terraces, and an eerie obscurity was settling on surrounding objects, and imparting a character, indistinct and ghostly, as we continued our descent down successive flights of steps and passed the outer portal.

Returned to the tea-house, we found preparations making for our evening meal, and while they were still going on, we occupied our time in bathing, and afterwards arrayed ourselves in pajjammas most comfortably. After partaking of our repast, we threw ourselves down on the matting *á la japonaise*, or as nearly so as the inflexibility of our limbs would permit. The Japanese have a suppleness of the joint bred into them, which allows them to take, with ease, positions that would give us outlanders intolerable pain. So not being able to sit quite in their fashion, we made a compromise by lolling against the partitions. In this position we spent an hour talking over the events of the day, and in exchanging our opinions in regard to what we had seen, and then turned in on our own respective shake-downs, which are the nearest approach to beds of which the Japanese have any use.

We rose early the next morning, much refreshed. I was awakened by the ringing of the temple bell, which announced to the faithful the rising of another sun, and the hour for praise and thanksgiving. We obeyed its call, so far as making another visit to the temple is concerned; but the morning light did not present it to my thinking in so favorable an aspect as the softer light of the declining day. I took more notice of particular objects on this occasion, and I remarked the beauty and costliness of many in bronze, both within and without the temple; but this visit was, on the whole, less satisfying. We did not make it long, but soon returned to the teahouse for breakfast. This over, we started off on foot to go to the island of Enoshima, which is a holy place of the first class. There is no end of pious tradition concerning it, of which but a small portion has ever come to the understanding of foreigners. The geography says that an island is land entirely surrounded by water. This, then, is only occasionally an island, for it is only surrounded by water at high tide; so, with the exception of a little stream which we crossed in a scow, we had the hard beach under us all the way, for we were lucky enough to arrive at the time when the tide was out. Thus far I have been quite minute, to give the reader a suitable impression at starting; but it is not possible to indulge in descriptions of even a small number of scenes I witnessed, nor yet to give an unbroken narrative in this space of the events of the journey. I make short work then of the island. It is famous as possessing a great many natural attractions, as well as those imparted to it by art in the service of superstition. The ascent on the side

nearest the main land is rapid, but not abrupt; while to the sea the island presents a bold and rugged front. It is covered with verdure as with a rich mantle, and fine old trees are upon it, and pleasant winding paths that lead to temple precincts, and holy wells, and shrines, and praying wheels. By the way, the service of the praying wheel is a jolly religious observance. Religion and amusement are inseparable in the Japanese mind; and for aught I know, in that of all Asiatics. The wheel I have in remembrance turns on a vertical axis. It is in fact a long barrel. From the centre, arms radiate about a foot and a half from the ground, and the prayerful set the machine a-going by means of these, and when it is at speed, leap on them and ride. It is like a whirligig at a show, and creates about the same amount of merriment. All along the avenue leading to the places of interest are booths displaying for sale various articles of shell-work, curious fish, algæ, sponges of inferior quality, etc., etc., *souvenirs* of the place and specimens of its productions. Our bettoes and attendants loaded themselves with these. Their taste ran in the direction of shell flowers, which they stuck in their hair, and "josh-pidgins," which were to be bought at every temple gate or door. We rambled about the island, and rested ourselves between whiles on seats overlooking the sea, under the shade of grand old trees, as old as Buddha himself. At last we descended on the seaward face of the island, clambering down the cliff. Here on the water's edge we found the entrance to a sacred cave. Going in, we discovered the usual symbols at the portals of sacred places. We penetrated its dim recesses, and the bettoes burned incense before its bronze deities and serpents; and when we turned to go away, made a scramble so as not to be left hindmost. On reaching the light of day again, we turned our attention to the fishermen who dive for shell-fish on the rocky shore. These were glad enough to show us a specimen of their power of diving and remaining under water, for a consideration. We amused ourselves in this way till we tired of it, when we retraced our steps, and made our way back as speedily as possible to the tea-house, where we partook of a hearty lunch, and then mounted our horses and set off for Dai Buts. We were now no longer traveling in the Tokaido, but on the ordinary bridle-roads, or more justly, paths. They are well suited to their purpose, however, and they possess to an eminent degree that merit of bringing the traveler into close contact with surrounding beauties, such as I have noticed in regard to the Tokaido. They lead him through rice-bottoms, on the tops of the dykes that separate the fields. They carry him down into shady dells, through brooks in the quiet woods, and whisk him away in the most playful mood through the farmsteads, and close by cottage doors, where he sees women spinning and weaving, and doing all sorts of industrious things. If there is a pretty spot anywhere about, they go right into it; and so we go on to Dai Buts, and arrive in its neighborhood, I don't know at what time in the day precisely. Before we came in sight of the statue (for Dai Buts is a statue) my companions insisted that I should close my eyes and be led "blindings" till at the proper point for reviewing the image favorably. Accordingly the Englishman led me, and Howe ran forward and posted himself in the lap of the great idol. At the right moment I opened my eyes, and surely it was a surprise. There was Howe quite a pigmy, barely able to stretch himself high enough to seat himself on the hands of the god as they lie in his lap. Within the statue is a shrine, and the statue itself has an altar before it, with pots of lotus flowers upon it—the whole altar and flowers a fine piece of work in bronze. The priest dwells hard by—under the droppings of the sanctuary as it were.

He is an old file with no hair on his head, because it has all been shaved off, and no pious unction in his soul, for what reason, I am not able to say. He 's a jolly dog, however, and takes the pence, and doesn't bother. We took tea at his house, and he smoked our cigars and drank our brandy. Along came a pilgrim. (Some pilgrims, by the by, wear the scallop shell—this by way of a note.) In perfect good faith he paid his mite, which should have given him, according to my notion, a mouthful of prayers or two inside the statue from the priest officially; but the priest was at his brandy-and-water with us; and so he took the small piece of money, and made a polite sign of the cross, or something like it, at the meek little pilgrim, and motioned him to go in by himself, which the latter did without remonstrance, and even with many thanks; and the priest came back to his bottle, his face wreathed in smiles, his bald head shining, and his almond eyes twinkling fun. While we were at Dai Buts, one of these Japanese who do not so much relish the foreigner as some others do, came with a retinue to pay his respects. He was a lordling. His attendants were all two-sworded, and their swords are keen—will take a man's head off easily at a clip. He looked proudly at our party—scowled a little, I thought, but, to do him justice, he was a noble fellow in outward seeming, and quite struck my fancy. He is the most like a man of any Japanese I have seen yet. He bowed his head before the god in a respectful way, much as a Frenchman would do the crossings *de rigeur* at mass. I thought I detected in his manner, quite distinct from that of his attendants, which was more devout, some index of the difference said to exist between the religious idea of the opulent and cultivated and that of the subordinate and lower classes. I thought he seemed to be on very good speaking terms with Dai Buts, and was quite willing to notice him on public occasions; but I felt doubtful whether he would invite him to his house.

We were now at the extreme limit of our journey, and were to take a turn, and to come back by another way. Paying the priest a trifle, and something more to the poor pilgrim by way of amends for the prayer which we were the innocent cause of his losing, we mounted and set ber one" famous place, both religiously off in the direction of Kamakura, a "num- and otherwise. Kamakura is said to be an ancient capital, and to a Japanese it has a great historic interest. Its temple, or temples, for there is a group of them, is one of the most renowned in Japan. We came into the town quite abruptly. Darting round a corner suddenly from a decidedly rural neighborhood, we came at once upon the avenue, broad and straight, that leads from the temple to the sea. Far upon our left we could see the high wall of the terrace on which the chief building is situated, and as far to our right as could be seen, the sea washing a sandy beach.

In the middle of the avenue, running its whole length, is a sacred road divided from the rest by grassy mounds. On this road profane feet are not permitted to tread. It is for religious ceremony, for great "josh expeditions," as my English friend would say, when the portable shrines are on the road, and the images and sacred relics are taken out for a walk.

Although this is by far the largest, most important, and decidedly most interesting temple we visited, I shall pass it by with only a partial notice.

The great temple, away on the top of the highest terrace, reached laboriously by a long flight of stone steps, has this peculiarity—that it has around it an open quadrangle like a cloister, in which is a multitude of small shrines, containing much-considered relics. Here are his helmet, his sandals, his chop-sticks. Whose helmet, etc., I 'm sure I don 't know. It matters little: some deified hero's, at all events.

White horses, spoken of above, are found, and we gave them food, meritoriously, as I understand. I don't know how much immunity and indulgence it gave us, by exact measurement—but a quantity. We know so much as that; what with this, the bird-feeding on Enoshmia, and a "josh pidgin" I bought there, I think there is nothing more to be asked. The dispensation was cheap too—not a sixpence worth. Just think of that! Within the sacred limits no snare of fowler, no killing implements are allowed to be used; and as a natural consequence, the streams abound in wild fowl, and the woods in other game, and all so tame that you have no trouble to find them.

OVER-CROWDED PROFESSIONS ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

THERE are, on the Pacific slope, certain educated employments that are overstocked with laborers more or less competent. The chief of these is the legal profession; medicine, teaching, preaching, and perhaps mediocre journalism following in the wake with their needy regiments of recruits. I shall consider the first as the most pressing in need of a protest against further indiscriminate enlistment therein.

In San Francisco, a city of possibly one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, there are verging on five hundred lawyers. This is not counting in the notarial and purely clerical force employed in and about the profession, which might be set down in round numbers at two hundred more. Supposing an agrarian division of labor among this college of jurisprudence, every two hundred inhabitants must support a man simply devoted to some sort of legal work. How many villages in the Atlantic States of that population need or have a legal adviser?

But let us take a different way of putting the case: To live comfortably in San Francisco, to fulfill all the little obligations put upon a respectable young man by society, especially when the young man aspires to be that extremely indefinite character, a gentleman, one hundred and fifty dollars a month is not too liberal an allowance for expenses. Has he a wife? then it will require all the way from two to three hundred dollars, varying with his and his wife's tact in management. But with the limits above set, there can be no lavishness, either as a single or married social unit, no extraordinary luxury, no pleasure rides or drives, no season tickets at the opera—not even a cheap prominence as a church member, such as comports with a little extra liberality; in short, nothing but negative comfort. A single man who marries on the first named amount has to face all the evils that came out so graphically in the discussion some years since in the English papers, as attendant upon married life and three hundred pounds a year; with this difference, that London life permits far more luxuries than does San Francisco, to the bachelor with a moderate income, who keeps his reason above his inclinations. Two hundred dollars a month, in fact, means for a married couple here all the disadvantages of a boarding-house, or a sort of Darby and Joan housekeeping, that will not bear critical examination. Granting, however, that Benedick and lady can live comfortably upon two hundred a month, it will be seen that our legal friends are not allowed even that *modus*.

It is very questionable if more than

one hundred out of the five hundred supposed attorneys and counsellors of San Francisco have an income of two thousand dollars a year derived from the profits of purely professional labor. I might go over the Internal Revenue list and show the facts in figures, but I question if I could give a more promising statement. Of this minority, it is well known that the estates of the twenty wealthiest have come, not from certain and fixed fees, but from agreements for professional work the consideration for which is of that contingent character that would, in England and some older States of the Union, be regarded as champertous. The real work of the profession has been pitifully compensated, as the poverty of many an able advocate indicates.

It is not pleasant to follow all the tortuous ways by which the mob of the legal profession gain a meagre livelihood. If they still retain that delicacy of honor which should come with and be a part of a liberal education, there is pinching and absolute indigence to be met at every turn. To such, how like the crumbs from the table of Dives, do the little patches of professional employment appear! How greedily do they snap up such tit-bits as references, commissions, and the like, granted by thoughtful judges or richer brethren of the profession! Poor Traddles with his hard "pulls" is only too mild an exhibition of their daily lives, hovering, as they do, between downright want and respectable subsistence.

I speak of the lawyers themselves; but my lady readers, wives of young attorneys, who think of leaving the Atlantic States for a settlement in California, may take a more interested view of the probable condition of the wives of these young men. When the husband can scarcely exist, to what privations is the wife reduced! It is very easy to be economical and careful when you have wherewith to be parsimonious; but when everything has the minus sign before it, feminine household economy has very little chance to accomplish brilliant results.

Those who are not fastidious as to the source of their incomes—those called hard names by outsiders, whose labors are devoted to bringing actions for personal torts sounding in damages in round sums of many ciphers; who are adepts in slander and libel suits; who tickle gay and wealthy Lotharios with complaints for breaches of promise of marriage; who understand, in fact, how to employ the dangerous fangs of the sleepy serpents of the law, and who are ready to compromise with ability in the interests of their clients and themselves, make perhaps more money, but their professional habits seem to require greater expenditures; they therefore save little or nothing, and lead a very fitful life. The Quirks, Gammons, and Snaps of California do not, however, present, in the long run, a very inviting example to imitate, and their professional end is not that of the righteous. Integrity may starve amidst applause; but this class have the sympathy we might bestow upon wounded sharks.

It is painful to note the coming down in hopes and aspirations of the legal steamer arrival. He gets his coat ironed out, puts his letters of recommendation in his pocket, and sallies forth to take the bar by storm. He presents his introductory letter to some leading lawyer, who reads it and surveys the subject thereof with an air of wearied pity. The senior may have passed the breakers and landed safely, but how vivid and serious does the danger seem to him of that professional voyage! He has seen one after another shipwrecked, either by dissipation, by want of energy, by want of friends—by all the rocks that jut out from the professional shores. What becomes of the young man may be uncertain. His substantial professional successes are years in prospect. He

wearily sets to work as a clerk, if he can write fairly, and loses a vast deal of his energy before he has occasion to apply it to any purpose.

I do not talk of the fag end of the junior professional aspirants, as failing thus at the outset; but it is the general experience, with only a few doubtful exceptions. The consequence of the attempt to succeed in California and of its failure is, that a man whom, to educate professionally has taken thousands of dollars, and who, had he been brought up to a trade, and had he received the difference in expense as capital to start with in California, would have turned out a rich man before his hair grew gray, as a blacksmith, or wheelwright, or carpenter, really hangs upon the skirts of the law, a needy adventurer. And I do not mean, either, to undervalue the benefits of liberal education.

Of course, there is a chance for young men to succeed in California, as lawyers. The "up-stairs" apartment is not by any means crowded; but it is dangerous to place your hopes of a living upon the certainty of getting in. If you can wait patiently by reason of a little money of your own—a few thousand dollars, or an allowance from home—you may make the attempt; otherwise, I would advise the young candidate to stay where he he can run no risk of starving or turning black-mail collector.

Of the two professions, law and medicine, the minister of the former gets his success and position by means much more reasonable than the expositor of the latter. A man's success as a lawyer is more appreciable, more easily noted and understood, inasmuch as it is found in the determinations of courts and juries, in the shape of verdicts and judgments. But the physician must base his success and popularity upon whims and caprices. Modes of treatment, whether proper or erroneous, are matters of faith with patients and their friends. Indeed, it is questionable if the real benefactions of a physician have been those bringing him the greatest material return.

But this foundation of whims and caprices is laid only by means of a vast net of friendships and acquaintances. There is no nobility here to bring the young doctor into fashion. The opinion and support of the richest man in San Francisco would hardly bring a medical man a single case. No clique, however self-asserting, can foist their favorite upon the public at large. There is no Lady Foozle to be cured of the rheumatism and lay the corner-stone of an influential connection for the needy genius. I have heard of men sitting in their offices and waiting for years for a moderate practice; and plenty of young surgeons have sat for months in Montgomery street offices, without being aroused by the entry of a single patient.

To be a physician in San Francisco, requires something more than office rent and board bill paid for a quarter. An appearance of sucess must be assumed to impress the sordid minds of possible patients; for it is from the unreasoning that your reputation comes, a circle of the thoughtful being a poor basis for encouragement. The poor even, prefer rather to be snubbed by a wealthy practitioner stepping from his carriage for a hurried moment snatched from wealthier patients, than to be tenderly watched and cared for by talent that goes its rounds afoot.

But a wife is a dangerously weak point in a physician's existence. As a bachelor, he may pick up odds and ends of transient practice sufficient to keep him on terms with restaurant keepers, sleep in his office, and work his way up into an exclusively male connection, that will keep him respectably; but how can he manage to hide poverty shared by a wife. His home is invaded by church friends, who note every lacking and roughness. They pity, it is true, as only church members can pity, with a

fervor of expression very pharisaical; but still they send for rich old doctors, who fill and pay for broad pew cushions, and who are mighty in warden and vestry meetings, and liberal in donations. Unfavorable social criticism is a terrible obstacle for a needy practitioner.

To be a model wife for a physician, the young woman should be a leader in every one of the allowable feminine organizations of her caste. To do this, she should have money; and without it, she is a burden and drawback, materially considered. A wife and a carriage are necessary concomitants; and the ability to set up the latter should exist to permit of the former.

Here then the pecuniary question is the key to success. The young man seeking to establish himself as a physician in San Francisco, or almost anywhere else on the coast, where any refinement can be expected, must have a small fortune to start with. Without it, his life is a constant struggle of unhappy eagerness for bread; and temptations are not wanting to lead him into the slums of professional disgrace.

Of course, in the two professions above discussed, I have assumed that the classes addressed were reasonably fit for the work to which they aspire. In talking of the clergy, I shall presume that the assertion of clerical missionaries is borne out by facts; and that the harvest to be gathered is extensive enough, but that the laborers are few. By laborers I mean able-bodied, or rather able-minded, harvesters. It is a pity that in professional matters, there should not be a quick test of a man's capacity, such as is applied to farm hands. It does not take a day to find out a good ploughman; but it needs years, it seems, to sound all the deficiencies of those indefinite clergymen, who come hither on every steamer—who have not yet perhaps achieved the "journeyman" skill and compensation, but are probably rather apprentices in the great trade of divinity.

There are room and work for all the earnest religious teachers that can come to this coast. It is matter of indifference what creed they profess, provided they have a creed. I think a right eloquent Mohammedan might start a nucleus for the prophet, and with more consistency than many of the pulpiteers who exhort weekly from popular religious platforms, appeal to the reason of the people. If clergymen are seeking comfortable hassocks on which to perform their devotions, pleasant parsonages, refined congregations, this world's pomp and luxury, they are on the wrong road to it in the California of to-day. There are enough of Honeymans here already. It is the Peter-the-Hermit order of poverty that is needed, totally indifferent to wealth and absorbed in grand results. The apostolic ambitions can be amply gratified in so far as poverty and self-sacrifice are concerned. The early fathers are the models in this sceptical and profane land.

Those professions which have nothing to do with material results are overstocked in California. The *gentleman* is out of place on Montgomery street or in the mining camps, unless he can be furnishing aid in the shape of money towards the development of resources. Useless accomplishments are disregarded. The mere surveyor who can run ranch lines and engineer ditches is of more value than Kepler or Lalande would be. The interpreter of the Indo-Hispanic jargons is of as much power amongst us as a Mezzofanti. The practical assayer is probably better than an entire scientific association; and such are paid according to their merits.

But poverty-stricken lawyers, whose libraries are courteously supposed to be in their heads; physicians just from the medical schools; clergymen, whom the Scotch term "stickit;" and the whole

race of non-producing, non-manufacturing and non-constructive geniuses, had better tarry at home until after the Pacific Railroad has been running for some time, and by which, they may be sent back, like paupers to their proper parish, should they prove a burden.

If clerical labor, or that which is in a manner connected with mental work by means of penmanship, copying, book-keeping, and kindred arts, can be called a profession, there is a glut of it, such as it is, on the Pacific slope. Perhaps, if all employed in that way were weeded out, and incompetent ones put to work at something else, there would be a fair living for the remainder. As it is, the man who has no trade, or who is above following it; the man who has an education of any extent whatever; the lazy man; the man whose connections keep him from honest manual labor for fastidious reasons, and the man who cannot do anything else, all seize a pen, and scribble to earn a pitiful livelihood thereby. It is this class that fill up the court files with miserably spelt and punctuated documents; who write business letters that would disgust a British merchant; who keep books and accounts that no one can ever bring to a correct balance, and who keep down the salaries that should be paid to competent clerks. A miserable life they lead too; furnishing anxious recruits to the great army of office-seekers; in dress and pretentions more assuming than their masters; clinging to gentility as it drags them through the mud. If a man can give his son an education, he is bound in duty to do so; if he can give him a healthy trade, and no more, he has in a measure fulfilled his duty; but this doing neither the one nor the other, but something with all the weaknesses of both and no advantage of either, is the ruin of many of our brightest youths.

If one could hold a general examination of all the children embraced in a school census of California, he would no doubt come to the conclusion that there was a pressing necessity for school teachers, male and female, all over the State. Ignorance holds up its head, as well in the city as the ranches, unabashed. Children have their own way in California to an extent that may lead to terrible results in the future. No one learns without pain. No child will suffer pain under any philosophical eagerness for knowledge. It is a hard thing, therefore, under the most favorable influences, to instruct an immature mind. To take a child for education with all the sympathy of its parents, with nothing but its will to overcome, is a business of more pain than pleasure. Whether the gratitude of the pupil to his teacher in after years is a sufficient moral compensation for the labor of instruction is a question that, to an observer of the generations of scholars that have left our public schools, might be open to doubt. But add to these difficulties those of ignorant parents, (sometimes even malicious in their stupidity) the sickening patronage of would-be fine ladies, who fancy that with the monthly stipend they pay for instruction for their children they have bought a right to a sort of intellectual slave in the shape of a private school-teacher or governess, and it might be open to scepticism whether, judging by the way it is paid, the way it is carried on, the authorities, public and private, who manage it, the employers and employed together, school-teaching is that idealized and noble profession it is said to be by the speakers and writers of normal schools. Teachers are badly paid—worse than any laboring class, worse than policemen who do the dirtier and supplemental work that comes from defects in education. If a man builds a county road, he is tolerably sure of getting paid for his work at its just value; but no decent teaching can be done and no respectable instructor maintained at the average price paid in California.

A housekeeper pays thirty dollars a month and expenses to a good servant, and even at that price, good servants are

in demand. No female teacher can save and maintain as respectable a bank account as do most industrious servants.

I think our female teachers in this city would be happier, more exempt from the meanness and slights, that successful ignorance heaps upon defenceless refinement, in the refuge of the kitchen, cooking steaks and omelettes, than in our public and private schools, laboring to overcome the stupidity alike of brat and parent.

I therefore put the test of what sort of talent is needed on this coast in the material relations of the art or science practiced. Any one wishing to leave the East for California can ask himself what material effect he can produce, whether as an agriculturist, miner, mechanic, engineer, or in any trade or profession that goes rather to the building up of a civilized state than to its intellectual adornment or luxury.

If you can build a house, you will be needed ; if you can dig a ditch, you will be needed ; if you can make or mend a machine, farm, garden—anything in fact that renders earth's surface and products fit for abode and use—you may come empty handed.

But if you are a luxury only to be enjoyed in a very civilized community ; if you are a lawyer, a doctor, a mediocre clergyman, a teacher seeking wages for accomplishment teaching, do not hope for a triumphant success on the Pacific ; and if you come at all, it must be with capital enough to make your presence welcome, and your sojourn not a burden.

IN CLOVER.

O Sun ! be very slow to set ;
  Sweet blossoms kiss me in the mouth ;
O birds ! you seem a chain of jet
  Blown over from the South.

O cloud ! press onward to the hill :
  He needs you for his failing streams.
The Sun shall be my solace still,
  And feed me with his beams.

O little humpback bumble-bee !
  O smuggler ! breaking my repose ;
I 'll slily watch you now and see
  Where all the honey grows.

Yes, here is room enough for two ;
  I'd sooner be your friend than not :
Forgetful of the world, as true,
  I would it were forgot.

THE HAUNTED VALLEY.

IT is possible that some who read these pages may recollect the main particulars of the singular story which I am about to relate. The California newspapers printed its incidents and commented upon them, with different degrees of confidence in their trustworthiness, as they were narrated by Mr. William Williams, a gentleman who is somewhat widely known in certain localities of the State as "Mariposa Bill." I am unable to say exactly what confidence should be placed in Mr. Williams's veracity; but one who has known him for many years—an old hunter and trapper in the Sierra Nevada—has testified with great earnestness of manner that "Mariposa Bill is an up-and-up man, and could be trusted as far as he could see," which is high praise, for Mr. Galen Clark, of the south fork of the Merced, never uses words lightly.

When the *Quartzburg Express* printed the narrative of William Williams, the readers of current newspaper literature conned the brief paragraph, shuddering for a moment as they thought of the tragical end of the poor artist who had been mysteriously done to death in the wild recesses of the Sierra; and then dismissed the matter as not worth any more consideration than a thousand other violent deaths of friendless or unknown strangers whose unsepulchred bones bleach in the untrodden glades of the vast mountain forests, or are accidentally exhumed occasionally to provoke idle conjecture, or puzzle the wits of antiquarians and scientific gentlemen, who sometimes fancy that they discern the odor of the Pliocene period in the musty mortuary relics of some of the early compeers of my friend Mariposa Bill, sent to their long account by means or hands unknown.

After a considerable lapse of time, however, the shadowy and vague surroundings with which Mr. Williams invested his story have been fortified and colored by the relation of an Indian, for whom, I regret to say, I have no other name than "Captain Dave;" a veracious and intelligent aborigine, whose word can be implicitly relied upon. Those lovers of the marvelous who gave at least partial credence to Williams's story that George Wilder, the artist, was slaughtered by some strange person or shape that haunted a valley in the Sierra, will be secretly pleased to know that "Captain Dave," in his artless recital, gives unexpected auxiliary evidence to substantiate that view of the case.

It was summer when Wilder climbed into the heart of the Sierra, sketching, hunting, fishing and botanizing as he went. He had provided himself with a single pack-animal, which bore his simple camp equipage, painting materials and small stock of provisions. Carrying a fowling piece and leading his beast, the young artist gradually worked his way up to the summit of the Sierra, making his solitary camp at night under the sighing pines, by the mossy brookside, or among the gigantic clefts of rock which fissure the mountain sides. Alone, and blithe in his loneliness, he was surrounded with life and companionship. His cheery, healthy nature held much elevating talk with the solemn, priestly old pines about him, or he chatted with the ruby pyramids of the snow-plant, and the graceful trailing arbutus. And he liked to lie on the sunny hillside and listen to the far-off bell-like tones of the rain crow, whose call, with endless iteration, was always in the far distance, and never could be brought

nearer by any possible attempt at circumvention. He could not be lonesome, while he had such pure and healthy companionship as that which Nature offered him on every hand. The pungent and balsamic odors of the pine forest were not more soothing than the distant notes of the wood-pigeon, the unconscious babble of the mountain streamlet, the murmurs of the piney oceans in the valleys below, the feeble chirp of insects under the decaying leaves, and the multitudinous voices which a sensitive ear hears continually rising from the populous solitudes of a great mountain forest.

From the ridgy backbone of the Sierra, partially bared of trees, he looked out between gaps of tall pines and cedars upon a panorama of wonderful beauty. Westward, in the haze of the afternoon sun, stretched at the base of the mountains, lay a vast plain of tender green, among the dim splendors of which glided, like a stealthy snake, a sinuous and shining river, flowing from the crumpled foot-hills at the hither edge through all the level valley, and losing itself in the vague violet distance, where the pearly tips of the Coast Range asserted themselves far above the masses of color, which, half cloud and half mountain, seem to mock the sense with their undefined outline. Eastward, a snowy range lined all the cooling sky; beyond the deep and tortuous ravines, pine-clad and black-green in shadow, rose sharp heights of rock, crested here and there with thin processions of straight, soldierly pines. Higher still, and looking down upon the trackless, silent wilderness, were the shivered, snow-bleached peaks of the Sierra Nevada. Sublime, afar and inaccessible, these hoary summits impressed the young artist with inexpressible awe. Amidst their spotless wastes of snow he could see the abrupt and ragged masses of dark gray rock pushed up and casting a long blue shade across the dazzling surface; he could see the solitary pines standing sentinel by what seemed to be giant graves in the wintry fields of snow; he could see the feathery plume of some far-off cataract falling noiselessly into the black depths of the forest below the icy cliffs; he could see all these, and strange words and sounds seemed to come across the vast corrugated basin whose bristling slopes lay between him and the white summits beyond.

Among such sights as these an imaginative man like Wilder would naturally grow more and more in sympathy with nature. He appears to have always been an enthusiast, and it is related of him that he had curious notions about natural religion. I fancy that some of the old mythical traditions of dryads, hamadryads, nymphs and sylvan deities had deeper root in his mind than he cared to confess. Mother Earth seemed a real mother to him—an orphan from birth—and deprived in early childhood of the sweet companionship of child-friends, he took to making friends with birds, bees, flowers and fields. Brought up by the sea-shore, he loved the song of the wild waves, the plaintive whistle of the sand-piper, the call of the gull, and the rote of the distant sea rolling its moonlighted tide under the light-house point. If he made friends with these things when a boy, he knew now most intimately the grand old forests, mountain peaks, valleys, and all their busy unsubdued hum of life. So, as he sketched with a loving hand the natural beauties around him, or took his solitary way through forest and over ridge, or kindled his fire and cooked his simple repast, or lay down to sleep beneath the calm, blue, starry sky, he was at home with all his friends around him. Human company would have been intrusion; it would have irked him to have his deep enjoyment broken in upon by the sound of articulate voice. He walked and talked with gods. Though he laughed occasionally at the absurdity of

it, he held audible speech with the trees, rocks, birds, mountains and clouds, his only real listener being his astonished pack-horse, who pricked his ears and gazed with curiosity at the comical appearance of a man talking and gesticulating to unresponsive rocks and trees. But if the spirit of the mountains or forests had assumed bodily shape and audible speech, Wilder would not have been surprised; he had sometimes thought he heard a sigh when he ruthlessly cut down a green tree, and he almost expected some sort of punishment for the slaughter of such forest life as his larder required.

One day, late in June, as Wilder was carelessly exploring a gigantic depression in the mountain ridge, his eye was attracted by the bold, rocky face of a precipice, about a mile off, which seemed to lean over a vast chasm, not dark, but lighted by a flood of sunshine from beyond. Creeping down the shelving rock, and parting with eager hands the interlacing boughs of the scrubby manzanita, he came to the brink of an almost perpendicular cliff, from which he gazed into a deep valley or gorge which seemed rent in the midst of the mountain ridge. He stood among a confused mass of rock and forest, thick with undergrowth, but he looked thousands of feet down into a lovely sylvan valley, carpeted with vivid emerald green, divided by a winding stream, dotted with clumps of oaks, pines and maples, and hemmed in by awful walls which rose straight up from the winding valley, piercing the clouds with their gray summits, and relieved only by the innumerable waterfalls that plunged silently over their rocky ledges into the spiny tree-tops below. No living thing was to be seen. In all the pastoral stretch of valley, the park-like meadow was not dotted by human habitation, man or beast. To the left, a great slope, like a solidified avalanche, swept steeply down into the narrow chasm, great pines growing sturdily amidst the wild confusion of rock and shale. Beyond, a huge columnar mass of rock rose straight toward the sky, shouldering back from the valley below the sturdy growths of the Sierra, which crowded forward to the dizzy edge. Opposite, from the curving escarpment of a mountain of rock, whose rugged features were softened by the afternoon shadows, fell a wondrous cataract, the foaming sheen of which was borne to and fro by the breeze, sweeping it in undulating folds like a veil, as it swung amidst numberless rainbows, far above the tree-tops, on which it fell in showers of broken crystal. Far down the vista rose peak above peak, their rugged feet resting in the quiet verdure of the valley below, beating back the black shadows of the forest growths, or hugging close the massy robes of pine and hemlock which rolled backward from the stream, leaving a broad margin of meadow and creeping up the ravines of the rocky walls, here and there thus scooped out. Far on, the eye rested on a perspective formed of peaks, which seemed to be looking over each other curiously at the presumptuous stranger, and beyond all a sphynx-like shape lifted its awful head in the clear distance, and its huge eye, with more than human expression, seemed to watch over all the valley that stretched its sinuous course along from the difficult portal by which the artist stood.

By a painful and laborious natural trail Wilder found his way into the valley of enchantment, as it seemed to him, though he often despaired of being able to lead his pack-horse down the shelving and precipitous rocks. Nearly exhausted with fatigue and excitement, he finally reached the level floor of the valley, and slept that night in the mysterious caves of verdure that skirted the vale.

Encamped in the valley, Wilder was blest. There was no trace of human footsteps, and no impertinent intrusion of human speech. Alone he walked the

long-drawn forest aisles, looking up at the stony faces or moonlit domes and spires which rose above him, and alone he climbed the precipitous crags, daily discovering new beauties of scenery. Cataracts, rapids, torrents, lakes, and vistas innumerable were constantly added to his intimate acquaintance; for he absorbed each new feature of the infinite variety of landscape as a new trait of character in a friend. He entered into the spirit of the place with complete abandonment of false pride, surrendering himself to all his old childish notions of animation in nature. He spent hours perched on some lofty point of rock, drinking in the glory of the scene; or he lay at full length at the base of some perpendicular precipice, up whose bald, awful front, towering thousands of feet above him, he gazed as one might look up the dizzy walls of some gigantic temple into the blue vault which seemed to rest on the massive rock. Moving his little camp from place to place in the valley, he explored it with increasing delight. There was no end, apparently, to the wonders of the place, though the area of the gorge was not great, and was so hemmed in by the abrupt walls of rock that only a bird could have escaped except by the natural trail by which he had entered. Branching out from the valley were numerous cañons, down which, over splintered boulders, rushed roaring torrents, that higher up fell in tremendous volumes from dizzy heights above. Here and there the valley widened, and sky, rocky cliff and forest were reflected in a lake of such placid beauty that it seemed a sheet of molten silver. Poured round all was a wealth of flora such as the botanizing student had never dreamed to see. Thus sketching, studying, dreaming, and idling away the golden days, Wilder forgot the far-off world with its petty cares, and fancied himself in an enchanted land,

> "A land of streams! some like a downward smoke,
> Slow-dropping veils of thinnest gauze did go;
> And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
> Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below."

He grew more and more absorbed in nature, and greatly amused himself with conversations with the cliffs, peaks and waterfalls. With reverent hands and cautious feet he climbed into the secret recesses of the mountain streams and watched their springs slide, with hollow murmur, out of the black caverns of the rocks; or he scaled, with painful labor, the ragged pinnacles, and gazed upon the sunny wastes of snow beneath whose dazzling surface the cold fountains of all these cataracts and torrents slid silently toward the deep gorge beneath his feet.

Half-sliding, half-falling down one of these rocky places, he one day found, behind a great sheet of falling water, a deep cave scooped out at the base of the mighty rock. The floor was slippery with dripping ooze, and overhead the gloomy vault hung low and black with moisture. At the wide-opening jaws of the cavern swung, like a vast veil, the crystal torrent, shaking the air with its incessant roar, and falling in colossal and fantastic festoons of water, changing in hue and feature as it fell. Looking through this transparent veil, Wilder could see the verdure of the valley far below, the mountain walls opposite, and the blue sky above the cliffs. Stunned by the ceaseless din of the cataract, hemmed in by the black walls around him, Wilder had a strange feeling that some one was near him; and he peered curiously into the darkness of the inner cave with a vague notion that he might see some being. Laughing at his half-shaped fear, which was perhaps no new feeling to him, he turned toward the mouth of the cave, and to his astonishment saw rising slowly up the cataract, and in it, a colossal Shape. The face was that of a man, and was turned full toward him, so that he saw it clearly. The forehead was broad, noble and colorless, and about the majestic temples white hair

curled scantily, as ocean spray curls around some wave-worn rock. The eyes were of a deep and tender blue, and were fixed upon the startled artist with a look full of stern but not unkindly expression. The face wore an appearance of great age, but of great vigor; full of repose, yet vital with goodness; sublime but winning, it was a countenance never to be forgotten.

Silent, and almost benumbed with surprise, Wilder did not move or speak for a moment, but gazed upon the Shape, whose head and shoulders filled all the large space at the mouth of the cave, the rest of the figure being below the ledge on which the chilled spectator stood. Finally, stepping quickly forward to assure himself that his imagination had not fooled his senses, he saw the form disappear; the blue eyes melted away into the azure of the distant sky; the broad forehead took the shape of the falling sheets of water; the arched brows were repeated in the curving masses of the cataract, and what were snowy locks of hair became flecks of floating foam, chasing each other down the crystal wall. Wilder rubbed his eyes and struck his hands against the rough rock to assure himself that he was really awake and not dreaming; he crept down into the sunny air outside and looked back at the sullenly dropping waterfall, but saw no trace of the Shape, and no figure in the falling liquid mass that the wildest fancy could torture into the semblance of a human or divine form. Profoundly agitated by his singular experience, he let himself down slowly over the rocks to the valley below, looking around him with a notion, of which he was more than half ashamed, that he might see at any time the apparition which he fancied had looked in upon him at the cave above; but he saw nothing but the hard and intolerably real rocks, the babbling rills that lost themselves among the broken shale, the dark firs that skirted the valley, and the dimpling stream that flowed silently along the level meadow.

If Wilder had so given himself over to the fascinating influences of the valley that he had embodied his curious fancies in an actual shape, he now became quite absorbed in an unpromising pursuit of the Shape which he thought he had seen. He was haunted with a dim idea that somebody was near him, invisible and unheard, but not unfelt; he went about aimlessly and languidly, as if he expected something of which he was not willing to speak to himself. He repeatedly visited the cave at the cataract, and, crouched on the wet floor, stared by the hour, vainly striving to frame again from the fast falling splendors of the liquid masses before him some faint resemblance to the Shape he longed again to recognize. He slept uneasily, waking at night with a vague sense that some one was bending over him, and the ghostly shadows that fell on the rocky walls above his rude camp-bed, or lay across the level green-sward, startled him with their sharp outline and weird shapes.

He never saw anything but shadows, until one night, when awaking from a troubled dream, he saw floating over the tree-tops, like a cloud, the giant head and shoulders of a man. The wall of the valley toward which he looked was broken into towering peaks or truncated spires, of which two square tapering masses rose high in the air, like the gothic towers of some gray old cathedral. The moonlight silvered the massive pile and cast deep shadows on the façade of the seeming structure, where one might look for stony saints, martyrs and apostles, silent and statuesque. Cloud shadows floated across the rugged faces of the cliff; and, as he looked, Wilder distinctly saw the Shape with its silvery crown of hair, massive features and colossal figure, move slowly toward the rocky cathedral, as though it marched through a stately forest, the tall pines

of which reached only to its shoulders. He made a frantic rush through the woods, but when he reached the open space beyond, the figure was gone, and he saw only the tall gray towers across whose base a broad deep shadow fell, burying what would be the portal in obscurity, and relieving with startling effect the hoary pinnacles that rose, pale and ghastly in the moonlight.

These apparitions, or appearances, produced a singular effect upon the young artist. He was too thoroughly practical and cool, with all his enthusiasm, to give up his disbelief in supernatural sights and sounds; but his highly wrought poetical disposition and ardent love of the beautiful and sublime in Nature seduced him into a domain of which he knew little, and did not feel much desire to explore. In vain he brushed away, as an idle fancy, the thought that he had actually seen something which might be the genius of the wonderful valley in which he found himself. The consciousness that some being was constantly near him, watching him and attracting him into heretofore unknown and glorious scenes, never left him. He started up at night with a tremor in his stout heart, fancying that he heard a deep breathing near him; or in the broad glare of the noon-day sun he imagined he saw a shadow like that of a human form, colossal and majestic, fall across the shining surface of the mirror-like lake or on the vivid verdure of the meadow near his camp. Had he been dreaming when he thought he saw the figure in the cataract, or floating over the tree-tops; or were these phantoms only the creation of his excited imagination, formed from the fantastic falling waters and the weird and fleeting shadows of the full moon? These were questions that continually agitated him and gave him constant food for thought. Nature had captured him, body and soul, and he felt that he was striving almost vainly against a fascination which might end—he knew not where.

One day he strayed up a rocky cañon, which was his favorite resort; there a roaring torrent, white with foam, or tinged with green in its dimpling hollows, came down from the melting snows above. Madly rushing over sharp angular masses of splintered rock, the stream fled downward through a noble forest of pines and firs, whose tall, straight trunks, half-draped in greenish-yellow moss and flecked with sunshine and shade, rose on either side. Picking his way along from rock to rock, climbing over fallen trees, shattered and broken by winter storms and spring freshets, Wilder turned a sharp angle in the rocky wall on his right and stood facing a vast fall, which plunged from a high shelf of rock, in green and white folds, into an impenetrable cloud of mist below. On either side of the fall the rocky walls were abrupt and ragged, but bore here and there a tuft of verdure, sustained and nourished by the moisture that saturated the sunny air like a perfume. Keeping around to the right, Wilder ascended the cañon which widened out at this point, leaving a recess down into which the sun streamed upon an open turfy slope, beyond which was a vigorous growth of alders, maples and oaks. Up this slope, soggy with moisture and drenched with spray from the cataract, the brave artist felt his way, pursued by the shrieking, blinding wind, that whirled up the cañon from the falling masses of water at his left.

As he pushed forward to the shelter of the lush vegetation ahead of him, his feet continally slipping on the spongy soil, and eyes almost blinded by the eddying gusts which circled prismatic floods of water-drops around him, he heard a voice calling, "Hello! stranger, don't you find it pretty tolerable moist down thar?"

As soon as he could get a foothold on firm ground and wipe the water from his eyes, he saw, to his astonishment, the figure of a man leaning on a rifle, and attentively regarding him with a

look of curiosity, in which a dash of contempt was mingled.

"Why, blow me tight," said the stranger, "if you hain't got the best wind of any man I ever seen. I wouldn't a-climed up that thar bog turned upside edgeways, chased by them peltin' showers, for all the deer thar is atween here and Crane Flat."

Wilder, shaking off the water from his face, explained that he was merely amusing himself with exploring and sketching the scenery. His new acquaintance, who inspected him narrowly, proved to be one of those peculiar characters found only in the mountains of California, half-miner and half-hunter. In answer to an inquiry, he said, "O, I'm jest a-prospectin'. I come in from the Mono trail and struck in here by that big stone Butte yonder, and afore I knowed it, I got down into this cussed place. The fact is, stranger, I clum down rather faster than I guess I can get out. Bill Williams is my name—Mariposa Bill for short—and if ever you want to hear of me, just ask any man you meet in these parts for the best shot at five hundred yards, dead open and shet, and you'll hear of Mariposa Bill, you bet."

Wilder was a little annoyed at meeting with this unexpected intrusion from the outer world, but he was curiously refreshed by the homely speech of the rough woodsman, who was more familiar with nature in all her moods than even the sensitive young artist. Mariposa Bill had spent all his life in the mountains, hunting for gold or hunting for deer and grizzlies, as the fit seized him, and now he was ready to let out his complete knowledge of wood-craft to any ready ear that listened. He had wild stories, too, to tell of adventures with Indians and with the more dangerous savages who beset him in the mining settlements when he had "dust" in his pockets, and in his throat a thirst for the strong waters of Skinkle's bar or Dolph's Ferry. He invited himself to Wilder's camp in the valley, and after a few good-natured jeers at his foolishness in venturing up the slippery slope and drenching spray "just for a look at a lot of water pitching over the rocks," Mariposa Bill led the way back, swearing at the sweeping rain and treacherous turf as he went.

As they emerged breathless on the lower side of the swirling torrent of spray, that swept howling up the sunny cañon, Wilder saw, through the blinding drops that still hung to his eyelids, a great wreath of vapor roll away from the fall to the opposite side of the ravine. Curling in the irregular gusts of wind which eddied through the confined space of the cañon, it slowly raised itself against the dark precipice beyond, and ghost-like and white, the Shape once more stood revealed. The massive head and shoulders were sharply defined against the dark, gray mass in the back ground, and from the broad chest, swept by a full, white beard, a flowing robe, impalpable as mist, rolled away into the vapory mass that quivered in the air at the base of the fall.

"Look! Look!" he cried involuntarily, "there it is again! Don't you see it?" he asked almost imploringly.

Following the direction of Wilder's gaze, Williams said: "See what? I don't see nothin' but a big swad of mist that comes from that infernal mill privilege that's a-wastin' itself over thar."

"Why," he added, as he saw the fixed stare of his companion's eyes, "What in all Natur's got into the man? Your eyes bug out as though you seen a ghost."

Wilder earnestly said: "Did you really see nothing there? No man, nor shape like a man's?" Bill swore with a big round oath that he might be clawed by any number of wild-cats if he saw anything but the mist, the trees and rocks. As the twain went singly down the ravine and Wilder stopped occasionally to look anxiously across at the shadowy pines in which the twilight shadows were

now stealing, Bill muttered to himself: "I do believe that ere crittur is as crazy as a loon." Perhaps he was.

That night, around the cheerful campfire, in one of the pauses of Mariposa Bill's wild talk of his adventures by field and flood, he sat looking straight into the fire after his recital of how he went nine miles one winter night to the top of Spanish Knob, just to get a branch of a peculiar kind of bay tree that grew there, for poor Dutch Mary, who lay dying at Smith's Flat and fancied it might do her good. He had told how when he came puffing down toward the Flat, Dutch Mary, to his utter surprise, came gliding over the snow, took the branch from his hand, and how both branch and Mary vanished from his sight and never were seen again; and that when he reached the cabin he was told that "the gal had died jest at the stroke of twelve, a-yelling for that thar sprig of bay from Spanish Knob."

Lifting his eyes from the fire, Bill said: "I say, now, did you reely think you seen a man's figger in the fog at them falls to-day?" Thus encouraged, Wilder related just what we have recorded as the experience of the artist in the valley. "Well!" said the astonished Bill, when he had heard through the story with breathless interest, "Well! that gits me, you bet. That thar yarn of yourn beats Dutch Mary's ghost all to pieces. Thirty or forty feet high, did you say? Gewhillikins! what a whopper! I mean what a whopper of a ghost," he added, apologetically, to dispel any idea that he referred to the story. "Thirty or forty feet high! why, I never heerd tell of sech a ghost. Now, there was old Jeff Gardner, he lived down thar at Jones's Gulch and got carried over the dam one day and busted his head in, likewise was drownded dead as a mack'rel. His wife, she seen Jeff night after night, so *she* said, a-standin' across the gulch, about four times as big as when alive, jest a-moppin' up the water below the dam, as if he'd mop it all up. So poor Sal, who sot a heap by her husband, she got sort o' lonesome like, and though she had so many children that the little tow-headed brats used to run for the house when a fellow came near, like so many rabbits scared out of the chapparal, she got lonesome, as I was sayin' and jest went and hove herself into the crick one night, and nobody never saw no big ghost of Jeff nor nobody else arter that, you bet, stranger."

Wilder smiled at the rough simplicity of Bill, and explained that it was not the ghost of any giant that he saw, but if there was any supernatural presence, it was that of some deity of the place, or as Bill kindly explained for him, "a sort of a big he-devil of the woods." The sensitive artist was not a little amused at Bill's crude conception of his own finer fancy, but listened respectfully to his caution. "Now, stranger, jest you mind me," said the kindly but unappreciative Bill of Mariposa, "if you go a-taggin' round arter any spook that makes hisself into a waterfall or melts away into a fog-bank up a cañon, you'll walk yourself down into a hole some day that'll play you out as dead as a door nail. These shadders that you think you see ain't for no good, and if you foller 'em long they'll get you into some hobble, you kin jest bet your bottom dollar." Bill wrapped himself in his blanket for his night's rest, muttering as he went to sleep, "Thirty or forty feet high! Well, that's what gits me."

Wilder was forced to accept the uncongenial companionship of Mariposa Bill for a few days, and the ill-matched pair separated after awhile with a parting admonition from Bill not to "foller no ghosts or shadders about them precipices, for thar war no knowin' where they might lead to." This sound advice Wilder laughingly said he would remember, but Bill afterward said that he "guessed he had made up his mind to see the thing through."

The young artist had now quite forsaken all his old employments; he sketched no more, but roamed about the valley, hoping and fearing another appearance of the Shape. Especially did he affect a triple waterfall that fell from one of the highest cliffs in the valley, as if from out the sky, into a huge chasm in the rock, whence it again burst forth after a brief imprisonment, and leaped madly down a second steep, and then, gathering itself for a final plunge, foaming and maddened by its short, rough course through the rocky channel that hemmed it in, sprang out triumphantly into the sunny air of the valley beneath, and with ceaseless roar rent the atmosphere of the quiet vale beneath with its haughty blow of sound. Arrowy, and fluted with a thousand changing folds, the upper cataract fell from the blue sky above, and thundered with incessant tumult down the awful steep of space into which it took its plunge from the rocky brink far above. The deep gap in the gigantic wall of the valley into which it fell opened outward widely, and Wilder loved to climb up the tortuous way across the rugged face of the precipice which brought him to the foot of the upper or main fall. Here he sat for hours, listening to the blows that smote the air; marking the changeful splendors of the cataract as it wildly flung itself over the cliff, a sheet of downward-flying snowy rockets, dashing into the ever-rising volume of spray and mist that rose from the mysterious mass of snow, ice and vapor that concealed the base. The air was laden with moisture, and was shrieking with sobs and soughs of wind that came, one knew not whence, and driven hither and thither by strange gusts that vanished one knew not where. Outside all was fair, sunny, and peaceful. The verdant valley slept beneath in the summer sun; the trees pointed motionlessly toward the cloudless sky, and the warm atmosphere was burdened with the heat and odors of midsummer.

Within the dark recess where the great cataract roared and fell, the sun was obscured by rising vapors; the air was chilled with moisture from the falling torrent and the everlasting snows at the base of the bleak precipice, and was fiercely rent by the unnatural wintry winds that swept circling around the dark abyss into which the thundering waterfall continually poured.

Into this fearsome place, groping painfully down the wet and slippery rocks, Wilder found his way. Before him stretched a rugged mass of rock, loose and broken, covered with cold, dark-green moss, and extending to the base of the fall, but bounded by a mass of snow and ice, behind whose broken and ragged eges the tremendous torrent fell, veiled with its own vapor and disappearing beneath the icy crust to reappear farther down the ravine from beneath a natural bridge of snow which spanned the raging torrent, and connected both sides of the recess or ravine. Far above rose the storm-scarred and ragged cliffs that frowned down upon the scene below, and on one tall crag, shaped like a giant's thumb, sat a solitary Indian, Captain Dave by name, as the woodsmen say, who looked down with the half-curious eye of the stoical aborigine and saw what followed, as he says.

As the reader has expected, the dazed and bewildered artist, looking up at the mighty fall that fell with fearful, sullen hissing from the air and shook the earth beneath with its weight, saw, rising from the densely rolling column of vaporous cloud, the Shape. The face was sublimely beautiful and serene in its reposeful majesty. There was a mighty dignity about the winning smile, and a glorious beauty in the gigantic face that fascinated the poor artist beyond anything that he had ever seen. No fancy, no ecstatic vision had ever pictured anything half so magically grand and lovely. As he looked, the face seemed to grow more and more human and

tangible; it wore an air of godliness, but had a sweet suggestion of humanity. It rose slowly from the wreathing mist, and seemed to invite him. Resolving that he would go near enough to solve all doubts and hear if any sound should come from those immovable lips that suggested so much noble sweetness, he plunged down the ravine and faced the blinding spray that roared at him as he pressed toward the snow-bridge spanning the vast torrent that chafed and foamed below. The wintry gales, laden with chill moisture, beat him back as with a cloud of wings; the angry blasts shrieked about his head; the ten thousand hands of the torn gale snatched at his garments as he went, and strange sobs and whispers sounded in his ear. Across the chasm he saw the Shape, pale, but not cold; sublime, but winning—still drifting upward to the sunlight that streamed across the deep recess from its opposite wall, and with one more desperate stride he gained the snow-bridge, which, weakened by the advancing heat of summer, shivered beneath his weight, sighed audibly, and with a dull and heavy groan, sank into the seething, whirling torrent beneath. There was one wild cry, a hand stretched out imploringly toward the wreath of mist that rose slowly from the further brink, and no sign of life remained save far above where the truth-telling Indian Captain Dave looked down on cataract, rock and foaming stream, and then silently turned away to tell the tale that I have told to you.

THE TROPICAL FRUITS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE climates of this State are hardly more of a mystery to strangers than are its productions. There are mountains capped with eternal snows; plains scorched to dreary aridity by the fierce heat and powdered by abrading wheels; wind-currents which hurry along the drifting sand dunes and make fires comfortable in July and August; fogs which search for the marrow of one's bones; and coniferous trees, whose life depends upon the moisture condensed by cold stratas of atmosphere. So much, or more, is now perhaps well enough understood by those who have lived long on this coast, or have studied the climatology of the State. "But do you call this a tropical country?" asks our theoretical friend, fresh from skating rinks and snow-drifts, as he turns a crisp, fragrant orange inside out, unconscious that it grew in California and was plucked less than a week ago. If you take the valleys of Napa and Santa Clara, than which the sun never shone on lovelier, we should say that they were hardly tropical. And yet they show the shading off of the tropics, by their delicate acacias, with a feathering spray of verdure as sensitive to frost as the orange tree. The magnolia survives the winter out of doors, and the cactus (century plant) blossoms in less than twenty years. The passion-vine and the whole family of semi-tropical creepers bloom in midwinter, and the fig-tree sheds its clumsy leaves and rests a little, only to take on a richer foliage and to yield a greater wealth of fruit. The pomegranate is no more than a bush; and that and the lemon-tree seem to hang upon the verge of a tropical climate, stinted and fruitless, but with a tenacity of life which indicates a purpose to "fight it out on that line." If it were more tropical hereabouts, the country might be less attractive to a majority of the most vigorous and hardy immigrants.

A little frost is good to thin the blood, and developes the quality of endurance. The oak is tougher than the palm, and the conquerors of the world live in the temperate zones. It is a matter of little consequence if some of them talk through their noses, or even sing psalms. Cromwell's men were of that ilk ; but when they swung the battle-ax, they cut a swath as clean as a Buckeye reaper. And the Scotch covenanters, when they pulled down their bonnets and went into the fight, were no less terrible that they sang the song of victory with a somewhat nasal twang.

Who knows but this blending of climates will yet produce the perfect type of the coming man ? You see this interlacing and fine shading off, so that one cannot tell where the line of tropical fruitage begins and ends. You look out on a mountain with its glittering and eternal crown of frost, and from the same window watch the glimmer of fervent heat in the valley. You pluck the white Smyrna fig with one hand, and with the other the acrid apple, transplanted from New Hampshire. This blending of zones and fruits, and this increasing variation of climate, not according to degrees of latitude, but according to wind-currents, sheltering mountains and protected valleys, will never cease to have novelty for the stranger, or to enlist the interest of thoughtful residents. The perfect climate is the softening of extremes—exemption from polar frosts and torrid heats—from the blast of the east wind by night, and the sun which smites at noonday.

And with this blending of climates and fruitage, so that one would neither have more nor less, there is also a blending of races. Extremes meet and touch. The tropical man, with his glow of enthusiasm and hot resentments ; the man of colder blood and dogged persistence, from the far north ; and the broader provincialist from the prairies of the west, lose their antagonisms in the more generous life of the new commonwealth. It is too early to forecast the qualities of a generation not yet attained to manhood and womanhood. It must take some impression from climate and from the physical features of the country. It is certain that it will be unlike its ancestry. Let us hope that this blending and perfection of semi-tropical and tropical fruits will be no mean symbol of the generations yet to come, when thought and training and culture shall have got past blossom-time, and we begin to pluck some riper fruit.

Leaving this fruitage of races to ripen yet awhile, let us look after the tropical fruits whereof one may eat and be glad. The geographers, who appear to be more ignorant of the topography of the Pacific coast than most other people, affirm that California is seven hundred miles in length, with an average width of two hundred miles ; and includes a territorial area about as large as Pennsylvania, New York, and the whole of the New England States. Within these nine degrees of latitude, what is best of the torrid and of the temperate zones may be found. Scored upon the pines of the mountains one may see what depths of snow fall every winter, at the very time when, in the southern part of the State, there are not only orange blossoms, but a wealth of ripe and perfect fruit.

The area well adapted to orange culture cannot be defined with accuracy until further experiments have been made ; but it is certain that it is hardly less in extent than the whole State of Massachusetts. The great county of San Diego, which borders on lower California and Arizona, contains many thousand acres of land suitable for orange growing. Of its more than eight millions of acres, two millions are estimated to be fit for general cultivation, and the greater part of this is within tropical influences suited to the growth of the orange tree ; although it is by no means certain that the orange

will flourish where the soil and climate appear to be favorable. There must be shelter from sweeping winds, and either natural moisture, or such facilities for irrigation that the young trees can be nursed along for, say, the first three years. And yet there may be found at the old town of San Diego, *one* solitary orange tree now in a bearing condition. So far as we are advised, there never was another. At San Luis Rey, the seat of the old Mission on the coast, about forty-six miles north of San Diego, there is an orange orchard of moderate extent, where the fruit comes to perfection. And this, save here and there perhaps a straggling tree, includes all the orange culture of this county, which justly boasts of the softest and blandest climate on the coast, and in the interior, as at Fort Yuma, the hottest in the world.

Only a small part of San Bernardino county is adapted to the growth of oranges, for although the heat is great enough, there are too many sharp frosts in winter, on account of the proximity of snow-crowned mountains. There are a few sheltered valleys, however, upon the western side of the county, where the orange flourishes with no more than the usual attention and care. But there are no large orange groves in this county.

At present, the orange-growing interest centres in Los Angeles county. Ten years ago there were hardly more than twenty-five hundred orange trees in the whole county, and very few of these produced any fruit. Five years afterwards the number of trees had increased to five thousand and upwards. Now, there are upwards of ten thousand trees in bearing condition; and it is estimated that more than a hundred thousand young trees have been started in nurseries and orchards during the past season. "Everybody is planting orange trees," said one of our informants; which, reduced to a sober statement, we take it, is that orange culture is fast becoming a leading interest in this beautiful county. One of the oldest orchards contains about 2000 trees grown from seedlings planted about sixteen years ago. This orchard is in full bearing condition, and the product averages about 1500 oranges to each tree, although some trees will produce nearly double this number, reaching as high occasionally as 4000. Another orchard contains upwards of 1600 trees planted eight years ago, and just coming into bearing condition. These are the largest bearing orchards, although more extensive ones, we believe, have been planted, and the older ones are continually enlarged. At Anaheim, the centre of the German vine-growing interest, the orange does not appear to thrive well; and there are districts at a very little remove from flourishing orchards, where little or nothing can be done in orange culture.

The orange grows moderately well in some of the sheltered valleys of Santa Barbara county, although few successful experiments have as yet been made. But we never saw better oranges than some which were grown near Folsom in Sacramento county. Successful experiments have also been made as far north as Butte county; and more recently it has been ascertained that the orange will do well on a large area in Kern county.

One authority sets down the number of oranges received from Los Angeles, and sold in the market of San Francisco during the past year, at 724,450; lemons, 91,500; limes, 25,4000. But during the same time there were imported from Mexico, the Society and Hawaiian Islands, and from other foreign territory, 2,000,000 oranges; 1,000,000 limes; 20,000 pine apples; 30,000 bunches of bananas and plantains, and 350,000 cocoa-nuts; the aggregate value of which was but little short of a quarter of a million of dollars. And not

only might every dollar's worth of this fruit have been grown in this State, but as much more for the export trade. There is no danger that tropical fruit-growing will ever be overdone in California. The market demand at home and in the neighboring States, will always be greater than the supply.

"Is orange-growing a profitable pursuit?" is a common form of enquiry. According to our data, the annual product of each full bearing tree will net about $50. The number of trees upon an acre ranges from sixty to eighty. Taking the smallest number, you find the total value of fruit from a single acre, to be $3,000. An orange orchard of thirty acres in full bearing, with an average yield, would turn out a crop worth $90,000. Is there any other kind of fruit culture more promising than this? There are thousands of acres of land which can be had at prices ranging from two to ten dollars an acre, which are probably just as well adapted to orange culture as that now covered by the most promising orchards. There are hundreds of men who have delved in mines only to become poorer year by year. Had these men gone into the southern part of the State ten years ago, and planted orange groves of ten acres each, any reasonable ambition for a fortune would have been satisfied. But ten years is a long time to wait as time is reckoned here. And yet, is there any better place to wait than under genial skies, where the same sun which flushes the orange is a perpetual joy to the weak and the strong—to old men and to children?

There is one other fact to be noted: No oranges which are brought to this market rate so high as to quality, as those brought from the southern counties of this State. The Tahiti orange is sour or insipid, because it must be picked green in order to stand the voyage of not less than forty days, before it can be laid down here. Of half a dozen cargoes examined, we did not find a single lot approaching in quality that of the Los Angeles county orange; although the latter is produced from the same seed as those of the Society Islands. Every winter one may see considerable lots of decayed oranges landed from these islands, which are bought for the purpose of stocking the nurseries in southern California. The Los Angeles orange is suffered to remain upon the tree until fully ripe, because it is within three days of the market. It begins to ripen in December, and may be considered in its prime in January. It disappears from the market again sometime in March or April, although if allowed to hang upon the tree, it may be kept for some months more in prime condition. But the blossoms begin to appear, and the matured fruit is gathered to make room for the next crop. Neither the Florida orange nor the Havana, as they appear in the New York markets, are quite up to the standard of the California orange in freshness and perfect flavor. Much larger fruit, however, is grown in southern Mexico and upon the Isthmus, but not more desirable as to quality. The orange is as certain as any other fruit crop in the State. The gopher sometimes attacks the roots of the tree, and now and then the aphis stings the leaves. But there are no blights and no damage from frosts, save to the young plants, which are extremely sensitive to cold and to heat in the summer solstice. The seedlings hardly attain more than eight or ten inches in height the first year; the more common practice is to graft from well-known bearing trees, as nursery men graft seedling apple trees. When the full growth is attained, which requires from twelve to fourteen years, the tree is then about twenty-five feet in height, and the top, measured outside of foliage, is from twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter. And whether in June or January, he who would have anything more enchanting

than an orange orchard had better start for Paradise at once.

And wherever on this coast the orange tree flourishes, there its tart sister, the lemon tree, will grow also. It is even a more beautiful tree in the matter of foliage, with a leaf of a lighter green, and branches more irregular. It is easily propagated either from seed or cuttings. The tree comes into bearing in eight or nine years, and is probably at perfect maturity at sixteen years. The two varieties best known are the Sicily and the Malaga. Both fruit abundantly, and the net returns are said to be even greater on a given area than from the orange crop. One instance* is cited where the yield of five lemon trees twelve years old was sold for $510. Eighty trees may be set on an acre, and if at maturity the yield were as great as in the instance cited, the product of an acre of lemon trees would exceed $4,000 for a single season. Another species, known as the Chinese lemon, is very prolific, and the fruit grows to a much larger size. It has a very thick rind, and for this reason and because of its rank growth, it does not find favor in the market. The flavor is said to be good; and the acid for drink is not inferior to that of the more popular varieties. It grows on a shrub, never attaining the size of a tree, but a more beautiful hedge never was formed than may be grown from the Chinese lemon shrub ; and the fruit will more than pay for all the space occupied in the garden, or elsewhere, as a hedge plant. This variety is also quite hardy, and will probably thrive anywhere in the State, save at elevations where there is much frost and snow.

The lime is associated with the lemon, and the climate and soil suited for one are adapted to the other. Those brought to market from Southern California appear to be of good size and quality, quite equal to any which are imported. Both the fruit and juice are articles of merchandise, the latter being used extensively on ship-board to prevent scurvy.

The olive tree grows vigorously in all the milder valleys. At nearly all the old Mission stations there are orchards of greater or less extent. Indeed, nearly all the bearing trees in the State are comprised within these limits. The oldest olive orchard in the United States is said to be at Mission San Diego, where there are two hundred and twenty-seven trees, upwards of eighty years old, and in good bearing condition. The trees were early cultivated by the Mission Fathers, who never lost their love of good olive oil to make the face to shine, or wine to make the heart glad. But it is singular that they paid little or no attention to the cultivation of oranges ; although the pear trees of their planting attest their love for this genial fruit ; and the mission grape which they introduced is still the main reliance of many viniculturists for wine making purposes. There are some fine olive trees in the Mission orchard at Santa Cruz, which are not much younger than the Mission. The fruit ripens in this place, say in the month of March, and when the highest peaks of the coast range are tipped with snow. There is a fine contrast in the foliage of the orange and the olive tree ; the one having the most intense green, and the other a grey ash color, subdued into quietest harmony with rock and cloud and the dull earth. Some old olive trees are to be found in the Santa Clara valley, which are of historical interest. Enthusiasts assert that olive oil, beside its value for salad purposes, is a good substitute for butter—of which there can be no doubt, provided the butter is made after the Syrian fashion of churning the milk in a goatskin with the hair inside.

Your inert, dumpy Oriental takes naturally to olive oil ; but rarely those who have within reach such butter as the best English or American dairymen know how to make. The value of olives for pickles and for oil, as articles

* Correspondent *Evening Bulletin.*

of merchandise, is now so well known, that several young orchards have recently been planted; the largest of these is at Santa Barbara, and contains about thirty acres. The olive is propagated from cuttings; and about the older trees there are abundance of "suckers," which, by careful planting, make the germs of new trees.

A few experiments have been made with the pine apple and the banana, but hardly enough to determine whether these fruits can be cultivated here at a profit, although it is pretty certain that each will come to perfect maturity in the warmest valleys of southern California. The pomegranate flourishes well, and the fruit in its season may often be seen in the San Francisco market. The seeds are of considerable value for medicinal purposes. The almond tree grows vigorously, and fruits to perfection in all the southern counties, and in most of the valleys throughout the State. Wherever the olive will live there the almond is at home. The "soft-shell" almond and the citron are very prolific, and large quantities could be reared for export. The date palm has also a vigorous life.

The fig tree in all its varieties grows everywhere, on the plains and in the valleys. In the lower counties it yields two crops in the year; while further north one crop is brought to perfection; and the second putting-forth often withers and falls off. The fig is a rank grower, and is easily propagated from cuttings; the better varieties yield in wonderful profusion, chief among which is the white Smyrna, which may be found fresh in the market for some weeks. It is singular that while the fruit is abundant and perfect, the home-dried fig does not compare in quality with the imported article. It is idle to talk about crowding out imported figs, until some more successful experiments have been made in curing our own. The cacti family are at home in all the southern counties; and along the borders of Arizona there are varieties of almost gigantic size. It yields a fruit highly appreciated by the natives, but is little cultivated by Americans for that or any other purpose. It is readily propagated by cutting off the upper joints, or leaves, and setting them in the ground edgewise, like a half-buried plate. Hedges are easily made in this way, which once seen bristling in savage ferocity, are a thing to be detested always. If one must have a cactus hedge, why not introduce that pleasant adjunct, the cobra?

The grape, of course, is not a tropical fruit, but there is not a variety so tender that it will not flourish on California soil. Nearly forty varieties are now growing here which could not be propagated in the Atlantic States with any encouragement, north of the Carolinas. The raisin grape (*Fiher Zagos*) finds a genial soil and comes to maturity without a single drawback. The grapes are easily converted into raisins of excellent quality. Very good raisins of a second grade have also been made from the Mission grape, for domestic use. Some experiments have been made with Zante currants, which turned out very well. Many tropical plants and seeds have been brought from the Isthmus and from the islands of the Pacific; and while some ventures have failed, many others have been successful. The list of useful shrubs and plants which have been domesticated in this way is constantly increasing, and some of them promise to add materially to the wealth of the State.

We have chosen rather to indicate, than to set forth, with minuteness of detail, the tropical and semi-tropical resources of California. What a future awaits a State with such a limitless capacity to produce all that is best in the torrid and temperate zones! There are millions of acres over which will yet run the ripple of the ripening harvest, and other millions where wheat will blend with the olive, and the never-fading verdure of orange groves will encircle the home and drop down golden fruit as a perpetual benediction.

EGOTIZING.

A NOBLE egotism is the sublimest of virtues; a false egotism, the weakest of all inanities, or the most flagrant of crimes. Lindley Murray notwithstanding, "myself" and "thyself" really divide the world between them, and "himself" is only somebody to be talked about, to keep "me" and "thee" in countenance. And when the simplification is carried still further, and "myself" only becomes another spelling for "thyself," and egotism developes into a generous *tuism*, the acme of human attainment is reached, and the great Teacher's work ended: "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." A proper recognition of one's individuality; a proper respect for it; a true posing of the *ego* amidst a world full of bustling *egos*; that is the perfection of culture, that is focusing all precepts of philosophy and religion in the one lens of a pure heart. Coleridge hit it exactly: "The best, the most Christian-like pity one can show, is to take pity on his own soul; the best, the most acceptable service he can render, is to do justice and show mercy to himself."

Admitting organic structure in the race, still the radix is an *ego*, propagating only *egos*, each self-centred, self-governed and complete. A man is not a broken limb of humanity. He is himself a tree. He is not a fragment of a whole—as the little girl, in her consternation, thought her new-found kittens were the old cat broken all to pieces—but is himself a whole. He cannot properly be lumped off with any minority or majority, with church or world, sheep or goats. He is always a unit, and counts one somewhere.

In physical constitution, each individual is a study by himself. His resemblances never approximate identity. The *tout ensemble* of his differences would make a formidable problem in arithmetic. His house of clay, in architectural designs and an infinity of nice details, may always be distinguished from his neighbor's. It needs no number to designate it. It requires no ringing of the bell to learn if he is at home. He keeps his own house. He is always in it. It is never—"To Let." There is no May-day uproar and change. When he moves at last, the building itself goes to decay without a tenant, and over its ruins men still write reverently the name of him who was its former occupant.

Temperamental and intellectual differences are still more numerous, as they are also more refined and interesting. Each individual is a type. The same parental blood makes a different music at the heart, ripples diversely through the veins of each separate child. One is a banyan shoot, dropping to the ground under the parental shadow, and seeking to nourish itself in the soil of its nativity. Another detaches itself quickly, takes the wings of the wind, and flies abroad to find anywhere else than at home, the place and conditions of its growth. One stiffens itself like the oak in the open field, to meet all storms and conflicts sturdily, and to grow rugged and mighty thereby; another, from the same stock, pliant and graceful as the willow, nestles by the murmuring water courses, and bows in quick compliance, when it hears even from afar, the thundering chariots of the royal wind. One mind absorbs knowledge like the sponge, through every pore of the skin, and loses it almost as readily. Another wins its way only by the most patient and persistent zeal, but holds its gains for the eternities. One mind is matter-of-fact;

another, metaphysical; another, poetical; another, mathematical. It is not needful to deny family and national characteristics. They amount to little, and even these common traits are themselves mottled and variegated with the eccentric threads of individuality.

Moral divergence, as a matter of course, follows the physical and intellectual, but follows them to differentiate still more widely. The trunk separates into numerous branches, and these into a tangled wilderness of spray. The grand thoroughfare that leads up to the town becomes a multitude of thoroughfares as it approaches it, each one as truly authorized, as direct and safe, as the rest. So as we approach the august capital of manhood, the court and the temple within us, the ways multiply. It is no longer a difference of one highway or another, but a confused net-work of differences that make all identification impossible. Each man sees the sun, and that which it illustrates—truth—at a different angle from his neighbor. Each man's spiritual horizon cleaves the mountains at a different altitude, and lies, in broken outline, upon a different meridian of the restless sea. Circumstances of birth, inherited propensities, nationality, geography, government, society, schools, churches, food and drink even, all enter into the problem of moral differences that separate man and man. It is not a permutation of a few letters, but a whole alphabet of causes and effects; a multiplication and a complication of dissimilitudes and unlikenesses, that only He who knows every sparrow's haunts can properly disentangle and adjust.

But there is a more impressive witness to this self-hood and aloneness of the individual man—to this unbroken seclusion in which each person dwells apart from his neighbor, as truly as though a wall of adamant divided them—and it is found in self-consciousness; it is the witness of the man himself. "If there is one dream," says Mansel, "of a false philosophy to which beyond all others every moment of our consciousness gives the lie, it is that which subordinates the individual to the universal, the person to the species; which sees being in generalization; which regards the living and conscious man as a wave on the ocean of the unconscious infinite; his life a momentary tossing to and fro on the shifting tide; his destiny to be swallowed up in the formless and boundless universe." Doubtless there was a time in the history of every person, when the thought of his separate individuality had never occurred to him. It is that period of our history, however, which we fail to count for much in the calendar of our existence. It is those earliest months, when instinct occupied the throne that reason had not yet claimed. It is that interregnum of animality to which memory offers us scarcely a clue, and which we think of only with a blush. Tennyson has beautifully alluded to it in his *In Memoriam:*

> "The baby new to earth and sky,
> What time his tender palm is prest
> Against the circle of his breast,
> Has never thought that 'this is I:'
>
> "But as he grows he gathers much,
> And learns the use of 'I' and 'me,'
> And finds; 'I am not what I see,'
> And other than the things I touch."

That would be a most solemn and mysterious moment, if we could trace it accurately, when the idea of *ego* and of the *tu*, of the "myself" and the "thyself," the birth-hour of freedom and responsibility, dawns upon the budding mind of the child. We can only move timidly here, as the infant moves from chair to chair, and our theories must be wholly tentative; but we cannot forbear to enter a field so very inviting. Perhaps this revelation so profound and so important, is one that necessitates a kind of force at first. The currents of life then flood the animal nature, carrying scarcely a leaf or blossom of the intellectual being on their bosom. And

when, at last, the expanding body begins to sparkle with the scintillations of mind, it is of a mind that has come out, as it were, to see and to know, and not of one that has gone back again to reflect. There is evolution without involution; inspection, but as yet no introspection. Just as the sap bearing the vigor of tree-life flows upward and outward in the early spring, clothing the naked and uncomely branches with its rich abundance, but is often checked and turned backward in its course by the unfriendly greeting of the capricious atmosphere, so in the early spring of infancy, the rich life of intellect flows to the exterior to catch the sunshine of a mother's smiles, and breathe the healthful atmosphere of love. But let now that sunshine be turned to shadow by the mother's frown. Let the atmosphere become dark and cold through impatience or neglect, and the vital forces in that young soul will halt in their exuberant progress outward, turn and flow backward again to their own fountain. Are we mistaken in supposing that, at this point, comes the great revelation; that here the young immortal gets the first fair view of himself; that in this travail is born his personality? Does he not just here, become painfully conscious that he and his mother are not one? Does not the truth flash upon him out of this black cloud of sorrow that he is himself, and that she is herself, a very different self from himself; and from this time forth, does he not bristle with the sharp points of antagonism, and in his little citadel begin to fortify a discovered self against a selfish world? And what is all the checkered human life afterwards, but a continual repetition of that earliest lesson in the school of experience, a continual coming to oneself, a rough exception of the man from the humanity, a drawing of nice distinctions between the "I" and the "thou," the things that are mine and the things that are thine, till one enters his narrow house at last, and knows that there is no one of his fellows who cares to dispute its possession with him. Human experience amounts to little more than this, a growth of the *ego*—not necessarily a vicious and abnormal growth—through a fierce wrestling with that which is not of it; a perpetual vibration from the general to the personal; the hammer of the outward swung against the soul of the inward.

It is a mistaken notion that by mingling with men one loses in a measure his distinctive existence, and becomes mortised inseparably into a social order; that the more one deals justly and kindly by others, the more he sinks out of sight his own identity. Such a theory recognizes no higher individuality than that of the baldest selfishness. The most perfect harmony in music demands the utmost distinctness and perfectness of each separate tone. Seven individual colors blend beautifully in the splendor of the sunlight. So it is the complete and perfect man that makes the perfect humanity. The perfect "I" is also the perfect "thou" and "he." The rude jostlings of man against man in the diurnal revolutions of the great globe, may indeed wear off roughnesses, and soften asperities, but they also reveal the diamond's many facets the clearer, and give to it an individual character more marked and indisputable. Or, to use another figure: in childhood, we are roughly chipped off, as it were, from the great human mass, to be massed with it no more forever, but rather, through a wide diversity, to find with it a higher unity. In youth, we begin to become statuesque, to take distinctive form and outline under the mallet and chisel of external circumstances. And finally, in manhood the finer touches are given, and the statue stands forth a distinct creation, a new ideal of the great Artist realized.

A mere suggestion of this truth to our minds calls forth at once the affirm-

ative nod of consciousness. No matter what may be our special circumstances and relations in life—waifs upon a tempestuous sea of being, drifting and driven hither and yon, or like lilies rooted in the soil beneath it, rocked to sleep amidst beauty and perfume on its heaving bosom—it is all the same. Lily or straw, fragment of floating wreck, or full-rigged ship bound to sunny port, the thought has come to us a thousand times on the wings of the silent hours; you are a distinct creation, fill a distinct place, confront a distinct and individual destiny. Solitude is by no means essential to this solemn lesson of consciousness. The crowded town itself is often the barest of bare and lonely places. You elbow your way through bustling crowds of men and women. Your eyes are filled to their extended rims with visions of strange faces, of elegant and fantastic equipages, of pride in silks and diamonds, of poverty in its more honest and truth-speaking livery. But the quick alternation of sights and scenes carries a confused image to the mind. Something foreign and strange, something distant from your real self in all this phantasmagoria of external life, will chill your thought backward upon itself, and you will feel, maybe, most sadly and disconsolately alone, in the very midst of swarming multitudes of your own kind.

No more does the most intimate friendship absorb our personality. On the contrary, it is unlikenesses that ever mingle most concordantly, commune most sweetly, that make the conditions of the highest unity in the wonderful marriage of souls. The dissonant throb, the discord in the music of friendly intercourse, is rather the absence of individuality, the undue approximation of tone, the collision of the part with that which is not its counterpart.

It must be good for us to know this truth and to feel it; and especially good because it is so much a great first truth; so fundamental; so much a truth of our essential being, and so of all personal beings that God has made. We follow each his own clue out of the labyrinth of the present into the mysterious hereafter—out of this darkness into that light—and no other hand but our own will ever clasp it. We make each his own path, zigzaging, tortuous though it may be, and no footprints but our own will ever be found upon it. And as though this path of ours lay through a growth of the sensitive plant, we can trace in moments of higher inspiration, looking backwards as from mountain altitudes, every sweep of the errant foot, clear back to its first faint ventures from the mother's knee. It is evident that we are so made, that we so develop, upward or downward, through all possible experiences of our present stage of being—and why not through all the other grades of our immortality—as never to quench the consciousness of self; as never to dissipate, but rather to concentrate and emphasize, the feeling of singleness and isolation that is inseparable from every act of reflection. Sometimes the curtain will be drawn from the arcanum of our natures; sometimes we will be compelled to look inward upon the startling spectacle of one sitting alone to weigh and to judge the world that lies at his feet. Self-consciousness is like a divinely appointed servant, following us everywhere; continually nudging our elbow, and calling our attention to the fact that our noblest patrimony is ourselves; that we have souls; that they are emphatically ours; ours by right of birth, and that we cannot sell our birthright; ours by the gift of the Supreme Soul, and that to Him alone can we submit them. This strange, self-reminding faculty is like the "bird of the tolling bell" in the forests of South America. It sits at the tops of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and though very rarely

seen. is often heard. And scarcely anything can be conceived, it is said, of a more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken by the metallic, and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, crying to us from the air, and seeming to follow us wherever we go. Our path lies through bewildering forests of mingled pursuits. Picking our way towards the *ignus fatui* that bear us forward, as we stumble on, we become absorbed and strangely self-regardless in our mazy endeavors, when, suddenly, there is borne to us as on the mystic tollings of spirit bells the startling words, " alone ! alone !" so befitting to recall and arouse us to the higher and better uses of our being.

We are born into a condition of aloneness upon which even no mother's watchful ministry can intrude. We grow up into it as into an ever-widening realm. As solitary travelers we cross the bourne of the undiscovered country. And we stand at last, alone, in the presence of Him who gave us being, to ask, " Lord, is it I ? " in the grand inquisition of souls. No comment is needed on this most impressive fact. It carries a message on its face. The light of its countenance flashes into every department of humor, thought and activity. It is not all the truth, but it is one truth. We will leave to other hands the task of fashioning its companion pieces, content that we have been permitted to shape and place our little contribution, in the wonderful Mosaic of human thought.

A NIGHT ON THE STEPPES.

OLD OKOKRAY, an octogenarian chief of a tribe of Tchuktchi Indians, had spent the day at our encampment, at the mouth of the Kanchalan River, in northeastern Siberia, and at the close of his visit he good-naturedly invited me to visit his tents about eight miles distant. Accepting the friendly offer, and delighted at anything to vary the dreary monotony, I prevailed on one of our little band—an old sailor—to accompany the Indian and myself on the projected excursion.

It was barely four o'clock, but already the pale moon rode high, and innumerable stars studded the heavens. To the westward the setting sun sank behind the mountains, tinging their snow-capped summits ; the grey twilight of those high latitudes cast its mellow and soft light over the peaceful scene, and not a breath rippled over the frozen ground. Though our thermometer indicated many degrees below the freezing point in the open air, the weather was nevertheless what we called *fine*, for in Siberia the wind alone is dreaded, and with ample reason, as its frozen breath heralds the sweeping tempest. But now all was still and silent, and the flight of black ravens left a dark wake as they cleaved through the thick frozen atmosphere—their hoarse cries blending with the crackling sounds on the ice, and imparting an added dreariness to the scene.

Such was the evening on which we left our own dull fireside to visit those of the nomade Tchuktchi. I was well clad in a heavy woollen suit over three coarse shirts of the same warm material, with a ponderous overcoat and thick muffler, besides my usual fur apparel, consisting of a deer skin hood ribbed with fur, native boots of the same material over fur socks lined with the soft coat of the Siberian fawn ; and last, though not least, my hands were snugly

encased in woollen gauntlets, to which a pair of the northern mittens lent almost superfluous warmth. Thus accoutred, I sallied forth with fond anticipations of a pleasant visit. My companion was invested in a similar dress, and with light hearts we left the old house, fearing nothing from the frost, for to that we were inured, and few ever bundled themselves up in furs save when the wind whistled over the plains, borrowing its deadly chill from the frozen rivers.

Up steep snow slides and down the frosted banks, across rivers smooth and clear as glass, over the *tundras*, now levelled by the snow, we toiled on for two hours, assisting many a perilous ascent and descent with our long staves, till we arrived within sight of the Indian's camp. The dim blue smoke was curling in fleecy clouds from the tents, and settling over them like an azure canopy; the women, attired in strangely fashioned fur dresses, adorned with a profusion of bright colored beads and leaden trinkets, were flying to and fro busily, preparing his evening meal for the truant Okokray, and numerous little black-eyed atoms of humanity peered curiously at us over the mountains of furs in which they were enveloped, and laughed and crowed merrily, clapping their tiny hands with delight at the unwonted spectacle of white men in woollen coats, while troops of wolfish dogs fastened upon us their hungry gaze. Such were the leading features of the camp, while a few hundred yards distant large herds of reindeer browsed peacefully, their tall, branching antlers seeming inextricably mixed, and their necks gracefully curved, as they nibbled the soft Arctic moss, removing the snow from the the frozen hillocks with their hoofs.

An air of pastoral tranquility pervaded this scene of nomad life in the wastes of Siberia, and seen in the grey twilight, as the darkness slowly gathered, it seemed like a wonderful dream.

We stayed over two hours with the hospitable Okokray and his amiable though uncivilized family, and fully satisfied with their kindness, we bade them good-night and started to return to our home.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and a faint beam cast its friendly light across the steppes.

Guiding ourselves over the trackless waste by a star, we walked along briskly for a couple of hours, feeling no inconvenience whatever from the frosty night, our heavy clothing being ample, and together with the sharp exercise, making the only trouble we experienced that of being over-dressed. Tired and exhausted, at last we sat down to make a more careful survey of the surroundings. Our landmarks (banks of snow) were nowhere to be seen; we had either passed them, or, which semed improbable, had not yet arrived at their site. While anxiously weighing these circumstances, our consultation was interrupted by a distant pattering sound on the snow, followed soon after by the appearance of a dog, whose joyous bark—as he came bounding over the plain, wagging his tail and expressing joy as only dogs can—proclaimed him a friend. We soon recognized the new-comer as Koyuta, our favorite hunter and a full blooded Russian.

This dog had always been shy with the men of our party, save when a rifle slung across our shoulders indicated that we were on a hunting expedition; then Koyuta became friendly and appeared to be entirely in his native element; and certainly I have seen few dogs more expert in capturing a bird on the water, or running down the fleet-footed fox, than our favorite. We were not a little surprised at the cordiality which he now exhibited, and expected that when he discovered that we were not after game, his friendliness would cease and perchance he would again leave us undisturbed to our anxious consultation.

But no; he trotted up to my side and laying his head on my lap, fixed his eyes intently on mine, then he darted away straight ahead, in an opposite direction to the one which we had been traveling.

Accepting the mute invitation thus eloquently proffered, and trusting to his instinct, we followed the intelligent animal and trudged on for a couple of hours more; but soon a fresh breeze sprang up, and the piercing blast whistled through our clothing, causing fearful pain.

Again we sat down exhausted, for cramps now stiffened our limbs, and the heavy woollen garments seemed to have lost their warmth. The dreadful conviction then dawned on my mind, that we were lost. Lost in a great Siberian desert! Thirst added its pangs, for if even we had succeeded in removing the frozen wrappers from our mouths, we could not have slaked it, as to have eaten the snow would have been to increase the thirst a hundred fold. To rest on the treacherous steppes was to court death. So still we tramped on, though disheartened and footsore.

I shall not soon forget that fearful walk—that race for dear life. At times one or the other of us sank down on the ice, and at such moments—moments replete with danger—the poor Koyuta licked our cold faces and howled compassionately. More often, we assailed each other with such blows as our enfeebled arms could deal; rough treatment truly, but necessary in this extreme emergency. Once my companion struck me a severe blow for the purpose of rousing me up, but forgetful of the friendly intention, I lashed myself into a terrible passion, and with every nerve quivering with rage and the blood seething in my veins, I returned the blow. The next moment my ungoverned temper subsided, and almost with tears I recalled the insult. The noble old sailor's heart was touched, and during the remainder of that frightful night he became as kind and tender as a woman. That passion was wild and unseemly, but nevertheless it saved my life.

Tramp! tramp! for the alternatives were momentous and clearly defined: Life on the one hand—death on the other. To render our desperate situation still more terrible, even the elements seemed to be marshalling against us. A low, muttering noise, swelling louder and louder as the moments found us crawling along, told of the storm about to burst upon us; dark clouds chased each other in the heavens—the Pourga was at hand! Few readers understand the terrible significance of the Pourga? It is the Siberian tempest; a furious outpouring of the elements; the god of storms leading his dread hosts to battle; hurricanes jostling each other in their mad career, scattering tons of snow, tearing even the frozen rivers from their beds, and hurling huge masses across the plains to meet and crush each other in furious collision—a battle of Titans, where the tempest hurls the ice, the ice crushes the snow, and the snow sweeps along in blinding clouds, obscuring everything.

Death, too, stalks abroad in the Pourga, and the reindeer cower and huddle together, their piteous cries drowned in the hoarse voice of the storm. The dogs then crouch close to the snow, and the foxes seek their deepest burrows. It is then that the wolves and jackals prowl abroad in savage hordes, seeking their victims under the mantling of the storm, and the affrighted deer cower yet lower and quiver with terror when the howl of these terrible savages is borne on its wild breath.

In one of these Pourgas, on another occasion, I had walked to a house about twenty-five or thirty yards distant from the one in which I lived, had reached my destination in a few moments, and was lost while returning. At this short distance, a house twenty-five feet square and twelve feet high was obscured and com-

pletely hidden by the drifting snow! In vain I made several attempts and sought by every means to coax a house-dog to lead me home; every moment I strayed farther and farther, and not even the repeated reports of firearms from the house by which my comrades sought to guide me home, reached my benumbed ears. At last, groping my way through the flying mass, I *stumbled* on the building. This occurred in the month of February, and thenceforward a stout cord was stretched between the two houses, made fast at each end at an elevation of four feet, and even then great difficulty was often experienced in *finding* the cord, covered as it sometimes became by large banks of snow. These perilous trips from house to house were made because the entire party ate in common in the main building.

Such the Siberian Pourga, and in almost such a one were we lost and houseless in the desert.

Can it be wondered then that in this situation the blood curdled in our veins; that our limbs refused obedience; that the brain seemed to have become paralyzed; while death wrapped its icy coils around our hearts, and despair entered where hope had fled? With death staring me on every side, I murmured a short prayer, and commending my soul to the mercies of the Lord of the Storms, I sank down to perish on the inhospitable tundras.

Koyuta appeared to comprehend and sympathize with the resolve, and with a howl the faithful beast lay down beside me. In a second I was asleep — that tranquil sleep which heralds freezing and death. My last thought was with the dear ones in my own distant home, and in pleasing array visions of all the loved ones, even to the lowliest objects in that happy home — the old gabled roof; the trim gardens; even Cæsar, the venerable house-dog—all defiled past me in long procession, tinging my latest moments of consciousness with a happiness that almost abated the rigor of the fate to which I seemed doomed.

But soon a warm breath fanned my icy cheeks, and I could almost *feel* the intensity of the gaze fastened on me from two glittering eyes that seemed to move every time I did, and to be zealously regarding my slightest motion. I opened my eyes and encountered that gaze as the fluttering bird meets that of the serpent. Rooted to the spot, I yielded, powerless, to the fascination; but the animal, doubtless tired of its position, shifted uneasily and placed its huge icy paws on my cold forehead. The movement restored me to consciousness. With fearful apprehension that I lay in the clutches of a wolf, I leaped to my feet with a wild yell, and sprang towards the beast, which crouched, where a moment before I had lain completely at its mercy—its body hidden in the gloom, nothing but those eager, glittering eyes visible. Alarmed, the animal darted away with a dismal howl. The moon, rising from a mass of dark clouds, revealed the fast retreating figure. Alas! it was Koyuta which my excited imagination had supposed a wolf, and in terror at my strange behavior, the faithful dog had fled, leaving me alone—alone with the muttering storm on the bleak steppes, for my comrade too had disappeared during my short sleep. Still the storm thundered, the snow drifted, and the riven ice clashed in the storm.

Again a rough shake awoke me, and looking up languidly, I beheld my companion—returned with the glad intelligence that we would yet be *saved*—news that in me awoke no emotion whatever. Life was at its ebb, and even a slight exertion to prolong it seemed poor exchange for the tranquil sleep in which my soul would have yielded itself up to God. My friend expostulated gently, but finding arguments of no avail, he seized me by the arm, and himself almost fainting, dragged me along with superhuman effort.

This treatment proved my salvation, inasmuch as by restoring some warmth to my blood, it kindled anew the desire to live. I was yet young, and life with all its ambitions, successes, and pleasures dawned upon my torpid brain, and enhanced a hundred-fold that natural instinct of life so natural to our weak race.

A third time, then, we toiled along side by side, till we arrived at the foot of a large snow-covered bluff rising abruptly from the margin of the river, and mounting this bluff, we surveyed the view with careful anxiety. It was now past four o'clock, and gravely we pondered over the prospect; exertion in the correct path might save us, while it was evident that under no circumstances could we survive another hour in the open air. Noting carefully and with straining eyes the snow banks, the boulders of ice scattered over the river, and the positions of even the smallest twigs not uprooted by the subsiding storm, with a shout of joy we beheld by the pale light of the dawning morn the tall spars of a wreck sunk in the harbor. It was the wreck of the ill-fated vessel which, nine months before, had borne me away from friends and civilization to this frozen and inhospitable land. We now knew that we were barely ten miles from home. Home! The home to which we now travelled, animated with fresh hope, was a rude wooden structure devoid of elegance, making no pretensions to architectural beauty. Yet how happy we felt in anticipation of again enjoying its friendly shelter, and a snug seat by the warm fire that burned cheerily within those shrunken frost-covered boards. As we walked, our garments, frozen stiff during the night, creaked and crackled at every step. My comrade, now wild with joy, rushed ahead leaving me to follow at my own pace. In justice to him, however, I must say that my appearance warranted his belief that I would reach the house unaided with safety.

I had now walked over thirty miles in the teeth of a Siberian storm. The events of a life had been crammed into one long, terrible, death-fraught night! Reason, tottering before, now succumbed, and in sight of the fleecy clouds of blue smoke mantling over the long-sought haven, my strength failed, a film came over my eyes and my limbs quivered; I whirled round and round, and with a stifled cry of despair, fell unconscious on the frozen bay: Salvation at hand yet impotent to save; near the house, yet doomed not to cross the threshold!

For a long time after, I was unconscious of the terrible fate from which I had been saved; the incoherence of delirium suggesting fears to my friends that though life might perhaps be saved, I would forever be a lunatic! The faces around me, when I first awoke to consciousness, were mournful and pitying; the storm had spent its fury, and calm had succeeded. No sound disturbed the quiet of the darkened room in which I lay.

The rest of my story is soon told. As may be supposed, my companion, on reaching the house, had alarmed them with a statement of my condition, and, brave as ever, my gallant friends came promptly to the rescue. A moment later, and they might have been too late. I was found on the ice, and with one knee bent, apparently engaged in a fearful though silent struggle with an imaginary assailant. In the fierceness of the encounter my hands became uncovered, and they were black and stiff when my friends reached the spot; my limbs were deadened, and it was found impossible to bend them without danger of snapping them into pieces; the foam frozen on my lips, hung in pendant icicles, while I was totally unconscious, and in that state I had hurled my gloves away.

Who was this phantom of my brain, or was it a real assailant? Could it have been Death with whom I wrestled in that silent, deadly and unwitnessed struggle? Alone, on the frozen river, was it the natural instinct which supported me in a battle where the implacable Angel sought to bereave the half-lifeless clay of its immortal tenant? Who can tell?

I was badly frozen. By the application of friction to the injured parts, the frost was gradually extracted from all but the right hand, which resisted every effort. A fortnight after, mortification commenced to creep over the black and swollen surface, and an amputation became necessary.

Thanks to the improvidence of my employers, the station only boasted an incomplete medicine chest, and the amputating tools were recruited from a carpenter's box.

Convalescence was not the least of my troubles, and for a long time I lay completely helpless in a bunk, the sides of which were coated with hoar-frost and admitted the wind, and at times even the fine snow found its way through the numerous crevices; not the smallest item of discomfort being coarse and improper diet. It soon became apparent that—from want of proper instruments, or surgical instruments of any kind—the amputation had been performed in an incomplete manner, and another and more skillful one became necessary. At Honolulu this was ably performed; but the already-mutilated and almost lifeless remainder of the unfortunate hand dangling at my side will be a lasting and mournful memento of my night on the Steppes.

SOME FACTS ABOUT HER.

WHEN I was twenty-one years old, I was a student in Philadelphia. I had labored tediously through half of my allotted term at College. With a strong love for art, my father's preference and imperative orders had forced me to adopt his own profession, that of medicine, utterly against my own inclination. As a matter of course, I had few acquaintances and fewer friends among my college class-mates. I lived and moved and had my actual earthly being in a pleasant circle of artists and lovers of art, into which I had been casually thrown and cordially received soon after my first arrival in the city. My residence was in a building devoted chiefly to studios, but containing several apartments besides, which were nominally, when empty, to rent to any responsible people, but which were almost always occupied as rooms in such a building almost always will be, by those who have some sort of interest, near or remote, in the tastes and professional habits of the majority of the occupants.

The lessee of the house, Mrs. Wilton, was the elderly widow of a landscape painter, who when he died had left more reputation than fortune behind him; and to all of us permanent dwellers she was house mother and a friend as well; especially to those of us living, as I did, in her own immediate domain, the uppermost floor of the five which made the building.

We used to have pleasant times there. This upper floor was a little colony of some twenty members, almost all by itself in the heart of a great city. Entirely so but for the kindred points at which it touched its neighbors on the floors below. Coming home at night-

fall was coming home for good till morning, with but few exceptions, for nearly all who called it home. Each one was his or her own house-keeper and cook, and the odor of impending dinners, fragrance less familiar to the wealthier people down stairs, pervaded every evening the long corridor of our floor. It came through the open doors of the different rooms, from the little stoves in each, and floated away through the ventilating sky-lights in the roof.

Home for good till morning, because there was no reason for going out. The colony held its own resources for amusement. A musician lived there, since and now famous and rich, who had organized an orchestra and a quartette club. An author, whose name is better known now than he ever dared dream then it would be, started a histrionic society, for which he wrote parlor-plays. And our artists, some of whom are dead to-day, some popular and wealthy, some still Bohemian and struggling and cheerful as in the old times, were singers, actors, property-men, or costumers as occasion required.

At the time I mention, at the close of my second year of study, two artist sisters—English girls—and Mrs. Wilton were the only ladies on our floor.

Just then one suite of rooms in the colony was vacant. Its former occupant had gone to New York with a definite prospect of a larger income than his profession gave him in Philadelphia. But on coming home one night after a hard day's work, to my surprise I found the vacant rooms empty no longer. As I passed their outer door, a young lady in deep mourning was directing a porter in regard to the moving of some trunks that stood in the corridor ; and as she spoke, two others, also in dresses of black, came through the open doorway to assist her. Lifting my hat, I passed them too quickly to discern their faces.

After my dinner that evening, as I sat talking with an artist neighbor, our landlady knocked at my door. She opened it at my summons and came in. She wanted us to come to her parlor to meet some young relatives of hers who had arrived that afternoon from the country, from some little village in the interior of the State, on their first visit to the city and their first attempt to earn their own living. They were well educated girls, she said ; each one accomplished, in fact, in her own way. One knew something of singing, another could teach the piano, and the third, who had been used to taking charge of her father's house, she was sure would make a good wife for somebody. Their father, poor things, was supposed to be very well off in his lifetime, but when he died, some six months before, his estate was found to be horribly involved ; and when it came to be settled the girls were left without a penny. They had written to her and asked her advice, and she had found a place in a thread-store for one, and several music pupils for another ; but Linda, the one who knew something of singing, had nothing to do so far. So she had given them her vacant rooms and told them to stay there as long as they liked, and pay her their rent whenever they could. She knew we should like them, and was sure they would feel at home after a little while ; and she thought the best way to effect this latter purpose would be for any or all of us on the floor who could do so, to look into her parlor casually during the evening, and get acquainted with them. So I called and made their acquaintance.

Mary, the oldest of the three, was the one who had kept house for her father, and the one who was going to the thread-store. It was she whom I had seen at her door directing the porter. She was about twenty-three years old, tall, dark, and with a face which would have been handsome had it not shown lines of care altogether too deep for her age ; she looked like a woman who had

not only borne responsibilities and trials, but who had taken them at their full value and heir heaviest weight. A woman with too little elasticity of disposition. So little, that I could imagine her meeting some sorrow some day that would crush her beyond any chance of mental reaction. Perhaps even creating it if it would not come ; fighting unreal disaster and falling under shadowy blows.

Florence taught music. She was a little, characterless, forceless blonde, relying wholly upon Mary and Mrs. Wilton for aid and suggestions ; ready to visit her pupils or to do anything else that they told her to, but entirely unable to originate an idea herself. She was the youngest sister, and was at that time about seventeen ; she was sure I would like her sister Mary, but felt doubtful regarding my opinion of Linda. Linda was cold and severe ; she was afraid of her at times. Still Linda was very handsome. People said so, at least.

I was talking with Florence before either of her sisters came in. While she spoke of Linda, the door opened and they entered. People did well to call her handsome. That is, people whose vocabulary held no better word by which to characterize her more justly. She was above medium height, with a figure whose outlines were those of feminine perfection, whose motions were embodied grace. She was a brunette in every respect save her eyes, which were gray. They were strange eyes. At their owner's conscious or unconscious bidding they were imperious or tender, merciless in their iron hardness or lustrous and melting and looking passionate love. To describe her face in detail would be like analyzing a Pauline rose. That so many petals make up its absolute beauty, each petal a living ideal of what a crimson rose-leaf should be, tells all. And so I say of Linda's face in its several features.

There is a head of the first Emperor by Paul Delaroche, where an inflexible purpose, reckless of good or evil, shadows the beauty of the face. A purpose born of irresistible will triumphant over despair.

I had talked but a few minutes with Linda after our first introduction, when at a pause in the conversation something that she or I had said threw her into a momentary reverie. At that time I had never seen this painting by Delaroche. But a long while after, when it was familiar to me, I recognized in the Emperor's look the expression the reverie gave her. A prophetic instinct might have told me what such a look might mean when seen on the face of a young girl with vigorous vitality, a keen and well-developed intellect, and passions held *only* in check, like hounds in leash, by a will stronger than they. Might have told me, but did not then. With added years it would have done so. No: at the time it gave me nothing more than a little better knowledge of her character, as I fancied; fancied, I fear, with but slight foundation ; but neither then nor in its frequent repetition, as we knew each other longer, did a suspicion of the events it might foreshadow cross my mind.

The evening passed away very pleasantly. Despite her air of settled melancholy, Mary proved to be excellent company. Our musical director ordered in his orchestra, and a dance was organized in the spacious corridor, in which everybody but the musicians took part. Then later in the night we detailed a force of cooks, who summoned us after a while, when orchestra, dancers and all grew tired, to supper in Mrs. Wilton's parlor. I had gone out and ordered wine and ice-cream as especial luxuries at the initiation of our new members, and everybody grew merry as the festivities came to a close. Everybody but little Weston, the artist, the smallest and by far the most pompous man in the house, particularly the

most arrogant and overbearing when about half drunk. I had watched him, however, and had seen him making occasional furtive visits to his room, where I knew he kept supplies of whisky; and at the right moment succeeded in capturing him and carrying him off. Our new comers and the English girls fraternized (is that the word in this case?) with perfect understanding, and I heard them all laughing and talking together in Linda's quarters, as I turned down my gas-light and got into bed. I was tired but not so much so as to avoid lying wide awake for a long while, listening to the girls' voices in the opposite room and trying to distinguish Linda's among them. I did not dream of her, though. People seldom do of what they think of most.

Days, weeks and months went by. Our little colony remained unchanged. The new comers subsided quietly into its habits and ways, giving and accepting hospitalities after the manner of the floor; two of them, at least, contented and happy in their new home. Only Linda seemed dissatisfied. At first she had assumed charge of the household affairs of the family. The united incomes of Mary and Florence were amply sufficient, in those days of cheap prices, to support all three; and as Mary's occupation kept her away from home all day, and Florence's housekeeping abilities were about equal to those of a baby, Linda was really doing her duty. But before long the duty had grown to be a burden. She spoke of it freely in that way. She hated such routine drudgery, she said. We naturally tried to find out what she would like to do. It was perfectly understood among all of us on the floor that labor of some sort was our necessary lot in life, and no false pride prevented any one of us from discussing the question of ways and means of work with the others. Even my income from my father was regarded simply as an equivalent for my daily hard labor at my studies, although I was the only one of the community who was favored with an allowance from a relative.

Linda could not tell. Would she teach? Some of us knew members of the school-committee, and would try to find a situation for her in some school. No: teaching disgusted her. Would she do as Mary did? The unfortunate individual who advanced this idea was ignored by Linda for a week afterward. Would she like law-copying? By no means. Writing crazed her. We went over the very limited number of openings for labor that modern civilization offers to women, but none of them suited her. And day by day she grew more restless—day by day household duties were neglected—until the peace and unity of the sisters seemed in serious danger.

My interest in Linda began before I knew her. Florence's fear of her sister gave rise in my mind to the question of why should she fear her; and, after the fashion of men, to wonder on general principles why any woman, how any woman, could be the object of that especial emotion. Without attempting any solution of either problem, I only state facts. My first evening with her deepened my interest. I saw in her a physical vigor rare among my countrywomen, and an intellectual strength surpassing any I had ever met in a woman till then, and very seldom in any one. And when, added to these, I saw a beauty that I thought then and think still unequalled, was it strange that the deepening interest should turn to liking —the liking to love? Was the look that I saw on her face the first evening we met, forgotten? No. Not forgotten. Only misinterpreted.

Although attendance on lectures formed the greater portion of my routine duties of study, there were several hours during the day which I usually devoted to reading. Customarily I per-

formed this part of my work in the library of the college. One morning, when I was going out, Linda asked me why I could not bring my books home and read there. The idea had never occurred to me before. Home had been to me a dwelling place only. I had always preferred leaving anything that might remind me of the distasteful labor of my profession behind me, each day when I left the college. As I walked down town, I thought of her suggestion. The longer I thought of it, the more pleasant it seemed. Her house-work over by noon, her sitting-room in order, she with her sewing and I with my books, going through the afternoon with a quiet, home-like satisfaction, made up a picture of still life that I grew anxious to see. After the closing lecture that day, the lecture ending at one o'clock, I selected the volumes I wanted and went home.

My picture of still life was embodied that afternoon. So pleasantly for me, I hoped and believed for Linda too, that it was repeated the next day and the day after, and grew easily into a habit.

At first I read as assiduously as I had done in the library. An occasional glance at my companion, as she sat sewing at one side of the window, and I, reading, at the other ; a remark now and then from her or from me ; once in a while an admonition that if I talked too much I could not study ; Linda's visits to the adjoining room as the sun sank lower, to see how the cooking of the dinner went on ; Florence's entrance from her round of lessons ; Mary's return from the shop ; and finally, dinner and cessation of toil for all of us, formed the programme of these afternoons for weeks.

But Linda was tiring of household cares. The occasional remarks of the afternoon became more frequent. Of course, they necessitated listening and replies. Then study and conversation could hardly be carried on at the same time without more or less detriment to both, so the books began to be laid down and work to slacken.

That she grew more charming to me is hardly to be wondered at. Although about my own age, her womanhood gave her years of advantage over me, notwithstanding my own greater knowledge of the world and its ways. I was her confidant to a very limited degree, though I foolishly imagined to a complete one. Better than any one else on the floor, better even than her sisters, I knew her discomfort, and thought I knew its causes. I knew how her nature rebelled against its present contracted existence. I believed I knew what her ambition was. And so, in this unfortunate belief, one afternoon when we had let study and work lie still, I told her I loved her, and asked her to be my wife.

I was sure then—I am sure now—that her *liking* for me was greater than that for any one else whom she knew in the world ; but, although I never saw her surprised, I think my proposal came to her entirely without warning.

In an instant the look that I knew so well, the look that I never read rightly, came over her face. Then she took my hand between both of her own, and told me—very gently—that I had fearfully misunderstood her ; that what I asked was impossible.

My self-control was gone. With prayers and entreaties I begged her not to say so. She knew my future. She knew how happy I would try to make her. Selfishly and in utter despair I urged her consent for the sake of a life that without her would be only a weary waiting for death. Then, breaking down utterly, I wept in bitterness of heart. For, with unchanged face, but in a voice as tender and compassionate as that of a mother soothing a suffering child, she told me again she could never love me.

After a dreary evening and a fevered and restless night, I sunk at day-break into a dreamless sleep, mentally and

physically worn out. I was roused by a violent knocking at my door. I heard the noise, but for a few seconds I lay conscious of nothing but the heavy and hopeless pain at the heart, which comes with the waking remembrance that the burden of a great sorrow must be carried for another day. The knocking went on, and women's voices called my name.

I dressed hastily and opened the door. Mrs. Wilton caught my hand and led me across the hall to Linda's door. In the outer room, where Linda usually slept, lay Mary in her night dress, prostrate on the floor, in strong hysterical convulsions. Florence sat by her, sobbing and crying in her helpless way. We lifted Mary from the floor and carried her to her own bed in the next room, and hastily writing a prescription, I sent my artist-neighbor for appropriate medicine.

It was yet early in the morning. My sleep could not have been long. When my messenger came back, I gave Mary the preparation I had ordered, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the spasms lessen in intensity and time of duration, and her consciousness returning. At length she lay quietly free from hysteria, but moaning feebly, and at intervals pressing her hand over her heart as if to allay its pain. Before leaving her in Mrs. Wilton's care and returning to my room to complete my toilet, I asked where Linda was. Mary looked at me in despairing appeal, and Florence, saying nothing, handed me a folded note. With a premonition of another blow, I slowly opened and read it. It said:

"I go my own way.—Linda."

Stunned and bewildered I looked at Mrs. Wilton for explanation. In a few words she told me all. When Mary rose that morning, she had, after her usual custom, gone in to waken Linda, leaving Florence awake but still in bed. Florence heard her cry out, and then fall on the floor. She ran to aid her, and found her in the same condition in which she was when I saw her. Linda's bed had been unoccupied during the night. Clutched firmly in Mary's hand, Mrs. Wilton, who had heard her cry and had hurried in, found the note I had just read.

Linda's flight had evidently been premeditated and its preliminaries carefully arranged. Her trunk was gone, every article of her clothing had vanished, even the books which belonged to her had been taken from the shelves where the sisters kept their little library. With all the strength I could gather, I nerved myself for immediate action. I told Mary not to despair; that I would leave nothing undone to find her sister. I went at once to the office of police, told my story, and in a very short time had detectives tracking every conceivable avenue by which she could have left the city, and searching the city itself through and through to discover her if she still remained there. After exhausting every method to trace her and to find her that my mind could suggest, not for myself—I knew too well that in any event she was lost to me forever—but for the sake of the poor girls at home, I returned to Mary's bedside. The hysterical convulsions seemed permanently quieted, but a condition of mental torpor and physical exhaustion had supervened. My most cheerful and encouraging words failed to elicit any response in kind. She said that Linda, her darling, was gone; she should never see Linda any more. And over and over again she repeated the same sad, set phrases.

Poor Florence was doing her best to put the apartment in order, but giving way to fresh tears and new outbursts of grief every few minutes, as she thought anew of Linda, and saw her own weakness and inability. The English sisters came in presently, however, and they and Mrs. Wilton took charge of the girls and their household affairs.

The search was not confined to the police. Everyone on the floor, everybody in the house in fact, abandoned business for the day and joined in the attempts to find the fugitive. I had done all I could. I sat in my room, desolate and alone, and thought of the harder task to come. Of wearing through the weary future till time, the great consoler, should blunt the keenness of my sorrow. Of mourning for my lost love if she were dead. Of mourning more, of grieving with a jealousy bitter as the grave, if she lived and loved another. There was no help. There was none to aid. My cross lay before me. I had no choice but to take it up, and with all the strength of my manhood, to carry it bravely. And if I sank, I sank.

The night came, but it brought no news of Linda. Advertisements were placed in the newspapers, and handbills describing her as fully as possible were posted through the streets of the city. The week went by, and still the search was fruitless. Each day was but a repetition of the former one. Finally the active attempts to discover the missing girl ceased, and she lived in memory only in the archives of the police, and in the minds and hearts of those who had known and loved her.

Mary's physical health improved to a slight degree in the first few weeks of her sorrow, but her mind seemed still immmovably fixed upon her lost sister. Her employment had, of course, to be abandoned, from her inability to resume it; and the sisters, having nothing but Florence's fees for support, were forced to seek cheaper quarters. Mrs. Wilton wanted them to stay where they were; but we all knew how illy she could afford to lose the rent of so large an apartment, and we advised the two girls to take my single room, while I transferred my traps to a spare corner in one of those of my artist-neighbor.

I have little more to tell of my life in Philadelphia. Months and years passed away, and Linda made no sign. In their humble way, Mary and Florence put on again, for her, the mourning they had laid aside in the happy days when they were all together—believing that their sister was dead. I could not join them in their belief. I cannot tell why. I felt that she was living, and that some day, I knew not when, I should see her again in the likeness of earth. Mary gradually regained a certain amount of mental vigor. Florence married a wealthy down-town merchant who had met her at some house where she gave music lessons, and she and her husband took Mary home to live with them.

Without heart or hope I went through my course of studies and was graduated. In opposition to my father's wishes, I entered the navy. I wanted travel. I wanted to forget my old home and all its associations. If it might be possible, to forget myself.

A note, signed "Linda," was handed to me one evening in Paris. Eight years had gone by since I left Philadelphia. I had been changed from ship to ship at my own request, having no shore duty in all that time. I went to see her next morning. My route lay through that part of the city inhabited chiefly by the families of the old legitimist nobility. The date was A.D., 1859. What Haussmann, the magnificent Pacha of the Seine, may have done with the Faubourg St. Germain since then, I know not. But at that time there stood a house at the corner of a narrow street, and a wide one, near the centre of the quarter, noticeable for the unusual extent of the grounds around it. It was the one designated in Linda's note of the evening before.

As I approached the door a servant in plain clothes came towards me. Raising his hat he asked if he had the honor of addressing Monsieur the Doctor Ronalds. I told him that the name was mine. He said that Madame the Princess would see me at once. I fol-

lowed him up a spacious stairway, through immense saloons of rich appointments, into a small inner room. Showing me a seat he went out, closing the door after him. A door on the side of the room opposite where I had entered opened, and Linda came in. I had waited many years for this moment. Years of pain at first; but time, the great consoler, had gone beyond his office. I learned to know not only that Linda could never love me, but that the emotion of love, were she still living, would forever remain to her, regarding any human being, a thing impossible and unknown.

So I met her without the slightest heart-throb, and so she met me. We were old friends again at once. She had seen no one of the little colony, till I came, since she left it. She wanted no news of it, however. She was perfectly informed about all that had happened since her flight; much better than I, regarding the existent condition of affairs at home, with her sisters and her old friends. I wanted to know how she managed to leave so secretly and to cover her track with such skill. She gave me, in condensed detail, her history since our last meeting. A Bremen ship went down the river with the ebb that night, at one o'clock. She had arranged for passage several days before. A sailor waited in the street till signalled, and then took her trunk on his shoulder to a wharf where a boat was in waiting. She had ascertained from the captain that the vessel would probably never return to America, and that in this way her destination and purpose would remain unknown. She had a little money, saved from her father's estate—Mrs. Wilton was wrong in saying the sisters were left without a penny—and she obtained more by selling her jewelry. She landed at Bremen and made her way to Florence. There she devoted a year to the cultivation of her voice. She made her debut at Milan, achieving a certain success as a singer, but a thousand times more from her beauty. She then accepted the protection of a very wealthy nobleman, a Russian diplomat, who died shortly afterward. But, before death, he had given her nearly all of his immense fortune, and when he left the world she assumed his name and the title of Princess. Her ambition was for fame and power. By her relations with the Russian she attained wealth, the source of power. By her subsequent life she attained fame.

I reminded her that I did not know her present name. She mentioned it. It was the name of a woman known to all the world as one of the most powerful political intriguants in Europe. Powerful beyond almost any other, for she held nothing sacred. Her wealth, her beauty, her womanhood, were each and all to her merely instruments of her ambition. A woman without principle, love, honor, faith or God.

Linda had gone her own way.

E T C

THE eve of a great election, whatever may be one's political sympathies or the issues involved, is not, I believe, conducive to moral philosophy or æsthetic repose. Macaulay has already pointed out the evils which belong to this expression of democratic government, with that admirable clearness which always distinguishes one's views of an opposing policy; but it is fair to presume that he knew nothing of those remarkable wagers upon the issues of an election which make wonderful an American campaign. How his fine Tory instincts would have revolted at the spectacle of a northern republican wheeling a barrel of apples through the streets, or a democratic descendant of a chivalrous cavalier playing upon a hand-organ, one may shudder to anticipate. Yet these *et ceteras* of democratic government are becoming more prevalent at each election, and we already hear of several such wagers that are dependant upon the issues of the present campaign.

The enthusiastic student of history who traces these sensational forfeits to a burlesque of that age of chivalry lamented by Burke, will of course contend that it is quite as bold to stand up to one's belief against the shafts of ridicule, as to face the stout lance of an adversary in the olden wager of battle. After all, it matters little whether we are upholding the charms of the matchless Grant and the peerless Seymour, or the rival graces of the paragon Roxana and the queen-like Florinda; whether we do it with battle-axe and mace, or hand-organ and wheelbarrow, as long as we are doing something uncomfortable to us, and amusing to the spectators. I would suggest, however, that the wager of ridicule has the disadvantage of becoming in time exceedingly indefinite. It will be admitted that hard knocks, battery, wounds and death are at all times and under all conditions unpleasant; while on the other hand, a ridiculous act once performed loses as it were its ridiculousness by repetition and imitation. After a man has once wheeled his adversary through a public thoroughfare, or danced a Highland fling on the portico of the town hall, the next man cannot hope to achieve perfect idiotic exclusiveness by doing the same thing. He must undertake an inanity entirely original. The public require change in their amusements. It is observed that the Roman pilgrims who first ascend the penitential steps with peas in their shoes, are the only ones who obtain from the critical spectators any credit for piety; the mob that follow may use the same peas, but they suffer unadmired. Remember that the good St. Simeon was obliged to increase the height of his pillars. Even at the altitude of a hundred cubits, conversions languished and skepticism flourished, and I have sometimes fancied he sang *nunc dimittis* as much through prudence as exhaustion.

The increase of ridiculous wagers naturally militates against their effectiveness. Twelve foremost members of the Republican party, acting as *chiffoniers*, armed with hooks and baskets, and preceded by a brass band, would really be less amusing in their lunacy than an occasional and sporadic Democrat mounted on water-cart with a trombone. It is evident, therefore, that some new and startling piece of ridiculous forfeiture must be adopted for each wager, that shall invest the loser with that *bizarre* exceptionalness and solitude that best becomes the butt. How difficult that may be, any one who has read of a Roman carnival will understand; and perhaps also why the *sbirri* sometimes have to check ridiculous invention. A few portly politicians, as male Godivas, mounted on mules, pursuing their penitential way through Montgomery street at high noon, would be novel—for once only. And this kind of thing must stop somewhere.

As a mere matter of forfeiture—of deprivation, discomfort and unpleasantness—various substitutes might be suggested. A chivalrous Democrat might be debarred for the space of a calendar year any allusion to Thomas Jefferson, the Resolutions of '98, or superior races; his Republican antagonist accepting in turn utter silence in regard to the New England school system, moral law,

and the Adams family. The interdiction of certain irrepressible quotations: Toombs' remarks concerning a roll-call of slaves on Bunker Hill, Stephens' "corner stone" allusion, Beecher's "Sharpe's rifle and Bible," Gerritt Smith's "covenant with Hell," and anything from Wendell Phillips or Mr. Yancey, would be part of the forfeiture. A southern Democrat might be obliged to follow Webster's spelling and pronunciation for the six months following the defeat of his candidate, and confined rigidly to a single "l" in "travelling," while his northern Republican antagonist waited for a waggon with a single "g," and was sometimes forced to give a "cheque" without a "k." The southwestern Democrat might be forbidden to call a small pebble "a rock," and a northeastern Republican prevented from alluding to it as "a stun." Difficult as these penances would be, they would at least be free from the objections which attend the progress of ludicrous forfeits in political wagers, and might be of ultimate good to each party.

GOSSIP ABROAD.

"UNDER THE QUIRINAL GARDENS."

The fêtes on occasion of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Piedmont are suspended, and the poor wearied young people are reposing in the Palace of Monza. Of the rival cities, Florence, Genoa, and Venice, Genoa seems to have carried off the palm for the beauty and magnificence with which she arrayed herself to welcome the bridal pair. The illuminations were particularly splendid. Much of the marvellous effect produced was doubtless owing to the peculiarly rich architectural decorations of the city. Masks, and arabesque; rich foliage, wreaths, and flowers; statues and bas-reliefs adorn the palaces. Over all, there shimmered the rays sent forth by a thousand lights. High towers, and rounded domes; pinnacles, and turrets; hanging gardens; barks festooned with Venetian lanterns, and frigates blazing with Bengal lights, alike caught and repeated the wondrous glory. Electric lights flashed far out at sea. Fires burned brightly on distant mountain tops. It seemed as if the Mediteranean had left its bed, and transforming its waters into waves of fire, swept in triumph over the whole fair city, and bathed it again and again in the new element.

And when the Prince and Princess rode slowly through the streets, the enthusiasm of the populace knew no bounds as they beheld their Margaret, "la nostra Margherita" as they love to call her, dressed in the Genoese veil, the representative costume of the women of the city. This is simply a long breadth of pure clear muslin, caught at the back of the head and hanging over the shoulders, and down nearly to the knee. To their salutations, she replied with her fan, thus delighting them still further. The parasol is unknown as a protection against the sun by the common people, who supply its place by the fan, and never consider their outdoor costume complete without the said little implement. But I must give no further detail of these fêtes. They have been on the whole well managed, have given a vast deal of innocent pleasure, and will, we hope, tend to link the heart of Italy towards her future rulers.

The death of Cardinal Andrea occurred suddenly in Rome since the date of my last letter. It is a very serious loss to the liberal party; the Cardinal always having been one of its leaders. He had long sought, and just obtained permission to leave Rome, and was to set out on his journey the very day after his death occurred. He had driven out, with the intention of prolonging his drive upon the Campagna, when he was seized with faintness and difficulty of breathing, and ordered the coachman to return to the palace. Medical aid was called, but in vain, and he died, seated in his chair. The funeral obsequies were celebrated with great pomp; the Pope being present, and giving absolution to the deceased prelate. All sorts of rumors are current with regard to the cause of the Cardinal's death, which seems somewhat enveloped in mystery.

The Vatican court is interesting itself more in what it considers royal marriages than in the death of a rebellious prelate. A few days ago was celebrated the marriage of Alfonso Bourbon, brother of Francis II, with Antoinette Bourbon, his cousin. Francis II was of course present, and the ex-Duke of Parma, with Cardinals, Neapolitan Princes, and Roman nobles in abundance. The ceremony took place in the private

chapel of his Holiness. The toilettes were magnificent, and the chapel very richly arrayed. The Pope himself blessed the nuptial ring, and presented it to the bridegroom, performed mass, and blessed the union; after which, he delivered a short address, and the services closed with a renewed benediction. The procession then followed His Holiness to the Vatican, where a collation was spread for the refreshment of the guests. Before retiring to the Farnese palace, the bride and groom offered prayer at the Tomb of the Apostles. This marriage is soon to be followed by that of Maria Pia, the sister of the ex-King. Maria Pia was one of those attacked last year by cholera in Albano, and the only member of her family who survived, among those smitten with the disease. She marries the ex-Duke of Parma. It is but a short time since that another of the brothers of Francis II married one of the daughters of the Queen of Spain; a marriage which gave great delight to the latter.

But let us leave courts and courtly marriages, and speak of things more directly interesting to Americans. Our country-people have simply disappeared. The shops in the Via Condotti are deserted. Most of the hotels are closed. The milk-shops and bakeries hang thick with the Francescos and Luigis, who lately waited so respectfully on our friends and fleeced them so decorously. The padrones de casa (landlords) are counting their gains, and calculating how much more to add to the rent of the next year. Red Murrays are no longer visible in the hands of excited groups of Yankees, and the coachmen pensively crack their whips, and sigh for the days that are gone as the summer heats come in.

Mr. Adams made us a flying visit, and was entertained by Buchanan Read, at a very handsome dinner. Some twenty gentlemen were present, and greatly enjoyed the society of the distinguished guest. Read has left us, and is on his way to Dusseldorf, where he will paint for Mr. Dewey, of California, his Sheridan's Ride. The rough drawing for this embodiment of his beautiful poem has been hanging all winter on his walls, and we have longed to see it carried out. Yewell has taken for next winter the studio which Bierstadt and Read lately occupied. He and Loop have climbed the mountain of Perugia, between Rome and Florence, and sent back to us most eloquent descriptions of their pleasant life there. Loop is the happy inhabitant of an old villa just below the city, on the side of the mountain. The grounds are full of enchanting artistic bits, he tells us, and the views most lovely. He is hard at work; choosing his landscapes from outside his studio window, and introducing into them figures which might have stepped forth from the old villa in its youth, over two hundred years ago. Mrs. Loop has her studio too, in a room which has its story; having been painted after the French revolution of the last century by a French emigrant, hidden away there by the ancestors of the present owners of the villa, and employing his leisure time in bringing into the walls of the house the abundant beauty which surrounded it, and introducing amid the trees and vines their owners and the peasantry to whose labors that beauty owed its being. Mrs. Loop is a true helpmeet to her husband; not only from her love and appreciation of his art, but from her own progress in its pursuit. We were very much struck with some of the portraits she painted while in Rome last year. Perhaps the most striking was that of Dr. J. B. Gould, the American physician, which was universally pronounced a most happy and truthful likeness. Mr. and Mrs. Loop will spend their next winter in Paris, to the great regret of their Roman friends.

Yewell insists that his home in the heart of the old city of Perugia is still preferable to that in a country house, and that he is simply revelling in the wealth of beauty before him in the churches and galleries, the walls and arches of the Estruscan tower. He is now painting in the choir of the old St. Peter's Church, introducing some of the famous wood-carving, which there abounds, with the architectural beauty of the building.

Some of the artists have closed their studios for the season. Ives and Rogers are still hard at work, and when they send off the figures upon which they are now engaged, will follow them to Munich, where they are to be cast. Rinehart is still here. Mozier and Story have gone.

The painters are lingering; many of them

loath to leave the glorious sun-light, and to lose the long days which the summer has brought.

Our little band of female artists is also unbroken, with the exception of Miss Stebbins, whom family affairs have called home. These brave women are an honor to their country and their sex, and hold their own nobly beside their brother artists.

I had intended to tell you something of ordinary family life among our country-people here, but they have so dispersed that I must wait until fall to resume either in person or on paper. I have fallen into the sort of Roman life that the weather seems to demand. Rising very early, I find the Café Greco open even before I reach it, and one or two of my artist friends gathered around the tables, which are placed for the sake of the cool morning air outside the door. They soon hasten to their studios, and I mark out my morning's work; a stroll among the ruins, a scamper outside the gates, or an early visit to a gallery. The latter, however, are not open very early, so that I must loiter either in studio or church before I can persuade the porters to be visible. And then I have an hour of pure enjoyment among the beautiful creations of Greek art, or the chef d'œuvres of the old masters of painting. And after the sight-seeing of the morning is over, comes the siesta; an institution in Rome during the summer. The shops are closed, the streets deserted, the carriages drawn off the piazza, and the very kitchens empty. Everybody has departed to the land of Nod. Rome sleeps. And we Americans are advised to do as the Romans do. Then there is the dinner at the Lepri; the old time trysting-place of the artists in the afternoon, as is the Café Greco in the morning. Our afternoons demand a chat in the studios, and later a drive on the Campagna; perhaps a visit to a villa or vineyard famous for good wine, or peculiar Italian delicacy; or we visit an open-air theater, or stroll in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. My evenings I devote sacredly to my correspondence, and that over am glad to seek my room. But my Roman friends; the friends with whom one surrounds one's self without ever having interchanged a word with them, have taken so long a siesta that they seem scarcely to require any sleep at night. Their voices in song, or the music of the mandoline, often mingles themselves with my dreams.

The weather is much cooler than it was last month. We have had some rain; an unusual event at this season. Just after the procession of Corpus Domini had taken refuge in the great Cathedral, the clouds which had been gathering in blackness broke over our heads. This was on Thursday last. I have told you nothing of this festa, which has some remarkably interesting features. Representatives of the various basilicas and churches in the city, bearing the canopies carried over the Host, gilded bells, banners, and crucifixes; an interminable line of friars and monks, priests, Monsignori and Cardinals march slowly around the great piazza which surrounds St. Peters; chanting not with most musical voices. Behind them is borne the Pope, bearing the Host in sight of the people, who kneel as he passes. The noble guard bring up the rear, mounted, and follow His Holiness until he rëenters the church. This scene is very impressive, and brings together a vast concourse of the peasants from the Campagna in their picturesque costumes; many of them on this occasion for the first time entering the church, whose grand dome swings in sight of their cabins, miles away from the walls of Rome.

I bid your readers farewell, from the eternal city. Rome is an enchantress, and we could willingly sit all summer at her feet. But before another month shall have passed, her Anglo Saxon visitors must take wing for more northern climes.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CAMORS; OR LIFE UNDER THE NEW EMPIRE—from the French of Octave Feullet. New York: Blelock & Co. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

We are pleased to learn from the translator's preface to this remarkable book that "French fiction of to-day is a far cleaner thing than the English." This ought to be a consolation to that large class of readers who have been in the habit of taking their French fiction stealthily, and with a guilty consciousness of danger and wrong-doing. To know that they have, in the words of the translator, "inherited with the English language many English prejudices," will relieve them of some sin, at the expense perhaps of some gratification. For it seems plain enough that if, after reading "Camors" they are not convinced of its profound morality, it can only be because they are still in the bonds of prejudice, and bring to this virtuous history an intellect thoroughly debased by the pages of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Reade and Collins—men who know positively nothing of the universal *anankeism* of things in general, and are profoundly ignorant of the pyschology of woman.

We must, however, protest against the translator's assertion that "comic spelling and bad grammar make up the staple of American popular reading." If we are not misinformed, M. Dumas and Victor Hugo are quite popular in the circulating libraries, and have as often become epidemic. Indeed, in the mind of the youthful American apprentice the sublime philosophy of Victor Hugo is apt to be gracefully intertwined with the sagacious axioms of Josh Billings, and the Three Guardsmen have walked arm in arm with the heroes of Beadle's Dime Novels. But we learn also that "a glance in many a Broadway window at the indecencies of late American journalism run mad" will show us how depraved we have become, and we turn at last with a feeling of relief to the pure and undefiled fountain of Octave Feullet's "Camors."

A close perusal of the story of this nefarious but seductive Camors leads us to believe, however, that his life, if illustrated, would not look pretty in the typical show window before alluded to. Yet such is the difference between French moral object-teaching with type and American moral object-teaching with graver and pencil, that M. Camors' adventures may be virtuously recorded in a volume that shall be moral and suitable for family reading, when a bare outline of them in a show-window is sufficient to call the attention of the police. The ingenuity which produces this is peculiar to French fiction. *M. Camors*, after a despicable act, invariably retires in a fog of gloomy rhetoric not unlike that inky cloud said to be emitted by the cuttle fish when pursued. Whenever M. Camors insults womanhood—which he is perpetually doing—he deftly retreats into M. Octave Feullet, his creator, very much as the youthful Kangaroo is said to retire into the marsupial cavity of its progenitor. If we pursue this playful young man who seduces our wives, ruins our daughters, and betrays his most sacred trusts, we are met at every turn by Octave Feullet and floods of moral sentiment. Who can get angry with this weak-minded moralist, who is perpetually rubbing his hands feebly and smiling vacantly, and always getting in the way and saying: "Eh, my God! it's only me—poor Octave Feullet; *good* Octave Feullet. Don't you know me? I wrote the Romance of a Poor Young Man."

But fortunately, or unfortunately, people do not read novels for their morals or philosophy. Writers fail and critics err when they imagine that the lesson or the mission of any novel is superior to its intrinsic interest as a story. The great mass of novel readers look only to the latter. They grow restive under reflections, they shy at moralizing, they bolt at a sermon. The more practical will not even stand preliminary poetry or sensational attitude. They clamor, like Hamlet, for the murderer "to leave his damnable faces and begin."

Such readers will learn that Louis de

Camors is a young man with a "beautiful countenance," good clothes, and an illogical material philosophy. He inherits these virtues from his father, who in the first chapter commits dramatic suicide to carry out a dramatic and consequently unphilosophic philosophy, and leaves a dramatic private letter—evidently written for a larger audience—and a clear field to the coming hero. The youthful Camors is first introduced to the reader as having betrayed the wife of a simple-hearted friend and quondam school-fellow. Having asserted his sentiment by adultery, he proceeds to assert his philosophy by gratuitously insulting the partner of his guilt, in a page of philosophical declamation against her weakness! It is comforting to think that such a situation is impossible out of the pages of French romance, yet we cannot help complimenting M. Octave Feullet on this last chivalric stroke of expiring French virtue. Surely all is not lost "under the New Empire" so long as the seducer upholds the sacred cause of morality by scornfully rebuking his hapless victim—so long as the adulterer casts the first stone of philosophy at the unhappy adulteress.

In the light of such antecedents the reader looks with calmness and admiration at M. Louis' next amour with his poor cousin—Mlle Charlotte de luc Estrelles, a somewhat terrifying young woman with "deep-set eyes." This young goddess promptly offers her hand to her all-fascinating cousin, and is as promptly rejected. We don't blame Camors for rejecting a young person "who was draped like an antique statue," who perpetually "walked as if she had descended from a pedestal," and who "had a startled wild air such as you see in a hunting nymph." But we do object to his suggesting to her an ambiguous livelihood by way of compromise—considering that she *was* his cousin. The reply of the young lady was dramatic and therefore noble. "I have a great regard for myself—my person is sacred to me. I should prefer," she added in a voice, which the author ingenuously says was "deep and sustained *but somewhat strained*," "I should prefer to desecrate an altar rather than myself." And in fact Mlle. Charlotte afterward *does* prefer to desecrate an altar, namely, the honor of her husband, whom she betrays for the sake of the fascinating individual to whom the above sentiment was declaimed.

The youthful reader of Camors must not think, however, that the current of false passion runs any smoother than the course of true love. Camors meets his fate at the hands of a moral female prig—Madame de Tècle. The exasperating goodness of this person is drawn with a pen dipped in *eau sucré*. She embodies most of that saccharine sentiment which is imparted to the mottoes that are wrapped in silver paper around *bon bons*. Such a woman is the one to overcome a Camors. She smothers his passion in a sticky, treacle-like flow of moral rhetoric. She parades cheap acts of benevolence before him. She talks to him like a mother, and finally offers her daughter's hand when she shall become of a marriageable age. As the daughter, aged twelve, enters the room, with a doll under each arm, Camors' punishment is complete. We can even find it in our heart to pity his discomfiture. But he marries the daughter in course of time; is false to her as a matter of course; is at last detected in his intimacy with the Marquise Campvallons—*née* Estrelles, (the young woman of the "desecrated altars") whose husband dies of apoplexy superinduced by the shock; is estranged from his wife and child, and finally dies as M. Feullet inconsequentially puts it: a "great sinner, but nevertheless—a man!"

We must object to even this mild way of putting it. That such a being as Camors ever existed outside of Octave Feullet, is exceedingly doubtful. He is not human, he is not possible, he is not even French. He is a monster evolved from the diseased moral consciousness of the author. As an expression of "Life under the New Empire" he is a failure—he is a mingling of the *Œil de Bœuf* of the old monarchy and the Age of Reason of '93. As an exponent of materialism he is also a failure, for he admits sentiment—or at least what passes for such—into his philosophy. He is a failure in the author's original conception; for his principles, which Octave Feullet would make repulsive, are infinitely less objectionable to the reader than his sentiment, which Octave Feullet would make fascinating.

Yet Camors is a typical hero of French

romance, and this volume, in its popularity and in its fascinations, is a crowning flower of Gallic light literature. It would be foolish to deny its vigor, genius and *esprit*—a quality for which English vocabularies and English literature have no equivalent. Unhealthy though it may be, it has the rare beauty and precocity which belongs to scrofulous organizations, and which are sometimes more fascinating than the bloom of health. With all its inconsequence, its false logic, its ridiculous assumptions, its utter absence of a saving sense of the ridiculous—that quality so foreign to French romancers—its queer commingling of sentiment, sensuousness and religion—in spite of all this, it is worthy a more serious and extended review than shall be found in these pages. For we may laugh at Octave Feullet and his extravagancies, but sin is sin, and vice is vice, and even cynical Mr. Pope—a materialist and quite after Feullet's way of thinking—has told us that the contemplation of such things is dangerous to the morals. But "Camors" will find readers without our making this statement.

Why Not? A book for every woman. Dr. Storer. Boston: Lee & Shepherd. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Serpents in the Doves' Nests. By Rev. John Todd, D. D. Boston: Lee & Shepherd. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Is it I? A Book for Every Man. Dr. Storer. Boston: Lee & Shepherd. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Society is pretty certain of being shocked once a year by the exposure of some existing evil among its members. Generally this exposure takes the form of a tract. We are either hastening to destruction from the use of tobacco, tea or coffee, or we are lacing ourselves into a narrow and early grave; we are using too much cold water, or we are not bathing enough; we are poisoning ourselves with adulterated food, or we are slowly suffocating in air-tight apartments. Many of the difficulties which beset us—the late war, taxation, or the cholera—are, we are told, more or less attributable to those glaring evils. When they take a moral as well as a physical aspect, the effect is still more alarming. Our lady friends are habitual drunkards, our young men professional gamblers and embezzlers. And it would seem now, that not content with practices that destroy or shorten life, those members of the race whom we have usually termed the softer sex have lately entered upon the unhallowed task of preventing it.

To the average masculine mind this statement awakens no alarm. A practice which he trusts can only obtain exceptionally among his unmarried lady friends, and but rarely among his married acquaintances, does not produce much concern. He sees his companions happily mated, and observes that the marriage is followed in due time by the usual fruits. He even laughs at the anxiety of Mr. Young Husband at the interesting epoch. He has not learned to look upon him yet as a Herod. He takes the hand of the fascinating and tender-hearted wife of his dear friend, and does not know that she is a murderess and has already dispatched her seventh or eighth victim. And yet this unpleasant state of morals—which exceeds the wildest dream of Miss Braddon—Dr. Storer tells us is the condition of many American couples at this day.

We cannot, unfortunately, gainsay the facts advanced by the Doctor, nor the scientific truths contained in his essay. Yet, admitting them, it may be doubted if they will effect any good beyond the narrow circle of physicians before whom they were originally published, and for whose benefit they were uttered. That they will check hasty and careless professional practice we are willing to believe. But that they will, in a public tract, exercise any good influence over the mothers, we gravely doubt. Maternal instinct is better than scientific theory, and when this is absent no professional advice can fill its place. It may be a question whether the married woman who does not want children is the most proper person upon whom their care and destinies should be forced. Facts are easily found to establish any theory, and there are enough facts in regard to the mismanagement and ultimate ruin of helpless children by selfish and fashionable mothers—the very class that Dr. Storer says habitually resort to abortion—to make an argument against their bearing children, that shall seem as plausible as anything advanced in "Why Not?" We, of course, except the purely scientific state-

ment, and Dr. Storer has only muddled matters by attempting the moral side of his question, which has as little to do with his professional diagnosis as it has with the legal view of abortion or infanticide.

Yet we could forgive Dr. Storer his somewhat oppressive sensationalism and his professional error of making a special disease of a general human weakness, if he had not been the means of precipitating upon us the Rev. John Todd, D. D. with his "Serpents in the Doves' Nests." We can respect the roaring of the strong-lunged Storer, but we cannot stand the mild bleatings of Todd. From first to last Mr. Todd is oscillating between a desire to be sensational and a fear of being thought indelicate. He is perpetually apologizing—when an apology is an indelicacy. He echoes only the weakest parts of Dr. Storer's argument, and his echo lacks sensible articulation. He is continually saying things that say themselves; and indulges in copy-book moral rhetoric, without copy-book terseness. The reader may get an idea of the Rev. Mr. Todd's arguments by a single illustration. He pronounces a glowing eulogium on a lady who had a family of children, one of whom had become a General in the Army, one a Governor, one a Congressman, and one a Judge. This is used as an argument against abortion. It may be convincing to some people, but we cannot help thinking that we have known of a few Generals, Governors, Judges and even Congressmen who, had they been successfully aborted in infancy, would have saved the world much trouble. On the whole, we fear that the "Serpents" in the Rev. Dr. Todd's "Doves' Nests" have not helped us to any better understanding of Dr. Storer's great moral conundrums of "Why Not?" and "Is it I?"

JOSH BILLINGS ON ICE, AND OTHER THINGS. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

There is enough genuine humor in Mr. Josh Billings' reflections to make us regret that he has taken a mode of expressing it that is not funny. If he could free himself from the depressing effect of his own orthography, for which *he* is responsible, and of Mr. Howard's "comic" illustrations, for which he is not, we could laugh with him. But his quaintness is so overlaid by adventitious accessories, and there is such an atmosphere of bad spelling, slovenly typography, dirty paper and brutally low illustrations about his book, that his premeditated illiterateness appears to be rather owing to the unpremeditated ignorance and vulgarity of his publisher than his own eccentricity. The book has not even that mournfully deliberate attitude of being funny that characterizes Carleton's ostensibly "comic" publications.

That there is a substratum of clear-sighted sagacity and undoubted humor under this clown's paint and harlequin's dress, we can readily believe. Some of his proverbial philosophy is funny in spite of bad spelling. And some we take the liberty of translating:

"The best education a man receives in this life he gets just before he dies, and it mostly consists in forgetting what he has learned before."

"The world looks with cold respect upon an act of justice, but heaves up its hat at a display of mercy. Yet the one is the strength of virtue, while the other is most often its greatest weakness."

"I have noticed that the man who is always talking what he would have done had he been *there*, seldom gets *there*."

"What a man must have, he can generally get."

"Poetry to be excellent wants to be like nature and about four times as big."

And finally, Mr. Billings is entitled to the benefit of the following bit of sophistry:

"I hold that a man has just as much right to spell a word as it is pronounced, as he has to pronounce it the way it is not spelt."

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY, WITH OTHER BALLADS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

In the present reaction against a literature that depends for its comic quality entirely upon its illiterate spelling, care should be taken not to confound aimless ingenuity with the artistic fidelity that reproduces the characteristic language of a class, race or people. There is, on earth, no possible reason why Josh Billings should write "bi" for "by" in uttering the philosophy of no particular class or section, but there is some significance in Lowell making Hosea Biglow

say "ez" for "is," when he expresses the peculiar dialect of a class, of whom dialect is a distinguished feature. We could not give up Sam Weller's misapplication of the "v's" and "w's" without losing one of the truthful adjuncts to Sam Weller's character and condition. It would be as foolish to class all departures from correct English orthography as merely mechanical fun, as it would be to make mere eccentricity of spelling humorous. Purely comic spelling is older than Artemus Ward or Josh Billings, and the admirers of the intrinsically illiterate will find the classics of this kind of humor in prose as cultivated as Hood's.

The clever author of "Hans Breitmann," depends upon something better than the spelling of "beoples" for "peoples" to make the reader laugh. The idiom that is perfectly sustained throughout is essential to the character, and never strikes us as being *purposely* funny. The humors of orthography are only incidental to the character. In fact, Mr. Charles G. Leland has done for a peculiar class of our naturalized German fellow-citizens what Lowell did for the Yankee. He has given us in Hans Breitmann, an American German—a type of the Teutonic New Yorker who has oddly grafted on his native speech the slang of a great foreign city and the reckless habits of the American fire-boy, with whom he associates. He is a German "Mose"—fearless, utterly independent and democratic, pleasure-loving—and unscrupulous. There is a fascination about this Teutonic copy of Dugald Dalgetty which the original has not.

Mr. Leland's German scholarship has added much to the truthful drawing of the character. His composition, like all good writing, is a little better than its assumption. There is a genuine lyric enthusiasm in some of the trooper's songs, that translated into a more elegant idiom would not be lost, and cannot be hidden even here.

CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES; by S. Baring-Gould, M.A., Author of "Post Mediæval Preachers," etc. Second series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Rivingtons, 1868.

This is an age of iconoclasms. The image-breakers are remorseless, industrious, persistent. Is there anything sacred to the beloved associations of the twilights of the Old World upon which they have not or will not lay their hands? We greatly doubt. One by one the cherished fanciful beliefs of our childhood are taken away. The lovely glamour that invested the old-time legends with enough of reality to cheat the sense into half of a belief, is ruthlessly torn away; the rosy tint vanishes; the nameless charm of poetry is rudely dispelled by the mousing Gradgrinds of the present age, and we are made ashamed of the puerile beliefs in which we once put our implicit trust. There are no more enticing figures which stand upon the dubious line that divides romance from reality; we are coldly told that our beloved dreams are only dreams, and that the most authentic traditions concerning the heroes and heroines of an elder world are, notwithstanding the respectability that age has given them, only ingenious shams. There is a compact class of persons whose chief delight it is to undeceive us, and compel us to eat of the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge. We are reduced to the desperate condition of the feminine infant who complained, "Mamma, the world is hollow, and my doll is stuffed with sawdust. If you please, I would like to go to a nunnery."

We have borne without a murmur much that was exceeding hard. It was with a sigh that we relinquished the admired Colossus of Rhodes, the story of the youth who fired the Ephesian dome, and the never-old tradition of Arthur's wondrous sword, Excalibur, which he wrested from the magic rock, and afterward returned to the spirit that dwelt beneath the lake. Ruthless hands have torn away much of the tragic romance of Joan of Arc, and we greatly misdoubt all that was said and sung of Fair Rosamond, cruelly done to death by the jealous Queen Eleanor. Even the sacred domain of heroic history has been invaded, and we are commanded not to believe that Bladud, king of Britain, founded the city of Bath and dedicated it to Minerva; we have our faith shaken in the existence of Boadicea and her Amazonian prowess; and the story of good King Alfred's failure to turn the cakes by the fireside of the country bumpkin, where he lingered in disguise, with all the dear delight of knowing that when the coarse woman scolded him, she did not know what had been revealed to our anointed vision,

even this has vanished pitifully, leaving not a wreck behind. What will the next generation of little people do, if this mad crusade into the realms of traditionary lore is continued? The coming boys shall not hang with rapture over the story of the lupine nursing of Romulus and Remus; they may not enjoy Midas and his golden touch, or hug themselves with a secret thrill of badness at the recital of the summary taking-off of the Sabine women. To the next race of children these things will not have even the virtues of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, for they never pretended to be true.

Mr. S. Baring-Gould has done his full share in this work of charm-dispelling. In a former work he destroyed a goodly company of mediæval myths, as he is pleased to term them, and now he turns with new zest upon St. George and the Dragon, The Piper of Hamelin, Bishop Hatto and the rats, The Fortunate Isles, The Mermaids, and a glorious army of persons and things, amply certified to us by Oriental and Christian story. The learning and tireless research with which Mr. Baring-Gould has gone into his thankless labors is some compensation for the ruthlessness with which he demolishes our beloved traditions, proving them to be only traditions. But the remorselessness with which he goes to the very foundation of things is a little tiresome. Long after you feel like closing the book and crying "enough! enough!" you are compelled to go with him to hear even more discouraging things than you had dreamed of. It does not suffice that you are told that St. George was not a Cappadocian martyr, but a sort of military commissary at Constantinople; that, as other commissaries have been, he was a disreputable and dishonest person; and, detected in fraud, fled for his life to Alexandria, where he was elected bishop, and so tyrannized over Christians and heathens that the latter rose up and slew him. These dreadful revelations concerning the patron saint of the fighting gentlemen of England are not enough, but we must needs be told that the dragon is a typical plague which was estopped by some other eminent saint, (who doubtless never lived) and that St. George himself can be traced back to the Phœnician Tammuz and his Greek Adonis.

And so with the Pied Piper of Hamelin, whose story has been so charmingly told by one of our own poets. Mr. Baring-Gould repipes away the tradition of the mysterious musician who charmed the rats of Hamelin into the river, and, in revenge for the ingratitude of the townspeople, thereafter drew away all their children to Elf-land; and we are told to believe that the piper is only the wind, and that the myth has its root in the ancient belief that the wind carried the souls of the dead, and that the music is the wind whistling in the stubble, carrying with it the souls of dead children, and that all the rest of the story has been built upon this slight foundation.

Mr. Baring-Gould has been a profound student in the mythology of all nations, and, accordingly, comes to his destructive labors with weapons from every armory. His special tactics are to dig up traditions from the Semitic, Greek, Roman, Islandic and Persian mythologies, which have some rough resemblance to the modern story that he seeks to demolish. He forces the parallelisms upon you with dreadful and cumulative weight, and compels you to resign all puerile belief in the realities which you have cherished. It is not in nature to stand out against a Bishop Hatto, who can be hunted down into Greek fables, Phœnician traditions, and the idle tales of Islandic sages. Nevertheless, we must confess that Mr. Baring-Gould has done his work admirably well. His theories are sometimes, it is true, more ingenious than acceptable, more fanciful than convincing; but it is pleasant to find in one compact volume such a compendium of mythical lore; and, although we may murmur at the ingenious industry with which the author has destroyed the few remaining semi-historic traditions of our own time, the book which we have noticed will be read with delight and real pleasure by those who love curious and antique things.

THE USE OF TOBACCO, AND THE EVILS, physical, mental, moral and social, resulting therefrom. By John Griscom, M.D., President of the New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

It is related of a Scottish laird, when told that an illness, which had been caused by his inordinate appetite for salmon, was

mortal, bethought him of his interrupted repast, and said: "Then gie me the rest o' the saumon." To this cheerful school of philosophy the author of the book before us does not belong. There is a class of sterner minds, to which all gratifications are a willful flying in the face of Providence, and to whom life is so dear that they would live on sawdust, wear sackcloth, and make their whole existence one long cold winter, if they could thereby add one month to the allotted period. The author is not one who, looking at the dear price at which one must purchase the promise of length of days, would ask himself if the bargain were not, after all, a losing one. He is pleased with the promise, and does not reflect that he may some day look backward with a regret that he has been cheated by some one of the thousand casualties which beset the feet of the wisest as well as the giddiest of mankind. We are not insensible to the fact that there may be arguments made for the anti-tobacco gentlemen, which are based on the theory that abstinence from the narcotic weed brings with it a more perfect enjoyment than its use can possibly give. Of this class of arguments, however, John N. Griscom, M.D., does not weakly avail himself. He opens his little treatise with that well-worn experiment of Sir Benjamin Brodie, who killed a cat by injecting a single drop of the oil of tobacco into her body. Nor does he hesitate to terrify the mild smoker with an account of that dreadful person, the Count Bocarmé, who slew his brother-in-law, thirty years old, by forcing a small amount of the same deadly distillation into his mouth. Then there is the "sprightly little girl" in Ohio, who fell on a cooking-stove and bruised her lip, and whose ignorant mother put some oil from a tobacco-pipe upon the wound, thereby causing the death of the child in twenty-four hours. The brother-in-law of the Count Bocarmé, and the sprightly little girl of Ohio, who was done to death by her misguided mother, figure in modified form through all the book. Nor does the author himself decline to do duty, but relates how, when "about ten years of age, he was induced by a schoolmate, one morning after breakfast and before schooltime, to smoke a mild segar. A few puffs, very much to his surprise, sufficed to cause a total loss of the meal taken previously, and kept him in a state of nausea all the morning, rendering him incompetent to maintain his position in the school classes." General Grant is also referred to with ludicrous inaptitude as a confirmed smoker, without any attempt to prove anything by the fact, but to allow the grim crusader to relax his onslaught upon the vile weed long enough to make a mild pun on the hope that the country's wish for Grant's total abstinence from tobacco may be *Granted*. There is also a formidable array of cases of men whose chief article of diet was tobacco, and who died in the prime of life, universally and deeply regretted. It is not assumed that any man who used tobacco in any form will fail to make a beast of himself, but the author, whose early and sad experience in smoking had evidently turned his stomach against the drug in all its forms, expects to terrify men from using it by showing an exaggerated picture of its worst features, as one might destroy the heartiest appetite by the exhibition in one dreadful mass of all the beef and mutton which might be eaten in daily instalments through a long series of years.

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WHAT THE RAILROAD WILL BRING US.

UPON the plains this season railroad building is progressing with a rapidity never before known. The two companies, in their struggle for the enormous bounty offered by the Government, are shortening the distance between the lines of rail at the rate of from seven to nine miles a day—almost as fast as the ox teams which furnished the primitive method of conveyance across the continent could travel. Possibly by the middle of next spring, and certainly, we are told, before mid-summer comes again, this "greatest work of the age" will be completed, and an unbroken track stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Though, as a piece of engineering, the building of this road may not deserve the superlative terms in which, with American proneness to exaggeration, it is frequently spoken of, yet, when the full effects of its completion are considered, it seems the "greatest work of the age," indeed. Even the Suez Canal, which will almost change the front of Europe and divert the course of the commerce of half the world, is, in this view, not to be compared with it. For this railroad will not merely open a new route across the continent; it will be the means of converting a wilderness into a populous empire in less time than many of the cathedrals and palaces of Europe were building, and in unlocking treasure vaults which will flood the world with the precious metals. The country west of the longitude of Omaha, all of which will be directly or indirectly affected by the construction of the railroad, (for other roads must soon follow the first) is the largest and richest portion of the United States. Throughout the greater part of this vast domain gold and silver are scattered in inexhaustible profusion, and it contains besides, in limitless quantities, every valuable mineral known to man, and includes every variety of soil and climate.

The natural resources of this country are so great and varied, the inducements which it offers to capital and labor are so superior to those offered anywhere else, that when it is opened by railroads—placed, as it soon will be, within a few days' ride of New York, and two or three weeks' journey from Southampton

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and Bremen, immigration will flow into it like pent-up waters seeking their level, and States will be peopled and cities built with a rapidity never before known, even in our central West. In the consideration of the effects of this migratory movement; of the economical, social and political features of these great commonwealths shortly to be called into vigorous being, and of the influences which their growth will exert upon the rest of the Union and the rest of the world; of the changes which must follow the movement of the centre of population and power Pacific-wards, a boundless and most tempting field for speculation is opened up; but into it we cannot enter, as there is more than enough to occupy us in the narrower range suggested by the title of this article.

What is the railroad to do for *us?*—this railroad that we have looked for, hoped for, prayed for so long?

Much as the matter has been thought about and talked about; many as have been the speeches made and the newspaper articles written on the subject, there are probably but few of us who really comprehend all it will do. We are so used to the California of the stage-coach, widely separated from the rest of the world, that we can hardly realize what the California of the railroad will be—the California netted with iron tracks, and almost as near in point of time to Chicago and St. Louis, as Virginia City was to San Francisco when the Washoe excitement first commenced, or as Red Bluff is now.

The sharpest sense of Americans—the keen sense of gain, which certainly does not lose its keenness in our bracing air—is the first to realize what is coming with our railroad. All over the State, land is appreciating—fortunes are being made in a day by buying and parcelling out Spanish ranches; the Government surveyors and registrars are busy; speculators are grappling the public domain by the hundred of thousand of acres; while for miles in every direction around San Francisco, ground is being laid off into homestead lots. The spirit of speculation, doubles, trebles, quadruples the past growth of the city in its calculations, and then discounts the result, confident that there still remains a margin. And it is not far wrong. The new era will be one of great material prosperity, if material prosperity means more people, more houses, more farms and mines, more factories and ships. Calculations based upon the growth of San Francisco can hardly be wild. There are men now in their prime among us who will live to see this the second, perhaps the first city on the continent. This, which may sound like the sanguine utterance of California speculation, is simply a logical deduction from the past.

After the first impulse which settled California had subsided, there came a time of stagnation, if not of absolute decay. As the placers one after another were exhausted, the miners moved off; once populous districts were deserted, once flourishing mining towns fell into ruin, and it seemed to superficial observers as though the State had passed the acmé of her prosperity. During this period quartz mining was being slowly developed, agriculture steadily increasing in importance, and manufactures gaining a foot-hold; but the progress of these industries was slow; they could not at once compensate for the exhaustion of the placer mines; and though San Francisco, drawing her support from the whole coast, continued to grow steadily if not rapidly, the aggregate population and wealth of the State diminished rather than increased. Through this period we have passed. Although the decay of portions of the mining regions still continues, there has been going on for some time a steady, rapid development of the State at large—felt principally in the agricultural counties and the metropolis, but

which is now beginning to make itself felt from one end of the State to the other. To produce this, several causes have combined, but prominent among them must be reckoned the new force to which we principally and primarily look for the development of the future—railroads. This year—during which more has been done in railroad building and railroad projecting than in all previous years combined — the immediate and prospective influence of this new force, the great settler of States and builder up of cities, has first been powerfully felt. This year we have received the first great wave of the coming tide of immigration, the country has filled up more rapidly than for many years before, more new farms have been staked off and more land sold. And this year a spirit of sanguine enterprise has sprung from present prosperity.

It is not only the metropolis that is hopeful. Sacramento, Stockton and Marysville feel the general impulse. Oakland is laying out, or at least surveying, docks which will cast those of Jersey City, if not of Liverpool, into the shade ; Vallejo talks of her coming foreign commerce, and is preparing to load the grain of the Sacramento and Napa valleys into ships for all parts of the world ; and San Diego is beginning to look forward to the time when she will have steam communication with St. Louis and New Orleans on the one hand, and China and Japan on the other, and be the second city on the coast. Renewed interest is being taken in mining—new branches of manufacture are being started. All over it is felt that the old era of stage coaches and ox and mule transportation is rapidly passing away, and that the locomotive, soon to penetrate the State in all directions, will in future carry the wheat to the wharf, the ore to the mill, the timber to the mine ; supply the deficiency of navigable streams, open up millions of acres of the best fruit and grain lands in the world, and make accessible and workable thousands of rich mines.

In San Francisco the change is especially observable, and no one who walks our streets can fail to be struck with the stirring atmosphere of rapid growth. In the crowded avenues and squares, the bustling business air of the centre, the rapidly rising buildings of the suburbs ; in new manufactories, docks and wharves, he will everywhere find evidence that San Francisco is fast rising to the rank of a great metropolis.

To the old resident, the growth of this city during the past few years in which she has taken her second start seems sufficiently marvelous. It does not seem long ago when Market street was blocked below Third by a huge sand dune ; when the walk to Russ Garden was esteemed a "Sabbath day's journey ;" when the "old road" and the "new road" led past nursery, garden, swamp and sand-hill to the suburban village of the Mission ; when Mason street bounded civilization on one side and South Park on the other ; when the Rassette and International were crack hotels, the *Queen City* and the *Antelope* ran to Sacramento, and the gun of the Panama steamer roused the whole town —and when (inevitable reflection) land enough to make a millionaire now might have been had for a song.

In striking contrast with these memories of the San Francisco of but a few years back is the wide-spreading, well-built city of the present, whose dwellings, workshops and wharves already straggle past points which ten years ago only the daring would have thought they could reach during the present generation. Yet the growth of San Francisco has hardly commenced—growing now with greater rapidity than ever, her greatest growth will date from the completion of the railroad next year. The San Francisco of the new era will be a city compared with which the San Francisco of the present is only a little village.

Look for a moment at the geographical position of this city, and all doubt as to her future rank will be dispelled. There is in the whole world no city—not even Constantinople, New Orleans, or Panama—which possesses equal advantages. From San Diego to the Columbia river, a stretch of over 1000 miles of coast, the bay of San Francisco is the only possible site for a great city. For the whole of the vast and rich country behind, this is the only gate to the sea. Not a settler in all the Pacific States and Territories but must pay San Francisco tribute ; not an ounce of gold dug, a pound of ore smelted, a field gleaned, or a tree felled in all their thousands of square miles, but must, in a greater or less degree, add to her wealth. She must be the importer, the banker, the market, the centre of every kind, for all the millions who are shortly to settle this territory. She will be not merely the metropolis of the Western front of the United States, as New York is the metropolis of the Eastern front, but *the city*, the sole great city—relatively such a city as New York, Boston, Portland, Philadelphia, Richmond and Charleston, with many a coast and inland city rolled into one, would be. The Atlantic shore line is indented with bays and navigable rivers, but from San Diego to the Columbia on the Western coast there is but one bay—San Francisco—and the only navigable rivers are those which empty into it. For a thousand miles north and south of San Francisco no cities are possible to become her rivals as the seaboard cities from Maine to South Carolina rival New York. On this single bay the whole business of the coast must be concentrated.

And then, San Francisco has all the advantage of the start. When New York had the same population that San Francisco has at present, Philadelphia was of equal size, Boston and Baltimore were considerable rivals, and the foreign commerce of the East was divided between half a dozen cities. But while San Francisco has to-day a population of 140,000, from Panama to Alaska there is not a town which, compared with her, is more than an *embarcadero*, and from Panama to Alaska her influence will be felt in preventing the growth of other cities, by drawing to herself business which should naturally belong to them. Great cities draw to themselves population, business, capital, by the law of attraction—the law that "unto him that hath shall be given ;" they prevent the growth of rivals just as the great tree with its wide-spreading branches and deep-striking roots prevents the growth of the sapling over which it casts its shadow. The start of San Francisco—the concentration of capital and business which is inevitable here—will enable her to draw support from the whole Pacific, stunting cities which might otherwise become her rivals ; and when she gets free-trade (as she one day will) she will become the great financial and commercial centre of all the Pacific coasts and countries.

Considering these things, is it too much to say that this city of ours must become the first city of the continent ; and is it too much to say that the first city of the continent must ultimately be the first city of the world ? And when we remember the irresistible tendency of modern times to concentration—remember that New York, Paris and London are still growing faster than ever—where shall we set bounds to the future population and wealth of San Francisco ; where find a parallel for the city which a century hence will *surround* this bay ?

The new era into which our State is about entering—or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, has already entered—is without doubt an era of steady, rapid and substantial growth ; of great addition to population and immense increase in the totals of the Assessor's lists. Yet we cannot hope to escape the great law of compensation which exacts some

loss for every gain. And as there are but few of us who, could we retrace our lives, retaining the knowledge we have gained, would pass from childhood into youth, or from youth into manhood, with unmixed feelings, so we imagine that if the genius of California, whom we picture on the shield of our State, were really a sentient being, she would not look forward now entirely without regret. The California of the new era will be greater, richer, more powerful than the California of the past; but will she be still the same California whom her adopted children, gathered from all climes, love better than their own mother lands; from which all who have lived within her bounds are proud to hail; to which all who have known her long to return? She will have more people; but among those people will there be so large a proportion of full, true men? She will have more wealth; but will it be so evenly distributed? She will have more luxury and refinement and culture; but will she have such general comfort, so little squalor and misery; so little of the grinding, hopeless poverty that chills and cramps the souls of men, and converts them into brutes?

Amid all our rejoicing and all our gratulation let us see clearly whither we are tending. Increase in population and in wealth past a certain point means simply an approximation to the condition of older countries—the Eastern States and Europe. Would the average Californian prefer to "take his chances" in New York or Massachusetts, or in California as it is and has been? Is England, with her population of twenty millions to an area not more than one-third that of our State, and a wealth which per inhabitant is six or seven times that of California, a better country than California to live in? Probably, if one were born a duke or a factory lord, or to any place among the upper ten thousand; but if one were born among the lower millions—how then?

And so the California of the future—the California of the new era—will be a better country for some classes than the California of the present; and so too, it must be a worse country for others. Which of these classes will be the largest? Are there more mill owners or factory operatives in Lancastershire; more brown stone mansions, or tenement rooms in New York?

With the tendency of human nature to set the highest value on that which it has not, we have clamored for immigration, for population, as though that was the one sole good. But if this be so, how is it that the most populous countries in the world are the most miserable, most corrupt, most stagnant and hopeless? How is it that in populous and wealthy England there is so much more misery, vice and social disease than in her poor and sparsely populated colonies? If a large population is not a curse as well as a blessing, how was it that the black-death which swept off one-third of the population of England produced such a rise in the standard of wages and the standard of comfort among the people?

We want great cities, large factories, and mines worked cheaply, in this California of ours! Would we esteem ourselves gainers if New York, ruled and robbed by thieves, loafers and brothel-keepers; nursing a race of savages fiercer and meaner than any who ever shrieked a war-whoop on the plains; could be set down on our bay to-morrow? Would we be gainers, if the cotton-mills of Massachusetts, with their thousands of little children who, official papers tell us, are being literally worked to death, could be transported to the banks of the American; or the file and pin factories of England, where young girls are treated worse than ever slaves on Southern plantations, be reared as by magic at Antioch? Or if among our mountains we could by wishing have the miners, men, women and children, who

work the iron and coal mines of Belgium and France, where the condition of production is that the laborer shall have meat but once a week—would we wish them here?

Can we have one thing without the other? We might, perhaps. But does human nature differ in different longitudes? Do the laws of production and distribution, inexorable in their sphere as the law of gravitation in its, lose their power in a country where no rain falls in the summer time?

For years the high rate of interest and the high rate of wages prevailing in California have been special subjects for the lamentation of a certain school of local political economists, who could not see that high wages and high interest were indications that the natural wealth of the country was not yet monopolized, that great opportunities were open to all—who did not know that these were evidences of social health, and that it were as wise to lament them as for the maiden to wish to exchange the natural bloom on her cheek for the interesting pallor of the invalid?

But however this be, it is certain that the tendency of the new era—of the more dense population and more thorough development of the wealth of the State—will be to a reduction both of the rate of interest and the rate of wages, particularly the latter. This tendency may not, probably will not, be shown immediately; but it will be before long, and that powerfully, unless balanced and counteracted by other influences which we are not now considering, which do not yet appear, and which it is probable will not appear for some time yet.

The truth is, that the completion of the railroad and the consequent great increase of business and population, will not be a benefit to all of us, but only to a portion. As a general rule (liable of course to exceptions) those who *have*, it will make wealthier; for those who *have not*, it will make it more difficult to get. Those who have lands, mines, established businesses, special abilities of certain kinds, will become richer for it and find increased opportunities; those who have only their own labor will become poorer, and find it harder to get ahead—first, because it will take more capital to buy land or to get into business; and second, because as competition reduces the wages of labor, this capital will be harder for them to obtain.

What, for instance, does the rise in land mean? Several things, but certainly and prominently this: that it will be harder in future for a poor man to get a farm or a homestead lot. In some sections of the State, land which twelve months ago could have been had for a dollar an acre, cannot now be had for less than fifteen dollars. In other words, the settler who last year might have had at once a farm of his own, must now either go to work on wages for some one else, pay rent or buy on time; in either case being compelled to give to the capitalist a large proportion of the earnings which, had he arrived a year ago, he might have had all for himself. And as proprietorship is thus rendered more difficult and less profitable to the poor, more are forced into the labor market to compete with each other, and cut down the rate of wages—that is, to make the division of their joint production between labor and capital more in favor of capital and less in favor of labor.

And so in San Francisco the rise in building lots means, that it will be harder for a poor man to get a house and lot for himself, and if he has none that he will have to use more of his earnings for rent; means a crowding of the poorer classes together; signifies courts, slums, tenement-houses, squalor and vice.

San Francisco has one great advantage—there is probably a larger pro-

portion of her population owning homesteads and homestead lots than in any other city of the United States. The product of the rise of real estate will thus be more evenly distributed, and the social and political advantages of this diffused proprietorship cannot be overestimated. Nor can it be too much regretted that the princely domain which San Francisco inherited as the successor of the pueblo was not appropriated to furnishing free, or almost free, homesteads to actual settlers, instead of being allowed to pass into the hands of a few, to make more millionaires. Had the matter been taken up in time and in a proper spirit, this disposition might easily have been secured, and the great city of the future would have had a population bound to her by the strongest ties—a population better, freer, more virtuous, independent and public spirited than any great city the world has ever had.

To say that "Power is constantly stealing from the many to the few," is only to state in another form the law that wealth tends to concentration. In the new era into which the world has entered since the application of steam, this law is more potent than ever; in the new era into which California is entering, its operations will be more marked here than ever before. The locomotive is a great centralizer. It kills little towns and builds up great cities, and in the same way kills little businesses and builds up great ones. We have had comparatively but few rich men; no very rich ones, in the meaning "very rich" has in these times. But the process is going on. The great city that is to be will have its Astors, Vanderbilts, Stewarts and Spragues, and he who looks a few years ahead may even now read their names as he passes along Montgomery, California or Front streets. With the protection which property gets in modern times—with stocks, bonds, burglar-proof safes and policemen; with the railroad and the telegraph—after a man gets a certain amount of money it is plain sailing, and he need take no risks. Astor said that to get his first thousand dollars was his greatest struggle; but when one gets a million, if he has ordinary prudence, how much he will have is only a question of life. Nor can we rely on the absence of laws of primogeniture and entail to dissipate these large fortunes so menacing to the general weal. Any large fortune will, of course, become dissipated in time, even in spite of laws of primogeniture and entail; but every aggregation of wealth implies and necessitates others, and so that the aggregrations remain, it matters little in what particular hands. Stewart, in the natural course of things, will die before long, and being childless, his wealth will be dissipated, or at least go out of the dry goods business. But will this avail the smaller dealers whom he has crushed or is crushing out? Not at all. Some one else will step in, take his place in the trade, and run the great money-making machine which he has organized, or some other similar one. Stewart and other great houses have concentrated the business, and it will remain concentrated.

Nor is it worth while to shut our eyes to the effects of this concentration of wealth. One millionaire involves the existence of just so many proletarians. It is the great tree and the saplings over again. We need not look far from the palace to find the hovel. When people can charter special steamboats to take them to watering places, pay four thousand dollars for the summer rental of a cottage, build marble stables for their horses, and give dinner parties which cost by the thousand dollars a head, we may know that there are poor girls on the streets pondering between starvation and dishonor. When liveries appear, look out for bare-footed children. A few liveries are now to be seen on our streets; we think their appear-

ance coincides in date with the establishment of the almshouse. They are few, plain and modest now; they will grow more numerous and gaudy—and then we will not wait long for the children—their corollaries.

But there is another side: we are to become a great, populous, wealthy community. And in such a community many good things are possible that are not possible in a community such as ours has been. There have been artists, scholars, and men of special knowledge and ability among us, who could and some of whom have since won distinction and wealth in older and larger cities, but who here could only make a living by digging sand, peddling vegetables, or washing dishes in restaurants. It will not be so in the San Francisco of the future. We shall keep such men with us, and reward them, instead of driving them away. We shall have our noble charities, great museums, libraries and universities; a class of men who have leisure for thought and culture; magnificent theatres and opera houses; parks and pleasure gardens.

We shall develop a literature of our own, issue books which will be read wherever the English language is spoken, and maintain periodicals which will rank with those of the East and Europe. The *Bulletin*, *Times* and *Alta*, good as they are, must become, or must yield to, journals of the type of the New York *Herald* or the Chicago *Tribune*. The railroads which will carry the San Francisco newspapers over a wide extent of country the same day that they are issued, will place them on a par, or almost on a par in point of time, with journals printed in the interior, while their metropolitan circulation and business will enable them to publish more and later news than interior papers can.

The same law of concentration will work in other businesses in the same way. The railroads may benefit Sacramento and Stockton by making of them workshops, but no one will stop there to buy goods when he can go to San Francisco, make his choice from larger stocks, and return the same day.

But again comes the question: will this California of the future, with its facilities for travel and transportation; its huge metropolis and pleasant watering places; its noble literature and great newspapers; universities, libraries and museums; parks and operas; fleets of yachts and miles of villas, possess still the charm which makes Californians prefer their State, even as it is, to places where all these things are to be found?

What constitutes the peculiar charm of California, which all who have lived here long enough feel? Not the climate alone. Heresy though it be to say so, there *are* climates as good; some that on the whole are better. Not merely that there is less social restraint, for there are parts of the Union—and parts from which tourists occasionally come to lecture us—where there is much less social restraint than in California. Not simply that the opportunities of making money have been better here; for the opportunities for making large fortunes have not been so good as in some other places, and there are many who have not made money here, who prefer this country to any other; many who after leaving us throw away certainty of profit to return and "take the chances" of California. It certainly is not in the growth of local attachment, for the Californian has even less local attachment than the average American, and will move about from one end of the State to the other with perfect indifference. It is not that we have the culture or the opportunities to gratify luxurious and cultivated tastes that older countries afford, and yet those who leave us on this account as a general thing come back again.

No: the potent charm of California, which all feel but few analyze, has been more in the character, habits and modes of thought of her people—called forth by the peculiar conditions of the young

State—than in anything else. In California there has been a certain cosmopolitanism, a certain freedom and breadth of common thought and feeling, natural to a community made up from so many different sources, to which every man and woman had been transplanted—all travellers to some extent, and with native angularities of prejudice and habit more or less worn off. Then there has been a feeling of personal independence and equality, a general hopefulness and self-reliance, and a certain large-heartedness and open-handedness which were born of the comparative evenness with which property was distributed, the high standard of wages and of comfort, and the latent feeling of every one that he might "make a strike," and certainly could not be kept down long.

While we have had no very rich class, we have had no really poor class. There have been enough "dead brokes," and how many Californians are there who have not gone through that experience; but there never was a better country to be "broken" in, and where almost every man, even the most successful, had been in the same position, it did not involve the humiliation and loss of hope which attaches to utter poverty in older and more settled communities.

In a country where all had started from the same level—where the banker had been a year or two before a journeyman carpenter, the merchant a foremast hand; the restaurant waiter had perhaps been educated for the bar or the church, and the laborer once counted his "pile," and where the wheel of fortune had been constantly revolving with a rapidity in other places unknown, social lines could not be sharply drawn, nor a reverse dispirit. There was something in the great possibilities of the country; in the feeling that it was one of immense latent wealth; which furnished a background of which a better filled and more thoroughly developed country is destitute, and which contributed not a little to the active, generous, independent social tone.

The characteristics of the principal business—mining—gave a color to all California thought and feeling. It fostered a reckless, generous, independent spirit, with a strong disposition to "take chances" and "trust to luck." Than the placer mining, no more independent business could be conceived. The miner working for himself, owned no master; worked when and only when he pleased; took out his earnings each day in the shining particles which depended for their value on no fluctuations of the market, but would pass current and supply all wants the world over. When his claim gave out, or for any reason he desired to move, he had but to shoulder his pick and move on. Mining of this kind developed its virtues as well as its vices. If it could have been united with ownership of land and the comforts and restraints of home, it would have given us a class of citizens of the utmost value to a republican state. But the "honest miner" of the placers has passed away in California. The Chinaman, the mill-owner and his laborers, the mine superintendent and his gang, are his successors.

This crowding of people into immense cities, this aggregation of wealth into large lumps, this marshalling of men into big gangs under the control of the great "captains of industry," does not tend to foster personal independence—the basis of all virtues—nor will it tend to preserve the characteristics which particularly have made Californians proud of their State.

However, we shall have some real social gains, with some that are only apparent. We shall have more of home influences, a deeper religious sentiment, less of the unrest that is bred of an adventurous and reckless life. We shall have fewer shooting and stabbing affrays, but we will have probably something worse, from which, thank God, we have hitherto been exempt—the low, brutal,

cowardly rowdyism of the great Eastern cities. We shall hear less of highway robberies in the mountains, but more, perhaps, of pickpockets, burglars and sneak thieves.

That we can look forward to any political improvement is, to say the least, doubtful. There is nothing in the changes which are coming that of itself promises that. There will be a more permanent population, more who will look on California as their home; but we would not aver that there will be a larger proportion of the population who will take an intelligent interest in public affairs. In San Francisco the political future is full of danger. As surely as San Francisco is destined to become as large as New York, as certain is it that her political condition is destined to become as bad as that of New York, unless her citizens are aroused in time to the necessity of preventive or rather palliative measures. And in the growth of large corporations and other special interests is an element of great danger. Of these great corporations and interests we shall have many. Look, for instance, at the Central Pacific Railroad Company, as it will be, with a line running to Salt Lake, controlling more capital and employing more men than any of the great eastern railroads who manage legislatures as they manage their workshops, and name governors, senators and judges almost as they name their own engineers and clerks! Can we rely upon sufficient intelligence, independence and virtue among the many to resist the political effects of the concentration of great wealth in the hands of a few?

And this in general is the tendency of the time, and of the new era opening before us: to the great development of wealth; to concentration; to the differentation of classes; to less personal independence among the many and the greater power of the few. We shall lose much which gave a charm to California life; much that was valuable in the character of our people, while we will also wear off defects, and gain some things that we lacked.

With our gains and our losses will come new duties and new responsibilities. Connected more closely with the rest of the nation, we will feel more quickly and keenly all that affects it. We will have to deal, in time, with all the social problems that are forcing themselves on older communities, (like the riddles of a Sphinx, which not to answer is death) with one of them, the labor question, rendered peculiarly complex by our proximity to Asia. Public spirit, public virtue, the high resolve of men and women who are capable of feeling the "enthusiasm of humanity," will be needed in the future more than ever.

A great change is coming over our State. We should not prevent it if we could, and could not if we would, but we can view it in all its bearings—look at the dark as well as the bright side, and endeavor to hasten that which is good and retard or prevent that which is bad. A great State is forming; let us see to it that its foundations are laid firm and true.

And as California becomes populous and rich, let us not forget that the character of a people counts for more than their numbers; that the distribution of wealth is even a more important matter than its production. Let us not imagine ourselves in a fools' paradise, where the golden apples will drop into our mouths; let us not think that after the stormy seas and head gales of all the ages, *our* ship has at last struck the trade winds of time. The future of our State, of our nation, of our race, looks fair and bright; perhaps the future looked so to the philosophers who once sat in the porches of Athens—to the unremembered men who raised the cities whose ruins lie south of us. Our modern civilization strikes broad and deep and looks high. So did the tower which men once built almost unto heaven.

THE VINEYARDS OF CALIFORNIA.

TAKING as a standard the vegetable growth in Europe and in the Atlantic States, everything in California is remarkable for extraordinary growth and fruitage. If there be any plant that out-ranks all others it is the grapevine. No fruit craves more moisture than the enormous weight of juicy grapes which the vine bears. Yet nothing in the vegetable kingdom thrives on less visible moisture. It even thrives best and makes the best wine on hillsides, where all else dries up. With not a drop of rain, and no dew to speak of, from the first opening of its spring growth till the grapes are gathered, it still maintains its verdure and its vigor.

Everywhere the springs dry up and the brooks and rivulets disappear. The herbage of the field dies even to the bottom of the roots, and hill and dale present the color of utter barrenness, leaving no sod for resurrection of life. But Heaven singles out the vine for its especial protection. There occur years of so scanty rain-fall in the winter, that all other crops fail. But we are assured that, in a period of sixty consecutive years, there has been no failure of the grapes at the settlements of the missionary fathers. Foreign vines that are being largely substituted for the native mission grape may not prove so resistant of drought.

Where does the vine get the water which so sustains it? Providence adapts everything to the necessities of its condition. In drying up the streams, the water sources are purposely withdrawn, and under cover of the earth, at sufficient depth, they find protection from excessive evaporation by the long sun of summer. But by the constitution of the earth, it is specially retentive of water at certain depths within reach of roots. Were it not so, there would be no compensation, since loss by subpercolation would be as bad as by superevaporation. There is also a porous condition of the soil, which aids the ascent of the vapor of water by economical distribution. This is greatest where the surface is made loose by cultivation, as when the cork is taken out of the bottle; and it is smallest when the surface is glazed and corked up by the baking sun, and when no roots open the channels inviting circulation.

By reason of these elemental peculiarities, the instinct of all plant-life makes its first great expenditure of vital growth in a struggle of the roots to reach the seat of permanent moisture, and to provide plenty of pump roots, and rootlet feeders to gather up supplies for the pumps. It is thus the grapevine is cared for by Providence, and that drought is tempered to the parched plant.

But this providential provision goes farther, to save the plant and to excite our admiration. During the first three months of summer, May, June and July, the supply of subterranean moisture to the surface is husbanded with great economy, evidently because the plant can subsist better than in the later months without help; for the winter soakage is not exhausted. But in the middle of August, when theory looks for the dryest time, the time of trial, with nearly three months of struggle for life to be endured—behold! the waters rise, dried-up springs begin to show moisture, and the thirsty plant knows that its Redeemer liveth.

Till lately the vine has had no insect ravager; but in a few localities, a fly begins to harass it, and it is to be feared that this will prove destructive.

Yet the grapevine knows, really, no disease here. In some spots exposed to fogs near the coast, mildew occurs. No storms assail it; and in a ton of gathered grapes, it is rare to find a handful of imperfect berries. This attests the perfection of the grape in our climate. In Europe, the sorting of rejected berries is an item of expense; and where so much is condemned by the eye, probably double the proportion has unobserved defects that affect the wine unfavorably, as most vine growers know. Our vine grows so stout in the stem, that after it gets into good bearing it needs no stakes. It takes the form of a parasol opened out. In the third year it bears some profit, and the sixth year ushers it into full fruitage. It then asks no winter care. In consequence of the uninterrupted growth and perfect maturity of the berries, the juice of the grape has more sugar and more spirit than elsewhere; so that the wine derives a certain ripeness in advance of European experience. Certainly, three years give it a mellowness which eight years scarcely give to European wines. The abundance of sugar and the consequent freedom from tendency to form acids, make it comparatively easy to preserve our wines.

Still, much of our wine for house use being made by novices, who give it no well-timed care, is imperfectly preserved. Dealers who supply it abroad make it on a scale large enough to warrant the watchful care it so much needs in the process of cure, to preserve the fine body and aroma that are characteristic of California wines above all others. Hock, port, angelica and champagne are our leading wines. Sherry and other wines are gaining in excellence, as experience teaches. We are aiming at new varieties that are expected to bring out still better the finest qualities, which we shall never realize by imitations of foreign brands.

The wines of California are so little known abroad, that it may seem unaccountable that there are now in bearing thirty millions of vines, capable of making more than fifteen millions of gallons of wine and one million of gallons of brandy. Yet the export does not exceed ten per cent. of this capacity. We propose to explain this anomalous condition of vine culture of the Pacific coast.

When the country came into the possession of the Americans, they were particularly struck with the great size of the grapevines at the Catholic missions, and their vigorous fruitage sixty years after being planted. The wine also attracted by its purity; for unadulterated wines were new to their taste. Many Germans and Frenchmen from the vineyards of Europe, knowing the profits of wine making there, and comparing the climate and the productive yield with those of Europe, took up the idea that planting vines must lead to fortune. Every one set out grapevines, mostly in the rich bottom lands, and from cuttings of the old Mission grapes. It was supposed that, except on these bottoms, the vine would not live through the six months' drought of summer with not a drop of rain-fall. It was hard to persuade them that the Mission vines were not preserved by artificial irrigation. The thought of grapevines growing on the parched hill-sides, as now they do, without water from the time of budding to the gathering of the vintage inclusively, would not have been entertained. And so excellent a grape as the native Mission vines produced, seemed incapable of improvement. They believed that the extraordinary growth of the vine and the small attention it required, together with the cheapness and the purity of the wine, would at once open an extended market — indeed, a rush to vineyard planting. And even now almost every vineyard keeps making yearly additions, chiefly of new varieties of grape, for the making of higher grades of wine. For it is found that

purchasers require variety of grapes; and it is also found that the same grapes are not adapted to the varied climates and soils of our State. It may be noted that no country in the world, of this extent, has so many diversities of climate. In one day, by river and rail, you pass through the coast range's summer coolness, into the torrid heat of the great middle basin; thence into the milder foot-hills of the gold mining districts, and then you ascend to the snow-covered Nevadas. The trade winds from the ocean, the fogs of summer on the coast, the various exposures of some places and the wind-sheltered positions of others, make up contrasts so great that at Benicia and Martinez, which are but half an hour apart and in sight of each other, the same clothing is not appropriate for comfort. It blows a fierce and chilling gale at the one, from which the other is sheltered. But whatever the climate or the soil, if weeds will grow, the vine will also. No wonder, when Nature so invites, that men have been tempted to plant and plant again, hoping for reward.

There has been a great disappointment. No property is so dull of sale as vineyards; because the call for California wine has fallen ten-fold below the hopes of the planters. There are but few houses in the trade. They are making progress that would satisfy reasonable expectations. Let us take into account the obstacles to the introduction of any new wine, however good, and it will be seen that time is an element to be liberally allowed. Wine is especially a taste which, when acquired, is hard to change. California wines differ very much according to the section in which they grow. But all have a peculiarity that is new to the wine drinkers of the Atlantic. A very large proportion of the wines in ordinary use are confectioned or wholly counterfeited; and the taste they establish pronounces against our pure wines as too fruity, too spirituous, too unlike the European to be genuine. It may seem incredible; but it is true, that the very purity of California wines causes a general belief in New York that they are all clumsily adulterated and easy of detection! It is nothing new that a taste for adulterated food, once acquired, is not easy to displace by a return to the pure article.

At a very celebrated tea company's counter in New York, where coffee is only sold in the ground state, we asked confidentially for pure coffee. The shopkeeper said all his coffee had a certain proportion of chicory. "If it had not, we should lose our great sales. Pure coffee is bitter, and everybody would call it miserable stuff!"

Accustomed to imitations of wine made at Newark and imported from London, and from France also, where as at Epernay, it is very largely manufactured, wine drinkers in New York think our pure wines must be the counterfeit, and their spurious wine the genuine.

By time and perseverance this will be overcome. If there be anything that people desire in wine it is that it shall be pure. If pure, they feel that it is at least wholesome. And nothing is so generally believed as that adulterated liquors are poisonous.

Here is our strong point; and if we put all our endeavors to this direction, there would soon be a change which would give a consumption of the pure wines of California, equal to our greatest capacity of production. To do this sucessfully would require a convention of wine growers on this coast. It would be easy to devise a plan by which, under the auspices of a union of guarantees, such as could be given, all California wines coming through the association could be assured as to purity. This assurance once accepted, all who drink wine would cultivate a taste for our wines, for the reason of their purity alone. And it would in a single year double the

consumption; then would come capital to erect wine presses; the making of wine would soon utilize our grapes, and our vineyards would attract the wine-makers and vinters of Europe to the advantages of our climate, and the superior bouquet of our wines. It would not be long before the wines of California, like our wheat and our silk worms, would on their own merits find a preference in the markets of Europe.

To estimate fairly the value of these suggestions, one should be convinced of the extent to which the manufacture of adulterated wines is carried. Certainly, more than one-half of the wine bearing the names of champagne, madeira, sherry and port, and perhaps as much of hock and other German wines, and of claret also, is made from foreign material, almost entirely dispensing with all juice of the grape! These revelations have been made by suits at law with custom houses, and among parties concerned in the making of these counterfeits.

We have the testimony of a British consul in France to the vast quantity of such wines made in the very wine districts themselves, and exported to America. And lately a law-suit in London has proved that there is a great sale for a certain patent machinery that makes wine as cheap as ginger beer! We have ourselves seen and tasted wines made in New Jersey, sixty large cases of which were eagerly bought at auction and at good prices. There was not a drop of grape juice in them; yet the taste of the various kinds was well simulated. The maker is but one in probably a hundred that have been following this traffic for years. These facts well presented under authority of such an association as we suggest, could not fail to arouse public attention, and to turn a strong current of public favor to the superiority of the wines of California.

The day this desirable change shall be effected, will begin a happy era for the health of the people of our Eastern States; and the general use of our wines will tend greatly to check the prevalence of intemperance. People want to be exhilarated; but few desire that over-exhilaration which insidious alcohol unwarily produces. Nine-tenths of our people would be content with the ample but harmless encheering of a glass of wine, such as this country affords. And the most exacting advocate of strict abstinence will admit that the excitement of good wine is less harmful than that of bad spirits. Rev. Dr. Bellows remarks, that wherever he traveled in the wine districts, intoxication was rarely seen, and there was an air of innocent cheerfulness that attested the virtues of wine as contrasted with the effects of spirits in London and New York. We cannot smother all taste for exhilarants. The best we can do is to provide such as are least likely to over-exhilarate; and the experience of all wine countries gives us hope that California, through her pure wines, is destined to be an Apostle of Temperance to our sister States on the Atlantic, as well as to our own population.

SOME FAULTS AND FAILINGS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION.

LIBERAL education so-called is a failure in the United States. The American bachelor of arts has neither an aggregate amount of training excellent above criticism, nor an individual proficiency in any special branch or branches that he may exhibit, as a voucher for the years spent in the cloister. The Cambridge or Oxford man of studious instincts, flings off the undergraduate's gown and comes forth as an accurate mathematician, or a classical scholar, mighty in every author of antiquity, with no slurring knowledge, that retreats before the least inquiry. Even with all the privileges and aids that pull the gentleman commoner through, in the race with his middle-class rivals, the British noble knows something beyond the rudiments of philology, and a great deal of a desirable character about horses and sports. In Germany, the gymnasium must have done its work before the student is admitted to the university; and the philosophical doctorate, or even the other courses, would frighten an average American. But the young citizen in this land has nothing surely. His Greek, at best, is that spoken of by Mrs. Browning so contemptuously, as "lady Greek," unmarked by accents; and as years slip by, it fades from his memory entirely. His Latin quavers at every knot tied by a subjunctive mode. His mathematics are shut up in the college text-books, and would not aid him much in the navigation of a ship or the survey of a ranch. His scientific acquirements had better be passed over in silence, unless the smattering of terms rolled unctuously from the pulpit to the delectation of a trustful congregation, the evident cramming of the advocate in a poisoning case, or the nervous progress of the country physician called upon suddenly to make an analysis, may be said to reflect honor on collegiate training. I might go further, and ask of what English reading this baccalaureate is the exponent; but alas! that varies in quantity so fearfully that it may be left out of the calculation of acquirements entirely. Indeed, in that direction, it might be a serious question, whether an association of printers' devils would not be more proficient in orthography, punctuation, and such minor matters, than the Associated Alumni of this coast, or any other body of educated men East or West.

The American Alumnus can do nothing well. He is neither a horse-tamer nor a viking like his English brother. He comes to his profession with none of that intellectual strength that attends upon the certainty of mental acquirements; and as a divinity student, he saunters through a mild course of theology, dipping lazily into Hebrew or the Septuagint, devoting most of his attention to pastoral theology in the way of visits to neighboring young women; or as a teacher, brings up others in the same slip-shod course he himself has followed, until they become his worthy successors; or takes hold of a legal course, and grasps at the subject with a narrowness of thought and poverty of culture that ends in anything but the making of a jurist.

But to go farther back, the common school education is a snare and deception in its productions. The boy enters a primary school at the age of six, where he spends a couple of years at least, in learning to read. For three years longer, he is laboring at the four fundamental rules of arithmetic, not as yet up to the mysteries of vulgar fractions. He trifles with geography, is inducted into physi-

ology as a treat, and finally reaches the high school of his town or village at from thirteen to sixteen years of age, writing a flourishing hand, shaky about spelling, and in no condition to digest the load of mathematics and fragmentary science that is spread out before him, as the cap-sheaf to this so-called generous instruction granted by public munificence.

The conceit of these graduates of common schools is at times amusing. The young men and women of this class of culture are brisk and loquacious on every conceivable subject. They would frighten the modesty of a La Place or a Davy by their flippant treatment of all the questions of science; and old Adam Smith creeps backs to his shelf at the sounding audacity of their political economy. The terms (and nothing but the terms) of geology, chemistry, botany, zoology, and other sciences are on their lips, while their brains are by no means ploughed up with the problems they mouth and decide so glibly.

It is this kind of learning that various writers are now-a-days advocating. It gives the owner the counters, as it were, of circulating knowledge; and among ignorant people, these brassy counters pass for monetary coinage. How much easier it is to announce the round distance to the moon, than to take the preliminary facts of the practical astronomer and demonstrate the distance, especially when no one follows you through the problem! How much more agreeable to refer grandly to a quarto dictionary for the derivation of a word, than to torture the mind for years in the study of a dead language! These royally-educated minds indeed feel on the subject of dead learning as did the cowardly Parolles in the matter of drums; and when searching for a long, high-sounding Latinism, are by no means particular to take a term known in that connection to the ancient Cethegi, but are willing to accept "any drum of the enemy's," provided it is sonorous enough. It is to this class that we are indebted, in the main, for the species of training which teaches a tender babe to call a flower *umbelliferous* or *composite*, a stone *silicious* or *aluminous*, while it has not yet been glutted with the milk of monosyllabic English. In short, it is that crafty cant that is partly known under the unmeaning term of "Object Lessons."

The origin of this bastard training arises from the following facts:

Fifty years ago, every adult ex-pupil of a district school was looked upon as a possible schoolmaster. His own knowledge was limited to the most moderate allowances of the branches styled *par excellence*, English: that is, he could write an English letter with the assistance of a spelling-book, and work a laborious example in compound proportion. If a few years' experience in the instruction business brought greater accuracy to his knowledge and dexterity to his calculations, he became an Americanized edition of Goldsmith's village oracle, and was respected accordingly. This was the sort of man who might be found anywhere and everywhere in New England and New England's settlements, as well as supplying the demand for instruction upon Southern plantations; laborious, diligent in his work, harrowing and cultivating to the utmost the little strip of educational soil which he himself had once traversed, but disturbing no stump or underbrush outside thereof.

As generations slipped by, the common school became exclusively the only gate to education; and its teachers expended still greater effort in their little circle of instruction, but still not stepping beyond it for any object whatever. Then came the advance in wealth and luxury—or rather, the early settlers began to realize pecuniarily what fruits arose from the early efforts in the wilderness, and a little something in the shape of high schools began to be supported with more

or less liberality. The late teacher of simple English added a touch of mathematics in the shape of a modicum of algebra, and a few books of Euclid or Legendre. Electricity having become talked of, a little natural philosophy, unaccompanied by any severe demonstrations from pure mathematics, and a dose of chemistry made cheerful by gaseous experiments and voltaic piles, were distributed to the advancing disciples. Then came the fight between the old time schoolmasters and a new class, who fancied that a little Latin might be advantageously worked into this course, and who were prepared to give instruction therein by reason of their attention to the subject in some New England school: this fight is now progressing.

But the time occupied in the common school course, as above indicated, really took up and does now engross quite as many years of a boy's life as more definite and exact instruction. The question may be asked with some justice, what does a lad of eighteen or nineteen, (the age at which the average graduate from the high schools in most of our cities) really know? What has he done in the preceding ten years? He is intelligent on many subjects, but nothing is his emphatically. He can barely, if at all, pass an examination for admission even to an American college; and yet he has reached an age when boys are superannuated at Eton and go to the University, many of them with an elegance of scholarship that would give them prominence in any assembly of educated men. If any one urges that these boys should, during these ten years, be taught the classics, like their Eton rivals, he is met by the answer that they must be taught something more practical; it is a business education that they should have. The consequence is, however, that these awkward young men have notions unfitting them for anything but the light and genteel occupations in inferior clerkships and shops. Their instructed minds revolt from the vulgar employment of filing castings. Like Sim Tappertit, their minds are above making locks; and they spend all their efforts in seeming to be—what they are not—educated men.

It would be well if the ten years, which are the hypothetical period of a young man's education, could be properly spent, and under proper instruction.

The advocate of dead languages could find no fault, as the disciple would be fully trained in them to his satisfaction; the mathematician could find no fault, as the usual academic course might be fairly and fully carried out in that direction; the natural sciences hardly need any violence in asserting their importance; and the youth properly trained, (better than was Charles Lamb and almost as thoroughly as Coleridge) would then step out into life, conscious that there was something of which he was yet ignorant, and which he had yet to learn. He would then too, if he chose, enter upon a proper university course, with the road to æsthetic culture clearly open before him.

As it is at present, however. the common school pupil is pulled from one science and pursuit to another, until his knowledge is as tawdry and patchy as Joseph's coat, and prized and vaunted almost as highly.

If boards of education only knew something, or tried to know what they should, they might save their endless discussions as to what the public can afford to have taught, and what not, by having the decade occupied in its fullest and most judicious manner with everything, classics, mathematics, sciences, and modern languages. The boy is there in school; and all that he needs is the teachers.

A question would seem to present itself as to how to select instructors. The popular method is, at least for a portion of the tests, to place before the

candidate a series of papers demanding statements of facts more or less disconnected, which statements are to show precisely how well acquainted the aspirant may be with the subjects he is to teach. For example, he is examined in physiology. If he has taught physiology previously, he will know how to give answers quite as correct as any by a medical professor. If he has not been over the text-book, before presenting himself for examination, he must "cram" upon the subject for a few nights, and he can then pass muster. In geography, history, and other branches, it is the same; and it is doubtful if Bayard Taylor or Motley could get a maximum certificate in those branches, after any neglect of the proper amount of cramming. The result thus narrows down to the more or less successful efforts of a few months' study, and the teacher is good or bad, according as he is shrewd in his preparations, intrinsic qualifications of past years having but a remote influence upon the applicant's endeavors. The consequence upon the schools is to make them excellent in the estimation of the Gradgrinds who seek for human reservoirs of isolated facts instead of rational systems of knowledge, who prefer small change readily produced instead of solid intellectual wealth.

There is, too, the apparent glibness of science in all the foregoing results; and liberal knowledge loses its value when brought into comparison therewith in the popular mind.

The trades and farms are deserted by the intelligent class that should be laborers therein; and the shopkeeping instincts of the people are cultivated into deformity. It is certainly quite as dignified to hammer an iron bar into a horseshoe as to sell lady's cloth over a counter. It is as manly, (or gentlemanly, if you like the word) to be able to put up a bridge or build a ship as to simper over dry goods. If trade is, as some have said, an overreaching of your neighbor, the sooner we get back to georgic and bucolic means of existence, the better for our honesty and nobility as a people.

Liberal education, in the event of a reform in the common schools, must of necessity take a still more advanced position.

The average young man, with the proper educational advantages, and no time wasted, on arriving at his majority, might:

1st. Understand and construe the Greek classics, possess a command of the vocabulary, and possess a fair knowledge of any cognate branches.

2d. Read and write Latin with some degree of fluency, and use it in an elastic and easy manner.

3d. Understand and trace all the elementary principles of mathematics, using the various processes to arrive at given results with confidence.

4th. Comprehend the grammatical principles of the Latin and Germanic branches of modern languages, and with some little study, read any of them when required.

5th. Be able to pursue any branch of learning connected with material sciences, without requiring to go over elementary principles to grasp at conclusions.

Nor would the above schedule seem to an educated Englishman or German at all Crichtonian in its requirements. There is many an English curate on sixty pounds a year, or German official living on less than a guelden a day, with quite as much learning as the above, and by no means surprised at his abilities either.

It is not a question at all, whether the young man has *time* for all this: it is whether or no he has the inclination. Mental culture is not a single tramway, to be occupied by but one subject at a time. The number of threads that make up human development may be numerous enough to connect with all the combined knowledge of "the foremost files of time."

The government has, at West Point, attempted a monopoly in favor of pure and mixed mathematics. It has, it is true, succeeded in a measure in that direction; but it is doubtful whether, with the same given amount of expense and inducements, it could not have produced men quite as well versed in cubic equations and differentiations, who would be elegant Grecians as well.

"Too many irons in the fire" is an absurdity in the matter of education. One might as well say that, to feel keenly, the perceptions should be limited. It is not the man who has seen one painting, but he who has studied many, and has withal studied Nature, that is acknowledged a connoisseur. If one wishes to raise fruit, he does not plant a single twig, wait until it is fully developed, and then commence with another, but spreads out his young orchard at once, giving all an equal chance. What matters it to him in the end if the weakly saplings die? He has insured himself a crop in any event.

A very common error is that of driving into the learned professions every young man who has the slightest pretensions to scholarship. Not that law or medicine or pulpitizing require or are conducted on any very learned basis, as an examination of the files of the courts, the character of the ordinary literary effusions of physicians, or the structure of ninety per cent. of the sermons preached in this city would demonstrate; and it is doubtful whether the highest standard to be reached, especially in the West, requires that the aspirant should be loaded with literary honors.

Indeed, in whatever practical light we view the necessities of training, as a means of ensuring a fair livelihood, liberal education seems a superfluity. It is a luxury, and as such should be treated, looking first to the certain means of subsistence. It is dangerous to rely upon education for that.

The solution given by that simple member of the old French nobility, when met by the fact that the poor had no bread, and who suggested that they be given cream-cakes instead, is the apparent principle under which Americans are treated in the matter of education. The bread is forgotten, and the cream-cakes are furnished to a surfeit.

To enjoy a liberal education, it is necessary that one should have an estate of inheritance behind it, or an occupation certain at all times to furnish a fair subsistence. The rule of the ancient Jews, which required that every one should know some manual occupation, and under which St. Paul was a tent-maker, would prevent much misery.

It is not very prudent for a poor man to send his son out into the world with a polite education, when that son cannot step into a position where he may as well gratify the tastes attendant upon such training as exhibit it to the best advantage among his fellows. It is too much like giving a man, for his one suit, fine linen and an evening dress, whereas the roughness of his prospective life would make corduroy more acceptable. There is an old story of Sterne's, wherein a nobleman, to battle with poverty, lays his sword away, and descends the social ladder to engage in commerce; he becomes rich, returns to claim and receive his emblem of honor; and resumes his rank re-fortified therein by his commercial wealth. It sounds grandly to the reader, as recounted by the author; but in practice, the difficulty appears in discouraging lights.

Let us imagine a man thoroughly inducted into the mysteries of Greek particles, seeking his proper position in the ranks of workers. He will be tossed from one class of labor to another, until he finds himself on a path narrowing down to but one profession—teaching. Now, he may not be fit for that business at all; and being out of his place therein, works at a disadvantage. If he could farm, or raise stock, or make a machine, there would be hope for him to reach

prosperity. But he is expert in none of these, and his life becomes a failure and his accomplishments a dry pursuit. If such a man only could have been imprisoned on a stock ranch for one of those years spent in cloisters or libraries, his capacity for Greek would have received no injury, while his ability to gain his daily food would be vastly increased.

As to mechanical pursuits, a very striking instance of the advantages of educated men being put at them, for a time at least may be seen in the contributions to Greek literature by the Valpys who joined to practical printing all the graces of ripe scholarship. In fact, mere scholarship is in itself a mere vine that requires a solid edifice to twine upon; otherwise it is at the mercy of every passer-by, who tramples it under foot.

But by all the foregoing, I do not mean that the young men of the Republic need not have learned what they have, be that scholarship ever so unpractical. But, in the time occupied, whether through fault of teachers, parents, or the entire system, not enough has been done in any direction. The mint and cummin tithe of elegant learning may be and should be paid; but the weightier matters of giving youth a means of livelihood, with nothing shiftless about it, ought first to be seen to. I am not sure whether as much power does not lie, in so far as the making of a man is concerned, in the "blacksmith" part of Elihu Burritt's *sobriquet* as in the "learned." The one may give him something of respect in narrow circles of college towns, while the other is a letter of credit for subsistence, wherever a horseman is found or iron is welded.

It would be hard indeed to show where the remedy for the many evils of American education can be found, or indeed to point out the precise evils themselves. I have spoken loosely of effects. Perhaps there is a want of earnestness at the root of the matter; possibly there is an indefiniteness generally as to the objects to be attained—a sort of haziness spread over the prospect, that makes much of what is done virtually useless. Until some sort of a fight is made against the snare of superficiality into which we have fallen, under the sounding title of popular diffusion of knowledge, and we ask for certainty where now ignorance cloaks itself under pleasant generalities, we must yield the palm of enlightenment to the older nations of Europe, and be content with a modest place in the rear of the army of progress.

A CALIFORNIAN ABROAD—A MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE.

WE voyaged by steamer down the Lago di Lecco, through wild mountain scenery, and by hamlets and villas, and disembarked at the town of Lecco. They said it was two hours by carriage to the ancient city of Bergamo, and that we would arrive there in good season for the railway train. We got an open barouche, and a wild, boisterous driver, and set out. It was delightful. We had a fast team, and a perfectly smooth road. There were towering cliffs on our left, and the pretty Lago di Lecco on our right, and every now and then it rained on us. Just before starting, the driver picked up in the street a stump of a cigar an inch long, and put it in his mouth. When he had carried it thus for about an hour, I thought it would be only Christian charity to give him a light. I handed him my cigar, which I had just lit, and he put it in his mouth and returned his stump to his pocket!

We saw interior Italy now. The

houses were of solid stone, and not often in good repair. The peasants and their children were idle as a general thing, and the donkeys and chickens made themselves at home in drawing-room and bedchamber, and were not molested. The drivers of each and every one of the slow-moving market carts we met were stretched in the sun upon their merchandize, sound asleep. Every three or four hundred yards, it seemed to me, we came upon the shrine of some saint or other —a rude picture of him built into a cross or a stone pillar by the road-side. Some of the pictures of the Saviour were curiosities in their way. They represented him stretched upon the cross, his countenance distorted with agony. From the wounds of the crown of thorns; from the pierced side; from the mutilated hands and feet; from the scourged body; from every hand-breadth of his person, streams of blood were flowing! Such a gory, ghastly spectacle would frighten the children out of their senses, I should think. There were some unique auxiliaries to the painting, which added to its spirited effect.

These were genuine wooden and iron implements, and were prominently disposed around about the figure: a bundle of nails; the hammer to drive them; the sponge; the reed that supported it; the cup of vinegar; the ladder for the ascent of the cross; the spear that pierced the Saviour's side. The crown of thorns was made of real thorns, and was nailed to the sacred head. In some Italian church-paintings, even by the old masters, the Saviour and the Virgin wear silver or gilded crowns that are fastened to the pictured heads with nails. The effect is as grotesque as it is incongruous.

Here and there, on the fronts of road-side inns, we found huge, coarse frescoes of suffering martyrs like those in the shrines. It could not have diminished their sufferings any to be so uncouthly represented. We were in the heart and home of priestcraft—of a happy, cheerful, contented ignorance, superstition, degradation, poverty, indolence, and everlasting unaspiring worthlessness. And we said fervently, it suits these people precisely; let them enjoy it, along with the other animals, and Heaven forbid that they be molested. *We* feel no malice toward them.

We passed through the strangest, funniest, undreamt-of old towns, wedded to the customs and steeped in the sleep of the elder ages, and perfectly unaware that the world turns round! And perfectly indifferent, too, as to whether it turns round or stands still. *They* have nothing to do but eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, and toil a little when they can get a friend to stand by and keep them awake. *They* are not paid for thinking—*they* are not paid to fret about the world's concerns. They were not respectable people—they were not worthy people—they were not learned and wise and brilliant people—but in their breasts, all their stupid lives long, rested a peace that passeth all understanding! How can men, calling themselves men, consent to be so degraded and happy?

We whisked by many a gray old mediæval castle, clad thick with ivy that swung its green banners down from towers and turrets where once some old Crusader's flag had floated. The driver pointed to one of these ancient fortresses and said, (I translate):

"Do you see that great iron hook that projects from the wall just under the highest window in the ruined tower?"

We said we could not see it at such a distance, but had no doubt it was there.

"Well," he said, "there is a legend connected with that iron hook. Nearly seven hundred years ago, that castle was the property of the noble Count Luigi Gennaro Guido Alphonse di Genova—"

"What was his other name?" said one of the party.

"He had no other name. The name

I have spoken was all the name he had. He was the son of —— "

"Never mind the particulars. Go on with the legend."

THE LEGEND.

"Well, then, all the world at that time was in a wild excitement about the Holy Sepulchre. All the great feudal lords in Europe were pledging their lands and pawning their plate to fit out men-at-arms so that they might join the grand armies of Christendom, and win renown in the Holy Wars. The Count Luigi raised money, like the rest; and one mild September morning, armed with battle-axe, with barbican, cressett, portcullis, Enfield rifle, Prussian needle gun and thundering culverin, he rode through the greaves of his donjon-keep with as gallant a troop of Christian bandits as ever stepped in Italy. He had his sword, Excalibur, with him. His beautiful countess and her young daughter waved him a tearful adieu from the battering-rams and buttresses of the fortress, and he galloped away with a happy heart.

He made a raid on a neighboring baron and completed his outfit with the booty secured. He then razed the castle to the ground, massacred the family, and moved on. They were hardy fellows in the grand old days of chivalry. Alas! those days will never come again.

Count Luigi grew high in fame in Holy Land. He plunged into the carnage of a hundred battles, but his good Excalibur always brought him out alive, albeit often sorely wounded. His face became browned by exposure to the Syrian sun in long marches; he suffered hunger and thirst; he pined in prisons, he languished in loathsome plague-hospitals. And many and many a time he thought of his loved ones at home, and wondered if all was well with them. But his heart said—Peace, is not thy brother watching over thy household?

Forty-two years waxed and waned; the good fight was won; Godfrey reigned in Jerusalem — the Christian hosts reared the banner of the Cross above the Holy Sepulchre!

Twilight was approaching. Fifty harlequins, in flowing robes, approached this castle wearily, for they were on foot, and the dust upon their garments showed that they had travelled far. They overtook a peasant, and asked him if it was likely they could get food and a hospitable bed there, for love of Christian charity, and if perchance a moral parlor entertainment might meet with generous countenance—"for," said they, "this exhibition hath no feature that could offend the most fastidious."

"Marry," quoth the peasant, "an it please your worships, ye had better go many a good rood hence with your juggling circus than trust your bones in yonder castle."

"How now, Sirrah!" exclaimed the chief monk, "explain thy ribald speech, or by'r lady it shall go hard with thee."

"Peace, good mountebank, I did but utter the truth that was in my heart. San Paolo be my witness that did ye but find the stout Count Leonardo in his cups, sheer from the castle's topmost battlements would he hurl ye all! Alack-a-day, the good Lord Luigi reigns not here in these sad times."

"The good Lord Luigi?"

"Aye, none other, please your worship. In his day, the poor rejoiced in plenty and the rich he did oppress; taxes were not known; the fathers of the church waxed fat upon his bounty; travellers went and came, with none to interfere; and whosoever would, might tarry in his halls in cordial welcome, and eat his bread and drink his wine withal. But woe is me! two and forty years agone the good Count rode away to fight for Holy Cross, and many a year has flown since word or token was had of him. Men say his bones lie bleaching in the fields of Palestine."

"And now?"

"*Now!* God 'a mercy, the cruel

Leonardo lords it in the castle. He wrings taxes from the poor; he robs all travellers that journey by his gates; he spends his days in feuds and murders, and his nights in revel and debauch; he roasts the fathers of the church upon his kitchen spits, and enjoyeth the same, calling it pastime. These thirty years Luigi's countess hath not been seen by any one in all this land, and many whisper that she pines in the dungeons of the castle for that she will not wed with Leonardo, saying her dear lord still liveth, and that she will die ere she prove false to him. They whisper likewise, that her daughter is a prisoner as well. Nay, good jugglers, seek ye refreshment otherwheres. 'Twere better that ye perished in a Christian way than that ye plunged from off yon dizzy tower. I give ye good day."

"God keep ye, gentle youth—farewell."

But heedless of the peasant's warning, the players moved straightway toward the castle.

Word was brought to Count Leonardo that a company of mountebanks besought his hospitality.

"'T is well. Dispose of them in the customary manner. Yet stay! I have need of them. Let them come hither. Later, cast them from the battlements—or—how many priests have ye on hand?"

"The day's results are meagre; good my lord. An abbot and a dozen beggarly friars is all we have."

"Hell and furies! Is the State going to secede? Send hither the mountebanks. Afterward, broil them with the priests."

The robed and close-cowled harlequins entered. The grim Leonardo sate in state at the head of his council-board. Ranged up and down the hall on either hand stood near a hundred men-at-arms.

"Ha, villains!" quoth the Count, "what can ye do to earn the hospitality ye crave?"

"Dread lord and mighty—crowded audiences have greeted our humble efforts with rapturous applause. Among our body count we the versatile and talented Ugolino; the justly celebrated Rodolpho; the infant phenomenon, Sig. Beppo; the Palestine Pet—Zelina; the gifted and accomplished Rodrigo. The management have spared no pains and expense ——."

"'Sdeath! What can ye do? Curb thy prating tongue."

"Good my lord—in acrobatic feats, in practice with the dumb-bells, in balancing and ground and lofty tumbling, are we versed; and sith your highness asketh me, I venture here to publish that in the truly marvellous and entertaining zampillærostation ——."

"Gag him! Throttle him! Body of Bacchus! Am I a dog that I am to be assailed with pollysyllabled blasphemy like this? But hold! Lucrezia, Isabel, stand forth! Sirrah, behold this dame, this weeping wench. The first I marry, within the hour; the other shall dry her tears or feed the vultures. Thou and thy vagabonds shall crown the wedding with thy merry-makings. Fetch hither the priest!"

The dame sprang toward the chief player.

"O, save me!" she cried; "save me from a fate far worse than death! Behold these sad eyes, these shrunken cheeks, this withered frame! See thou the wreck this fiend hath made, and let thy heart be moved with pity! Look upon this damsel; note her wasted form, her halting step, her bloodless cheeks where youth should blush and happiness exult in smiles! Hear us and have compassion! This monster was my husband's brother. He, who should have been our shield against all harm, hath kept us shut within the noisome dungeons of his castle for, lo, these thirty years—for what crime? None other than that I would not belie my troth, root out my strong love for

him who marches with the legions of the Cross in Holy Land, for O, he is not dead! and wed with him! Save us, O, save thy persecuted suppliants!"

She flung herself at his feet, and clasped his knees.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the brutal Leonardo. "Priest, to thy work!" and he dragged the weeping dame from her refuge. "Say, once for all, *will* you be mine?—for by my halidame, that breath that uttereth thy refusal shall be thy last on earth!"

"Nev-er!"

"Then die!" and the sword leaped from its scabbard.

Quicker than thought, quicker than the lightning's flash, fifty monkish habits disappeared, and fifty knights in splendid armor stood revealed! fifty falchions gleamed in air above the men-at-arms, and brighter, fiercer than them all, flamed Excalibur aloft, and cleaving downward, struck the brutal Leonardo's weapon from his grasp!

Count Luigi bound his usurping brother hand and foot. The practised knights from Palestine made holiday sport of carving the awkward men-at-arms to chops and steaks. The victory was complete. Happiness reigned. Everybody married somebody else!

"But what did they do with the wicked brother?"

"Oh, nothing—only hanged him on that iron hook I was speaking of. By the chin."

"How?"

"Passed it up through into his mouth."

"How long?"

"Couple of years."

"Count Luigi—is he dead?"

"Six hundred and fifty years ago, or such a matter."

"Splendid legend—drive on."

PORCELAIN.

THE quaintly-fashioned Chinese porcelain which has so often made foreign and picturesque the shop windows of San Francisco, has an old history. From the earliest ages the art of making and fabricating vessels for domestic purposes has long been known and universally practiced. We find them recorded in Holy Writ. The Egyptians possessed many of the practical secrets of the art, and rare specimens of antique shape and elegant proportions are frequently found among the mummies and in their cases. The Etruscans, who flourished about the middle of the fifth century of Rome, B.C., had made great advances in this department of science. Nearly all the excavations made in the southern part of Italy have disclosed vases and statues constructed on principles of art, and evidently the productions of cunning masters. Painted vases occur in the district of Targuinii, and red in Arritum. Numerous collections of these precious relics abound in Perrugia, Florence and Palermo. The buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii furnish specimens of equal elegance, and the forms of the vases, cups and pitchers have been repeatedly copied. The ancient Mexicans, Peruvians and North Americans had also attempted the same manufacture, and articles of a similar description have been found in the ruined cities of Central America, which are supposed to have been erected one thousand years B. C. The wheel had evidently not been used, but these specimens are well baked and have a fine vitreous glaze. As clay was more ductile than bronze or any other metal, less expensive and more easily worked, it

was used as moulds and to multiply copies. Layard, the well known Assyrian traveler, discovered a series of books "in the form of tablets, cylinders and hexagonal prisms." Opaque glasses, dating from the fourth century, have been found in the old Egyptian tombs.

The word *pottery* is derived from the Latin *potus*, a pot, and is usually applied to the coarser vessels in daily use. The word *porcelain* is of a doubtful etymology, and has been attributed to various sources; by some it has been derived from *porcellana*, the Portuguese for drinking cup; by others from *porcella*, a similar word in Italian, applied to a cowrie, that shell having a fine gloss resembling porcelain. The Chinese were well acquainted with the art about a century before the Christian era; but though they mastered some of the practical details of coloring and gilding, they were strangers to elegance and grace, and remained stationary. The Portuguese in 1518 introduced this ware into Europe, where it received the name of China, which it partially retains. The Japanese manufactured the same article, but it in no respect differs from that produced by the Celestials.

While the eastern nations were thus engaged, the art of making pottery was lost for five or six centuries in Europe, after the overthrow of the western empire. The Moors who invaded the peninsula of Spain, and made settlements in some of the principal cities, were doubtless the most polished and cultivated nation of that era. They had made some researches in chemistry, and were fond of architecture. The neighborhood abounded in a porous clay suitable for such manufactures, and their tiles are still found in some of the buildings in Grenada, Malaga and Toledo. They are commonly of pale clay, the surface coated over with a white enamel, on which elaborate designs are executed in colors; but they did not stop here. Ornaments of great beauty, Arabic inscriptions, sentences from the Koran, and heraldic insignia were added. The finest tracery, resembling Brussels lace, is frequently seen on some of the tiles in the Alhambra. The manufacture of the tiles was continued by the Moors alone, till their expulsion in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Spaniards, however, had learned the art of making these tiles or *azulegas*, which are manufactured to this day in Valencia, and were used in California for roofing previous to the American occupation. The Moorish vases, which are now exceedingly scarce, and of which specimens are preserved at Dresden and in the Escurial, have a white ground with either blue, gold or copper-colored ornaments. The Italian majolica or enamelled ware, dates perhaps from the twelfth century; but that is uncertain, and its early history is lost in the dewy mist of fable. Some writers, however, assert that in 1115, the pirate king of Majorca was surprised in his stronghold by an armament from Pisa, and that the assailants captured a number of porcelain plates with Moorish inscriptions; but no attempt was made to imitate them.

In the fourteenth century an Italian potter produced some vases resembling those in vogue at Grenada, with fantastic patterns in yellow and green on blue grounds. In 1451, Luca della Robbia, who had gained some reputation as a sculptor at Pesaro, turned his attention to the manufacture of porcelain ornaments with a white enamel glaze, of which he is considered the inventor. His Madonnas and architectural pieces are still highly prized, and after the lapse of several centuries retain their lustre undiminished. The artist long enjoyed the patronage and confidence of the Dukes of Urbino.

Other towns in Italy opened potteries and the coarser specimens were termed *messa majolica*. After 1560, the art began to decline, and though the colors,

particularly the pearl lustre and the ruby, were brighter, the drawing was inferior. Grotesque figures of animals and fishes were introduced, hands clasped in the fashion of modern valentines, cups of great beauty in the shape of lemons and apples, saucers with portraits, and services with armorial bearings are frequently seen. The artists, also, occasionally put their monograms and sometimes their names. Different towns had also their distinguishing marks; but the rich trading republics of Venice, Genoa, Florence and Pisa, imported such quanties of finer ware from China, that the majolica soon fell into disuse.

Germany, which was afterwards destined to produce such superb porcelain at Meissen and Dresden, did not make much progress in the manufacture of majolica, which was introduced by Hirschvogel of Nuremberg in 1507. The enterprise, however, met a better reception in France, and several manufactories were started at Nivers, under the patronage of Catharine de Medici and her kinsman Gonsaga.

Bernard Palissy is the inventor of a celebrated ware, known by his name, and did as much for that branch of industry in France, as Wedgewood in England. This individual was originally a land surveyor, was exceedingly fond of art, and frequently painted on glass. He had remarked the enamel on a cup, and was anxious to know how it was produced; but the secret was jealously guarded, and the amateur determined to test the matter. He abandoned his original occupation, and passed his time in burning specimens of hardware and glass to ascertain wherein the mystery was concealed; and after sixteen years consumed in poverty and toil, his efforts were crowned with success. His somewhat romantic history had preceded him to Paris, and his *figulines*, or rustic pottery, became the fashion of the day. His designs were all copied from nature; leaves, shells and animals were his favorite models. Palissy never attained the brilliancy of Luca della Robbia, or the *faience* of Nevers; but he was, as a distinguished critic has justly remarked, "a great master of the power and effect of neutral tints."

France is also celebrated for a fine species of *faience*, or pottery—the word faience being derived from a small town in the department of Vau, which early in the sixth century was celebrated for glazed pottery. Thirty-seven pieces of this only are extant, and the date of its manufacture is unknown. The material is fine pipe-clay, the patterns are engraved on the paste, and the hollows filled up with another color, thus resembling finely chiselled silver; hence this is sometimes called *faience à mello*. The articles are commonly small—cups, vases and a drinking vessel with a spout, usually called a *biberon*. A single candlestick of this ware was sold in London ten years ago for $1,100.

Ratisbon, Landschut, Nuremberg, and latterly Holland, after the discoveries of Palissy, were not backward in availing themselves of the research and toil of the industrious Frenchman; and the pottery of Delft was famed for its lustre and fine color. The designs were fantastic, and copied chiefly from the Japanese; the finer specimens are highly prized by connoiseurs. Elizabeth was not disinclined to patronize English workmen, and the famous Shakspeare jug, which was manufactured in her reign and is still extant, merits a description. This vessel is nine inches high, and eighteen in circumference. In shape it resembles a modern coffee-pot, and has eight oval compartments, each representing some mythological subject, and in fine relief. The pottery of that age is very hard, and Staffordshire then first came into notice. The *tig*, or drinking-cup, and the parting-cup with two handles, were then given to the public. John Dwight, in 1864, es-

tablished a manufactory at Fulham, and some of his figures, pitchers and statues bring fabulous prices. The princes of the Stuart line and the first George were too much absorbed by political events to think much of domestic manufacture and the arts; still some advance was made, and vessels composed of sand and pipe-clay, colored with oxide of copper and manganese, and known as agate-ware and tortoise-shell ware, met a ready sale, and are occasionally seen in some of the remote shires and counties of England.

Wedgewood may be styled the father of English pottery, and was singularly constituted for the task he had undertaken, possessing a rare union of good taste, energy, and financial ability. Other manufacturers used foreign materials which were costly, and paid a heavy duty, but Wedgewood availed himself of the common flint and clay. He was led to this by seeing a flint burning in the fire, and carried out his idea. He also became a practical chemist, and enlisted in his service all the scientific talent of his day. Flaxman, the illustrious sculptor, furnished him with several designs. His practical skill and really valuable attainments brought the great potter into contact with all the nobility and gentry of Great Britain, and threw open the doors of their collections—vases, cameos and intaglios were freely loaned. He produced a variety of articles which rank with the first Sevres and Dresden. His blue jasper is perhaps the most famous, and it has never yet been excelled; his green jasper has been greatly admired; and his bamboo white and porcelain biscuit are still copied. This great sovereign of his art died at Etruria, in 1795, and his memory is embalmed in some elegant verses from the classic pen of Darwin.

Having thus paved the way, we shall now proceed to a brief sketch of that fragile and beautiful ware called Porcelain, which gives employment and bread to so many thousands, fosters the art of chemistry, painting and design, and on which millions are yearly expended.

China, Japan and Persia were the first nations who engaged in the manufacture of this beautiful article. Chinese bottles have been found in the tombs of Thebes, and are computed to have been made between 1289 and 1575 B.C.; but from the researches of Marco Polo and the other great travelers who penetrated the East we learn that the manufacture was commenced 1000 B.C., and attained its greatest perfection 1630 B.C. The great porcelain tower was erected at Nankin, in 1277. Some specimens were occasionally brought to Europe, but were exceedingly rare, until the Portuguese, the pioneers of the great maritime discoverers of the fifteenth century, doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Tohen was the chief depot for the manufacture of the pure white porcelain; Nankin for the blue-white-and-pale buff; Rong-te-Ching for the sea-green; and Crachle porcelain, or in the Chinese dialect, *tsoin-phi;* this is now exceedingly rare, and was produced by combining steatite with the glace, which, when heated, forms a network over the whole surface. A vase was sold in Japan to the heads of the Dutch factory for a royal present, for $1,500. The same effect may be produced by plunging heated porcelain into cold water, and filling the cracks with red ochre, or thick ink. When so prepared, this is styled by the French "*porcelaine trutee*," and by the Chinese "snake porcelain."

The egg-shell china is reputed the *chef d'œuvre* of art in the East: this is exceedingly thin and transparent, and is rarely exported. Yellow is reserved for the emperor alone, and a deep ruby for the other members of the imperial family. Some plates of this unique ware can be seen in the collection of the King of Saxony. The ware most used in China is brown, with white medallions. Though the Celestials perfectly understand many of the technical minutiæ of the art, all

their shapes are hideous, and their flowers, birds and animals monstrosities. Shortly after the introduction of china into Europe, all classes were bitten with a mania for its acquisition. When the rare collection of the articles of vertu at Strawberry Hill was dispersed, there were many spirited bids for the Nankin and Canton china. Before the war, a pair of these vases, in Philadelphia, was valued at $1,500.

Alchemy had many followers in Europe, and was attended with one great practical benefit; though the philosopher's stone was not discovered, it taught mankind the value of chemistry and the modus operandi of proceeding: none were more addicted to this species of research than John Frederick Bottcher, an apothecary's assistant at Berlin, who was so passionately fond of his favorite science that the authorities imagined he practised the black art, and he was forced to leave the kingdom. Bottcher sought the protection of Augustus the Second, Elector of Saxony, who patronized alchemists in the double hope of finding the *elixir vitæ* and discovering the transmutation of metals. The Prussian told the Saxon monarch that he was in love with the science, but could throw no light on either of the points so earnestly desired by his patron. The incredulous prince scarcely believed that any one could be so fanatical; but Tschimhaus, his chief chemist, needing an assistant, he directed Bottcher to go to the laboratory and tender his services, at the same time strictly enjoining Tschimhaus not to lose sight of the Prussian. Bottcher, in obedience to the commands of Augustus, commencing his researches after the philosopher's stone, made some crucibles from the brown clay of Meissen. These resisted fire, and had some of the properties of Oriental porcelain. The Elector, who did not lack discernment, sent the chemist to the castle of Albrechtsburgh, near Meissen, to prosecute his researches, where he was magnificently entertained, but somewhat restrained of personal liberty, and closely watched. When Saxony was invaded by Charles of Sweden, Bottcher, with a number of workmen, was sent to the fortress of Honingstein, on the Elbe, where a laboratory was erected. In 1707 Bottcher returned to Meissen, where he began work on a large scale, the blasts sometimes lasting for five days and nights, but the result did not satisfy either the chemist or his patron. Further trials were made, and in 1709 Bottcher produced a white porcelain, but which bent in the fire. An accidental discovery of white earth, which proved to be kaolin, enabled the indefatigable chemist to pursue his task with greater success, and in 1715 a cup and plate of the purest white, which resisted the flames, were presented to the Electress. All who entered the factory were sworn to absolute secrecy. The exportation of the powder was strictly forbidden, and the factory was guarded like a fortress. "*Be secret unto death*" was inscribed in large letters in every room *(gehem bis ins grab)*. This oath was monthly administered to the workmen, and exacted from personages of the highest rank who visited the factory. The secret was, however, betrayed, as we shall see hereafter. There was then a great demand in all parts of Europe for elegant porcelain, and the factory for many years was extremely successful, though the shapes were not elegant. In 1731 Nandler, an artist of great repute, was commissioned to superintend the works, and the porcelain was then ornamented with wreaths, birds and animals, executed in the highest style of art. These works were interrupted by the seven years' war; but when peace was restored, Meissen again became celebrated for its exquisite copies of pictures of the Flemish school, by Lindemi.

The best talent in the electorate was freely patronised and amply remunerated. In 1745, when Frederick the Great overran Saxony, he captured some of the

workmen and moulds, and an immense quantity of the finest porcelain. Some of this can still be seen at Potsdam and Sans-Souci. The smaller specimens of this ware are very fine, and the lace is so admirably imitated that it has the appearance of being wrought by hand. Some gems of this ware were exhibited in the Ceramic Court of the Crystal Palace, and one basket moving on hinges excited much attention. This manufactory flourished most from 1731 to 1756. The first pieces not intended for sale, but as personal gifts, were marked with "A. R." (Augustus Rex); the electoral sword was painted on those meant for general sale. Gradually, however, it ceased to be profitable. The extremely high price of the ware, contrasted with the very accurate imitations produced in England at a comparatively moderate price, threw it out of market. The kaolin was almost exhausted, and the manufactory was transferred to the finance department. Still even now some specimens are exquisite, and the sets ornamented with flowers, and the deep green tulip-shaped cups, bring fabulous prices. Berlin, Ludwidsburg and Vienna, the secret having been communicated at the latter place by one of the workmen of the Meissen factory, have also produced some good specimens of porcelain, but it can scarely be named in conjunction with either Sevres, Worcester or Dresden.

France, as we have seen, had made some advance in the manufacture of pottery; and in 1695 a soft porcelain was produced at St. Cloud, and sundry attempts made to discover the secrets of the Saxon laboratories, but uselessly. A removal was made to Vincennes, in 1756, and thence to Sevres in 1760. Louis the Fifteenth, at the instigation of Madame de Pompadour, bought the establishment, and neither pains nor expense were spared to produce hard porcelain; but the absence of kaolin was an insuperable impediment. Chance, however, came to the aid of the superintendent. In 1768, the wife of a surgeon near Limogee, observing some soft, unctuous earth, conceived the idea that it could be used in place of soap. A portion of the clay was shown to an apothecary of Bordeaux, who, applying certain chemical tests, was convinced that it was the so-long-desired kaolin, and forwarded a specimen to the Faculty of the University of Paris, who pronounced it to be the purest kaolin. Some difficulty was next experienced in procuring the necessary artistic talent, but after some delay, competent workmen were obtained. This manufactory has also a kind of historic celebrity from the fact that Louis the Sixteenth purchased a libel against the queen and sent it to the china manufactory to be consumed in the furnace. The majority of the workmen were Jacobins, and violently opposed to royalty. The copies were not burned, but carefully preserved, and formed the main accusation against the ill-fated Queen of France when brought before the revolutionary tribunal. This porcelain is more tedious to manufacture than any other, "arising from its extensive and complicated composition and its liability to collapse during the firing. This is also remarkable for its creamy and pearly softness of color, the beauty of its painting, and its depth of glaze."

This ware is divided into two classes:

1st. Common pieces which could be purchased.

2d. *Articles de luxe*, or presents for kings and persons of distinguished rank. When Napoleon the First, during the consulate, elected Etruria into a kingdom, and conferred the sovereignty on Don Louis de Bourbon, the new king was invited to Paris, and presented with some vases of the finest Sevres. Particular colors are appropriated for the pieces intended for royal use: *bleu-du-Roi*, *bleu Turquoise*, Jonquil or yellow, *vert-press* or green, "and a lively pink

or rose, named after the Marchioness de Pompadour."

Porcelain speedily became the fashion with the most dissolute and splendid nobility that the world has probably ever seen. The most skillful artists were employed at enormous rates to make designs; and the gay and magnificent saloons of Paris were crowded with "*objets de gout et de luxe*"—cups painted with flowers rivaling nature, graced the petits soupers given after the opera, and the plates on which the king ate the cherries presented by the jewelled fingers of duchesses and countesses, were richly adorned with cupids, medallions and boys. The cups of the bleu-du-Roi are rarely sold, and are reserved chiefly for crowned heads. The royal manufactory flourished most from 1740 to 1769, when a law was passed (renewed in 1784) limiting the gilding of porcelain. In the opinion of cognoscenti, Dresden far excels Sevres.

When the storm of 1793 burst over France, many of the superb mansions of the nobility were destroyed, and with them a quantity of Sevres. The revolutionary government appointed three directors, who managed the affairs of the institution. In 1800, the superintendency was entrusted to Monsieur Brongniart, who founded the Musée Ceramique, and who after a tenure of forty-seven years, was succeeded by M. Ebleman, and he in turn by Regnault, nominated by Louis Napoleon.

Not long since a jewelry store in Philadelphia exhibited a table, with a ticket stating that the article in question had once belonged to the star-crossed Marie Antoinette. This interesting relic, whether it had ever ornamented either Versailles, Le Petit Trianon, or the Tuilleries, was still a fine work of art. It was of the ordinary size and shape of a centre-table, with about sixteen original portraits of Louis the Sixteenth, his queen, Madame Elizabeth, the Princesse de Lamballe and others, separated by a fleur-de-lis. The china is a pale blue, and in the middle is a rustic scene. Nine hundred dollars is the price set on this interesting souvenir of the most unfortunate of the Bourbon rulers of France. This ware, like Dresden, is rated at fabulous prices; a small tea-plate is valued at fifty dollars. At sales this article always brings its full price. Lord Dudley and Ward, an English nobleman of great wealth and taste, gave $7,500 for a desert service. Pieces with single flowers are invariably dearer than figures, as they demand more time and labor.

While the Continent was so busy in the production of china, England, stimulated by the example of her neighbors, embarked in the traffic, and was soon able to compete successfully with some of the oldest continental manufacturers. Bow and Chelsea produced some fine specimens early in the reign of George the Second, but the establishment did not flourish greatly till models and workmen were imported from Saxony. These foreigners raised the standard of taste, and soon their wares became exceedingly fashionable; the colors are fine and vivid, and the *claret* unsurpassed. In 1750 another manufactory was established at Derby, and the services of Flaxman, the celebrated artist, were enlisted in the enterprise; but the partners quarreled, and most of the designs were destroyed. This porcelain is noted for its transparency, and a beautiful blue is introduced on the borders of the tea-services. The ground is commonly plain, and the *biscuit* equals, if it does not surpass, that of Sevres.

Worcester undoubtedly is equal to Sevres. These works were established in 1751, by Dr. Wall, under the name of the "Worcester Porcelain Company." They were the first who used the kaolin or cornish stone, discovered in 1763 by Cookworthey. Their original efforts were confined to the imitation of the old Nankin, then so much in vogue, and

which abounded in all the mansions of the great. A better taste was, however, fast arising, and the tall Josses and tiny cups, which had been so highly valued, were now only seen in the drawing-rooms of dowagers and maiden ladies. Worcester adopted the Sevres style with the Dresden painting. Messrs. Kerr and Burns now direct the manufactory.

Great Britain annually exports about $30,000,000 worth of porcelain and pottery of various kinds; nearly one half of this is sent to the United States. There is a duty levied on France of $32.40 on every two hundred pounds of plain china brought into the kingdom, and for fine china, $65.75. In Portugal the tariff is regulated by the number of colors.

A china manufactory was started in Philadelphia in 1829, but though some fine specimens were produced, the enterprise did not meet with the requisite patronage, and the stockholders were compelled to suspend operations after they had incurred some heavy losses.

Our limits will scarcely permit us to more than mention the Parian ware, which has rendered latterly such great services to art. This valuable and beautiful material in the hands of the Messrs. Minton, has introduced into the palaces of the rich and the humbler dwellings of the middling and poorer classes, copies of some of the most exquisite gems of modern and ancient art. We might mention a head of Christ, after Michael Angelo; the Saviour crowned with thorns and bound, after Guido; models of all the antique vases found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, and some superb flower vases, in which the fairest blossoms seem almost endowed with life. Messrs. Minton & Co., and Messrs. Copeland & Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, have long enjoyed a monopoly of this ware. This last firm sent to the United States some years ago, busts of Clay and Calhoun, which were remarkable for the accuracy of the likeness, and the beauty of the workmanship. The ceramic department of the Crystal Palace was filled with articles from these two firms, and attracted crowds of visitors. Mr. Minton received $5,000 for a service of Turquoise and Parian, and Lord Hatford and Mr. Mills gave the same for a pair of vases. The flower vase at Buckingham Palace has been valued at $6,000.

A very interesting article might be written on Parian, which in some instances has superseded porcelain.

OVERWORKED SOILS.

AGRICULTURE in the United States must soon come to a turning point. Hitherto, land has been cultivated with but one object in view—that of making the most possible out of it, without any regard to the speedily destructive effects which follow such a course. The American farmer has worked under the belief that he could afford to take all and give nothing back to a soil; because, when he had exhausted a farm in one place, he had nothing to do but remove a little further west and take up another. But we have reached the ultimate in our progress westward, and the time has now come for a change in system of agriculture. We must be land-killers, if we may use such a literally truthful term, no longer. We must give while taking; we must learn to cultivate without destroying. We, who are supposed to be teaching Europe how to govern, must learn from it how to live. Yes, that is

the word; for it is a matter of certainty, that if our present destructive system of agriculture is continued for another half century, our soils will have so deteriorated in life-giving principles, that our physical national life cannot be sustained from them, and we will either be starved out of existence, or will avoid that fate only by a large emigration to some still newer world in Africa, South America, or the islands of the Pacific, where American husbandry has not reduced a soil from virgin richness to utter barrenness.

Liebig, in his "Modern Agriculture," refers to this, which he significantly terms the "Spoliation System," thus: "The deplorable effects of the spoliation system of farming are nowhere more strikingly evident than in America, where land for many years, by simply ploughing and sowing, yields a succession of abundant wheat and tobacco harvests. We all know what has become of those fields. In less than two generations, although originally teeming with fertility, they were turned into deserts, and in many districts brought to a state of such absolute exhaustion, that even now, after having lain fallow more than a hundred years, they will not yield a remunerative crop of a cereal plant."

On this subject the Secretary of the Ohio Board of Agriculture says: "Several years ago I became aware of the fact that wheat, the staple crop of Ohio, was annually diminishing its yields per acre; that in less than fifty years, the average product was reduced from thirty to less than fifteen bushels per acre. I also learned that in Great Britain the yields had increased from sixteen to thirty-six bushels per acre during the same period."

In the old State of Massachusetts, we have it stated by the Board of Agriculture, that in ten years, "although the tillage land had increased more than 40,000 acres," there had been no increase of grain crops, but an absolute depreciation of 600,000 bushels; and with an increase of 100,000 acres of pasturage, there had been scarcely any increase of neat cattle, and a decrease of 160,000 sheep and 17,000 swine.

What has occurred in Massachusetts has been much more rapidly taking place in the Western and South-western States and on the Pacific coast; the Yankee has not been in the van in this work of spoliation. We of California continue year after year to raise the same and the most exhaustive of crops; to despoil the land in the most rapid manner, and yet do nothing by fertilizing to give back to it its life-giving properties.

"In England," says a writer who has devoted much attention to this subject, (Mr. Caird) "I was everywhere struck with the liberality of the English farmers in purchasing manures and feed. The leading idea seemed everywhere to be to make the greatest possible quantity of manure. The inquiry is not, 'How can I keep my flock of sheep so as to make a profit on them?' but 'How shall I feed sheep enough to manure my land for the rotation?'"

In many cases the English farmer pays as much to the manure merchant as he does to his landlord. *The cattle kept* and fattened *are reckoned to afford no profit beyond their manure.*

The four-field system which prevails in England requires the first year's crop to be turnips; the second year's to be barley; the third year's to be "seeds" or grass; that of the fourth to be wheat. A principle is established in English husbandry, that one white crop, (barley, wheat or oats) shall not succeed another. And this principle is adhered to, let it be recollected, despite the rich elements that are given back to the soil by manures to compensate it for those qualities of which it must always, to a certain extent, be deprived by each crop.

In addition to his other expenses, the farmer in England pays an annual average rate, fixtures and rent, of ten dollars per acre, and yet he makes money, because he can raise thirty bushels of wheat and thirty-six bushels of barley to the acre, while the average crop of wheat on all the land in wheat in the United States has been officially shown to be but nine and one-eighth bushels per acre, *and is steadily decreasing*. In one of the best wheat growing States of the West, (Illinois) the average yield is but eleven bushels. Our average yield is set down at twenty bushels, but this is too high an estimate now, and is yearly growing less.

We are now "running upon wheat" in California. Crop after crop of it is being raised, in opposition to the law which requires rotation, while in addition to this excessive draught upon the life of the land, we are doing nothing whatever to restore to the soil the elements of which even judicious cultivation despoils it.

Poverty as hopeless as that of Sahara must inevitably overtake a country that is thus willfully given over to vandal cultivation. In the late war for the Union we fought as much to hand down our national institutions unimpared to our children, as to preserve them intact for ourselves. But if we continue to cultivate the soil in the future as we have in the past, what sort of a landed inheritance will we leave them? Anything, certainly, but the rich one we received. Of what use, too, will be a good government to a country which has been desolated by cultivators of the soil, who have raised matricidal hands against our common mother earth?

To avert the evils named, we must change our system. We must adopt the system of rotation, and we must nourish our lands by keeping herds of neat cattle. He is not a farmer, in the full sense of the term, whose efforts are altogether devoted to the production of one agricultural staple. The ownership of "lowing herds" is as necessary to the life of the land as their presence is to the beauty of rural scenery. Here, too, we have no excuse for not having them. Sheep raising, for instance, is the most profitable agricultural pursuit in California. By their aid the quality of the land is kept up to its high productive standard in England. Outside of this use they are not profitable to the English farmer. Here, in addition to being made available for the same great purpose, their culture is attended with other profits, for wool and mutton are worth much more here than they are in England.

The usual reply to all attempts that are made to elevate husbandry in the United States is that it cannot be done without necessitating the employment of a larger laboring force than any American farmer, because of the much greater value of labor in the United States, can afford to hire. This would not be an effectual answer, even if the American farmer had no offset to compensate him for the increased price he pays for labor. But he has several offsets; and, as we have shown, the English agriculturist pays for taxes and rent an average annual tribute of ten dollars per acre for the mere use of his land. A recent writer from England states that the amount of annual tribute paid as rent by the farmers of England alone, aside from government taxation, is $300,000,000! If this amount were allowed to remain in the hands of the class named, they could afford to pay their laborers, not simply the prevalent rate of wages which farm hands receive in the Atlantic States (which according to statistics we have lately read, showed to be an average of thirteen dollars per month in paper and board) but the much higher rate which is paid laborers on the Pacific coast, viz: an average of forty dollars per month, in gold, and board.

But even if the American farmer had

not the advantage of ownership, freedom from rent, and far lighter taxation, it would still pay him better to use cattle and labor to preserve the life of his land than it now does to avoid both, and quickly deprive it of its capability to raise large crops. The great law of compensation regulates this matter. Our farmers harass their land by putting it through the most exhaustive system of cultivation. Every crop which they reap despoils the soil largely of phosphate of lime, potash, and ammonia; and they know, or ought to know, that if some compensation is not given back to the ground, and if it is not allowed "rest," by rotation of crops, it will soon, like all overworked things, lose its capability to produce anything at all. It is possible to starve and to overwork land, as it is possible to overwork animals. And this system may seem for a short period to be a very profitable one, but nature's laws are rigid in their workings as iron, and the penalty is inevitable, whether the transgression was born of ignorance or intention.

It needs but short figuring to discern that there is more money to be made out of thirty bushels of wheat, even with a treble force of laborers, than is made from nine or ten bushels with a single force; or, in other words, the English farmer makes more money under his system with all the expenses which it entails, and the enormous rents which his masters, the land-owners, exact from him, than the American land-owner clears under his slovenly system. And, in addition, in the one case the quality of the land is constantly improving, while in the other it is retrograding rapidly towards barrenness. Sooner or later, cost what it will, we must avert the latter; and let it be recollected, the longer we delay changing our agricultural system, the harder it will be to avert the consequences. Indeed, as we have shown, it is possible for land to be so effectually killed that there is no resuscitation of its fruitfulness possible in the longest period of the lifetime of one generation.

If the English system were adopted in the United States, we might reasonably look for even better results from it than follow it there. The instrument (the English farm laborer) employed by the intelligent agriculturist in Great Britain is, generally speaking, as dull and unintelligent as the slaves of the South were. He can execute his task, but he never improves upon it, as the more intelligent farm laborers of the United States would certainly do. "The British laborer," says a high English authority, "is the best *living tool* in the world. But here all his knowledge and intelligence ends. Beyond his field or his workshop he generally knows nothing. There is no amount of ignorance or error of which he is not capable." Yet, even with these instruments the unpromising soil of England has been made the most regularly fruitful in the world, despite one of the worst climates on the globe. If American laborers, with our much better general soil, climate and agricultural implements, and with their far greater average intelligence, were employed in the English system of agriculture, how vastly larger would our crops be; how much handsomer would our rural landscapes become; how much richer our farmers would grow!

Hear what Mr. Cairds, in his *Prairie Farming in America*, says of the superiority of American over English agricultural implements: "Our small tools, such as rakes, hoes, spades and forks, are lighter, neater, and in all respects better than the English. We have frequently seen a scythe snath in the hands of an English mower so roughly made that the end of it showed the cut of the axe which severed the sampling from the stump; and such hand-rakes as we saw in use appeared to have been made by the laborers themselves, and were not so well finished as one which any farmer's boy in New England could readily

fashion. In all agricultural machines we have kept notably in advance of England. We have furnished her the only successful models for her own use, and in steam ploughing we seem destined speedily to exceed the largest conceptions of her inventors. The number of reaping and mowing machines manufactured in the single State of Ohio, annually, is about five times the number in all England. * * * * Manual labor is about seventy-five per cent. dearer in Illinois than in England, but the cost of keeping horses is about seventy-five per cent. cheaper; and as a larger proportion of the work of the farmer is done in America by power and machinery than in England, the cheapness of horse-labor will nearly compensate the prairie farmer at least for the dearness of manual labor."

The same writer states that the extent to which labor is economized in the State of Ohio by steam power is estimated to be equal to the labor of 700,000 men.

Our farmers spread a thin and reckless cultivation over hundreds of acres of ground, while they would make more money by tilling one-half or one-quarter the same amount if they cultivated closely and intelligently. Then we would have "small" but rich farmers, and three could live better and preserve the quality of the soil at the same time, than one now does while destroying it. We want smaller farms, with larger capital in the hands of the farmers.

OCTOBER.

The summer-rose is dead;
The sad leaves, witheréd,
Strew ankle-deep the pathways to our tread.
Dry grasses mat the plain,
And drifts of blossom slain;
And day and night the wind is like a pain.

No nightingale to sing
In green boughs, listening,
Through balmy twilight hushes of the spring.
No thrush, no oriole
In music to out-roll
The little golden raptures of his soul.

O royal summer-reign!
When will you come again,
Bringing the happy birds across the main?
O blossoms! when renew
Your pretty garbs, and woo
Your waiting, wild-bee lovers back to you?

For lo, my heart is numb;
For lo, my heart is dumb—
Is silent till the birds and blossoms come!
A flower, that lieth cold
Under the wintry mold,
Waiting the warm spring-breathing to unfold.

O swallow! all too slow
Over the waves you go,
Dipping your light wings in their sparkling flow.
Over the golden sea,
O swallow! flying free,
Fly swiftly with the summer back to me.

DID DRAKE DISCOVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY?

THE claim of Sir Francis Drake to the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco has been generally abandoned since the voyage of Vancouver, who gave the name of Drake's Bay to the harbor under the shelter of Point Reyes; though some English writers and some of our own local historians have ventured to raise a question as to the sufficiency of the reasons for which it was done. Nevertheless, nearly all the charts of the coast of California made since Vancouver's time, have followed his example, and the prevailing opinion of the people of California to-day is expressed in the language of the late Edmund Randolph, in an able address delivered in 1860, before the Society of California Pioneers, giving an outline of the history of California, in which he says: "In midsummer, 1578, Sir Francis Drake landed upon this coast only a few miles northwards from this Bay of San Francisco, at a bay which still bears his name."

A volume of great bulk recently published in San Francisco, says: "It was supposed for many years that Sir Francis Drake, the famous English navigator, was the discoverer of California as well as the Bay of San Francisco. But before the light of history, he is stripped of both honors. * * * It is clearly settled that the place where he landed is near Point de los Reyes, in latitude thirty-seven degrees, fifty-nine minutes, and five seconds."

Whatever we know of the adventures and discoveries of Drake are recorded in two accounts supplied by the adventurers themselves, and published, the first by Richard Hakluyt in 1600, and the other in a volume entitled *The World Encompassed*, thirty-eight years later, compiled from notes by Francis Fletcher, chaplain to the expedition, and his companions. It does not appear that Drake himself left any written account. Whoever wrote the reports of the voyage, and however many errors may have been committed in them, they must be judged by the internal evidence of the truth of the statements they contain, and as they are corroborated by facts since determined.

Drake sailed from England in the year 1577, with a fleet of small vessels, to cruise against the Spaniards in the South Sea, as the Pacific Ocean was then called. His own flag-ship, a mere cock-boat of one hundred tons, was the only one of his squadron that entered it, the others having been abandoned, lost, or turned back, unable to endure the storms encountered in the passage. The year following his departure from England found him in the vicinity of Panama, freighted with plunder to the amount of five millions of dollars, and anxious to find his way home with his treasure. He feared to return by the way he came, lest he might be waylaid in the Straits of Magellan by his enemies, or fall a victim to the storms that had been so disastrous to his companions; he resolved, therefore, in order to "avoyde these hazards to goe forwards to the Islands of the Malucos, and there hence to saile the course of the Portugals by the Cape of Buena Esperance."

"Upon this resolution he begunne to think of his best way to the Malucos, and finding himselfe where he was now becalmed, he saw that of necessitie he must be forced to take a Spanish course, namely to sayle somewhat northerly to get a winde. We therefore set saile and sayled 600 leagues at the least for a good winde, and thus much we

sailed from the 16. of April till the 3. of June.

"The 5. day of June, being in 43 degrees towards the pole Arctic, we found the ayre so cold that our men being greviously pinched with the same, complained of the extremitie thereof, and the further we went the more the cold increased upon us. Whereupon we thought it best for that time to seeke the land, and did so, finding it not mountainous but low plaine land, till we came within 38 degrees towards the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good Baye with a good winde to enter the same."*

The World Encompassed says that in "38 degrees 30 minutes" they found a "convenient and fit harbour," where they anchored on the 17th of June, and "the people of the countrey having their houses close by the waterside, shewed themselves unto us," &c. From the same source we learn that the ship had sprung a leak at sea, and she was "graved" *i.e.*, keeled down, cleaned and repaired; and in order to do this it was necessary to discharge the cargo. An entrenched camp was therefore formed on shore. The discrepancy in the two accounts in respect to the latitude of the place is generally reconciled by rejecting the later and adopting that in *Hakluyt*, as it is the oldest, and because there is no authority for making the change—the notes of Fletcher, now in the British Museum, not covering that portion of the narrative. Humboldt, following the former, was led to believe the place that Drake entered to be Bodega Bay. Point Reyes is nearly in latitude thirty-eight degrees. Vancouver passed it from the north as did Drake, in November, 1792, and described it as follows: "It stretches like a peninsula to the southwards into the ocean, where its highest part terminates in steep cliffs, moderately elevated and nearly perpendicular to the sea, which beats against them with great violence. Southward of this point the shore, composed of low white cliffs, takes for about a league nearly an eastern direction, and there forms the north point of a bay extending a little distance to the northward, which is entirely open and much exposed to the south and southeast winds. The eastern side of the bay is also composed of white cliffs, though more elevated. According to the Spaniards, this is the bay in which Sir Francis Drake anchored. However safe he might have found it, yet at this season of the year it promised us little shelter or security."

Beechey, thirty-four years afterwards, following the track of Vancouver, says: "The next evening we passed Puenta de los Reyes, and awaited the return of day off some white cliffs, which from their being situated so near the parallel of thirty-eight degrees north, are in all probability those which induced Sir Francis Drake to bestow upon this country the name of New Albion. They appear on the eastern side of a bay too exposed to authorize the conjecture of Vancouver, that it is the same in which Sir Francis Drake refitted his vessel."

When it is considered that Drake was an experienced navigator, that he was upon a strange coast, without knowledge of the character of the winds, and with a certainty of destruction should the wind shift to the southward while he lay careened upon the shore, it seems strange that any one could be found to believe that he would have so exposed himself. It is doubtful if any seaman would at this time run such a risk. Too much stress has been placed upon the accuracy of his observations for latitude. The prevailing fogs which were alluded to in *The World Encompassed*, render it difficult even now for a vessel on the coast to determine her position; and for him it was not important to be exact, for the coast was entirely unknown to him; he had no chart of it, and

* Hakluyt.

as far as the objects of his voyage were concerned, he might have saved himself the trouble of making any observation for latitude whatever. But he made no pretension to exactness; he was "*within* thirty-eight degrees towards the line." Twelve miles within that parallel would have brought him into the entrance of the Bay of San Francisco.

The white cliffs to which so much importance is attached, and which seem to have been the chief reason for inferring that Point Reyes was the place of Drake's sojourn, are worthy of a passing remark. All the rocky cliffs along the coast are periodically white, but are becoming less so year by year, as the sea-birds that frequent them diminish in numbers; and the cliffs of New Albion have a resemblance to the chalky cliffs of Old Albion very superficially. Had Drake, Vancouver or Beechey made their visits to this coast at the close of the rainy season, the color of the cliffs would have been less striking; but whatever the manner in which these cliffs are whitewashed, they furnish little evidence to support the theory that Drake anchored there. In passing them, he was, no doubt, struck by their novel appearance, and it is written: "Our generell called this countrey Nova Albion, and that for two causes: the one in respect of the white bankes and cliffs which lie towards the sea," etc. *Towards the sea*, or seaward, in more modern nautical phraseology, would convey the idea that he was inland from those cliffs, which could not be said of him if he lay under Point Reyes, with the cliffs on either hand.

Drake lay in port from the 17th of June until the 23d day of July, in full confidence of security; and after the work was completed and the ship made ready for sea, he, "with his companie, travelled up into the countrey" to the Indian villages. His account of the natives is similar to that of La Perouse, who visited Monterey about sixteen years after the foundation of the first mission in Upper California, while the natives still retained their primitive customs, and before they had abandoned their noble pursuit of basking in the sun on their mud hovels, while their women made themselves "very obedient and serviceable to their husbands" by digging clams in the neighboring marshes, and consuming the offals of cattle slaughtered near the missions.

There is still another fact mentioned in both the accounts from which our knowledge of Drake's expedition is derived, that seems to be conclusive as to the location of his port. He says: "We found the whole country to be a warren of a strange kinde of connies, their bodyes in bigness as be the Barbary connies, ("Barbary rat," in *The World Encompassed*) thier heads as the heads of ours; the feet of a Want, (mole) and the taile of a rat being of great length; under her chinne on either side a bagge into the which she gathereth her meate when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eate their bodies, and make great account of their skinnes, for thier king's coate was made of them."

Mr. Randolph, in the address already quoted, says, in reference to this description: "Every one will recognize the burrowing squirrel that still survives to plague the farmer."

All knowledge of natural history was in a very crude state in Drake's time, and the description given by the narrator of the voyage is imperfect. The only other animal in this part of California with which it would be possible to confound the ground squirrel (*Spermophylus Beecheyi*) would be the gopher; but the habits of the latter are such that it would escape the observation of any but the closest observer. Gophers are subterranean like the mole, and many who have travelled in all parts of the State for many years have never seen a single individual of the genus. Nor would the natives have been likely to

have used the gopher skins in making their clothing, even if they were as suitable for that purpose, while the squirrel was so much more abundant and more easily obtained.

The ground-squirrel, on the contrary, is a bold rover, living in vast communities where it is found at all, and could not have failed to attract the attention of the most careless observer. But the squirrel is fastidious in the choice of its dwelling place ; it will not be found in foggy regions, or any where on the western slope of the coast range of mountains : you must look for it remote from the sea ; it is no where in Marin county, where Drake's Bay is located, and from that point Drake must have travelled far to the north and east to have found a single individual—he would have been compelled to climb several ranges of mountains, difficult of ascent, with deep cañons intervening, into the northeastern parts of Sonoma county, during which he could not have failed to discover the upper waters of our bay. This would have been an undertaking that sailors, confined for two years on board a vessel smaller than an ordinary schooner, will hardly get the credit for attempting. Nor can it be urged that this squirrel is less generally diffused than formerly. The region it inhabits is well defined ; and wherever since the settlement of the country it was once found, it has not diminished in numbers ; on the contrary, it even increases in numbers where the food for its support is increased in quantity. It is most numerous in the warm valleys of the interior ; and as one travels north, the line of its habitat will be found to extend farther inland. It becomes numerous on the east side of the Bay of San Francisco ; and in the region south of San Francisco, where the climate is warm and the ground not too wet, it is to be found in myriads. Had Drake entered this bay, and headed to the southward, he would have floated along with the wind off shore, and abaft the beam ; thus he would naturally have stood on, looking along the shore for a fitting harbor for his small craft to moor in. He might have continued on in his course until he had passed the San Bruno mountains, where he would have been beyond the reach of high winds, and at a distance of three or four leagues from the site of our city, where, in one of the many coves presenting themselves, with shelving, gravelly beaches, he could not fail to have found a fit place to "grave" his ship in. Then he had only to go up into the country to the Indian villages—an hour's walk—and he could have travelled all day through a beautiful rolling country, easy of access, densely populated, and overrun with his "strange kind of connies."

It was on the authority of the Spaniards that Vancouver withdrew the claim of Drake to the discovery of San Francisco Bay. Let us try to determine what possible knowledge the Spaniards could have had either of the course of Drake in New Albion, or of New Albion itself.

The first discovery of the northwest coast was made from the Manila galleons. It was found, that by keeping well to the north they had a more favorable wind for making the passage to the eastward, as well as a more open sea. When land was discovered, they then ran off to the south with a following wind to Acapulco—their port of destination. In this way prominent headlands, such as Mendocino and the Mountains of San Lucia, were known and named by them. There is no evidence that they ever approached nearer the land than was necessary to get their course. This practice resulted from the imperfect means the navigators possessed in those days of determining their longitude. A great disadvantage was experienced by them from a want of knowledge of the coast, and a port of refuge in distress. Therefore, early in the sum-

mer of 1542, Juan Rodriques Cabrillo was dispatched with two vessels to obtain a knowledge of the unexplored coast of Northern California. He succeeded in reaching the latitude of San Francisco in November of the same year, but passed by the entrance of the bay without discovering it, although in thirty-seven and a half degrees he saw a high ridge of mountains covered with trees, and at their termination, in thirty-eight degrees, saw a cape which was named *Cabo de Martin.* These must have been the mountains north of the Golden Gate, and what is now known as Cape Reyes. The account of his voyage is found in Herrera's Hist. del Reg. de Escosia, &c.

If Sir Francis Drake entered the Bay of San Francisco, as seems certain, he and his crew were the first white men who ever entered it, since from the time of Cabrillo down to 1595, no mention of the place was ever made, and no European ever coasted along these shores, until long after the English cruiser. Torquemada published, in 1615, the account of Vizcaino's voyage, which was the second expedition sent out by the Spaniards to explore the west coast of California, that ever succeeded in reaching the latitude of the present State of California. More fortunate than his predecessor, Cabrillo, he survived the voyage, and his history is more fully told. The port of San Francisco is there mentioned. After the discovery by Vizcaino of the port of Monterey, he was driven to the north, past the "port of San Francisco," whither he was going to search for a vessel named the San Augustin, said to have been wrecked in that bay while exploring the coast under a commission from the government of the Philipine Islands. The narrative of Vizcaino's voyage states that he entered the Bay of San Francisco in January, 1603, and anchored under Point Reyes, from which we are to infer that no definite knowledge was possessed by him of the topography of the bay as it is now known. Lord Anson, in 1742, captured a Manila ship, from which he obtained a chart of the California coast, as it was known to the Spaniards at that time. A copy is appended to the quarto edition of his voyages. The Bay of San Francisco is there laid down in the latitude that Drake gave for it, as a deep, wide bay with a narrow entrance, close to which lay the Farallone rocks, which Drake named St. James, and where he spent the whole of the day, after his departure from the port, in catching seals and birds.

Up to this date there was no evidence that the Spaniards had ever seen the bay now known as the Bay of San Francisco, and the only authority for its existence, as laid down in that chart, must have been derived from the report of Drake. Nor does it appear that they went ashore at Drake's Bay and found any evidence that he had landed there. It was not until the year before the establishment of the Mission at Monterey, in 1770, according to Palou's History of the life of Junipero Serra, that the Spaniards claim the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco by Governor Portala. This was achieved in an expedition, by land, for the discovery of the Bay of Monterey, which had not been revisited for a period of one hundred and sixty-six years.* How could they have known anything of what Drake discovered or what he did not discover, except from his own account? Nearly two centuries had elapsed before they even communicated with the natives of the coast; a time long enough to have effaced from the recollections of the savages every tradition of the event. Thus Drake discovered the bay without naming it, and the Spaniards named it without having seen it.

It has been urged, that if Drake had made the discovery of a port so extraordinary, he would have made some

* Palou.

observation to show his appreciation of its importance; but when all the circumstances are considered, it should not seem so strange. He had been for a year in seas never before traversed by an Englishman; to him everything was new, and nothing strange but the "connies." One will find few observations in the account of his voyage calculated to throw much light on geographical questions; he was not on a voyage of discovery; his was a business enterprise, and he had an eye to that alone; what was not gold and silver was of small consequence to him. To the charge of ignorance, made by a Spanish writer against Drake for the scarcity of information conveyed in his journal, Admiral Burney, a distinguished naval officer, replies: "The accounts published of his voyage, it is true, are as erroneous and defective in the geographical particulars as those of any of the early navigators. The purposes of discovery or the advancement of science were not among the motives of his voyage."*

* Hist. Discoveries in South Seas.

He brought into and carried out of this bay a richer freight than ever left it in the proudest steamer that ever broke through the fogs that so long barred the Golden Gate. His thoughts were bent on the best means of escape from the South Seas with his booty, and the desperation of his situation alone forced him into the, as yet, untried exploit of putting a girdle about the earth.

Among all the considerations that have been advanced, there does not seem to be room for a doubt, that it was the Bay of San Francisco into which Drake entered, and where he dwelt for thirty-six days in the summer of 1579. Though it may be too late to bestow upon it the name of its discoverer, it is not proper that the error of Vancouver should be perpetuated and history falsified, by continuing the name of "the founder of England's naval glory" to that insignificant cove, whose silence, as in ages past, is broken only by waves dashing upon its shores, and where the still untrodden grass sways to fog-laden winds in eternal solitude.

THE STORY OF A DICTATOR.

AMONG the great men who have figured in the nineteenth century, Juan Manuel Rosas, Dictator of the Argentine Confederation, deserves prominent mention, although his claims have been so singularly ignored. It is true that Europe and the United States do not comprise the world; but the knowledge of the masses in those countries has been bounded by their commercial relations with other peoples. Profitable intercourse of that character induced desire for more minute acquaintance; but little attention was given to such nations as were not included in the remunerative category. In 1827 Buenos Ayres was simply known as a remote country, from which were exported hides, horns, tallow, and wool, and to which we sent what are called "Boston notions," while England supplied it with other manufactured articles. The interest felt in regard to Buenos Ayres by North Americans and Europeans was bounded by commercial importance; and so long as their traffic with that country remained unimpeded, no great attention was devoted to its internal convulsions, or political changes. Nevertheless, an important lesson was

evolved in that remote and apparently uninteresting region. There reigned a man, whose single will and concentrated determination made him the unquestioned arbiter of the lives and properties of millions, for a period of twenty-five years. The merest skeleton of this man's history has been given to the world. The secret of his power, the means by which he reached dictatorial eminence, and the course he adopted to retain so perilous a control over a people notoriously fickle, sanguinary, and addicted to revolutions, have never been recorded, although they are replete with absorbing interest.

Rosas was one of the wealthiest and most prominent men of the *Gauchos*—a race of extensive landholders, whose fields swarmed with cattle, and answering to our idea of the old native Californian *Rancheros*. He was the representative man of his class, and by his acquirements, determination of character, and great wealth, had obtained unrivalled supremacy in their councils. The *Gauchos* had long been domineered by the mercantile fraternity of Buenos Ayres, and the ever conflicting ambitions of self-styled politicians. But they had no leader, no magnate of sufficient capacity to insure the success of their cause, and consequently no organization; although they were, in point of numbers and wealth, the leading and most numerous class in the state. The shrewd, informed, and ambitious mind of Rosas, at once grappled with these facts and determined his course. His *quinta*, or rancho, was about twenty miles from the city of Buenos Ayres, sufficiently far to secure immunity from *espionage*, and yet near enough to mix freely in the political discussions which then raged in the capital.

Rosas was no "bar-room" politician. When in the capital, he restricted himself to eliminating the views of others, without occupying a prominent part in discussion; but having become master of the opinions expressed by leading men, he would most adroitly invite them to his *quinta*, where his cordial reception, general intelligence, and well apportioned hospitality, rendered him a person of more than ordinary distinction. He seemed to coincide with the views expressed by his several guests, yet always refrained from an unreserved declaration of his own, never venturing beyond well-put and apt suggestions, or indulging in a sly, but pointed sarcasm. When those who professed to be best versed in the political convictions of Juan Manuel Rosas were pressed to explain them, they for the first time realized the fact that he had only dealt in generalities with such admirable tact as to convey the belief that he was letting them into the inner sanctuary of his thoughts. He never had but one adviser, one counsellor, one prime minister, one confidant, and that was his daughter Manuelita.

By keen penetration, sound judgment, and accurate knowledge of his people, Rosas soon acquired a silent but marked ascendancy, and was warmly supported by the *Gaucho* interest. He entered the army, and served for a short time with some distinction. Twice he was made Governor of Buenos Ayres; but with consummate tact disguised the ambition of his nature under a veil of refined modesty. At the age of thirty-one, Rosas formally withdrew from all political connections, and retired to his *quinta* with Manuelita, who was then a girl of ten years; keeping open house, and entertaining the most prominent politicians of the time.

Seven different Presidents of the Argentine Republic had been elected and displaced within less than one year, and public affairs were no nearer a satisfactory settlement than ever. In this perplexity the men who made up the Buenos Ayrean "slate" bethought themselves of Rosas. His frequent outgivings of intimate knowledge regarding the po-

litical condition of his country, his admitted ability, large means, generous hospitality, and apparent modesty, caused him to be regarded as the person from whom much was to be hoped, and little to be feared. Delegates from a convention waited upon Rosas and tendered him the Presidency, which he declined with quiet firmness. Another man was chosen to fill the position, and in the short space of three weeks he was displaced. Once more the delegates appealed to Rosas, and used every argument to convince him that he should consent to be martyred for his country's cause. This time the future Dictator replied categorically; saying, that it was impossible to restore the Argentine Republic to a condition of peace and political prosperity, unless its ruler was clothed with the unquestioned power to make and abrogate laws at his will and pleasure; if such authority were conferred for four years, he would accept; otherwise, they must seek somebody else. Five times was he thus besought, and as often did he decline, unless endowed with dictatorial attributes. Well did he understand, that extreme jealousies existed among those who were besieging him to accept office, more for the purpose of crippling each other's ambition than from any special esteem for him. After five ineffectual applications, the delegates at length accepted his terms, and Juan Manuel Rosas ascended the dictatorial throne. His first act was to reorganize the army and render it wholly subservient to his wishes. His personal friends were advanced, and all suspected of the least taint of disaffection to him were carefully ostracised. A corps of spies was formed under his personal direction, and a system of public and private *espionage* perfected, which would have done honor to Marshal Fouché. The navy also, small as it was, underwent an entire change. South American officers, sailors, and marines, gave place to those of American and British nationalities. The office of Admiral was created, and bestowed upon Captain Brown, an American.

The first four years of the Dictatorship passed off without revolution; but not unattended with many vexations and extreme perils. The nation had enjoyed a respite from agitations and political convulsions. The change was very marked, and the administration of Rosas had been mild and untinctured by any sign of undue ambition. He was reëlected by an overwhelming vote, and again resumed the throne for another period of four years.

By this time Manuelita was nearly fifteen, and accounted the handsomest and most intelligent girl in the Confederation. Her mother had died while she was yet an infant, and her whole training and education had been received from her father To the blandishments of her sex she added the strong, stern reasoning powers of the man; but with infinite tact this latter quality was sedulously concealed from public observance. In person, Rosas was above the ordinary height, being over six feet, with broad shoulders, deep chest, and powerful frame; in his latter years he was rather inclined to corpulency. His eyes were large, black, and flashing when under any excitement, but at other times exhibited a mild and subdued expression. His hair and whiskers, which were cut in the military fashion, were coal black and bristly. Rosas enjoyed the reputation of being the boldest rider in the country, and Manuelita afterward divided that honor with him. It is related that he would suspend himself by his hands from the cross-bar of a large corral filled with wild horses, which would then be driven under him until the worst and most vicious of the herd came, when he would let go his hold, drop upon the animal's back, and ride him off into the *pampa* without saddle or bridle, bringing him

back, in course of time, quite subdued and humble.

Manuelita was the only being who ever possessed the Dictator's confidence. Trained and educated by him, she acquired a taste for politics at an early age, and became thoroughly versed in the affairs of her country, and with the characters and views of the men who managed those affairs prior to her father's elevation. On all political subjects she was reticent in the extreme, never permitting herself, even in the most unguarded moments, to confess that she had any knowledge whatever of their character or objects. Her beauty was very striking; her demeanor at times full of queenly dignity, and at others hoydenish, and displaying remarkable *naïveté* and *abandon*. No one had a more searching insight into human nature. She knew almost instinctively with whom to be serious, with whom to jest, and with whom to romp; but never losing sight of some ultimate design, or striving to penetrate that of her visitor. With Americans and Englishmen her demeanor was free and cordial; but with her own countrymen and women she was ever on her guard, and watchful. At the age of eighteen Manuelita was a woman of striking personal appearance. Above the ordinary height, with a lithe but plump and fully developed figure; moving with the combined grace of a swan and power of an eagle; her large black and lustrous eyes flashing with ever-changing expression, and fringed by the longest of lashes, resting on a particularly fair face; her head crowned with redundant and lustrous hair, and her teeth unexceptionable; it is not wonderful that she should command the homage of all who saw her, and become the object of almost-frantic adoration to many. But beneath all lurked a cold, calculating, masculine element, which exhibited itself later in life. Upon assuming Dictatorship for the second time, Manuelita was appointed private secretary to her father. No other human being ever had access to his views, or enjoyed his confidence. Late into the night those two consulted together upon national affairs of internal and external interest. The woman's tact and her extreme attractiveness were daily employed to worm out the secret views of her admirers, and each word, look and act was weighed with solicitude and compared with the reports given by the regular corps of spies, many of whom were engaging women of the first circles. Balls and *tertulias* were frequently given at the dictatorial palace, but always for some political end, and under the immediate auspices of Manuelita, who was the life and beauty of such occasions.

At this period a formidable party was organized in secret, with the view of overturning the government by force of arms. It was known as the Unitarian party, and headed by the very men who had formerly besought Rosas to accept the presidency, and had invested him with unlimited power. They were and had ever been the chief disorganizers. Through their influence and acts presidents had been made and deposed without the consent or cognizance of the people, and by their instrumentality the country had become embroiled in several civil wars before the elevation of Rosas. The Dictator had thoroughly sifted their motives. He was intimate with their political histories, and master of all that transpired within the recesses of their own domiciles. All their mines were countermined, and all their artifices overreached. At length they had found their match; but they knew it not. The blind went on leading the blind as they had done before, until all sank into the ditch together. In the meantime Rosas carefully abstained from even appearing to be cognizant of their intentions. He knew his power and he reserved it for the decisive moment. They believed him ignorant and duped; he

knew them to be so. Steadily, but quietly, he drew around them the meshes of those toils they were preparing for him ; and so completely did he succeed in shrouding his motives, that at no time since the commencement of his dictatorial career was the palace more noted for revelry and unbounded hospitality. This seeming abandonment of all former suspicions ; this apparent forgiveness of ancient political animosities, ought to have placed his enemies upon their guard ; but they were doomed to that destruction they had meted out to so many. On the very evening before the day that the outbreak was to have taken place, Rosas gave the grandest entertainment of the year. Unusual diligence had been exercised to provide whatever could prove attractive. All the luxuries which the four quarters of the world could offer, had been collected with consummate taste, tact and liberality. Wisdom, and strength, and beauty now congregated to honor and grace the occasion. His friends flocked thither to "crook the pregnant hinges of their knees" in recognition of his power ; his enemies went for fear of being suspected should they refrain. The whole affair was the masterly triumph of a master mind. It culminated in the grand but sanguinary *coup d'état*, which rendered the author unquestioned Dictator for many subsequent years, and for a while, flooded Buenos Ayres with blood.

Beautiful, bright and balmy was the evening of this *fête* which had assembled the *élite* of society. A soft breeze swept across the flower-laden *pampas*, and a resplendent moon looked down upon the scene. The sounds of revelry were never more enticing. Towering among the lesser lights burned the full blaze of Manuelita's resplendent beauty. Never did she more completely enthrall the hearts, and wile away the brains of her many votaries. No woman ever better comprehended the art of appearing artless. No woman ever seemed to be more ingenuous and frank, and none was ever less so than she on that occasion. In heart and soul, body and brain she was entirely at the service of the man who had begotten and trained her. In heart and soul, and body and brain he was equally devoted to the being of his begetting and culture. The two were one ; but the Argentine world knew it not, nor suspected the truth until far later times. Manuelita had always been esteemed as a beautiful and accomplished woman ; a person of remarkably clear intellect, and entrancing powers of conversation ; a splendid creature of lively and romantic fancies, and coquettish propensities ; but none dreamed of the intensely shrewd, analytical, and diplomatic abilities of that extraordinary girl. No one then conceived that she was the "power behind the throne" which shaped the destinies of the Confederation.

The spacious palace was crowded. Music and rare perfumes filled the air. Rosas was in his happiest vein, and Manuelita reigned undisputed queen of the feast. A little after midnight the guests departed one after the other, but with strangely conflicting sensations. The enemies of Rosas congratulated themselves on having so perfectly lulled his suspicions ; his friends were equally well pleased at the attentions shown them. It was the calm before the storm. The clear skies of repose and peace were soon to be covered with thunder-riven clouds, pouring down floods of vengeance and blood. On the very next day Rosas was to be hurled from power and executed, his estates confiscated, and his daughter left an outcast, or those who had plotted against him would be summoned to a sanguinary reckoning.

Within two hours after the palace doors closed upon the last guest, small squads of soldiers, mounted and on foot, without creating the least disturbance, quietly arrested all the leading men of the

conspiracy, to the number of nearly three hundred, and assembled them in the great palace yard, where over two thousand soldiers, composed of infantry and artillery, were drawn up to receive them. The recent guests were formed in two lines at right angles with each other, and the military were so disposed that one half, three deep, faced each line. Then, for the first time, the awful truth burst upon their terrified minds, that Rosas was master of their plot and of the situation. The cannon, loaded with langrage, gaped in their affrighted faces. Long lines of infantry with their weapons ready, regarded them with stern and unpitying composure. High walls surrounded them on all sides, and cut off all intercourse with their fellow-men. The fate they had apportioned to Rosas he was about to visit upon them. Day dawned, and with it the crack of doom for those devoted intriguers. The fire of great guns and of small arms was so loud and continuous that the cries and groans of the victims were unheard and unheeded at that early hour by the outside population. Every one thought that the cannonade was but a parting salute from Rosas to his guests of the evening previous, and so it was. In a short time the carnage had been fully consummated, and the roar of artillery ceased. All was tranquil; for the arrests had been made with so much skill that the families of the victims believed their relatives had been sent for to consult with Rosas on imminent matters of state, after the evening's entertainment.

Nine o'clock, A. M., witnessed the assemblage of a very large concourse of citizens, men, women and children, and about four thousand soldiers, apparently acting from motives of mere curiosity, to hear a public discourse from the Dictator, who had issued a notification to that effect. In the palace building and yard another considerable body of troops were in attendance, ready to carry out the Dictator's will in coöperation with those outside, who had been previously instructed in their duty. It was a remarkable occasion—the most memorable in that man's memorable history. At the appointed time Rosas made his appearance on the balcony, attended only by Manuelita, who bore in her hand a blood-red banner inscribed with the motto: "*Vivan los Federales; Mueran los salvajes Unitarios*"—Live the Federals; Death to the savage Unitarians. Then the Dictator spoke to the following purport. He reminded them that since their independence the country had been the theatre of continued misrule, anarchy and sanguinary partisan warfare; that all their resources had been expended; that every species of industry had been repressed and almost ruined; that their credit was destroyed, and that nothing but disaster stared them in the face, until he had assumed the reins of government. He modestly alluded to the altered condition of affairs under his rule; the peaceful relations which had displaced violence and anarchy; the revived public credit, and the universal sense of satisfaction evinced by the masses. But much of his time and attention had been devoted to check and control the restless and ambitious spirits who had been the cause of all former troubles—the fomenters of all previous discords. At length they had furtively combined to overthrow the government, and reinaugurate the former dreadful condition of affairs. Good patriots had given him full information of all their operations, and had they been successful, at the very hour he was addressing them the streets of Buenos Ayres would have been the theatre of carnage and civil war. By the help of Providence he had managed to steal a march upon the enemies of their country, and had caused its rebellious sons to expiate their many crimes. Those men, said he, are no more, and from this time forward we can hope for

peace and prosperity. There are many disaffected and bad men still among you, but their leaders are destroyed and it will be my care to look after them.

At this gathering the *Gaucho* interest was largely represented and in the ascendant. Those, the military and the many friends of the Dictator, together with the great majority of the masses, shouted their *bravas*, and cried "*Viva Rosas*" with intense enthusiasm. The day was his own; his enemies had been destroyed; no foeman worthy of his steel stood in his path, and he was immediately proclaimed Dictator for life.

Soon afterward the celebrated Mashorka Club was instituted. None but the initiated ever truly knew the objects of this secret and dreadful order; but it was certain that its acts were traced in blood. It was generally deemed to be an order founded by Rosas for the summary punishment of rabid and dangerous Unitarians. There being no law in the land other than his will, nothing was necessary save an order for execution to carry it into effect. The suspected were closely watched, and as soon as the evidence culminated into certainty, some member of the club was detailed to be the executioner, who approached his victim from behind, seized him by the hair, violently jerked his head backward, and instantly divided the jugular with a keen knife. This style of proceeding was economical, summary and comported with the nature of the people and the manners of the time. Delays which might prove serious, and all the entanglements of regular trial, were avoided. These executions were always performed at night, and so frequent were they at one period, that morning often broke upon the corpses of ten or twelve individuals who had been more or less implicated in seditious attempts. To the body of each victim was attached a small red flag stamped with the signet of the Mashorka Club, and as this could not be counterfeited, the victims of illegitimate assassination were readily recognized. For three months the club held the people of the Argentine Confederation under the thraldom of intense terror. Every man, woman and child, every horse, carriage and vehicle, every house, store and factory, wore a red badge with the motto "*Vivan los Federales; Mueran los salvajes Unitarios.*" To be without this was to almost insure suspicion, and suspicion insured death. Two American ships arrived from Portland, Maine, having on board large assortments of Hingham buckets, brooms, wash-tubs, etc., etc. Nearly all these were painted green or blue, as was then the custom; but green and blue being the colors of the Unitarians, not a bucket, broom or tub could be disposed of in the market at any price. Commodore Brown, of the Buenos Ayrean navy, had given an order for a large and handsome boat to be used for his own purposes; and as all ships have to anchor from seven to eight miles from town, the boat was to be a large one, capable of being used in a heavy sea-way. One of the American ships spoken of, the *John Cadmus*, had this boat on board; but as it was painted green and white, the Commodore absolutely refused to receive it. Captain Cammett had the boat slung in tackles between the masts; the green paint was scraped and sand-papered off, and two coats of bright vermilion laid on in its place, while just below the gunwale a broad and handsome gilt streak was drawn from stem to stern on both sides. The famous motto introduced by Manuelita on the day of the massacre, was neatly gilded on the white stern, and the boat in its altered condition was then rowed ashore by a picked crew clad in red shirts and white trowsers. Commodore Brown was delighted, and desired to take immediate possession of the boat, but Captain Cammett refused on the ground that he had summarily declined when offered for his acceptance on a former occasion, and Brown finally

consented to pay a much larger price for the boat. The hint was improved, and next day the rigging of the two American ships was red with buckets and brooms which had been repainted and were hanging up to dry. They sold with rapidity and great profit to the shrewd Yankees.

Suddenly, and without notice, the Mashorka Club disappeared as mysteriously as it had come into being. Rosas had set in motion an engine which was becoming too powerful to be controlled, and with one mighty effort he crushed it out of existence. To the honor of Manuelita, it is believed that she interfered to save many lives. Her woman's instincts frequently rose superior to her training, but her devotion to Rosas knew no bounds. That she dictated much of his policy is positive, and that he never advised with any other person is equally certain.

War with the Banda Oriental followed the vigorous action of Rosas in suppressing the Unitarians, and after a long series of conflicts resulted in dismembering the Argentine Confederation, which it had been his chief object to consolidate into an empire. Nevertheless, he maintained his position in Buenos Ayres with a strong hand for many years, but he was finally beset by enemies from without. His obstinate conflicts with Montevideo induced the English and French to blockade the Buenos Ayrean waters, and finally led to the invasion of Buenos Ayres by General Urquiza, Governor of Entre Rios. Rosas had been long expecting a fatal reverse, and had made ample provision for his old age and his devoted daughter. Large sums had been shipped to England, and when he was finally defeated in an engagement with Urquiza, he and Manuelita sought refuge on board the British Royal Mail Packet, then lying in the harbor, and departed for England, where he still resides. It is affirmed that Manuelita at length succumbed to the importunities of a young Englishman who was a fellow passenger with her on her voyage, and is now a wife.

Before we condemn the acts of Rosas and his daughter, it is proper to note the condition of Buenos Ayres before and after his tenure of dictatorial office, and the character of the people. From 1810 to 1835 there had been no less than thirty-six changes of government. The people were wholly incapable of self-rule. They were ignorant, vicious, revengeful, proud and depraved. Nothing but the strong hand and iron will could reduce chaos to order. Every attempt to establish freedom on the basis of good order and stability had signally failed. Unrestricted power, exercised with nerve and promptitude, could alone accomplish a decided result. The remarkable charms and superior intellect of his daughter became powerful engines in his hand, and he wielded them with consummate tact. With all her capacities developed under his training, she became the most wonderful woman her country ever produced. That she always wielded her power wisely and well is open to much doubt; that she ever purposely abused it, has never been shown; but it is strange that the careers of two such prominent people have never been written by competent authority.

THE ANGELUS,

HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868.

Bells of the Past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of their incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the further Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers;
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness;
Break, falter, and are still:
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

SAINT SAVIOUR OF THE BAY.

I NEVER saw any other city in my life that was half as beautiful by night and from the sea as San Salvador de Bahia de Todos os Santos. It is called Bahia, for short, by the world in general—all the world, that is, which knows anything about it—and "Bah-*hee*" by the men before the mast. Sailors have a queer way of twisting words out of shape.

One cloudless evening, in 1864, we rounded the headland which forms the northern side of the entrance to the bay. Less than ten minutes' steaming from the desolation of the open sea sufficed to bring us into full view of the city. It lies on a crescentic hill-side; a hill so steep that its streets are impassible for wheeled vehicles; and through its seven-mile sweep around the curving northern side of the bay these streets are as visible from the deck of a ship as are those of a city on a plain from the basket of a balloon floating in mid-air. Lamp-posts are planted in lavish profusion; and at night their gas-lights, abnormally brilliant in the tropical atmosphere, blaze out the lines of every avenue, from the beach to the crest of the slope, with the grand effect of a special illumination.

Bahia, you know, is a large city. It does n't make half the noise or brag that any one of our five hundred American "centres-of-trade" glories and delights in; but it's big enough, and populous enough, and wealthy and magnificent enough, to buy and sell the entire half-thousand pretentious abortions aforesaid, despite their liberty and ugliness and filth. It is painful to a traveller to think of the astounding amount of ignorant cockneyism that our glorious institutions give rise to. I have never wondered at Dickens's *American Notes* —they told perhaps too many unpleasant truths. We are gradually growing civilized, of course, and when he made his second visit, we were on our best behavior, but there is immense room for improvement yet.

Well—we dropped anchor in Bahia harbor. Next morning we went through the usual exchange of courtesies with the fort—which is a funny little Martello tower lying off the city—and with two Brazilian men-of-war. After much flag hoisting and dipping, and firing of guns, and all that sort of international trifling, we stopped, and they stopped; and then Dunallan and I went ashore in the second cutter to buy fresh provisions and to look at the city. This second cutter was one of those boats in which you have to part your hair in the middle to keep her on an even keel. She was far more pleasant to go ashore in than she was to use for returning. Because, in coming back you see, some of the men at the oars are, almost to a certainty, verging towards inebriation; and if any one of them *should* catch a crab or foul his oar, the entire establishment is overboard in less than no time. I went through this experience once in that favorite resort for sharks, the harbor of Charlotte-Amalia, Saint Thomas, Virgin Islands, and once was enough. We effected a partial cure of this ecentricity of the cutter's, after a while, by putting a few rifled shell along the keelson for ballast; but she never was exactly what she should be till a sea struck her at the davits, in a gale off Patagonia, and knocked her into kindling wood.

Years ago, when I was a little boy, and given to making clandestine visits to the afternoon performances of the theatre, it was a source of everlasting amazement to me to look at the wings and flats of street-scenes. Such incredi-

ble architecture. Doors opening into nowhere; columns carrying nothing; windows giving light to nobody; stairways ending in vacancy; red walls, green walls, blue walls, yellow walls, all jumbled up together. I came to the conclusion that they must be portraitures of unreal houses—houses having no existence more actual than that given them by the imagination of the scene-painter. Growing with my growth, and strengthening with my strength, this belief met absolute annihilation before Dunallan and I had been ten minutes in the spiritual capital of the Brazils. The originals of the wings and flats were before us, behind us, around us. As I have n't the faintest idea of how long Bahia has been built, I can't tell when the scene-painter first made his sketches in its streets; but that he did so, I am certain. I was very sorry to have this cherished belief of my boyhood's days so ruthlessly upset; but I could not close my eyes to obvious truth.

Our stay on shore that morning was very short. Beef, vegetables, fruit and soft-tack were more important needs than anything else just then. We secured an ample supply of all the delicacies of the season, and had our return half-mile of danger in the cutter. None of the men had had time to get drunk on the excellent liquors of the town, and the passage was consequently made in safety. How different it might have been in almost any one of the seaports of our own beloved land! I have seen a man-of-war's-man go to bed on the sidewalk in Brooklyn within two hundred yards of the Navy Yard gate, in less than fifteen minutes after he had come out of it, dead drunk and helpless from the comparatively limited number of drinks possible to be absorbed in that brief period of time. After travelling all over the world, I have found that there is no place like home—for the most abominably bad liquors on the face of the whole earth.

Day after day we swung idly at anchor in the beautiful bay. There was little or nothing to do, and we did it. Yellow Jack had left the city several weeks before we came, on his annual visit north. Sometimes we were on shore, enjoying hospitalities there; sometimes on shipboard, giving our own in return. Nobody cared how we looked. The airiest of costumes could create little sensation in a city where bathing-drawers for men, and chemises, and skirts reaching only to the knee, for women, were walking suits; and where children went naked. In a week or ten days we had lounged through the whole extent of the lower town, sometimes going on foot, sometimes in *caderas;* but none of us had found energy enough to mount the hill.

We had one sensation during this time. Several of us had started to go ashore one sultry morning after a late breakfast of tropical fruits and claret. We had gone about half-way from the ship to the shore, when there came after us, across the water, the sharp ringing report of one of the brass howitzers on the hurricane deck of our ship; and, turning at the sound, I saw a ball of bunting flying up to the fore-royal-mast-head and dropping lazily in the breezeless air into the unpleasant shape of the cornet. Not the wind instrument, but a small flag so-called, which means "come on board;" and when hoisted in conjunction with the firing of a gun, "come on board as if the devil was after you."

Now, naval officers may wonder as much as they please at the sense or reason of an order, and may growl about it as much as they want to, if they only growl quietly and to themselves; but they must obey the order nevertheless. We growled accordingly, but turned round and went back. Before reaching the ship, the coxswain whispered to me, bending over from his seat on the gunwale at the tiller, "It's something about that steamer outside, sir." I looked towards the entrance of the harbor, and

saw a vessel heading in, some three miles away, burning English coal and flying an ensign indistinguishable to the unaided eye, but which gleamed with traces of red in the sunlight. As I went over the side, our signal quarter-master was just hauling down our own flag.

I went up on the hurricane deck for a better look. My first glance through my marine glass explained everything. A light puff of the commencing sea breeze blew the colors of the incoming stranger straight out from the halliards at his mizen-peak, and showed me the Confederate "stars and bars" blazing in their brilliance of massed red and white. I have wondered since why he flew that flag, because the C. S. A. had changed the original design for their would-be national ensign to the St. Andrew's Cross studded with stars, in a crimson field on a white ground, some months before, I think. The rattle sounded to quarters as I stood there, and I hurried below to my station at the ward-room table.

It was a flash in the pan. It was such a pity too. We had everything so beautifully arranged for the reception of the rebel steamer. We were in a neutral port, and of course had no right to attempt her capture; but all our plans were completed for sinking her as she lay at anchor that night or the next day; and that without firing a shot or violating a single rule of international courtesy or neutrality.

Our engine was partially in pieces for cleaning and slight repair, but in ten or twelve hours it could have been put in order, steam raised and the ship got under way. A circuit of a mile, with a return to the neighborhood of our anchorage; a few orders given by the officer of the deck, which the quarter-master at the wheel would by direction misunderstand and reverse, and our iron stem, rising straight from the water, unencumbered by bowsprit or appurtenances, would have gone through the wooden sides of the rebel vessel like a knife through cheese.

Such a pity! Months afterward we learned that the rebel was the notorious *Florida*. Curiously enough, she was taken by the *Wachusett*, in defiance of neutral laws, in that same harbor of Bahia, long after we had sailed southward. But then the *Wachusett* had no means of playing the game we proposed, on account of being encumbered with head gear.

The rattle was sprung again. Quarters were over. The men and monkeys of the powder division closed the magazine, triced up the screens of woollen cloth which shut off its hatch from the rest of the ship, and restored the ward-room to its usual appearance. I suspected what had happened. I went on deck, passing the men who were hand-spiking the big pivot Parrott and the ten-inch side guns back into their normal positions, and hastily mounted the mid-ship ladder to the hurricane deck.

Our flag had been lowered too late, we imagined, or else the stranger had smelt mischief instinctively. Nothing about our appearance, save our ensign, would indicate our nationality. Indeed, in later days and other waters the governor at Castro insisted we were Spanish, from our "devil's mourning"—black and yellow paint. Our ship was the first of her type that had gone on foreign service. But at any rate and from whatever cause, when within a mile of us the rebel steamer had turned and put out to sea again as fast as her legs could carry her, while we lay helplessly looking after her. There wasn't the slightest use in trying to follow. Ten or twelve hours, as I said, would have been requisite to put us in condition to start, even had our fresh supply of coal been on board; and by that time the enemy would have been a hundred miles at sea, east, north or south of Bahia, practically lost to us.

Well—I wanted to tell about our get-

ting lost in Bahia. Not the ship, but Dunallan and I.

After being in port awhile, we found that the evening and night were much pleasanter parts of the twenty-four hours to travel about in than were the days of sultry heat and torrid sunshine. We were unlearned in tropical rules, or we should have understood this from the first. Aside from the absence of the sun, night brings a breeze from the land to the sea in localities near the equator that border on the ocean—a wind stronger and cooler in Bahia than in almost any other port I have visited in the tropics.

The magnificent opera-house, rising from the hill-side on its Cyclopean foundation walls of solid masonry, was closed during our stay off the city. But one day news came to us that the imperial band was to give an open-air concert in the hanging gardens on the cliff that overlooks the ocean, two miles or more from the boat-landing in the harbor. We had heard a great deal about these gardens, and were naturally curious to see them. Our Brazilian friends had told us, very modestly, that in their opinion they were magnificent, and they were anxious to have our ideas about them. Bahians are mostly stay-at-home people, and know little of other countries except by hearsay. Our plain duty, as Americans of the North, was of course to pooh-pooh such an idea as the possibility of there being anything worth seeing outside of the United States—but we did n't; to have astonished these ignorant Brazilians with the fact, that the Central Park of New York beats anything else of the kind in the world; that the Mississippi is twenty-five thousand miles in its dirty length; that the falls of Niagara are seven hundred and seventy-seven feet high—but we refrained. Naval men and travellers in general, are too apt to forget these minutiæ of etiquette which are taught every American from his birth. It's unfortunate, I know, but they will do it. The public at large must console itself with the existence of some travelled Americans who are exceptions to the rule. Men who never let up on the Central Park, the Mississippi and Niagara, and who never fail to insult the people and the government of any foreign country where they may be, by predicting disaster and ruin to both, unless the stainless ward-politicians, the righteous congressmen, the unbiased elective judiciary, the filthy streets, the swindling taxation, the want of care for the lives and property of citizens, and all the other blessed fruits of popular rule, are at once introduced and adopted.

Sunset came, and Dunallan and I made ready for our evening excursion to the gardens.

Who first circulated that interesting lie about the suddenness with which the tropical night comes on? I have never yet seen an article or a book regarding the equatorial regions that did n't reiterate this stereotyped nonsense about the sun sinking below the horizon at one minute, and the darkness of night coming on at the next. The twilight is n't as long, of course, as it is in high northern latitudes; but I have often read ordinary print with perfect ease a full half-hour after sunset, within two or three degrees of the line. I have often seen lingering light in the western sky for another half-hour later. The fact is, that most people who journey to foreign lands are told before they go of the things they ought to see, and instead of believing the evidence of their own senses, expend their time and energy in trying to find what other people say they have found.

Our friends were to meet us with *caderas* at the landing. A *cadera* is an arm-chair with a buggy-top covering, upholstered in dirty blue-and-white cotton cloth. It is almost as unclean as an ordinary American "hack." Two men carry the *cadera* by means of handles projecting fore-and-aft on either side.

It looks like a bier condensed and canopied. The bearers keep grunting as they go, but never keep step. If the unlucky inmate has ever happened to ride camel-back, he finds the motion and noise reminding him forcibly at every step of his men of that excessively uncomfortable and dromedarian way of getting over the ground. Then the bearers are always unwashed and everlastingly perspiring; so that whether the wind is ahead or astern, it comes to him redolent of animal exhalations. On the whole, I used to prefer travelling on foot.

We reached the landing, but there was no one there. We waited a few minutes, but no one came. Half an hour, but our friends were still invisible. It began to grow late. It was very near the hour assigned for the commencement of the concert. Our boat had gone back to the ship and would return no more until midnight. Something had evidently occurred to detain our friends, perhaps to prevent their coming at all. Still, Dunallan and I had come ashore to see the gardens and to hear the music, and we had no idea of going back before both purposes were accomplished. Neither he nor I knew the way to our destination further than its general direction by compass, but waiting any longer at the landing was out of the question. We left word with the watchman at the gate, so that he could tell any one who might come for us where we had gone, and started up the hill to find our way unaided. Before getting under way, we had taken our bearings as accurately as we could. We knew that by heading E.N.E., and as far as possible "keeping her so," we should eventually reach the ocean-side somewhere in the neighborhood of our destination, if we only went far enough. It was perfectly plain sailing at first. Not exactly under *easy* sail though. The grade of the principal street from the water, up which we went, is considerably steeper than that of Kearny, here in San Francisco, between Broadway and Vallejo, and about ten times as long as that particular block of our own amazing metropolis. Its trend was almost exactly that of our course as given above.

After many struggles and much puffing and blowing, especially on the part of Dunallan, who was fat and scant of breath, we reached the top of the street and sat down at once on the pavement to regain our wind. It was our first visit to the heights. Looking down across the city into the harbor was a view worth remembering. The sky was overcast and foreboded rain. The darkness of the night was intense. Above the magnificent sweep of the city around the crescent of the northern shore, there hung a misty splendor of light—low-lying clouds reflecting the rays sent up from ten thousand street-lamps beneath them. The bay—still, and black, and vast—was gemmed with glittering points, "the ship-lights on the sea." The night-wind blew gently and refreshingly over us as we rose and resumed our course.

They had told us that, beyond the crest of the hill, were the suburbs of the city, and we very naturally supposed it would be an easy matter to find our way through them. At the outset we encountered several serious obstacles to this. Instead of consisting as such districts usually do, of detached houses and open lots of ground, these suburbs were as compactly built as the town itself, but of houses of a meaner type, while the gas-lights ceased at the summit of the hill behind us. Before we had gone a quarter of a mile from our resting-place we were involved in an intricate maze of lanes and alleys—were completely turned about, and had lost our course as thoroughly as if we had never held it. Not a star could be seen, and the breeze, which we knew came from the north, was only palpable at the angles and intersections of the narrow streets, in

eddying whirls from every point of the compass, giving no clue whatever to its actual direction. There was no use in trying to go ahead until we knew which way was ahead, of course. We came to anchor in front of a villainous-looking liquor shop, where a bright mulatto, half negro and half "Porter*gee*," ("g" hard, as in "good-for-nothing") was dispensing rum behind an extemporized bar — a board on tressels. The door of the shop was open and we went in. Two or three small tables of rough wood were standing near the walls of the room, each one occupied by a couple of the lower order of the Portuguese population, seated on fragmentary chairs and stools. Dunallan asked the proprietor in English, if he could tell us the way to the gardens. The man stared stupidly at him, but said nothing. I repeated the question in French. The man stared again but made no reply.

"Ask him in Spanish, Dunallan," said I. He did so, but still the bar-keeper said nothing. By this time the other occupants of the room had gathered about us, each one talking rapidly and with many gestures in the Portuguese tongue, of which neither Dunallan nor I knew a single word. We repeated our questions in the only three languages at our command, but it was evident that no one could understand what we wanted. We declined a gesticulated invitation from the proprietor to drink something, and went out into the street. The place reminded me of a similar resort on the upper Potomac, where late one night, when I was employing a month's leave of absence from my ship in serving as a volunteer aid on Burnside's staff—it was on the eve of the battle of Antietam—two or three of us, travelling from Washington to join the army, had gone in after a long ride over wretched roads in wind and rain, to get something hot if possible. Just such a room as this one in Bahia, earth-floor and all except the tables—your Brazilian never takes a perpendicular drink, but must always have a table to sit down at—and just such a looking mulatto as bar-tender. Only in Maryland the mulatto spoke English, and asked us to "nominate our pison."

We walked on a little farther. If we could n't find our way out by ourselves, and could n't make anybody understand us, how were we ever to reach our destination? The question became more decidedly pertinent, and the labyrinth of lanes and alleys more bewildering than ever, as we advanced. After a few minutes' walking we came to another gin-mill. This one was a little dirtier and a trifle more disreputable in appearance than the first. Here, the proprietor as well as all his customers were Portuguese, and we repeated the same unsatisfactory questions with the same unsuccessful result. There was no use in going on, and none whatever in trying to retrace our steps. We should be traveling in a circle, in all probability, whichever way we went; and yet to stay where we were was an unpleasant impossibility. By daylight an observation from the roof of any one of the low houses around us, would have given some distinct bearings by which we might shape our course. This was impossible now. The darkness of the night, relieved only at intervals by a gleam of light from some unglazed window or open doorway, seemed to grow deeper and denser every minute, and the first heavy drops of a shower began to fall.

"We'll find a woman," said Dunallan. "She can understand us if the men can't. There must be one around here somewhere."

There was. She came towards us as he spoke. She was neither very pretty nor very young; and as she groped her way along the filthy road, it was very evident that she was three-parts drunk. Dunallan addressed her in a desperate compound of English and Spanish. She muttered something without looking up

at him and kept on her way. He followed her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Look out! Dunallan," I said, "Don't touch her!"

My warning came just too late. She turned on him like a tigress, clawing at him with her skinny fingers, and yelling at the top of her unmusical voice.

"Make for the corner ahead there!" I shouted to Dunallan, starting for it at the same moment myself. A few yards from us, a dead wall at right angles to a house closed the lane in that direction. We rushed for the angle of junction and stood in it, side by side, with our backs against its walls. In less than a minute the lane was filled by a crowd of half-drunken men and women, with flaming torches and glittering knives, hurrying towards the woman whom Dunallan had accosted, as she stood screaming and flourishing her arms, and pointing every now and then at us.

Dunallan had a loaded revolver in his belt. I had my brace of solid steel breech-loading Derringers with me, which were susceptible of almost as rapid handling as a revolver is, and which had, beside, the advantage in a street-fight of being useful as artificial knuckles, in event of one's ammunition giving out. We cocked our pistols and waited the onset of the Portuguese. "Don't fire till the last minute," said I, "and then *aim to kill.*" "Aye! aye!" replied Dunallan, and the infuriated crowd closed around us, yelling, hooting and brandishing their knives, but leaving a quarter-circle of some ten paces radius between us and them as we levelled our arms. They had caught sight of the pistols and hesitated. I have seen a good deal of all sorts of fighting in the course of my life, but I don't *like* to look into the open muzzle of a firearm in the hand of an enemy, and never saw any one yet who did. One hears any quantity of brag about this kind of thing, of course; but when a man tells me he really loves a fight, I regard him as either a liar or a lunatic. I make these assertions by a right gained from close personal observation in more than twenty battles by sea and land; and I know that people who have ever smelt much of an enemy's powder will sustain me in them.

The Monitor came gaily up Hampton Roads one morning in March, and saved our sea-board cities from destruction. Our rescue from impending death came just as unexpectedly. At the instant our pistols gave temporary check to the enemy's advance, the tall and massive form of Long Mullen, our coxswain, hove in sight round the corner of a cross-lane, not a hundred feet from us, with the crew of the second cutter, twelve men good and true, at his back; each one armed with cutlass and revolver. Mullen was a New York Sixth-Ward Irish Hercules, and had picked out a crew after his own heart and build.

The lane was illuminated by the torches of the Portuguese. Instantly on turning the corner, Mullen's quick eye comprehended the whole situation, and instantly he and his men went in. How splendidly they came down towards us! Each man cutting and slashing right and left, Mullen leading with superb and sweeping blows, until such of the howling and cowardly mob as were neither killed nor wounded fled cursing into the darkness.

Our sailors gathered round us. Where had they come from? How did they happen to be on shore again so early in the evening? The explanation was simple enough. After returning to the ship, Mullen had asked and obtained permission for himself and his crew to go back and hear the concert. Just as they were shoving off, some gentlemen of the city came alongside in a shore-boat, to say that the gate-keeper at the landing had reported that two American officers had gone into a dangerous quarter of the town alone, and that aid ought to be sent them. Arms were quickly passed down

into the cutter, and Mullen was ordered to follow us with all possible dispatch. Two of his men had been in Bahia before, and knew the suburbs well; so that he had no difficulty in threading their mazes.

We gave our men substantial rewards for their energy and courage, treated them all round to brandy in a shop known to the two who had been there before, and soon found ourselves and our powerful escort at the entrance to the gardens. It was amusing to see the wholesome dread inspired by our visit to the last-named bar-room. The *habitues* skulked away in terror as we went in; and the proprietor, trembling and frightened half out of his wits, placed his entire stock of liquors at our disposal; utterly refusing to take any pay for what we drank. The story of the fight had spread; although if the gate-keeper had n't been an ass it need never have happened.

We were n't so very late for the concert after all. It began at nine, and it was only half-past that hour when we reached the gardens.

The precipitous cliff, on the verge of which this Bahian pleasure-ground is placed, is about three hundred feet in height above the level of the sea. Two terraces, excavated from its ocean front, lie in succession below the ten or twelve acres of plateau on the summit of the hill. At the outer edge of the plateau a parapet-wall of white marble, cut into a continuous bench or seat on its inner side, guards the visitor from a fall to the first terrace forty feet beneath him. A similar wall protects the ocean side of the first terrace, and still another that of the second. Stairways of stone go down from the highest ground to the level next below, and from that to the garden nearest the water. Tesselated pavements of marble, in various colors, make the floor of the footpaths on each of the levels. They had told us in the city that these gardens contained every variety of Brazilian vegetation, and I saw no reason to doubt it. Even on the plateau, before Dunallan and I had gone down the marble stairs, we found nearly every sort of tropical tree and flower that we had ever heard of: and the terraces below held many which were wholly unknown to us.

Hundreds of gaslights made the gardens visible and brilliant. Under the dense and heavy leafage of the tropics, and among the masses of low-growing shrubs that struggled for air and life beneath their self-begotten load of buds and blossoms, fragrant and rare and strange, the men and women of the city went up and down the winding walks, Dunallan and I following suit.

What was there in the air that night? Why should he and I have staid so long, sitting on the parapet-bench of the plateau, listening dreamily to the music that came down to us on its way to the sea, smoking leisurely, talking or thinking as the hours went by, until over the ocean there came the first faint rays of dawn?

We had n't taken anything to drink, and we had n't gone to sleep. But it was sunrise when we reached the landing—broad daylight and breakfast time when we went over the side of the ship.

CONFESSIONS OF A DEBUTANT.

THE reader, if not a member of the profession, may picture to himself the interior of a rough-hewn box—as rough-hewn as possible—about five-by-seven, and for height, a clear foot over the top of Romeo's white feather. A shelf as high as his breast-bone on three sides of the apartment—a cheap basin and ewer, one mirror a foot square, two chairs, a champagne basket or two, crammed full of gaudy dresses, and three immortal souls doomed for a season to inhabit three mortal bodies, just now dripping with perspiration, and shaking with nervousness and discomfiture under a full head of gas, hissing and shrieking like an escape-valve, all the while. "What is it?" "Where is it?" and "Who are we?" does the reader ask? It is simply a dressing-room, in a theatre, and we are players, making up as rapidly as possible for the bill of the evening.

Come up the steep ladder and see us. There are no windows anywhere. What should we do with windows? We have no time to look out upon the world; there is little fresh air, but we have little time to breathe. We are for the amusement of the people—that is all. Look back from our door as you reach it by ladder—see the wilderness of "wings" and "flats" and "flies"—all some sort of scenery, just a little like a Chinese puzzle tumbled together. Come in, now, if there is room for four. This old cigar box is our dressing-case; here is a division for *rouge*, and a hare's foot or an old stocking to apply it with; a division for powder, very like flour, and used plentifully with a common "puff;" a stick of India ink, and a tooth-brush and thimblefull of water for eye-brows, and for giving a fine tropical fullness to the flat eyes of some of us. Try it, and learn something of stage effect, perhaps to your advantage, though most girls know of it already.

A few minutes past seven and "Cox," there, not to "go on" till the farce is called. We like to dress early and look over our parts—in fact, most of our studying is done here, and at the last moment, too; and besides, we can chat with the damsel who dances prettily and sings everything popular, through the season. Down the steep ladder, sideways between the rough brick wall (there is no plaster here) and the rough edges of the "scenery," taking with us patches of dry, coarse paint, and dust without limit, away into this dark corner. Sit here on these stacks of old canvas and frame-work, that have quickened the imagination of a thousand spectators, and backed great actors in their day, with their now dimmed and faded gilding.

This is the property room. Here we may sit on the throne of Richard and the chair of the Cardinal Duke. Old robes, draperies and armor there on the walls. Paint in those pots and beer in this jug for the carpenter; the hum of voices in all quarters, and the "Grand Duchess" in the orchestra. Is it fascinating? Not exactly, as we do not happen to be sure of our lines to-night, and we are very tired of reading them over and over. Is it exciting? Certainly it is, and there is no getting out of the reach of it till the play is over, and the house dark and still again.

But the music stops now, and the commotion on the stage increases. Come out, by the wings. Look out at the edge here, close to the box. Do you see six or eight men and a corner of the dress circle? The men regard us with some curiosity. They think they are

getting a glimpse of the actor's other life, that so much is said about, and of which so little is known. We used to sit there ourself, and regard the actors through our glasses, and they used to take it as practically as we do at this moment.

Are you tired of squeezing through these narrow passages, and whispering, and getting out of people's way? So am I. But hear me say this bit of dialogue. I'm sure to miss it and then the scene will be ruined; the leading lady will curse me, the audience hiss me, and the morning press advise me to study a little before making such another disgraceful exhibition of myself. Now I go on at "By your father's leave;" hold my book, please, and be ready to prompt, for the prompter never has the place.

In the year of our Lord, 1868, we found ourself nearing a crisis of some sort or other. Lawless necessity demanded of us services. We cast about us and appealed to friends, and nothing special came of it. In this predicament the theatre presented itself before us. Every other avenue was barred against our willing approach. But in the theatre were friends—genial friends—honest-seeming, and ready to lend a hand, or two of them if necessary. Still we hesitated; our advisers looked grave; some scoffed; some chided; some warned us and ridiculed our plans, proposing plausible impossibilities for substitutes, such as "do something else," or "wait a little." Meantime it grew warm in our immediate circle of acquaintances. All knew how certain was our failure. The grand *fiasco* was talked of even in our presence. We heard queer little reports of our intentions and their motives. The time had come for a decision, and we decided.

Putting our back (not a very broad one at any time, but broad enough now to hold us to this boldest action of our life) against the bantering insinuations of those not capable of understanding our purpose, with as much pluck as we could muster and as little wardrobe as was consistent, we sailed for a neighboring city.

We chose not to offer ourselves to the curious inspection of those already certain of our incompetency. We preferred beginning at the right end of the ladder of fortune, and climbing as our strength permitted. We even thought of taking to us a strange name—of the stage, stagy—but considered the folly of it, since it would seem to declare us ashamed of our position. It was in some respects like being shot into space from an air-gun. We aimed at something; we knew not where we might fetch up; though that we should ultimately land somewhere was in the course of nature, and we trusted all to her.

The drama was the cherishing mother whose all-embracing arms received a bewildered and uncertain applicant, without aspiration and without hope, yet with a certain thankfulness at heart that, in one quarter at least, there was a willingness to offer a poor fellow something besides advice, whose cold heartlessness was at least thirty degrees below zero.

We came to a sage conclusion that night, as we sailed, and it was this: "All the world is a stage," and there are mighty few fellows who get a seat with the driver!

We did n't stumble in that scene, did we? Well, we are relieved. It is so hard to stand still, and it is lingering death to think of getting off the stage with anything like grace. Then the "star" worries us, and the other actors. Your audiences think they frighten us, do n't they? They have laid that flattering unction to their souls about long enough.

Old actors have played in most standard plays, and at various times many parts in each play. It is your fate to

have to say—very stupidly, you think then—the lines they have often brought down the house with. Their eyes are upon you, always; they are apt to advise, reprove and correct you, sometimes a little roughly, especially if they be some of your once-promising actors, whose genius went out like a squib, and left them to play an indifferent support to some one or other, through an eternity of cheerless nights.

Then we cannot tell how much time will be given us to learn a part in, or how long that part may be. The play is sometimes changed of necessity, at a late hour, and a new part given you when it is impossible to study. The audience has little sympathy for any one in this strait. You might as well accept it as a misfortune at once, and a misfortune to be borne as complacently as possible. All this jars the nerves of an actor—for he has nerves of his own—and unmans him occasionally; the sourness of the audience has little to do with it.

How different this business air and jostling and earnestness from one's ideal stage between the acts. Did n't you expect to see impromptu *tableaux vivants* from the "White Fawn" and "Black Crook?"—passionate dark eyes peering from the shadowy corners—stilletos and cigarettos in the wings? Know then, that no smoking is allowed here, even at rehearsal! The ballet girls are kept in a coop by themselves, and there are no gay young prodigals let in at the stage door. It is all work and hard work in this neighborhood, and the romance is on the other side of the green curtain. Another pause in the orchestra. "The 'Big Sunflower" does n't last forever, and the audience is a little impatient. We are discovered in the first scene of this act, and rush now to our place, and in an instant assume that extremely natural air which the actor who is discovered in the king's ante-room is supposed to wear forevermore.

How our first rehearsal embarrassed us. It was worse than the *debut* night. The half-lighted theatre; one or two of the footlights flaming for the orchestra; the gathering of the ladies and gentlemen in citizens' dress; no spangles now—no posturing or declamatory scenes. A sort of formal introduction and the play is called. Each actor with his book in hand reads his part rather indifferently—stumbling through or curtailing his long speeches. The "star," who has played the part for a score of years, has his own business, and we are told to disregard the cabalistic signs and initials we see in the play-book, and listen to his directions. This sort of tediousness continues two or three hours—generally from ten or eleven A. M. to one or two P. M., and is sometimes prolonged as late as five in the evening. Over and over the same scene we go, so as to give it with some natural vivacity; and when it is at last finished, we have some three hours or more to get our dress for the evening in readiness, and to partake of our dinner—though another meal after the play is almost a necessity, particularly as one often has to begin at once on a new part for the night following, and to study till three in the morning before he dares to think of sleep. The very gentleman we are now supporting, tells us that after playing through the evening he has often sat until daylight, hard at work upon a new character, and to keep his eyes open and his brains active has worn for hours a wet towel about his head.

We found that all our study failed to satisfy us, and we could not convince ourself that the part was indeed learned. We fished it up out of our mind, scene by scene, after swallowing it painfully, and so kept ourself upon the rack until the accursed performance was over with. But getting safely through it for one night does n't insure your success the following evening. You may miss on

the twentieth, and spoil your best scene or some one's else; and there are actors who never gain self-possession upon the boards, and these are most always among the best of them. Probably no actor essays a part for the first time, or makes his bow before a new audience, without some fear and trembling—and the true artist never.

The novelty of a first night goes far towards making or spoiling its success. We were to *debut* as "Arthur Apsly" in the "Willow Copse." Arthur is a young citizen—no lights or spangles are necessary to his consummation. This was fortunate for the Apsly of this night, since tights and spangles have an experience of their own which must be gone through with—the tights in particular.

When we were *rouged* and tinted up to the false light of an hundred gas-jets, and armed with a little confidence and a play-book, we were ready for our first appearance on any stage.

We keep a good heart through the long interval between dressing and *debuting*, while the actors in their various costumes are chatting; walking in twos or threes; rehearsing in low voices; soliloquizing in an odd fashion to the green curtain, or to space; and some of them sparring a little, fencing a little; and when the orchestra begins, dancing and singing a little. Through the peep-hole in the green curtain an eye is most always looking; and on the benefit nights reckoning the money in the house with some interest.

While the overture is in progress, the first act is called; and all who are in it get ready at their respective entrances. We place ourself in readiness, and wait most anxiously at the wing for our cue. It seems a very long time coming, and our impatience increases as we wait. The last trump could hardly be more momentous to an expectant sinner, and when we do hear it, it seems about five minutes before we realize it; and we stumble in, in some fashion or other, feeling perfectly aware of our surpassing awkwardness.

There is no sense of fear as far as the audience concerns us; we don't care at all for them collectively. We don't single any one in particular out of that crowd that seems to blacken the whole house. We see myriads of faces, and all of them alike, and all looking this way; but this is only the sensation, so far.

We have to speak as we enter, and as we say our lines there is a little low rumble in the audience, which goes for a reception, and is much counted upon by the actor; but just now we don't think very much about it. We care more for the general kindness of all who are on the stage with us, and most of all for a look of genial encouragement from old Luke Fielding, as he takes our hand in the play, and says a good word for us.

Presently we are to speak again, and it puzzles us very much to think of our next "cue" before it comes thundering down upon us and we not ready to return fire. We get on well, however. But when "Rose" takes our hand and leads us into a corner of the stage, (to dress the stage—*i.e.*, balance the grouping evenly)—when we get close to the footlights, we find the severest test of our nerves during the evening. We swim over the gorgon eyes of the auditorium for a moment! There are not pockets enough in the world to put our hands into. The footlights seem blazing rockets, shot up and exploded under the roofs of our eyebrows.

We are something blind; we are a little deaf, and decidedly uneasy; once or twice seem actually upon the point of rising into the air and floating over the heads of the people who sit there, fascinating us with sharp, unwinking eyes.

Our nervousness passes off as we turn to Rose, who has stood by us through the last two minutes' awful experiences. and find the pleasantest face in the world as it seemed to us, smiling at us, and

seeming to give us the very calmness we were on the point of losing a moment before.

The scene over, we get off from the stage very nicely, which is more difficult than it would seem to be—and so ends our first appearance on any stage. At every reappearance we were given the cordial sympathy and assistance of the ladies and gentlemen of the company, which so touched us, we shall never think of our first night without the tenderest revival of our gratitude to them on that occasion.

It was with a lighter heart that we stood for a moment alone in the darkness on the deserted stage that night. We seemed to have accomplished a dreaded task whose enormity we could not realize, but whose results surprised and satisfied us. It was like a prayer answered.

There is little enthusiasm in the house to-night, you see—and to play against such a dead audience as this is doubly fatiguing. The actor needs the sympathy of the people in order to do himself justice. An actor with a strong magnetism makes his points silently—there is no mouthing, nor tearing to tatters. It is the eye, the hand, the whole personality of the artist that compels the emotions of an audience.

What can such an one do before a house partly filled with ill-humored people who demand a dollar's worth of entertainment, and mean to *dun* one for it. The public is a hard master. The actor must live like another person, and requires money as much as another one. He must play to good houses in order to get his wages.

Plays are produced, and draw poorly. Shakspeare is certain bankruptcy unless there is a "star" in the bill. Nothing but novelty and sensation answer the requirements of the treasury. Witness the "Fawns" and "Crooks" of all colors, and such trifles as "Rosedale." Do you think the actor prefers the fatiguing spectacle to the plays of sterling merit in which he finds pleasure himself? Probably you never gave the actor a thought at all, and what is the consequence?

Good plays don't draw, and good audiences are necessary to the livelihood of the actor. He must play such pieces as will draw, and it is the audience and not the player which does most toward demoralizing the stage.

We sat in our room at the hotel the morning after our first night, a little sad and a little uncertain as to our future career. In the evening we were to repeat our effort of the night previous, but that we did not dread. We had slept well, and felt well in body. It was the newness and the strangeness of it all that seemed to set us adrift in a current that was to bear us we knew not whither. We were writing home. We heard a knock at our door, and there entered to us a merry face, well known on our stage, and we can testify that a very warm and loveable heart came with it that morning.

"He had come," he said, "as our friends had told him we should be low-spirited." And sure enough, we were more cheerful for his visit.

Though young in years, he was old to the stage. Familiar with its severe schooling, he offered to assist us whenever we would call upon him. His wardrobe was at our disposal also; and his time ours. We need not tell him how surely he set his seal on our heart that morning, for we cannot prove it. It was worth everything to have him near to us once in awhile, just for the magnetism of his presence.

Then what walks we took with Momus in those days! His life was singularly checkered, and we talked it all over. Your actor is at home and prosperous in one city, the observed of all observers, while his very next engagement may be ruinous.

He is petted and flattered here, and

there may meet with rebuffs calculated to discourage the lightest and most hopeful heart.

He must give his whole soul to his profession, and be jealous of it also. "You should have a steam engine at the back of your brains," said "Elliot Gray" to us, "and fuel to keep it running, if you would succeed on the stage." You must study for the future, also. You must look ahead if you would rise, and you must rise if you would be respected. An actor is supposed to be up in Shakspeare, Sheridan Knowles, etc., etc. He should have more blank verse at his tongue's end than is read in most libraries. Some people have laughed at seeing this same "Elliot Gray" announced as "actor and student." There is no cause for merriment where a fact is so evident. The only real absurdity is to imagine any one should think an actor can be other than a student—which is quite impossible. From the closest application, after hours of seclusion and study, the actor presents himself before an indifferent audience to recite his lines. If for all his labors he should hesitate one moment in his speech, the impatient gods howl at him from the gallery, which is hardly calculated to enliven his overburdened memory. Nor is the gentility of the dress circle more considerate, and the abashed player may stumble to his last period as conscientiously as he will, it is a thankless duty for the rest of it.

This was what startled us like a revelation; and it is an index hand that points to every hour in the bewildering phantasm of an actor's triumph.

We had a night or two of the "Duchess" as grand as we could array her, and she was resplendent in her coronet of jewels and trains of ermine and velvet. But the "Grand Duchess" is over now. The lights are out in the house. The echo of the last footfall dies in the placarded lobby. There are perhaps a half dozen *gamins* still lingering in the great entrance, to catch a glimpse of the actors as they pass out homeward. What is it so fascinating in this homeless and wandering life, that we regard all its followers with singular interest? Who can tell?

We were just arrived in town. "Dress your best," said the gay and happy Momus, whom you all know well enough by another name. "Let's walk a bit; first impressions are everything, you know." An actor learns to play his cards and plays them skillfully.

Shaven and shorn and faultlessly arrayed, Momus set forth, and we followed. Every eye turned upon him with impudent and curious stare. Not ten of the hundred men who greeted him with all the freedom of a familiar, were known at all to Momus; but it mattered nothing. Having shaken the drowsiness out of the idlers at the street corners and started gossip upon a new trail, we turned homeward to laugh at the queer public, whose refined taste is shocked at the career of the actor, but whose vanity is satisfied with his recognition.

Groping about the dark stage to-night, we think, a little sentimentally perhaps, of Thackeray's lines. Do you recall them?

> "The play is done; the curtain drops,
> Slow-falling to the prompter's bell:
> A moment, then the actor stops,
> And looks around to say farewell."

And we think gravely of our thirty nights in the green-room, and of the thirteen characters learned and already nearly forgotton. What has it profited us? Much, O friends!

We look more humanely upon the player of plays than was our wont. We have learned to think with pity and magnanimous forgiveness, of certain little people we know of, whose minds could not comprehend the nobility of our purpose, and whose souls are not capable of rising above the insipid level of conventionalism. And our experiences as a *debutant* have given us patience,

pith and muscle that shall go far toward strengthening our purpose in life.

It is our last night, indeed. To-morrow we return to the platitudes of business and routine, leaving the "sabre of my sire" to rust upon the wall, and the prompter's bell hanging in a chamber of memory out of sight and hearing. So the curtain rings down upon a spring month full of merry scenes, and some serious soliliquies, also; and it will not rise again—for the *act* is over.

THE OLD EAST IN THE NEW WEST.

NO other country presents so many contrasts grouped together as California. Here, where the Occident exchanges salutations across the waters with the Orient, the youngest born of states is brought into near neighborhood with the oldest survivor of the sisterhood of nations. But more than that—here on our own soil and amongst ourselves we have a strange mingling of elements.

Magnificent halls and handsome residences rear their proud heads in the space of a few weeks or months, to be occupied by masters who have been the architects of their own fortunes, and who cannot adorn their walls with relics of a distinguished ancestry; and not far off are ruins—monuments of a past age, and of events and modes of life as peculiar and as distinctly marked as any era of ancient history.

Here are farms, orchards and vineyards yielding their first fruits on soil which has been waiting for the plough since the waters of the deluge were abated; and on the slopes of hills, whose rocky records bear as ancient dates as those which any other land can boast, there is found every variety of soil, with the vegetable productions of almost every climate.

On our streets are encountered people of every nation; and costumes which laugh at the fashion plates. The independent Californian dresses as he pleases; he dares to wear a hat that suits himself, whether Paris and London, New York and Boston, approve his taste or not. Here, the French *modes* only two months old are set off by contrast with styles which were already ancient several hundred years ago. One man plies his trade by the aid of machinery with all the recent improvements; another plods slowly on with tools which may have been in use when Confucius was travelling from state to state instructing rulers in the science of government.

Almost side by side we have christian churches and heathen temples. Here, the irrepressible talkers about mesmerism and spiritual influences, as doctrines recently discovered, suddenly meet the table-tippers and clairvoyants who have received their arts and delusions from times as old as when the rude inhabitants of our fatherlands were sacrificing to Woden and to Thor.

The visitor from the East, while rushing down the western slopes of the Sierras and whirling around the curves, wondering at the boldness, enterprise and energy which has accomplished such a work as the Pacific railroad in so short a time, looks from the window of his luxurious car upon a caravan of pedestrians wending their toilsome way by narrow mountain paths, with burdens suspended from their carrying poles, in no way different from what he will see when, having stepped from the car to the steamer and crossed the ocean, he lands upon the shore which those burden-carriers but lately left.

California, therefore, is the place in which those who do not care to circumnavigate the globe may be learning many things which others have spent large sums of money and months of travel to behold. How many private epistles (as well as some communications to the press) used to come back from crowded Paris with descriptions of many wonderful things, that we who have had our eyes open while at home, had been studying every day without the trouble or expense of visiting the World's Exposition. But foreign travellers do not all acquire enough knowledge in the countries they visit, to enable them in truth to say that they have realized the worth of their money. Some wander abroad for months and come back "to the place of beginning" but little wiser than when they started; consequently, whether we tarry at home or visit distant lands, what is needed is to keep the mind awake and the eyes open; and the greater the amount of knowledge already possessed of the countries to be visited—of their productions, and of the character and peculiarities of their inhabitants—the more rapidly and accurately will we be adding to our stores of information. Just here, in San Francisco, we may see what the old sea captains used to tell us about "the strangest people on the globe;" and at the same time, with a little help from those who have made their records and their literature a study, we may observe in the present habits and fashions of the representatives of that same nation, passages of the very ancient history of the oldest empire in the world illustrated or reproduced.

Now, however, very many of our people when they meet the "celestials," as they call them, can only laugh at the poor creatures, who seem to them not to have sense enough to dress as they do themselves; while the head shaven and the cue dangling behind awaken only contempt in some and pity in others, who are simply ignorant of the chapter of history of which the cue is an illustration and a monument.

The cue commemorates that portion of history which records that about the year 1644 the old Ming dynasty was overthrown, and the Tai Tsing or Great Pure dynasty was established; that then the native rulers were displaced, and the people forced to serve their Manchu conquerors; that everywhere the men were compelled to adopt the Tartar style of dress and tonsure, and thus it came to pass that the peculiar Chinese fashions, handed down from a high and venerable antiquity, and now seen only in the robing rooms and upon the stage of Chinese theatres, gave place to the somewhat simpler dress of the northern invaders. Long, heavy, jet black locks flowing over the shoulders, or gathered in a fancy knot upon the crown, had to be sacrificed, sparing only what was needed to cultivate that appendage which for a long time was regarded only with hatred as the symbol of their subjection to foreign rulers. Many died desperately fighting to save their country and preserve their persons from disgrace; and many others when finally overpowered, unwillingly submitted to the loss of their treasured locks, but winding the cue about the head, covered the whole with a turban *a la* Turk. Now, however, by long and universal use, the cue has become so nationalized that they would almost as soon part with the head as with the cue alone.

Recently a new disgrace has attended the loss of the cue. When the English began to make conquests in China, in the towns where they improvised a government, in cruel contempt of native prejudices they ordered the cutting off of this appendage as a penalty for petty crimes; and in the state prison of this state, the Chinese convict experiences a double grief—the loss of his liberty and the loss of his hair; so that a man without a cue may occupy a dubious

position in the eyes of his countrymen; for, until the circumstances are explained, it may not be known whether he voluntarily adopted our style of dressing the hair, or whether it is an evidence of his having served a term in prison. There are, however, frequent instances of young men who adopt our fashions entirely as to dress; but such violation of ancient customs does not always pass with impunity.

Not many months ago an intelligent and independent youth provoked the wrath of his relatives and brought upon himself a fearful torrent of abuse and castigation, who, amongst other offences, was charged with exhibiting symptoms of forsaking the customs and traditions of his fathers, because he had discarded the national costume and had suffered the scissors to approach his head. Other crimes, however, were laid to his charge, such as the prodigal expenditure of his earnings, in which he was disregarding his filial obligations, using for his own gratification the money which ought to have been sent to his mother. Some of these charges had been reported to the mother, and in compliance with her directions the chastisement was administered. Her letter to an older relative of the young man, whom she had appointed to act as his guardian, read like this: "* * * I hear that my son is playing the prodigal, being idle, or spending his earnings for unnecessary articles of clothing and in other forms of self-indulgence. I authorize you, his near relative and senior in years, to strenuously admonish him. If moderate chastisement fails, then call to your aid one or more of the brothers, (relatives) and sorely beat him, not pitying his body."

To the son himself the mother wrote: "I hear that you, —— my son, are acting the prodigal. The money—your earnings—formerly sent (amounts and dates specified) was duly received; but long since it was consumed in purchase of food and fuel. For many months there has arrived no letter, nor money. My supplies are exhausted. I am old; too infirm to work; too lame to beg. Your father in the mines of the mountains suffers from a crushed foot. He is weak, and unable to accumulate money. Hereafter, my son, change your course; be industrious and frugal, and remit to me your earnings; and within the year let me welcome home both your father and yourself. Hear my words and reform, lest persisting in rebellion, you will hasten my dissolution, and you, descending to the regions of darkness, will see me never more."

Such incidents and such epistles may serve as a key to the understanding of some practices of the Chinese, which otherwise would continue veiled in mystery; and by following up our investigations in this direction, we ascertain that the boys and youth at service do, in many cases, pay over their earnings to others, not because they are slaves, but because as relatives or neighbors these individuals have been requested to act the part of guardians for the otherwise unprotected youth. By such supervision many boys have long been preserved from falling into vagabond habits, and their wages have been periodically transmitted to their parents.

The docility of these youth, their respect for age, and the cheerfulness with which they usually submit to the control of those of superior age, stand out in strong relief as compared with Young America.

It may be here remarked, that notwithstanding the opposition of countrymen, and the superstitious dread of abandoning national customs, many have adopted our fashions in part, and a few entirely; and as the years roll on, the power of home influences will weaken, and national superstitions, national prejudices, and national fashions, will all loosen, and by degrees be forsaken and forgotten altogether. But, after all, the

person accustomed to independent thought sees something, even much, to admire in the Chinaman's adherence to an invariable style. Surely it has the advantage of economy to recommend it; and who will say that it is less graceful or less convenient than our own? The full dress of the Chinese gentleman in his own country is much like that in which the ancient painters draped their figures. It reminds us of the tunic, the toga and the girdle, and other terms so familiar in the days when, by means of our classic studies, we seemed almost to live in ancient Greece and Rome.

The habits of the Chinese, as regards their manner of walking—seldom two or three abreast, but one somewhat in advance of the other, or stringing through the streets in single file—is apt to provoke in many persons a scornful smile, while very few discern in it the observance of a rule which is found in the "Book of Rites," and by which the Chinese for many centuries have regulated nearly all their public, social, and domestic conduct. The passage to which we refer is this: "Those who walk slowly after their seniors are dutiful brothers; those who walk hastily before their seniors are undutiful brothers. If any one is twenty years older than yourself, treat him as you do your father; if one is ten years older, treat him as your elder brother; if only five years older, follow him close to his shoulder. Following your teacher, you must not pass by him and speak to other people; meeting him on the road, quickly advance and stand erect with folded hands."

The habit just referred to is more strikingly exhibited in the single-file marches of the strangers just landing from the ships. Those who have seen these people in their rural districts at home, and observed their habits, may fancy that they detect the influence of a life-long practice of jogging one behind the other with their burdens, along foot-paths too narrow for two to go abreast.

There are amongst us people who would eagerly embrace an opportunity to visit China, that they might inquire respecting its productions, and learn how the people live, and what manner of food they eat, not dreaming that much of this information may be obtained without the trouble and expense of a voyage by sea. Let them visit the Chinese stores and markets, their restaurants, their vegetable gardens and their fisheries: in some of these places they will see the articles which supply their diet; in other places they may observe the modes of preparing them: they will find many varieties of foreign vegetables and fruits, preserved or dried; and they will see fresh vegetables, raised by Chinese gardeners from Chinese seed. And if, without improper intrusion, they may ever happen to be present where Chinese are at table, they will find that the Chinaman suffers little in discarding the knife and fork, but that the *fai tsz*—nimble lads or chop-sticks—though beyond our skill, are delicate and useful instruments in the pliant hands of men who have practised with them from infancy.

Readers of travels have become strongly impressed with the notion that Chinamen are peculiarly fond of feasting and merry-making. San Francisco furnishes abundant opportunity for learning whether this is correct. By personal observation we soon ascertain that, where the purse will admit, but few legitimate occasions for feasting are allowed to pass unimproved. Friends fresh from the fatherland are welcomed with a feast; those about to visit home treat their friends to a parting feast; and in turn those to be left behind, not to be outdone, give another feast to the friend departing.

The New Year's holidays are seasons of feasting. Weddings and birthdays are celebrated with feasting. At funerals feasts are spread, both to feed the soul of the dead and to appease any vagrant hungry ghosts who may

not have surviving relatives to minister to their wants; but, after the spirits have had opportunity to satisfy their hunger, the friends and neighbors of the deceased consume with evident relish what the spirits did not bear away. Offerings at the tombs, in the ancestral temples, and to any of the gods, are more cheerfully provided, because the offerers know that when the ceremonies are ended they are to have a merry season, with plenty to eat and a taste of wine.

Spirituous liquor is used in moderate quantities at those social gatherings; though sometimes the bounds of moderation are exceeded. One banters his neighbor to take another drink. Little games are played, such as that of "guessing fingers," when the loser pays the forfeit by himself pouring off another cup of wine. These feasts are often expensive because of the costliness of many of the articles which a Chinese gourmand covets, and some of them are supposed to possess peculiar virtues. The Chinese are strong believers in hygiene: their medical books and medical men are as careful to prescribe the kinds of diet as the course of medicine necessary in a given case.

Travellers have told us that the Chinese are great readers. Familiarity with the habits of the Chinese population in this country prepares us to accept the statement; for we see books for sale upon the shelves of most of the stores; we find books in shops, in offices and sleeping rooms; men sitting at their tables or lying on their beds during leisure hours, are observed reviewing the classics, running over the pages of some cheap novel, or other works; for the variety of books in the Chinese language is very great, and still they are adding to the list. By this practice of desultory reading many who had limited advantages of education while young, arrive in the course of years to respectable attainments in the knowledge of the printed character.

One prominent object of interest to a tourist in China is the native school, and the national system of education. Several purely Chinese schools are kept in San Francisco, to which the scholar may be seen going, as early sometimes as six o'clock in the morning, carrying his satchel of books and the little pot of tea. A Chinese school-room is a noisy place, for each pupil studies aloud, in order that the teacher may detect any mistake in pronouncing the characters. When the lesson is learned, it is "backed;" that is, the pupil is summoned to the master's desk, the book is surrendered to the master, and then turning to him his back, the lesson is recited. After several days all the lessons of those days are recited, and when the book is finished it must all be backed without prompting. Thus two, three, or four years are consumed in learning simply the sounds of the characters, and in learning to form them with a hair pencil; afterwards the explanation of the meaning of the characters forms a part of the teacher's duties. Pupils in Chinese schools have but little play time. As Chinese mechanics work during all the hours of daylight, and in the evening also, so the students labor at their tasks both day and night.

We need not stop to point out the difference between these ancient schools imported from the shores of the old world, and the modern graded public schools with the magnificent school buildings of our young city and state.

People in search of antiquities have been delighted to find in China, in the hands of husbandmen and mechanics, so many implements of which we have the representation in very ancient drawings. In the hands of mechanics in our own city may be found some of the same antiquities, and we may observe the manner in which many generations have used them, and thus we may study some branches of archæology more effectively than we had the means of doing while at the schools.

We notice, however, that the Chinese laborer and artisan, after a while, observes with what tools our people perform their work, and we perceive that he is ready to adopt the use of any implement that may enable him to accomplish his task easier, better, or quicker.

But the former resident in China fails to find amongst the Chinese of California some of the elements of social life with which he had become familiar there, and which remain as pleasing pictures in his memory.

Family groups are seldom met with here, most of the women being of that class whose bold demeanor and shameless airs contrast offensively with the retiring habits and modest deportment of the females in Chinese families at home.

The crowded lodging rooms, boarding-houses and restaurants in California, must present to the immigrant a sudden and violent contrast to the quiet house in which he was reared, and where all the arrangements and every movement was required to be in accordance with the Book of Rites. There the oldest member of the family bears rule in the ancestral possessions, with children, grandchildren, and perhaps great grandchildren around him, and occupying apartments which have increased in number to accommodate the increasing branches of the household. There the patriarch receives the earnings of his children, and in his turn orders the supplies for all the house.

Another pleasing feature of Chinese social life is wanting in San Francisco, viz: the tea houses—those large rooms numerously set with those square "eight-men tables," served by a crowd of waiting-men bearing in one hand covered cups containing dry leaves of the delicious herb, and in the other hand the steaming kettle from which they pour the boiling water, thus preparing the fresh and fragrant beverage for each new customer.

These tea halls are frequented at all hours of the day by thirsty and weary men, by those seeking a cool and refreshing retreat, and by parties who desire a place in which, for a short time, to rest and chat. One characteristic of those tea saloons is the orator's or reader's stand, occupied quite often by one or another of China's many peripatetic readers or lecturers, who reads or chants passages from the ancient histories and romances, and who, just before coming to the culmination of the plot or story, passes around the contribution basket. If the collection is satisfactory he finishes the story; if not, he gathers up his documents and in a stately manner walks away.

In this country the restaurant and coffee-stand supply the place of the tea gardens and tea halls. These are much frequented on holidays and at evening. But California Chinese are frequently seen calling for the cup of coffee and cigar, instead of the tea cup and the long pipe with the mild Chinese tobacco. In place of those resorts for partaking only of that beverage which cheers without intoxication, every Chinese street and Chinese settlement is cursed with opium smoking dens, where precious time is dozed and dreamed away and money squandered; where vital energies are consumed, the system poisoned, and the whole man is ruined. Here, as in China, there are fruit and cake stands; also from early dawn till midnight we may hear in all their streets the distinctive *cries* of peddlers with refreshments "piping hot," prepared from those materials and with that flavor which bring up the visions of fatherland; and when partaken just previous to retiring, send the sleeper to that land of dreams where he so loves to revel—to his native hills, his field and garden, his wife and children. What a blessing, not only for the Chinaman, could he be content with only the stimulus of his native plant, but what an improvement also for our own people,

could tea halls and tea gardens be substituted for beer and whisky shops.

California, besides affording a theatre in which to view the mingling of old and new—the contrasts presented by the youngest and the most ancient of nations—is also a field in which are at present in operation influences which are preparing the way for introducing into the oldest kingdom on the globe whatever the new world has to offer that is valuable in the arts, in commerce, in the customs of daily life and social intercourse, as well as that which regards the grand truths of science and religion.

Already we perceive the change begun. The ancient Mongolian garb yields to slight variations in style; Chinese hats, shoes and trowsers disappear, and those of American material and fashion take their place. The people learn new trades, and pursue old trades with improved implements; they learn to run our engines, to repair and to construct machinery. Labor-saving machines, and many articles for use and for luxury are sent home to the family and to friends; and when these people return to their homes, as all are hoping to do, and as thousands already have done, having been accustomed to rush over our country in coaches and railroad cars, and to transact business by mail and telegraph, they will not be content with the slow methods of locomotion, of trade and intercourse, which were practiced in Asia three thousand years ago.

According to an old proverb, "One extreme follows another," and it is not at all improbable that this will be verified in the case of the country and the people of whom we have been speaking. From being the most exclusive, they are fast becoming the most cosmopolitan of races. Having once been stirred up in their ancient nests and allured abroad in search of wealth, there is afterwards nothing that avails to check or extinguish their propensity for travel, and for trying their fortunes in regions heretofore unexplored; consequently many go back to China, but being disgusted with its slow ways, they again return. They sail the ocean over from Australia to British Columbia; they are found in South America, the West Indies, in Northern Africa, in the Isle of France. Chinamen are the enterprising merchants in several of the maritime cities of Asia; they are merchants and planters in all the islands to the east and south of China. The indolent Sandwich Islander sees the enterprising and thrifty Chinaman fast changing the face of his islands by converting pasture grounds into well cultivated fields. Chinamen range over all the mountains and through all the valleys of the Pacific coast, and all the inhabitants welcome them; for after one or two lessons, they are efficient helps in the kitchen or dairy, and sturdy laborers on the farm.

Whatever business offers, the Chinaman is ready to attempt; nor does he wait till he is *sure* that it will succeed, but he is eager for the *venture.* Being as a people notoriously believers in luck, there is always for them excitement in any enterprise which, along with some hazard, may promise a possible large return; and in this feature of their faith, their trust in the god of wealth and their protecting star, we may detect one reason for their resorting so generally and so persistently to the gaming table.

The seeds of revolution—a moral revolution—have been sown, and the process is still going on; the elements of reform are at work. The emperor sends embassadors to foreign courts, and in his own capital organizes and endows a college for teaching all the modern sciences. He sends competent men abroad to study mechanics, and erects machine shops in his own cities. There are in China many schools for teaching native youth in the English language, and many here are learning to read our books and newspapers. The Chinese laborers on our state and national rail-

roads are every day taking fresh lessons in all that pertains to "grading" and "constructing," as well as in that which pertains to the management of engines and trains; and by and by their own sovereign may have need for them in laying the iron track throughout all the provinces of his empire.

Forty years ago, Morrison was the only Protestant missionary in China, and often his life was in danger; only as an interpreter for the merchants was he allowed to reside at Canton. The first two converts to Christianity fled the country to save their lives. Less than thirty years ago was there any toleration granted to the teachers of Christianity, and then only at the five ports opened to foreign trade. Later treaties have opened new ports to foreign ships; merchants and tourists may now travel throughout the country without being liable to be arrested and carried back to the nearest consul. Now the missionaries travel and preach in any part of the empire; colporteurs sell and gratuitously distribute Bibles and christian tracts in all the provinces; churches have been erected, congregations are gathered, a press for printing Bibles is at work—all in the imperial city, and where the emperor and his ministers may at any time inspect them.

Surely the old things are passing away, and passing faster than most people are aware. Nothing can resist the rushing tide of reform. Better that we adjust ourselves to the circumstances of the times. He who is alert to improve the turning tide, and to catch the first favoring breeze, is wise; while he who would attempt to beat back the current and to still the winds, because he best likes the quiet waters and the calm, is insane.

OLD TEXAN DAYS.

MANY years ago, at the close of a dreary day's journey, during which a norther blew without cessation, we reached the town of Bastrop, on the Colorado. The situation is good, and there seemed to be no lack of that sort of improvement which marks the progress of Texan civilization—a church, a jail, a court-house, and the usual accompaniment of bar-rooms and billiard saloons. The least important object, as in all the towns I had yet seen, was a decent inn, where we could get even tolerable accommodations. Rooms with six or eight beds, and every bed "double shotted," were the nearest approach to comfort to be had anywhere. We drove up to a frame shanty, with a swinging sign in front promising entertainment for man and horse; and upon asking for the "gentleman" who kept the house, were answered by a sharp-faced, spunky-looking little man—"Here he is—what will you have, gentlemen?"

One of our party—a Texan—acted as spokesman.

"Well, guv'ner—if you can give us beds for ourselves and feed for our horses, that's about all we'll ask of you at present."

"Don't know about that, sir—don't know about that. My house is pretty full. Take your horses round thar and put them in the stable, and we'll see about it."

Having performed this service, under the direction of our landlord, we returned to the house.

Upon entering the bar-room, we found it well packed with customers. There was an open wood fire, around which some dozen men of very rough and fierce

appearance were crowded, smoking cigars, and talking in rather an excited manner. There appeared to be some difficulty under discussion—a fight, or series of fights—which had occurred during the day. From what I could gather, a man by the name of Jones had been killed by another man named Brown. In the course of the affray, the relatives of each party took sides, and had a free fight, in which several were stabbed. Such an occurrence was not uncommon in this part of the country; but the present affair derived a peculiar interest from the fact that it was not likely to end for some time. These affrays in Texas were about as clannish as the old Scottish feuds, in which whole tribes took part. Not unfrequently they involved entire neighborhoods, and extended over a period of several years. The bitter blood must be all shed before they came to an end.

Whilst standing by the fire listening to the details of the affray, and the comments of the crowd, I gathered this much: that the persons present were no way related to the hostile parties, but merely spoke of the killing and subsequent free fight as artists; that a relation of the man killed, one Tom Jones, was looking about town in search of one Jack Brown, the man who had committed the act; that both were armed to the teeth, and were very desperate men, and if they came together somebody would get hurt.

During the conversation, the door opened, and a tall, powerful man of dark complexion, prominent features scarred with old cuts, and very deep-set, wicked eyes, stalked into the room, and looked around fiercely at the group of talkers. His belt was garnished with pistols and bowie-knives, and he carried his right hand in the bosom of his waistcoat. There was a dead silence.

"Has anybody seen Brown?" said the man, with a searching glance at each face. "Say, have you seen BROWN here?"

The tone of the new-comer was somewhat insolent. Nobody thought proper to answer the question.

With an impatient oath, he walked up towards the fire-place, edging his way through the crowd, and scrutinizing every face keenly, as if to find out whether there was among them even one who sympathized with Brown. It would have been difficult for the keenest physiognomist to ascertain this fact, for there was not one who manifested the slightest emotion either of fear or interest. Every man continued to puff his cigar quietly, looking coolly in the face of Mr. Tom Jones, as if neither he nor his affairs afforded them any concern. I could see, however, that there were some unconscious movements of the hands towards certain private armories; and that they were well prepared to resent any infringement upon their rights.

I stood leaning against the wall by the fire, and was somewhat surprised when the blood-thirsty Mr. Jones approached, and looking steadfastly at me for a moment, asked:

"Have *you* seen Brown?"

"What Brown?" I ventured to inquire.

"Jack Brown!"

"No, sir! I don't know Jack Brown, sir: never heard of him before to-night to my knowledge."

The answer appeared to be satisfactory; the man turned and strode out of the room, banging the door after him. I was very glad not to be Jack Brown, and felt no disposition to claim relationship with him; for, besides being a man of peaceable nature, I was not prepared with suitable arms for a bloody fray of this kind. Doubtless Jack Brown was quite able to take care of himself. I never heard the result of the difficulty.

Upon the departure of Mr. Jones, the company were about to renew the discussion, when the supper bell rang. With one accord they broke for the eating-

room, forgetting all about the feud and its various points of interest.

I observed among the number of eager candidates for supper, a half-drunken fellow of very seedy appearance, who had been asleep in the corner of the bar-room, but who, now thoroughly aroused, was rapidly following up the crowd. The landlord met him in the passage and ordered him back. An altercation ensued. The fellow drew a knife, and declared he would have his "supper or blood!" Upon this, the landlord struck him on the head with the bell, a very heavy weapon, knocking him down senseless. Snatching up the knife which had fallen from the man's hand, he pitched it out into the street; then dragged the prostrate body of his antagonist to the door, and pitched that out also. Two or three of the boarders jumped up from the supper-table to see the fight, but there being no prospect of sport after the man was cast out senseless, they hurried back to secure their places at the supper-table. The landlord very coolly picked up his broken bell, rubbed his foot over some ugly spots of blood upon the floor, and turning to me observed—"When a fellow won't pay his board, he must expect to be roughly handled. No man shall loaf on me, sir: no sir, it shan't be done! I've boarded such chaps long enough, sir."

"And now it seems you intend to floor them," I remarked.

"Yes, sir—just so. Walk into supper, sir; you'll find a vacant seat near the head of the table."

I went in and sat down near the landlord's wife, a very showy lady, who presided at the head of the table. She had what might be called good strong features; that is to say, she seemed to be a lady perfectly able to take care of herself and several others in any emergency requiring physical or mental energy. Her dress and head-gear were fine enough for any ball-room. Altogether she was a very formidable looking lady. During the progress of the meal, I observed to her:

"Your husband, madam, seems to have no easy time of it."

"No," said she, laughing; "I heard him scufflin' with some one in the passage just now. Which whipped?"

"Well, madam, I do n't know exactly when a man is considered whipped in Texas; but I saw your husband knock his opponent down with a bell and then pitch him into the street as limber as a bag of meal."

"Yes," said the landlady, still rather amused; "the Major has to do these things sometimes. He's not slow in a tussle when his dander's up. Won't you have some more tea, sir?"

I inferred from all the signs that there was at least one person in the house who was not at all afraid of the Major. I was certainly justified in believing that I had not witnessed anything unusual. Further, I was satisfied the landlady had been a widow at least once in her life.

It is not my purpose to enter into a detail of the petty vexations of my journey, but this night in Bastrop was fraught with more than ordinary discomfort, to say nothing of the excitement. The landlord said he was very much crowded, and could not let me have a single bed. He would give me a small room with a double-bed, (which was about two feet and a-half wide, as I soon discovered) and if nobody else came, I stood the chance of getting through the night without a bed-fellow. There was certainly one class of bed-fellows omitted by the Major in his estimate of the chances.

To provide against accident, I braced the door with a table and bureau, there being no lock. The confused noise of voices, the clinking of glasses and rattling of dice down below, and the heavy tramp of booted feet along the passage, kept me awake to a late hour, when in spite of noise and vermin, I fell into a doze. A knock at the door aroused me.

"Hello thar, stranger!" It was the dread voice of the landlord!

"Hello!"

"Open the door, if you please. Here's a lodger wants to get in."

"Can't do it, sir—he must find another room."

"Sir!" cried the spunky little landlord, "if you don't open the door, I'll have to *bust it in!*"

I remonstrated; the Major insisted upon his right to put another man in my bed. I denied the principle that two-feet-six was a double bed; the major contended often it was a treble bed in Texas. Finally, I offered to compromise by paying for two places.

"That's not the thing, sir—that's not the thing!" roared the Major in a high state of excitement; "the man must have a bed to sleep in, and there's no other!"

"Well, sir, he can't sleep with me!" was my reply, and I began to look around for some weapon of defense. There was nothing in the room, save the bureau, table and bed, not one of which seemed an available instrument of death. So I thought it best to add— "Or, if he does, he must be prepared for the consequences. I'm troubled with fits!" which was true in some senses, for I often had fits of melancholy, and was subject at times to fits of abstraction.

"Never mind," said the stray lodger, "let him be. I don't hanker after a bed-fellow with fits. Let's try it on somewhere else." The rest of the night I was left to my slumbers.

Between Bastrop and San Antonio we stopped at mid-day at a ranch. The proprietor, a polite but rather stern looking man, came out to meet us as we approached. He was followed by a pack of young dogs, of very fierce aspect, which he could hardly restrain from jumping upon us. In the course of conversation, he informed us that this was an excellent breed of "nigger-dogs," which he was training to hunt runaway negroes. By way of practice, he was in the habit of starting off a negro boy with directions to go down into the brush, a few miles distant, and climb a tree. Allowing a little time to elapse, he would then start the dogs on the trail, and follow them on his horse. He laughingly added, that upon reaching the brush, he "generally found the little nigger tree'd." It was certainly rather an amusing pastime—to the dogs and their master. I did not deem it prudent to question the little negro on the subject, but doubtless he enjoyed the sport as well as could be expected.

While in San Antonio, I stopped at a small Mexican cabin near the outskirts of the town, to see a man who had been scalped a few days before, on the trail to Eagle Pass. It seemed that he was a noted horse-thief, whose depredations had caused the settlers a good deal of trouble, but who had long succeeded in evading punishment. The last horse he stole was in the neighborhood of San Antonio. It was a fine animal, worth over two hundred dollars. He was trying to escape with it to the Rio Grande, and had nearly reached the Agua Frio, when he was attacked by a band of Camanches, who took the horse from him and then scalped him.

I went to see him in company with the physician who was attending him. The poor fellow was lying on a rough bed in the corner of the room. He suffered great pain, as I judged, for he seldom stopped groaning. He must have been originally a man of great muscular strength, but was now emaciated, and presented a very cadaverous appearance; his dark beard and moustache contrasting fearfully with the death-like pallor of his skin. His mind seemed quite unsettled. Sometimes in the midst of his groans, he would stop suddenly and utter the most horrid imprecations. When the doctor approached, he wept like a child, and begged him for God's sake to put an end to his suf-

ferings at once. A bandage was on his head. The doctor removed it, and displayed a spectacle from which I could not but shrink aghast—a round, raw spot about the size of the palm of the hand, puffed up and swollen at the edges, where the scalp had been torn from the skull after the circular incision by the the knife. The poor man shrieked with pain when the dressing commenced, and it required all the power of two stout Mexicans to hold him upright in the bed. This had to be done frequently, so that it did not suprise me he should beg to be put to death.

The doctor told me that this was the third or fourth case he had attended. In speaking of the effects generally, he said it was rarely the patient recovered. The brain was always affected by the least irritation; and it was only when there was great insensibility of the nervous system, and the recuperative powers of youth were in great vigor, that there was much hope. He gave me a very interesting history of a case which had occurred many years ago, in one of the frontier wars with the Camanches. The victim was a man well known in San Antonio, and was now residing there in in the full enjoyment of health. A thin skin had grown over the scalped part, but it was destitute of hair, and was so sensitive to atmospheric influences, that he could tell the approaching changes of the weather almost with the accuracy of a barometer. Indeed, it was a common thing for the neighbors to go to him in order to find out when a norther might be expected. He seldom failed to give a correct prophecy, though it might be a day or two in advance. He greatly prides himself on his powers of divination, and was familiarly known as "Old Weather-gauge." The loss of his scalp was a standing subject of jest to himself and his friends. He used often to maintain good humoredly that it was a great advantage to be scalped, for whilst other men had only their eyes to see with, he could keep a look-out from the top of his head.

AT HOME AND ABROAD, OR MODERN ETHNOLOGY.

TIME was when *pater familias* stayed at home. The New Englander, content with his acres, cultivated them with the help of his children and laborers, raised his cattle at the same time that he increased his progeny, and laid by his small, but ever-increasing store, satisfied with an occasional neighborly visit, and the excitement of a husking party or harvest-home. The Western settler, after fighting the Indians and the primeval forests, and having cleared the lands of both, either settled or sold; in the former case setting to work with his innate energy, and living a life of labor and rest, undisturbed by the outside world; or else, in the second case, he pushed on to fresh clearances and fresh combats with the wild man and the wilderness. The Southern planter, with his life of indolent luxury climate-engendered, and with that sense of dominion that broad acres and slavery ever begets, cared little for the world outside his own county or state, and his foreign intercourse consisted in shipping produce and importing luxuries and dry goods. Then California as an El Dorado was unknown, Montana and Idaho did not exist; Colorado was shudderingly talked of as an arid desert; the rocky mountains appeared to be the boundary of the United States, and Texas belonged to Mexico.

To-day *pater familias* goes everywhere, and *familias* has generally much more geographical knowledge than *pater*.

It is said of the native-born American that he goes to Europe a red-hot republican and returns a confirmed aristocrat. This, without being exactly the case, is partially true. A vast amount of prejudice is got rid of and somewhat of pride rubbed out by contact with other nations. Wherever an American goes, and we use the term American in its widest sense, as a native of the United States, north, east, south, or west—wherever he goes he carries with him a certain air of freedom and independence that eminently distinguishes him from most other nationalities. For the first thought of an American at home is to go abroad; not that he has a distaste for home; on the contrary, it is his beau ideal of excellence; but he loves travel, and the desire to become acquainted with foreign lands draws him as soon as possible to pack up his portmanteau and go. Paris is the American's great attraction. Young men and old men, families and bachelors, all regard it as the combination of gaiety, art, science, and those pleasures that at home would be pronounced sinful, but abroad are venial.

The first feeling of an American on his arrival at Paris is one of disappointment. For it cannot be seen at once, and a New Yorker misses his large hotels and his Broadway; a Bostonian seeks in vain the order and quiet of his native city; the countryman is bewildered, and the Californian knows not where to spend his money. In London it is even worse; smaller hotels and dearer, long ranges of dingy streets, every house the *fac simile* of its neighbor, a feeling of want of welcome to the stranger, no one taking the least notice of him even by a friendly look, a sense of being in a strange land without any one to sympathize with him in the oppressiveness of loneliness, the only familiar thing being identity of language—such greet the stranger in the two great European capitals. In a few days all is changed; the visitor begins to feel at home. There is such a wealth of wonders, both in London and Paris, that mind and body get fatigued by visiting the sights. Still the American is ever American, and while his innate curiosity impels him to see everything, he does so wherever possible with a critical eye, comparing the old country with the new, never allowing any inferiority in anything in the States, and never for an instant admitting greater happiness or better government than that of Uncle Sam.

Of the American ladies abroad, a French writer says: "As you saunter through the Champs Elysées, from La Place de la Concorde to the Arc de l'Etoile, you meet richly-dressed ladies, men with light beards, with a calm and good-natured aspect, young girls with a strikingly decided and animated manner, beautiful children with long curly hair and an expression at once frank and assured. They all possess the same type of resemblance; strongly marked features, the head well developed, piercing gray eyes, changeable expressions, often pleasing and sometimes remarkably handsome. None of the British stiffness, and yet an English likeness, with more frankness and simplicity. These are Americans, either living in their own homes or in furnished lodgings." The moment she arrives at Paris, the American, or any other foreign lady, pays a visit to the most celebrated milliners and dressmakers. The lady who has loaded her trunks with home-made dresses and paid high duties for permission to pass the frontiers, may keep her baggage under lock and key until she returns to her native land. The young ladies, accustomed to go out fearlessly, are surprised at the way the Parisian girls are shut up at home. The American in England, and it is chiefly the male sex that goes there, is a very different being from the American in France. In the latter place he gives free rein to his appetite for pleasure, for amusement, and for zestful enjoyment; but in England he feels it due

to his country to represent it worthily, and assumes, in consequence, a more dignified and staid demeanor, adapts himself to the habits of the country, goes to church, attends political meetings, engages in commerce, never forgetting 1776, and ever ready with argument in support of the superiority of the Republican form of government. With all that, if a thinking man, and the early training of an American tends to make him a thinking man, he comes away somewhat impressed with the idea that there is something good in the system of British rule, and with the notion that, were he not Yankee, he would be Englishman. The American in Germany, while preserving his identity is again different; he rebels against the petty rules that exist, or rather did exist, until Bismarck somewhat changed the small tyrannies by merging them into one kingdom; he is vexed and confused with the endless differences of currency in every town he comes to. Thalers and silber groeschen, kreutzers and florins, all of them differing in value in different departments ; some of them not current at all, none of them coming up to the even flow of the decimal coinage of his own country ;. a duty to be paid at every other station from Liege to Vienna, waiters who insist upon entering into conversation with him at dinner, beds with a blanket for a mattrass and a feather-bed for a blanket, steamboats on the Rhine that run ashore to pick up a passenger, a conductor of a train that looks like a soldier, and a soldier that looks like a policeman ; such sights offend the foreigner. But once arrived at his destination the American sets to work, becomes steady and methodical as the German himself, contents himself with the early pipe, with the early breakfast, the Sunday visit to the wine garden, the perpetual evening visit to the café to drink his beer and smoke his pipe. If a student at any of the universities, he generally forms one of a clique of other Americans, including frequently many English ; each nation, however, especially in presence of one another, preserving its nationality.

Austria is both the American's and the Englishman's horror, on account of the passport system. Once arrived at Vienna you are in a second Paris, with all its sensual life condensed into smaller space. Still, the American is offended by that excessive surveillance over him ; he cannot enter without inspection, he cannot leave without leave given. But in Turkey and Egypt he is perfectly happy. He does Constantinople as speedily as possible, glad to escape from its narrow streets and dogs, and bad smells ; his great aim is the Nile. Away to Cairo, to the Desert, to the Pyramids, to the Cataracts, to Tadmor, etc. He knows enough of Indians not to care much for the Arabs, for there is not much difference twixt one and the other. In Italy the American thoroughly enjoys himself or herself. Rome is his model ; in Rome many of America's Art children flourish ; the Roman law is the foundation of the American jurisprudence. In Rome an American is a different being ; he is quiet and more subdued than in any other European capital. A sense of awe, mingled with pity at the vastness of the past and the ruin of the present, pervades his mind. He, a giant of the present, looks upon the giants of the past ; with all their power he has not their antecedents. Time has not shed a halo of romance over the history of his country, and he roams among the past thinking perchance that the time may come when the wanderer from a distant land may tread the ruins of his departed greatness, and explore, as he does, the relics of past generations. The American in Asia is chiefly confined to China, where his sphere of action is important, and then he is hardly to be distinguished from the Englishman. The great merchant of one country assimilates in his tastes and habits to the great merchant of the other. There is a re-

finement of mercantile aristocracy about both, that sorts well with the suave manners of the higher class of Chinese merchants. Those who have been in China know well how courteous her well-bred citizens are, and that Oriental politeness has its effect on Englishmen as well as Americans.

Let us turn now to the Englishman—At home, if we may coin new words, he is homeful; abroad, he is abroadful. There is nothing perhaps more charming than the country or county life of an English family. A few broad acres cultivated to their highest perfection, the old family house with its wide oaken staircase, troops of healthy children, a large, well-cultivated garden with its surroundings of shady trees, intimate acquaintance with neighbors, shooting, hunting, fishing, dining out and giving dinners—such is the life of an English country gentleman, and such represents a large class in England. In the metropolis it is a mixture of one and the other. The network of railways that, underground or overground, come into the heart of London, enables the merchant to transact his business in the city and live in the country, and the wear and tear of the one heightens the enjoyment of the other.

But the Englishman is not the same all over England. The people are very composite in their nature, and to explain this, for a brief moment we must go back to past ethnography.

Perhaps the earliest known portion of England is that which is now the least known and the least visited of any—Cornwall. It was mined by the Phenicians for its tin, and the Romans followed in their footsteps. The Norsemen succeeded the Romans; and we have, as in Wales, a race that are almost foreigners, speaking another tongue, different in manner as their rugged country is different in appearance from the green slopes of its neighbors. Physically and morally the Cornishman is a splendid type of humanity, but he lives almost a stranger in his native land. The same thing obtains in Wales. You pass the boundaries between England and the Cymri, and if you address a native, the probability is that you are answered by "Dim Sassenach," or "I don't speak Saxon."

About 840, in the time of Egbert, the Scandinavians or Norsemen, or Danes as they were called, over-ran, under their vikings, the northern and part of the eastern coast. At the time of Alfred the Great, the Danes possessed the north of England from the Humber to the Tweed, and the east from the Ouse to the sea.

The Danes had been preceded by the Gauls and Celts, which tribes extended from Ireland to the banks of the Danube. They were subdivided into many distinct tribes, almost nations. They were of oriental origin, and over-ran Spain. At last their boundaries were the Sarmatians on one side, and the Thracians and Illyrians on the other. The Rhine was their boundary, and from the opposite shore the Teutonic race extended to Scandinavia as far as the *Fins;* that is to say, from the shores of the Atlantic to Sarmatia and Dacia. The Goths poured in from the north of Asia after the more nimble Celt had arrived and taken possession. The Goths easily drove out the, to them, inferior tribe from the coast, and they took refuge in the interior. Then came the good Saxon, strong, brave and fearless. From these sprang the Anglo-Saxon, which soon took precedence for honesty and steadfast will. England may be popularly divided as to its origin into—first, Celts; secondly, Goths; and thirdly, Saxons; all of them of Asiatic birth. The Celts migrated into Gaul and Britain, and from them are derived the proud, impulsive, easily offended Welshman, Cornishman, and part of the inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland. The Goths came later, yet still long before Christ. In Germany they became

Teutons; in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, they were Scandinavians; but the old Prussian of all came from another stock. These three nations joined to the Romans, also of Asian descent, formed England, and the junction of the Angles and Saxons produced, as we have before said, that race which speedily domineered over the other two. Nevertheless, the other two have strangely preserved their idiosyncracy. The eastern coast, and even the northern parts of Lancashire, are very Danish. Just as in Cologne the type, even the costume, is essentially Roman, so in the English counties referred to are the lineaments strikingly Norse, and the habits of the people likewise—hard workers and high livers, given to strong drink which makes no impression on their hardy physique, without much refinement, yet fond of show, and above all, liking gain. Devonshire, on the western coast of England, although peopled by the Danes, has a more gentle population. Firstly, with the exception of some small handicrafts such as lace-making, it is entirely agricultural; and secondly, the inhabitants, like the Normans, are half Italian. Then the Norman element was introduced and mingled more with the southern and southeastern people, being more adjacent to their native land. One curious thing is worthy of notice *en passant*; the names of common things in their natural state retained their Saxon appellations, but when prepared or manufactured, were called by the French names. Take for example the article of food; as long as it was the raw or herded material, it was ox, calf, sheep, cow, swine, boar, deer, etc., good honest Saxon; but beef, veal, mutton, pork, brawn, venison, are all French. In the beginning of the twelfth century, Henry the First introduced a colony of Flemings into a part of Wales and into Melrose, in Scotland, and their traces are to be found to this day. Edward the Third brought over a still larger colony at the commencement of the fourteenth century, and settled them in the midland counties. But the most strange fact of distinct isolation appears in the county Wexford, Ireland. In the reign of Richard the Second, about A. D. 1350, a number of English families were transported. These families still keep themselves distinct from the Irish Gaels, and speak and write the language of the time of Chaucer.

So much for the Englishman, as regards his origin. To epitomize the matter. To-day the Celts are Cornishmen, Welshmen, (with a Pictish admixture) and a part of Devonshire; the Jutes from Jutland, in Hampshire and the Isle of Wight; the Frisians in the never-conquered Kent; the pure Saxons in Berks, Wiltshire, and Somerset; the gentle Angles in Norfolk and Suffolk; and the hardy Scandinavians in Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire.

We have necessarily been somewhat prolix in this sketch of the divisions of England, but it was important to the carrying out the Englishman abroad. The Anglo-Norman is a restless traveller; one day he is in Paris and the next week in Rome; at another time he attempts the ascent of the Matterhorn or the discovery of the sources of the Nile; he will go to a battle for fun, or to an eruption of Vesuvius for diversion. The Anglo-Dane, on the contrary, goes his European tour with dignified consciousness of superiority. He does Paris *en famille*, heavily and laboriously, with an occasional stolen evening and night passed with one of his cloth, doing Parisian iniquities on the sly, whilst the wife of his bosom sleeps in happy ignorance that her other half has got mellow at the maison dorée, and in company with his staid friend done some pleasant improprieties afterwards—done them gravely, however, as an Englishman does everything. The inhabitants

of the metropolis and south and west of England are softer and more languid abroad; fond of study, delighting in paintings and music and fine scenery, and enjoying all with that calm pleasure that requires wealth to create the luxury and leisure to enjoy it. The Dane prizes every thing in art. The Jute would buy it cheap. The Celt talks about it largely without knowing or caring much as to its merits. The Saxons have a regard mixed with veneration. The Norman is enthusiastic, whilst the southern and western traveler lingers with delight, with silent unobtrusive enjoyment, over all that is beautiful or grand either in art or nature. The Scandinavian is noisy and exacting when travelling, but at the same time scrutinizing the bills at the hotel. The Anglo-Saxon is generous and liberal without extravagance. The Norman is lavish and dissipated. The Celts and Jutes travel carefully, avoid expense, but are fond of revel.

So far as regards the mere pleasure-seekers—the ephemeræ of travel. But the serious Englishman, be he merchant, scientific traveler, railroad or telegraph constructor, is a very different person. In these four enterprises the Anglo-Saxon has the advantage; the Celt is too irregular and disorderly; the Norman too rash and speculative, with a tendency to relinquish the enterprise; the southerners and western men too inergetic; and it has always been the true Saxon race that has persevered unto the end. The English colonists are likewise a superior class; take a Canadian gentleman with his genial hospitality and real refinement of manners, or the West Indian who is lavish in entertaining his guest to the extent of his means, or the settler in the Argentine provinces, whether merchant or ranchero, and note the business sedateness, mixed with Spanish courtesy, for the majority have married into the old Spanish families. We know of nothing more charming than this Castilian admixture with the Anglo-Saxon, as existing at Buenos Ayres, toning down the roughness of the Saxon by the gentle suavity of the Spaniard, and at the same time the truth of the former realizing the formal greetings of the latter. The phrase "my house is your own," is Spanish, and unmeant; the Englishman's "come when you like," is real. In Valparaiso the contact with Germans renders the Englishman more reticent except on Independence day, when all nations forget the land of their birth, forget their business, are oblivious of nationalities, and join in the universal cry of "*Viva Chili.*" Otherwise, they are very staid and money getting. Mexico, as we said before, is very mixed. English gold and her merchants, dating from past ages; American enterprise and daring of more modern date; Spanish wealth descended from the days of her past greatness; German influence and affluence, the result of patient toil and hoarding, not to mention the occasional loan at good interest and unquestionable security to an embarrassed descendant of the Montezumas or his conquerors. The Frenchmen abound in Mexico, but have no great weight there; good to keep a grand opera and theatre in full swing at the capital, excellent for the restaurant department, but they have no standing in the country.

The American does not abound in Australia, the nomad pastoral life does not suit him with the restrictive laws of the home country, but there the Englishman is perfectly at home. Sheep rearing over large tracts of land, the biennial clip, the visit to a neighbor when thirty or even fifty miles distance is thought nothing, the occasional trip to the nearest town of importance on the coast for the purpose of transacting business; such is his life, and with that he carries with him all the pride of his country, especially where he is located in the neighborhood of a penal settlement or that which was formerly one. There is

a marked line of demarcation drawn between a *bona fide* immigrant and a compulsory one who came out for his country's good, which even reaches their descendants. Some of the convicts who by good conduct have attained a certain liberty to trade have become very rich, and one instance is known of a convict for life who offered an immense sum to endow a public charity on condition that he might be allowed to visit England for one year. The government properly refused the mighty donation. The children of convicts are tabooed in society, and the government officials do not mix much with people in trade, so that in Australia, particularly in Sydney, society is divided into four classes—firstly the army and navy, and envoys from the mother country, secondly the merchants and tradesmen, thirdly the wealthy convicts and their descendants, and fourthly the convicts themselves. In the East Indies the Englishman is supreme ; and a Rajah who owns half a province and commands some hundred of thousands of Hindoos, has to take off his shoes before he enters an officer's bungalow. In Calcutta the English merchants are princes and the native princes are merchants, and for desperate speculation and gambling in cotton or opium, these latter far exceed their European masters. Bombay is Scotch ; Calcutta, English.

The difference between an American, Englishman, Frenchman and German is that while all of them have the innate idea that their own country is superior to the others, yet it is the Frenchman above all that grieves the most about leaving "La Belle France." It is a pretty story, that of the German regiment flooding the Rhine with their tears when they came in sight of it ; and we cannot but admire the Englishman whose great ambition it was to plant the British flag at the North pole. The Frenchman is happy in being a Frenchman ; more especially is the Parisian happy in being a Parisian. He feels himself at home in Paris. People live in the provincial towns because their property or business relations compel them to do so ; but the true Parisian rejoices in his dwelling-place, and is convinced that it was created for him and for his enjoyment. Before the era of railways the provincial who returned to his native place from a visit to Paris became an oracle, and for a time was the hero of the village or town. He could recount marvels about the capital without fear of contradiction, and was listened to with attention, until the increased facilities of locomotion did away with the delusion about the great and beautiful city, and the somewhat disappointed excursionists returned to snub the individual who had raised their imaginations to so great a pitch. Not counting Belgians and Swiss, who in fact are half French, the two foreign nations which throng France are the English and Germans, whilst the two nations that throng England are the Germans and French ; the latter from their geographical position more transitory in their visits, the former both for commercial reasons and the general character of the nation are more permanently resident. Abroad, the Englishman preserves his idiosyncracy ; the German endeavors to merge as much as he can into the habits, and to learn as fast as possible the language of the country in which he may be. The Frenchman, not quick at acquiring a foreign tongue, wedded to a certain way of living, herds with his countrymen, and wishes himself home again. The German is more malleable than either the Englishman or the Frenchman, has greater application, and learns a language more easily than the two others. Whilst an Englishman abroad sighs for roast beef and beer, and the Frenchman for his restaurant, the other will forget his raw ham and sour krout, and eat underdone meat in Great Britain and revel in entrees and the thousand national dishes of France. In England a German is stiff and formal ; in Holland apathetic

and even-flowing as its canals; in America a business man, not assimilating so much with the people as in European countries. In France he affects the *beau monde*, the gourmet, and his ambition is to be a swell. A Frenchman or Englishman always preserves his identity, a German sacrifices his without hesitation. A Frenchman loves to explain, a German to question, and an Englishman to listen; two of them knowing little beyond their mother tongue, the third ready to adopt half-a-dozen. An Englishman carries England with him wherever he goes. He goes abroad with a Protestant bible, and frequents the libraries and places where he can find the *London Times*. The disdain with which Englishmen regard foreign institutions, and the compassion with which they regard other governments than their own, prevent them from readily forming an acquaintance with strangers, without offending them with their prejudice or insulting them by their pride. We speak only of those who leave their country for the first time, and have neither dwelt nor traveled widely in foreign lands.

Directly an Englishman goes abroad, especially to the continent of Europe, he throws off all the restraint that society at home imposes on him. He walks about Paris in a shooting-coat with a cigar in his mouth, a thing he would not do in his own metropolis. He ogles the women, goes to the opera in undress, talks execrable French in a loud and angry tone, and while inwardly sighing for the plain fare of the mother country, affects the made dishes and light wines of the place he finds himself in.

The American abroad is more dignified than the majority of English. So many ill-bred *nouveaux riches* Englishmen think it all-important to scour the continent, that France, Germany and Switzerland are flooded with a parcel of snobs who attract an unenviable attention, whilst the real English gentleman shuns them as he would the pest, and goes on his own unobtrusive way.

The Englishman in America has already been ably handled. In California he, with some exceptions, has not prospered; his plodding nature and somewhat slower conception have not been able to keep up with the active, opportunity-seizing American. In the early days of California, under the American rule the Frenchman appeared to be prosperous, and many large houses were established; but they have gradually faded away, and now we find the French population, which is numerically important, engaged in small mining operations, carrying on small retail trades, or engaged in lower occupations, very few of them having any standing in the community. They are, as ever, gay, chatty, and excitable, liking amusement more than work, and the pursuit of pleasure more than the search for wealth.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM RENO.

THE wind was blowing a gale. Dear, dear, how the wind does blow, though, over here on Russian Hill, where our house stands. My husband says that it seems to him sometimes as if the air was a river with a mill-race current, and was flying full of sticks, stones and sand. If our front door is left unfastened any time after half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, it flies open with a spiteful bang, and in a moment every door in the house is clapped to or slammed open, and the house—our house is small and thin—resounds as if a small army was firing off cannons in it. I do believe that some day Harry will come home and find the house, wife, children and fixtures, blown from Jenkins street to Decatur street. The structure is only clap-boards and shingles, and how it has ever stood so long as it has, surpasses my comprehension. But, as I was saying, the wind was blowing a gale, and I was just on the point of going to see if the front door was fastened—our Norah is so careless, and little Harry persists in going out at that door "because papa does"—when open it blew with a tremendous bang, every other door in the house flying to or fro as the case happened to be, each one firing a salute of its own and knocking down the plastering in great flakes; they do build such cheap houses now-a-days! The gale swept through my bit of a parlor, sending everything whirling, and I was mad enough to cry to see my manuscript fly all over the floor; for while the children were out with Nora, I had sat down to fix up my little story for the *Trans-Continental*, knowing full well that if I did not cross out all the best bits, the editor would. (What fatal stupidity editors always have for cutting out the best part of a thing, to be sure!) I was half-hesitating whether to try and save my precious manuscript or run first and shut the door, when I heard a voice at the front door saying, "Hallo! house there!"

Now, for a lone, lorn woman to hear a rough voice like that at her open door, with her husband off visiting patients, the servant and children gone the Lord knows where, and no neighbors nearer than three blocks of sand hills, you will admit that it was a little terrifying, especially when you know that I am a small woman, and am so cooped up at home with my household duties and three small children, that I never see anybody outside my own house. But, with no small quiver at my heart, I went into the little hall, and there stood a stout, dark-skinned man, wearing a soft hat and a new suit of clothes, the store creases in which I saw before I saw his face. "Blow me!" said he—which I thought quite unnecessary, as he was being blown and so was I; for, as I stood in the narrow hall, I had hard work to keep my feet, and was painfully conscious that my hoop skirt was showing right through the thin calico I had on. "Blow me!" says he, "I thought I never should raise anybody. Ain't this Hank Clayton's house." I replied with some dignity, not unmixed with tremulousness, that this was Dr. Henry Clayton's residence; whereupon he bolted into the hall and closed the door after him, saying, "Well, marm, you'll blow right through the side of the house, if you don't get shet of this ere wind."

The mysterious stranger, to my horror, marched into the parlor and sat down, deliberately hanging his hat on my lovely Clytie in real marble, which stands on a plaster pedestal in the little corner behind the sofa.

"So you don't know me," said this apparition; and, without waiting for my scared negative, he added, "Well, I should n't 'spose you would, considerin' that you never seen me afore. I 'm just from Reno; came down on the Sacramento boat last night, and after I had time to do a few odd chores and get kinder slicked up, I jest come out to see Hank and his young ones." He looked complacently down on his creased pantaloons, and tenderly picked a few grains of sand from his gray coat-sleeve as he spoke. I told him I was sorry my husband was not at home, but if he would call again to-morrow he would be sure to find him at nine o'clock, or he would be more likely to find him at four in the afternoon at his office, No. 2,010 Kearny street. But in vain; the dreadful man insisted that he had got through with his day's chores, and could just as well wait as not, and he added: "Now, up in Reno, where we do things on the keen jump, why, a man has n't no time to fool away waiting for nobody; we are a sharp set up there; built a town of three thousand inhabitants, fourteen stores, four hotels, twelve saloons, a French restaurant and a billiard emporium in six weeks. Oh, yes: in Reno we do things in a hurry, and you've got to look alive there, you jest bet yer life, now."

Was ever a woman more painfully circumstanced? I could scarcely believe that it was not some horrid dream, and that I was not actually sitting in my own sewing-chair, where I had passed so many busy hours, looking at that dreadful man, spreading his ungainly limbs all over my ruby plush sofa, crossing his ridiculous legs as though he were in a bar-room, and making the knick-knacks on the bracket over his head dance madly to the vibrations of his big, rough voice. But there he was, and how he got in and established himself on that sofa as though he owned the entire little establishment and was considering whether he should carry it off, I cannot for the life of me say. There he was and protested that he "had just as soon wait for Hank as not." It was a monstrous lie, of course; he never knew my precious Harry, whom he dared to call "Hank," and he had come here to rob the house, to carry off all my best dresses and Harry's silver goblet, given to him by a grateful patient who never paid his bill. Was he a burglar; or an escaped lunatic; or a wicked murderer, going about to kill people and burn down their houses, just to make a sensation in the newspapers? I could not tell; but as I gave up all hopes of coaxing him out of the house, I wildly thought of baiting him with cake and wine while I stole up stairs, rolled up my silk dresses and escaped by the back door to intercept the children and Norah, and alarm the neighbors up on Decatur street. But there was my husband's precious goblet, on which my agonized gaze rested whenever I turned it away from the horrible fascination of the gentleman from Reno.

He was plainly a cunning man, and was playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse. He talked long and loud of the wonders of Reno, of its growth, its glories, its brilliant future and its present greatness. "Why, marm," said he, "four months ago there was n't a stick nor a stake to show where even the railroad was going to run; not a plank was set up nor a lot run out—but to-day there 's a big town doing nigh on to five hundred thousand dollars worth of trade, and lots are going off like hot cakes; you can't get round for the teams there is in the streets; goods sell for eighty-five per cent. profit, and last week we had a right peart race, a ball at the El Dorado, four runaways, a tolerable lively shooting scrape, a new paper started, and four funerals!" To this catalogue of attractions I listened mechanically, knowing full well that the dreadful man was making up everything he said,

amusing me with fabrications and playing on my ignorance. I had heard of such a place as Reno, but I had not been able to keep track of the new towns that spring up along the line of the Pacific railroad, and really could not say if Reno was in California or Utah. But here was a red-faced man, sun-burnt and with sticking-plaster on his lips, who said he was a citizen of Reno! Where was Reno? Was there any such place? Was he not a base imposter, pretending to know my husband in order to ingratiate himself into my esteem before he set fire to the house and carried off my Bismarck silk dress and our best china? Oh, would Norah never come? And when would Harry be at home?

No Sister Ann, of Blue Beard story, ever gazed more anxiously from top of a tower for the coming of the avenging brothers, than I watched for the return of that blessed Norah. She came at length, and seemed an angel of light as she toiled through the sand, dragging one child by either hand, while a third clung fast to her skirts in the rear. At last I had companionship in my terrors; but I found Norah no assistance, for as soon as I communicated to her the dreadful intelligence, and she had gained through the crack of the door one peep at the monster sitting on my ruby plush sofa, she threw her apron over her head, and, rocking herself too and fro, exclaimed: "Wirrah, wirrah, now, what will become of the poor childher?" I had great difficulty in keeping her still and restraining her from departing by the back door with her prayer-book, Sunday bonnet, best boots and a five hundred dollar United States bond, which she had sewed up in her mattress. She finally quieted somewhat and agreed to get supper—though lamenting that she had not a dose of poison to put in a biscuit for the gentleman from Reno. Norah was more skeptical than I, even, in regard to the town from which our unwelcome visitor professed to have come. "Rayno! Rayno!" she exclaimed indignantly, "Does he think to play the likes of us for a Josh? There's no such place as Rayno in all Californy, shure, unless its some dirthy hole that's lived in by the haythin Chinee."

When I returned to the parlor I found little Minnie perched upon the monster's knee, telling I don't know what about the wealth of jewels and silver her mamma had; while the others, older and wiser, stood off at a discreet distance, and eyed the mysterious stranger suspiciously. He pressed his patched lips on the peachy cheeks of my darling child in a way that made me quiver with honest indignation; I knew he was only playing on my maternal weakness, and when he hypocritically forced a little drop of moisture into the corner of his eye, he probably thought that he had, as Norah phrased it, "played me for a Josh." But I was not to be deceived, and sweeping the children away from him, waited and watched for my husband's return.

The gentleman from Reno was not to be kept from the children, and actually succeeded in seducing Harry to his side by displaying an enormously heavy gold watch, which I noticed he carried in his trowsers pocket with only a strap of buckskin attached to it. Harry, he declared, "favored his father mightily; had just such a pug nose as Hank had, and his eyes had the same queer kind of a squinny that Hank's did." Scared though I was at the stranger, I could not help denying that my husband's eyes had a cast in them or that his nose was a pug. But my visitor coolly told me that he couldn't see it.

Presently, I discovered a small boy toiling over the wastes of sand in front of the house; the door-bell rang, and Norah brought me in a note, the messenger departing in rapid somersaults, by way of diversion, before I could stop him and send out for help to the city. He had brought me evil tidings; my

husband wrote in a hurry to say that he had been called across the bay to attend an old patient, and would not be at home until next morning! This was dreadful news, indeed. Alone in the house with this strangely-acting man, with no neighbors near, night shutting down, and my hope of my husband's return suddenly cut off; was ever woman so horribly situated? But in the darkness of despair I caught one gleam of hope. There was now no excuse for the gentleman from Reno to tarry any longer. I told him, with ill-concealed triumph, that my husband would not be at home until the next day, and he would be sure to meet him at the nine o'clock boat. So I rose and looked significantly at his huge soft hat, hanging on my bust of Clytie, and stood ready to show him the door. He said, "Oh, well, it don't make any difference to me, I can jest wait here for him. I reckon you can bunk me in somewhere, and it won't be so lonesome for you if you have a man about the house, seeing as your old man's not round." In vain I protested that I was used to being alone, (which was a fib) and that I did not mind it, (which was another) and that it would not be convenient for me to have him stop. He declared, with horrible irony, that I should be half-scared to death if I was left alone, and that he could "lop down" on the floor or anywhere if I had no spare bed for him. He had fared much worse before now in Reno.

So he stayed. I can never forget nor can I depict the horrors of that night. He sat after supper chatting with rascally nonchalance of all sorts of improbable things which "Me and Hank" had done when they camped together in Brandy Cañon in 1850, just as though my refined and precious husband ever knew this rough creature before me, or had shared in the adventures which he now spun out in his wild talk of the days of '50 at Hog Bar and Brandy Cañon. He took up one of my fragile hyacinths blooming in the window, (the wind blows so we cannot raise flowers out doors in Jenkins street) and nursing it with his plastered lips, said: "Now, that's purty; we don't have no flowers up in Reno." I deluded myself into the notion that he gave a little sigh, but he added disdainfully, as if rallying himself, "We don't have no time to fool away on posies, you bet." Every once in a while he got up and walked the room, and then I thought my time had come, but he only strode across the little parlor with two or three long steps, making the house rattle in every joint, so that I thought it would come down about my ears, and then he sat down again. Once he extended his walk into the door-yard, but soon came back, smelling dreadfully of tobacco smoke, which the wind, now lulled to a zephyr, was not strong enough to blow away. The children having been put to bed, and Norah, snivelling with apprehension, being permitted to curl herself up in a corner of my own chamber, I had nothing to do but sit up with a fearful sort of fascination, and listen vacantly to the discursive talk of the gentleman from Reno. I sat and looked at him as he half-nodded in his chair, wildly wondering if he would not go to sleep, and if I could not seize him and pinion him before he could awake. I thought how terribly he would struggle, and how Norah would hear him and come howling down stairs, or vainly scream for help from the windows. Sometimes I thought I would rise up and fiercely ask him why he did not begin his bloody work, and put me out of misery? But as I am a timid and nervous little woman, I did no such thing, but let him run on with his talk, and wondered at his voice, which actually, now that the wind was down, made the house shake.

Led by some awful spell upon me, I showed him, shudderingly, to his chamber, and after his gray suit had dropped in detached parts all over the

floor, I heard him throw himself, with a sort of snort, upon the pretty little spare bed in the best room, with a crash that threatened to bring the frail thing in fragments through the thin floor. I did not dare take off my clothes, but softly placing a chair before the door of the gentleman from Reno, I slipped into my own room, locked the door, and lay quaking through the night, waiting for the signal when the violence would begin. Confused dreams of a great many gentlemen from Reno carrying off my children and best china in small installments, made my night long and troubled. I started up at every sound, rigid with terror as I fancied I heard my lodger fall over the chair which I had placed to trap him, or I was sure that I heard crackling of fire on the stairs, or the low whistle of a confederate under the windows. But no sound smote on the ear but the melancholy boom of the fog-bell at Fort-Point, the occasional barking of the dogs in the Western Addition, and the stertorous breathing of the gentleman from Reno.

Daylight came and brought with it a sense of security, if not of rest. I had passed a miserable night; but somewhat to my astonishment found myself alive and unharmed, and the house as peaceful and serene as usual. When I heard my visitor stirring in his room, I went and took away the chair from his door, feeling a little ashamed of the fears that looked so ridiculous by daylight. We had an early breakfast, at which the gentleman from Reno, who now was as much of a puzzle as a terror to me, announced that he would go to meet my husband at the boat. As he went out, he stooped and kissed little Minnie, saying: "Say what you will, we have n't got no such nice little gals as this over to Reno. Crocker—he 's the boss contractor of that town—he 's offered a prize of a town lot for the first baby that's born on the place, and you jest better believe the women are all looking arter that lot, and they do say that some women are coming up from Cisco, and those in the town are mad to think—but I guess I'll tell Hank about that," he added, with a queer little laugh; and so he went off over the sandhills, and with a great gulp of satisfaction, I actually saw the last of the gentleman from Reno.

Harry came driving up to the gate about noon, just as that wretched wind began to blow again; and as soon as I could get him inside the door, I said, reproachfully: "Oh, Harry, I have had such a time!"

"Have you, my dear? Why, you look as if you had seen a ghost. There, there, now, don't set the deck pumps going, but tell me all about it,"

Harry used to be in the navy, and has that injurious manner of twitting me about "deck-pumps," that I never dare let the water come into my eyes when he is about, so I swallowed my grief, under which I was weakly inclined to give way, and told him the whole story from beginning to end, minutely describing the mysterious visitor. Having listened attentively, his big eyes growing bigger and dancing with fun as I went on, finally he burst out with—"Why, that's Bob Patchen from Reno. He's one of my old cronies that I used to know up in Brandy Cañon in '50."

In vain I told him of the way he came into the house; how he shook the building with his tread, and what dreadful stories he told about the doings of "Me and Hank" in those wild days of old. He protested that Bob Patchen was one of the best fellows in the world, and he was sorry that he had missed him at the Oakland boat. In fact, he said, I believe, that the gentleman from Reno *was* "a gentleman, every inch of him—rough, to be sure, and as uncouth as any man gets to be knocking about the world and deprived of the society of women; but, nevertheless, a tender-hearted, whole-souled fellow, who would not needlessly harm a fly, but who could drop his man at a hundred yards, just as easy." Well,

I had to give in, of course, and was well laughed at for my foolish fears, and that cruel husband of mine roared until I thought he and the wind together would raise the roof as I told him of my furtive preparations to carry his silver goblet and my Bismarck silk out at the back door.

He drove off down town to hunt up "honest Bob Patchen," who went back to Reno that very night, and I never saw him again. But as Harry came into the house at supper time, he handed me a square pasteboard box, in which I found one of the loveliest and most delicate bouquets I ever laid eyes on. None but a refined taste could have selected it; and in the bottom of the box was a card on which was written, crookedly and slantwise:

MR. ROBERT PATCHEN,
Reno,
Nev.

MATING.

A voice is in the air that calls
From valley-haunts and forest-halls,
I listen to that voice and hear
The measure of its song:
"The world is full of mating birds;
The pasture belted with its herds
Increasing; happy insects rear
Their young the summer long.

"The brook is silvery with spawn;
The water-beetle's muff is drawn
About her as she nursing lies
Within the shallow pond;
And butterflies, with quiverings
Of tapestry on splendid wings,
Are chasing other butterflies
Here, thither and beyond.

"The swallow with his ermine-cape,
And slender wings, quite crescent-shape,
With sleek and shining helmet, green
And flame-like in the Sun—
He wearies not, nor is at rest,
But cleaves forever to his nest;
Lo! two and two are always seen,
But thou art only one."

Yet, in the thickly-nested copse—
The teeming oak that lately drops
His acorn—do I see how death
Has power that is above
All others. Life is for a day;
Fate beckons and the hours obey;
There is a sigh in every breath,
And I am out of love.

ETC.

IT was "a long hand of welcome," surely, that generous *Putnam's* stretched "across the Continent," and the grasp was none the less firm for all that distance. Those who have read the September number of that magazine need not be told that it was a refined and cultivated hand that was stretched in welcome to the new-comer—one that had done honest work in American literature—that was skilled, dexterous and graceful, long before the *Atlantic*, *Lippincott's*, the *Galaxy* was born, or the OVERLAND a possibility—a hand that has not lost its cunning yet; a hand that has grasped that of Curtis, Bryant, Irving! Surely the OVERLAND may be pardoned for lingering with a little awkwardness and provincial pride over this evidence of Eastern courtesy and esteem.

Not that others have been less kind. Mud Springs has not allowed New York to outdo her in welcome and courtesy. The prophet has been honored in his own country. Throughout the Pacific Slope, from San Diego to Portland; on the Sierras and along the Great Highway—almost without exception—wherever a printing press has been carried or a ream of printing paper packed, the OVERLAND has been kindly welcomed. And even where it has been thought necessary—in metropolitan centres—to assume a critical attitude, the points selected have been such as would most readily suggest of themselves an obvious explanation. Courtesy so unanimous the OVERLAND must acknowledge even at the risk of appearing egotistical.

That it should make some enemies, and that it should be amenable to just and unjust criticism, is but the experience of all who cater for the public taste. Much has been written about editorial perplexities that is not necessary to repeat here, and it is barely possible that contributors may have their trials also.

The intelligent reader need not be told that if the OVERLAND invites all contributions, it must of necesssity reject some. And human nature which bears business disappointments bravely, which submits to be snubbed by society, and even survives a misplaced attachment — recoils at a rejected MS. One may misdoubt his own capacity as an accountant, his proficiency as a salesman; but his perfect ability to write a magazine article, rarely. Unfortunately, the very incapacity which keeps him from producing an available article is part of the incapacity which keeps him from understanding why it is unavailable. I think—to drop this third personality, which like Malvolio's cross-gartering, "obstructs the blood"—I think, that it is beginning to be recognized that an editor differs not greatly from other purchasers of wares. But why the dry goods dealer should be allowed to reject a piece of goods because it was "half cotton," without being held personally responsible, and the editor made liable for a similar criticism upon an article, is a point not yet decided.

THE annual fair of the Mechanics' Institute was a financial success. But little more need be said. It was a fine apotheosis of the Material, and the results were as material and gratifying. If our young civilization frankly expresses its preference for the substantial things of this world, we need not grumble at so natural an indication of youth and lusty vigor. Youth will be youth, and the æsthetics of life come later. If the woollen fabrics and quartz crushers were better than the pictures, it was because gold medals were provided for the former and silver for the latter, and the comparative *status* settled before competition. Perhaps there was a little too much advertising and placarding, and more labelling than classification. And for the matter of that, too many of the visitors, also, were ostensibly on exhibition —coming there to be seen of others—so that for all the honest wares that were displayed, there was much that belonged to Vanity Fair rather than the industrial display of the mechanics.

But the Fair is over; gone are the crowds that thronged the floors and galleries—the

simpering maidens who were grouped like caryatides around the central fountain, and the male of their species who walked in pairs, and gesticulated greatly, and derived much comfort from their canes. Gone are patchwork bed-quilts, the dreadful pictures, the staring photographs. The thousand gas-jets are dim, and the pavilion is disappearing like Aladdin's palace. One is concerned to know what will become hereafter of the ten thousand people who were wont regularly to spend their evenings there. Will they be content to stay at home in their dreary parlors, and sing "The Big Sunflower," after this episode of wild dissipation? Will they walk the streets and look at the shop-windows until the fatal fascination is past? Or will they patronize private theatricals, church fairs and literary societies?

And yet among these many thousand there must have been some who were seriously in earnest. Has not the visitor—not only of this Fair, but others—sometimes watched an anxious figure, loitering with ill-simulated indifference near some trifling article or puerile invention, but watchful of each passing face, brightening as they turned to it, and shadowed as the crowd passed it by unheeded? Doubtless the article was something unmistakably useless or uninteresting, but the record of laborious and hopeful days, months, or it may be years. It matters little that the poor exhibitor is stupid, or has mistaken his calling, or has spent valuable time to produce some inadequate result—it is none the less pitiful. There are always a number who are elected to be the great unrewarded and undiplomatized.

I confess I have an infinite respect for those unheroic majorities—the people who draw the ninety-nine blanks that somebody else may draw the one prize in a lottery—the plodding artisans who are content to work with the implements of tradition and the tools of their ancesters, that the world may live while idle genius is inventing new ones—the painters who hang hopeless pictures, year after year, on the walls of the academy as a foil for some worthier artist's color—the writers who fill the pages of miscellaneous literature, that they may contrast with the coming Genius. These people are always disappointed but never disheartened—and herein they differ from your conventional heroes and heroines. It is Brutus who falls on his sword after Phillippi, Cleopatra who applies the asp, but the unheroic majority try it over again, or fall in love with some one else.

It is more than probable that at least one-half of those infelicities common to the daily press—which afford such easy fun for small satirists—are the result, not of "fine writing" for fine writing's sake, but of a desire to avoid the inevitable and common-place. Daily journalism, which is continually repeating itself, tends naturally to the common-place. To avoid this, extravagance of sentiment and ambiguousness of statement are too often employed. The reporter will either attempt to give novelty to his daily police report by indulging in a facetiousness that is monstrously inconsistent with his subject, or perpetrate a misstatement for the sake of a felicitous comparison. Or, we read of peculiar crimes committed by a "fiend in human shape"—whatever that remarkable object may be—and we know that the murderer will be "launched into eternity;" we read of "disciples of Coke" and "disciples of Galen," of the "fiery element" and of reforms being "inaugurated." The simple fact is, that "villain," "hanging," "lawyer," "doctor," "fire" and "commencement" are common-place, and few newspaper writers have the moral courage to accept them as inevitable and common-place.

Why should we not have the common-place where it belongs? Originality of expression is always refreshing; the delicate shading of epithet that belongs to good composition is charming; but are they necessary to our comprehension of police reports or telegraphic news? In how many instances do we not manage to get along without them in our daily intercourse? A respectable portion of the human family—including many of its fairer members—do well with two adjectives, and those superlatives; pass their existence among scenes and in the contemplation of objects that are either "splendid" or "disgusting." There are men who have lived in felicity with infelicities in their speech, and have died Christians with pious common-places on their lips. Even the healthiest minds do not refuse this pabulum.

In fact, there are few good talkers who are really vital from the start. There is an inclined plane propped up by common-places and lubricated with truisms, down which we are all launched into the sea of conversation. In the course of a man's life-time, he is obliged to repeat many unimportant statements; that he should go about for a new expression, is asking too much. The ordinary individual adopts words and sentences that have passed current—that are equivalents or symbols of a fact that is common property—not peculiarly his and not necessary to stamp with his own individuality. This kind of currency may be depreciated, but the laws of community make it a legal tender for conversational debts; he would be foolish who would reject it, because he has the real coin locked up and is conscious that it is at a premium.

It would seem that, for an age of intellectual progress, we are still remarkably under the dominion of matter. In spite of electric telegraphs, photography, chloroform and sewing machines, rinderpest, cholera and earthquakes are remarkably prevalent. The air which we have so accurately weighed and analyzed, has an unpleasant habit of periodically poisoning us by some new and unheard of constituent, and the earth, with whose earliest strata we are on the most familiar terms, occasionally shakes us and our theories. It really seems not so important for us to know whether the coming man will drink wine, or whether the past man was herbivorous, as to be sure whether he will be able to have the choice of the former or even the privileges of the latter. The nineteenth century is unfortunately no more superior to earthquakes than was the ninth. There is a painful similarity in the results—whether the theory is Pliny's or Agassiz's. In fact, we have fallen too much into the habit of looking on these remarkable phenomena as relics of the dark ages—evidences of an inchoate state of nature and civilization. It seemed quite natural that such benighted pagans as the people of Pompeii and Herculaneum should be earthquaked out of existence, and we point with the finger of virtuous retribution to the dreadfully improper paintings that still adorn their excavated frescoes. When, however, Nature takes Christianity, propriety, railroads and missionaries in hand, and begins to play ugly tricks with them, it is time for us to grow virtuously indignant. When Catholic Lisbon was submerged we traced it vaguely to the inquisition. But when, a few days ago, some slight meteorological disturbances were forced upon *us*, we felt it our duty as Californians—as projectors of Pacific railroads, as pioneers, to solemnly protest! There is nothing, of course, in *our* houses that we fear to see uncovered hereafter—nothing in *our* social system that ten centuries hence might look upon with indignation!

Buckle believed that earthquake countries induced the development of superstition. There has always been a tendency to apocalyptic revelation in the accounts of observers. Even before Christianity, a distinguished pagan wrote gravely: "As I passed the temple of Juno, the earth opened and flames pursued me; there were howlings in the air, and the gods hurled the statues into the sea that fled in terror from them." We smile at the old polytheist, and listen to the matter-of-fact Englishman, who has one god and who does consular business at Arica, A.D., 1868: "The walls of my house fell—fell is hardly the word, as they were blown out as if they were *spit at me*. . . The scene changed as quickly as in a Christmas pantomime." How clever is that illustration of the Christmas pantomime! How plainly Nature is told that she cannot expect to receive from a respectable Briton anything more than a compliment upon her mechanical dexterity, and that only in comparison with Astley's.

You are a respectable citizen, having good social connections, a seat at the opera, a pew in church; and like most Californians, life is altogether very pleasant to you. But you have been feeling languid for a day or two, and one evening find yourself exceedingly feverish, with a steadily-increasing headache. You go to bed early, but not to sleep—you are burning up—you would like to rise again. but it appears that you have a back, and that its burden of pain is too great for you to bear. After a night that seems endless you send for a doctor. He looks at you curiously, feels your pulse, touches your skin lightly with the ends of his fingers, and says a word to your friends. You are happily oblivious of its import, as you are just then

thinking how pleasant it would be to walk on the roof in your present airy attire, and laying plans to consummate the wish. The room is apparently full of doctors, which makes it uncomfortably warm. You do not recollect much after that. Fortunate are you that you do not recover your senses in a carriage in which you are driven over the bleak sandhills with a weird sense of going to your own funeral. Let us trust that you are spared a public hospital—dreadful even in its best aspect. Gradually the truth begins to dawn upon you in the mysterious isolation that has come upon you now; in the absence of friendly faces, in the stealthy periodic visits of the doctor, in the dreadful tabernacle that you are now doomed to occupy—the body in which you took such pride and delight, from which you pray to be delivered. You suddenly feel the selfishness of the world you have so loved, and lie and impotently curse it. If you are a man of family, it may be your lot to be reminded hourly of the piteous language of Job:

"My breath was strange to my wife, though I entreated for the children's sake of mine own body. All my inward friends abhorred me; and they alone I loved are turned against me. My kinsfolk have failed, and my familiar friends forgotton me."

Will it add to your convalesence to know that all this experience might have been obviated by submitting, in time, to the simplest and most harmless of surgical operations? That to prevent this, Science has ransacked her laboratories, multiplied her experiments, and offered you, through the hands of one of her most patient and gifted sons, the Great Preventive? And yet you have staked your life and the life of your friends against the utility of a little trouble and the scratch of a surgeon's lancet.

Cautiousness was never an active element in California civilization. But it is possible that we have looked too much at the poetry of California recklessness and speculation, to see clearly the selfishness that underlies it. Recklessness is unfortunately apt to mean a disregard for others as well as for oneself. And if at last the conservative sense of society is forced into severe measures for its own protection, and if the chance-taking, gambling, adventurous, risky, romantic Californian won't be vaccinated for his own sake, he must be made inoccuous for the security of society.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MLLE. MERQUEM: a Novel by Mme. George Sand. Translated from the original French. New York: G. W. Carlton & Co.

THERE is an old story of the director of a theatre whose ballet did not succeed, asking a critical friend why such was the case, and what he should do to attract the public. His friend replied: "Leave out the pantomime, shorten the petticoats, and lengthen the dances." Now a translation of a French novel is exactly the reverse of this; the immorality has to be shaded, the fantastic and somewhat voluptuous capers of the heroes and heroines have to be toned down, and sundry moral reflections introduced to supply the rejected matter. In fact, the petticoats come down to the ankles, the dances are curtailed, and weary pantomime fills up the drowsy interval. In no work of modern French fiction that is fit for general circulation is this more evident than in George Sand's novels. Beautiful in language as they are dangerous in morality; beautiful as the Lamia, yet false as the glittering snake, George Sand's subtle mischief is clad in the most elegant idiomatic French, just as the women of the demi-monde have the most exquisite toilettes, are covered with the costliest jewels, and are dangerous in proportion.

The translator's task is rather how to preserve the beauty and weed out the poison; and in the endeavor he generally extirpates the former without eradicating the latter. In the book before us the author has admirably succeeded in doing both. It is so dull that even if it were profligate, the viciously inclined could not read it; and it is so prosily moral that the most virtuous could not but sleep the sleep of innocence in the attempt at its perusal. The good people are too good, and the bad people are only jerkingly so—very much like the man at a stupid sermon who makes a dive forward, and then suddenly opening his eyes to their fullest extent, thinks that he imposes on the congregation.

The story opens with an aunt and nephew, who act the Greek Chorus, and somewhat explain the situation; then comes a cousin daughter of the aunt, who is *spirituelle* in the original and pert in the translation; and then Mlle. Merquem is brought on, a kind of wealthy Pamela, beautiful, rich, witty and good—so good, that every body falls in love with her; and although she does not absolutely return their affection, she manages to keep them all in leading-strings. One of her adorers has loved her for fifteen years at the opening of the story, including an interval of two years when he was constantly drunk in consequence of disappointed love, and from which state she rescues him to make him the most useful and actively-charitable man in the province. In addition to this he is a profound scholar, and has large dark eyes. And then there is Mlle. Malbois, who waltzes with the nephew, who when Mlle. Merquem begins to play, exclaims: "I held her in my arms, a ravishing creature of eighteen, wonderfully brilliant and of reckless impetuosity; whether ingenious or daring, or both, she had a look which intoxicated me. I forgot everything to wanton in a glow of sensuality like a drunken fly in the sunshine." Either the translator here forgets his morality, or it slips off under the influence of the music. But the trifling lapse is redeemed by several pages of dreary prose. The nephew despises the fifteen-year-old lover; and although Mlle. Merquem has of course refused him, determines to win her love—whether with honorable or dishonorable motives we are not told, but infer the latter. He sets himself to work to watch her, and discovers that she is in the habit of dressing in men's clothes and going down to the fishing port in stormy weather, whereupon he whistles suspiciously; he also discovers some small boys there who bear her name, whereupon he whistles again. But this fancied impropriety is explained afterwards. It is only the real improprieties that are not. There is an old man who lives with the heroine,

and is regarded by the neighbors as an astrologer. They go out in a boat with the usual danger and the usual heroism on the part of the nephew, who "caught a glimpse through the torrent of salt rain that the sea and rocks spit over us of Célié's adorable face, which was bending over me as if to embrace me when she saw the paleness of death upon my features. I had swallowed, I believe, an entire wave." Mlle. Merquem does embrace him—he being providentially diluted to homeopathic harmlessness.

The villain—a real melodramatic villian who rejoices in the title of Marquis, and who is a handsome coarse brute—now appears. He attempts to bribe Armand, (the nephew) whom he supposes to be a sailor, Armand having previously saved his life. Armand scornfully rejects the offer, and they have a fight with *flints*, according to the translator, and Armand gets his head cut open, and breaks his adversary's jaw, of course. The Marquis is speedily disposed of, for as soon as his jaw gets well, he is arrested for cheating at cards, and we hear no more of him. It comes out, however, that he had won the girl-love of Mlle. Merquem, and wanted to renew it with the heiress, which news makes Armand very sad; but as she assures him that there was nothing in it, he makes several uninteresting pages of dull love, and Montroger—happy man!—takes to grog again, and is perpetually drunk, causing much grief, and nearly killing the lady. Ernestine next appears, in a strange way for a young girl, and redeems him entirely. Mlle. Merquem, ever with the fear of her old lover before her eyes, proposes to marry Armand, and says: "If they discover our relations to each other, I shall be clear of it by passing off as your mistress. Place your hand in mine; we will belong to each other forever." He replies: "I am intoxicated," etc. "Be still," said she, blushing; "this is not the place to remind me that I belong to you." They get married at last, and Ernestine marries the reformed drunkard, and puts water into his Tokay—and all is well. It is a dull book, hastily translated and full of errors. Take one for example, *Diable* is, in French, simply an exclamation, having little or no weight, but it is translated throughout as in the following: "Devil, said he, as he looked at me closely," etc.

Life Among the Apaches; By John C. Cremony, Interpreter to the U. S. Boundary Commission, under the Hon. John B. Burkett in 1849, '50 and '51, and late Major of California Volunteer Cavalry, operating in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Western Arkansas. S. F.: A. Roman & Co.

We tender to Col. Cremony our sincere concern for the treatment his book will inevitably receive from the philanthropic and Christian press of the Eastern States and the civilized world. Dealing in facts which are patent to every frontiersman—but scarcely credible to the denizens of old established communities—and stating tersely and forcibly the argument that the only cure for the Indian question is extermination of the Indian, in the interest of a superior race and a progressive civilization — Col. Cremony will be met with a storm of indignation against his sentiments, and with a contemptuous sneer at his veracity as a recorder of personal adventure. The "Society for the amelioration of the condition of the Indians" will hail the book as another evidence of the barbarity and falsehood of the "white man," and of the docility, hospitality, Christian and forgiving character of the Indian.

When "Mowry's Arizona and Sonora" was published by the Harpers, three years since, a distinguished divine criticising it in *The Churchman*, after admitting its value as a genuine contribution to geographic and scientific knowledge, said of its treatment of the Apache question: "Is this a writer in a Christian land?" Let Col. Cremony, therefore, summon all his philosophy, and be prepared to find himself written down a heathen and a barbarian, out of the pale of mercy and grace.

The main facts in Col. Cremony's book are, within our knowledge, accurately stated. The incidents of personal adventure with one exception have many parallels, and are even exceeded in the element of the almost miraculous. The sceptical reader may, therefore, lay aside his doubts. Col. Cremony has not done himself justice in the style of his book; a little of the *Limæ labor*, which for so practised a writer was easy, and should not have called for this correction, would have added much to his effectiveness. There are constant repetitions of what he will explain in another chapter; a want of

coherence in the plan, and a looseness of language—occasionally dropping into careless inverted sentences, and doubtful grammar—which are suggestive of the haste of the "local" of the daily press, and unworthy the character of a book which is ambitious, not only to sell but to make fame. The description of the hand-to-hand fight on the Gila River, (pp. 133, 134) is especially faulty, in the repeated attempt to explain the author's feelings; a naked statement of the fight and the situation was all that was needed. The imagination of the reader would supply the rest. There are some careless errors which deserve condemnation, because they are simply careless. Cavallo Impelo, the old war chief of the Yumas, was never known as the "Naked Horse," but the "Bare-backed Horse."

Col. Cremony is at fault in his statement in regard to the cultivation of crops by the Apaches north of the Gila and on the Amoor. Two crops a year were raised by these Indians—the principal one of corn, to be converted into "*tes-win*," a genuine but rough sort of whisky.

Though the Apache never read Byron, he has worked out of his "innate consciousness" that profound truth—

> "The best of life is but intoxication,
> Man being reasonable must get drunk."

When the U. S. Indian Agent, ten years ago, issued at Apache Pass a large quantity of corn to the bands with whom he had made a treaty, the Indians immediately carried it off, distilled it in their rude way into "*tes-win*," and as proof of their gratitude and appreciation of their Great Father, stole all the cattle on the Sonoita, attacked the overland mail, and murdered every small party of Americans who, believing in the treaty, ventured to travel or to prospect.

The summary of Mangus Colorado's character is appreciative and just, but the slight mention of *Cheiss*, better known in Arizona as *Ca-cheis*, is an error. No chief within the limits of the United States has inflicted so much effective and deadly damage to the frontier in modern times as has Cheiss. Combining great personal bravery with fine strategy and admirable tactics, he almost invariably "whips in fight" with small loss to his band. On two or three occasions, however, he has come to grief with great loss, and in one encounter, when he numbered at least two hundred men to seven, he lost over fifty warriors, was himself shot through the body, and had his arm rendered useless for life. He said of this fight, that if he had a thousand of such men as those seven Americans, he would hold Arizona against all the world.

Col. Cremony's advice to travelling parties, his suggestions of caution untiring and ceaseless, his warnings against underrating the Indian enemy, are valuable and timely. His study of the Indian's offensive and defensive character is graphic, correct, earnest and not too highly colored. In this respect alone, the book must prove of great service to any sensible man living on the frontier or who purposes to visit it.

His quotations, however, are sometimes infelicitous and common-place, and often wrong. It was not Pellissier who made the famous *mot* in reference to the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. It was Bosquet. The *mot* is also incorrectly given. "C'est magnifique mais c'nést pas la guerre," were the words. The preface to the book is the worst part of it, and it was only by a careful reading that we corrected our first judgment, that Col. Cremony was pretentious and unsound. He is mistaken in supposing or saying that he is alone the depository of the confidence of the Apaches, or single in his knowledge of their language and character. "Bison McLean" knew them far better—language, manners, habits, life; and every man, woman and child in Arizona—Apache, Mexican or American—from 1855 to 1863, knew this to be true. We think Col. Cremony is something wild in his estimate of the number of the Apaches. "Marcial," a celebrated chief of the Apaches, mentioned at length in "Arizona and Sonora," gives a far different idea, as did also McLean. We are a little staggered by Col. Cremony's statement of the structure of the Apache language; but as he is so good a linguist, we are afraid he has his reviewers at a disadvantage. At least, that his theory is impregnable, is well illustrated, by the anecdote of the noted advocate of New Orleans—Mazureau—who was retained by the heirs of a foreigner to secure their rights under the will of their relative, the State of Louisiana having retained all the

leading members of the bar to endeavor to escheat the estate on the ground of fraud. Mazureau opened his argument with these words: "Les hommes qui amassent les grandes fortunes seme les proces qui germiront apres leurs morte. Such was the remark of a philosophic Indian."

Some days after, Mazureau's son said to him, "Papa, I do not find that philosophic Indian in the books." "L' Indian c'est moi," said Mazureau, with a gesture worthy of the Theatre Imperial. "But how did you dare to say it," persisted his son. "Because they did not dare to contradict me." We are quite content to believe that Col. Cremony's theory, that the most nomadic tribe in the world has a thoroughly constructed, elastic and fruitful language, will be a puzzle to the ethnologists; we are equally ready to leave him to the sturdy defence which Mazureau gave to his quotation from the philosophic Indian.

The limits of the OVERLAND will not permit us to indulge in quotations from Col. Cremony's book. He has done a good thing in giving us a truthful picture of the Indian as he is, and not as he appears to the milk-and-water imagination of the Christian philanthropist who has never come in contact with him. The vigor and sense of the last chapters are worthy of the highest praise. If Col. Cremony had taken as much pains with the style of the narrative as he has with that of his deductions and reflections, he would have done himself more justice, and spared us the apparent but necessary harshness of some of the previous remarks. "Life among the Apaches" we heartily commend to our readers, with the assurance that they will in amusement and instruction be the gainers, and thank us for our advice.

Col. Cremony's conclusions, logically drawn from his facts and the experience of many years, of wasted millions and countless lives, may be summed up in three brief sentences. The reservation system is an exploded humbug. The man who says he is not afraid of an Indian is a liar or a fool. The only good Indian is a dead one.

The book is fairly printed in good type.

MAN: WHERE, WHENCE AND WHITHER? Being a glance at Man in his Natural History Relations. By David Page, LL.D. F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Author of "Past and Present Life of the Globe;" "Philosophy of Geology;" "Geology for General Readers," etc., etc. Moorhead, Bond & Co. New York; San Francisco.

Although this book is a small one of less than two hundred pages 12mo, the question propounded in its title page is the most startling and momentous that ever addressed itself to the human intellect; but the question is a flyer, and the answer will not be found in the book. It is an essay in support of the Darwinian theory of the development of species. The author makes a dispassionate argument without dogmatism, relying upon facts furnished by comparative anatomy and the geological history of the globe, to show the probability of the progressive development of the human species in the æon of ages that man is claimed to have dwelt upon the face of the earth; that under favorable circumstances the development of one branch of the family has resulted in the displacement of lower types, and infers the like changes in the future. The author maintains that the Creator works, and has always worked by natural methods of development. The difficulties that present themselves in the course of the inquiry are candidly confessed, no demand is made upon the reader's credulity, and no hope is expressed that those who have adopted an unchangeable faith will read the book.

In answer to the charge of skepticism that may be raised against him, the author says:

"There is no skepticism so offensive as that which doubts the facts of honest and careful observation: no infidelity so gross as that which disbelieves the deductions of competent and unbiassed judgment. There can be no reverence more sacred than that which springs from a knowledge of God's workings in nature; no religion more sincere than that which flows from the enlightened understandings of the methods and laws of the Creator."

The great question which concerns us most—whence, where and whither?—as relates to the individual, will find no attempt at a solution in the volume before us; and no attempt to treat of man in his higher or spiritual nature, or his relations to the Great Father. We read the book with interest, and laid it down in disappointment.

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ANCONA.

WHAT cunning a man may exercise in little matters of selfishness! There are two of us at the station in Rome with tickets for Ancona. The doors of the waiting room are thrown open, and we rush out to secure seats. We know that we may smoke in any of these second class cars, if no one of those in the compartment objects. We take care that there shall be none with us likely to do so unreasonable a thing. With this desirable end in view, we spread our small baggage in a wonderful way over both seats. Then we walk up and down with our cigars lighted, anxiously watching the result of our manœuvre. Here comes a plethoric Englishman of uncertain caste. He bolts into the carriage—"Bless my soul, this is full now!" Out he hurries with all his multitudinous luggage—rugs, canes, shawls and umbrellas; while we, from a safe distance, smile happily at each other. Next some ladies travelling alone, *dames seules*, the most dreaded companions of all cigar-bearing tourists. They climb up to the door and survey the bags and umbrellas with a critical eye, making a mental computation as to the possible number of the owners. Two long breaths are breathed as the ladies go forward to find more room. But our attention is diverted from our charge to an Italian family, the members of which are bidding each other good-bye. It is more than an ordinary separation for a day, a week, or a month. The tall, scholarly man, with strongly marked features, hair and mustache touched with white, a long blue cloak worn with inimitable grace—I wonder to see his emotion at parting with these common-place people who are going on the train. There is no sparkle of thought in their eyes, but his head has been moulded in a library. He is forced to walk away that he may free his eyes from tears. When he returns his lip is trembling. He kisses them with increasing fervor; but few words are spoken by any of the group; "*A Dio*"—and he is gone before they have found seats in the carriages. Here is a stray leaf from some story of the heart. We

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wonder what is the chapter, what the whole volume, from which this is detached. This fragment is so full of tender pathos, that we think the whole must be a tragedy, or a moving romance at least. Yet I doubt not, *mon ami*, that it is a very dull story, as most of our lives are; and that if these dear people could breakfast together to-morrow morning, they would quarrel over their macaroni, and make faces at one another should the wine happen to be sour.

Meanwhilè, we remember our seats, and turning sharply around are just in time to see a woman lay violent hands on that part of our luggage which guarded the shaded window; and we behold, to our dismay, these same articles piled promiscuously in the farthest corner, where the sun is at ninety degrees. Having accomplished this, our female friend plumps herself down where we had fondly hoped to sit, and stares from the window with the air of a Venus Victrix. "*Partenza*," the guards are crying; the bells are rung; the whistles shriek; and we, with crest-fallen air, climb into the carriage, the guard locking the door behind us.

There never was a more perfect day. At Perugia our lady companion leaves the compartment wholly to us. A lunch of toothsome enjoyables is stowed away in our baskets, our smoking caps put on, and fresh cigars lighted. It is too fine a day to talk in, so we enjoy it in silence. The sun shines, but it is not warm; there is a slight breeze, but it is not cool. Every tree and field is in the bright foliage of early summer and recent rains. The air is so clear that you might see for leagues were we not running among the hills. The road is built of stone; there is no more dust than as if you were riding in a balloon. Here and there peasants are at work, occasionally sunning themselves as idly as Neapolitans. Peeping over the grain, we see little reed crosses, such as the Fore-runner carries, hung with wisps of the last year's crop, or decked with leaves of the olive. If we should dig below these crosses we might perchance turn up a stone, rudely fashioned into an image of Pan, Janus, or Ceres. We have none such in our fields. Is it because we trust God's loving kindness more abundantly, or because we have reduced the idea of His providence to the idea of a threshing machine; and consider His personal interference with the work of His own hands an impertinence, if not an impossibility?

The sun goes, but the light is saved from utter extinction by the moon. Soon after having begun to see its shadows, we find the stream by which the train has been running, rapidly broadening; and presently we are chasing along the shore of the Adriatic, the moonlight revealing the "innumerable laughter" of its waves.

Ancona—at last. Our baggage being wonderfully elastic at will, is compressed into so small a space that the *veturino*, whose hack we have summoned, looks at it dolefully, wondering whether he will get more than half a franc extra for it. At the gates of the town we are stopped, and the custom-house officials begin to fish under the seat of our carriage for contraband articles; but we shout "*niente*" at them so vigorously, that they are glad to let us pass on. Then comes the usual squabble with the driver at the hotel door, a difficulty happily settled in this case by taking back a Papal *lira* and accomodating our friend with one bearing the image and superscription of the excommunicated Victor Immanuel. This in Ancona, for centuries a fief of the Pope!

Ancona is a dull town, and its dullness is its glory. We came to it because of its dullness. We were running away from art and artists, from "the grand tour" and tourists, from history, from anything that would make us think or feel; for we were tired of thought

and feeling. When you go back to Europe, my friend, and again become surfeited with painting and sculpture, and historic associations, go to Ancona and seek the Hotel della Pace. What bliss it was the morning after our arrival, to stand at the *porte cochère* of the hotel, and looking out upon the little piazza where a grimy little stone cherub was blowing a perpetual stream from a twisted shell, to know that there was nothing more to see in Ancona. The back of the hotel is close upon the sea. We had a chamber and a salon on the third floor, with a balcony to the latter overhanging the water. There were easy chairs, too, and these we would wheel out upon the balcony; then supplying ourselves with cigars, we would not go to bed till the moon was down. Was there ever more glorious ease than was there enjoyed! There was nothing to do but to watch the sea. But if the Adriatic was our delight by day, it was our idol as the day waned, and the sun came nearer and nearer to the waves until it lighted up the ceiling of the room behind us, and the sea was blood-red in its track, and the clouds changed from grey to purple and gold. And then to watch the great round sun, dipping slowly, as if half afraid to leave the world to his weak sister's charge—to watch it until it was only a bit of flame upon the farthest ripple—to see who would be the first to say, "It is gone!" But the moonlight, ah! the crown of all was the moonlight; for the moon came out as soon as she dared, as soon as she was sure her red-faced brother was gone, and showered down a restful love upon the city and the deep, as if to say: "I am sorry my brother makes you work so hard, O earth and sea! But he is gone, now; so rest, I pray you." One by one the lights went out in the harbor; the only sound then heard was the baying of a watch dog in some vessel at anchor far away; a group of soldiers sauntered along the quay, singing a drinking chorus; while from the cathedral above the town the evening psalm, chanted by the monks, came faintly to us—faintly, to be sure, but it outlasted the song of Wine. And when at last all was still, we could see the small coast-vessels gliding across the track of the moonlight into port, as noiselessly as dreams, outlining themselves at times against her silver disk. Even these were soon at rest, and the moon stole quietly out of sight, as a mother who has watched her darlings to sleep, and glides from their chamber bearing the light in her hand and a good-night in her heart.

I have said that there was nothing in the town to see; and there certainly was nothing to rouse one from his luxurious laziness. But the good people hereabout thought there was much in Ancona in these days to draw the world thitherward. Were not these the days of St. Cyriacus; and was not his body for one precious week exposed to the admiration and comfort of the faithful? So we, too, after a late breakfast one morning, climbed the steep hill overlooking city and sea. The cathedral sits there with its Lombard door-way, its salmon-colored marble shafts resting on salmon-colored marble lions, (Lombard lions, you know, with short woolly manes, very wide mouths and thick girths—such lions as are not now extant, I am sure) with its fluted and ribbed roof painted in geometrical patterns, its high choir, and many other marks of a date a thousand years back. We walked down the nave to the choir, and here under the raised presbyterium we saw the first of the cathedral's wonders. It was a *pieta* of carved wood or baked clay, I know not which; a dead Christ spattered with blood, as if crushed by a locomotive, the three Marys standing by with faces contorted in all horrible shapes, intended to represent grief, but succeeding only in presenting the most hideous facial malformations. Some

bunches of blue and red paper flowers were arranged about the body, while a few smoke-compelling tallow candles added ghastliness to the scene. The peasants came and gazed upon the scene with solemn eyes; but was it beneficial to them? Had the *pieta* of Guido in Bologna been copied here, it would have shown them how superior natures grieved, and how a Christ could look divine even in the rigidity of death. They receive now an impression; they would have received through better art an education. It is the duty of art to link us, by means of common emotions, with the heroic, and thus to draw us to the level above ourselves.

The two transepts are raised above the level of the nave, and there is a crypt beneath each. The south crypt had little to show us except broken marbles that were relics of the Ancona of Cæsarean days. Above, I turned over an ancient breviary, and read to myself some of those grandly sonorous Latin prayers. Seeing some persons entering a room in the end of the transept, we followed them; and here, in what appeared to be the sacristy, the peasants were crossing themselves before the most horrible of the many fearful crucifixes that Italy showed us. The body that hung upon the cross was nought but bone and skin, and of a dirty tan color. The mouth was open, and eyes staring with the exact expression of a bull when he staggers back with dropped jaw, set eyes and hideous bellow from the stroke of the killer's axe. The sides and limbs were drenched with blood, the hair clotted with the same. The loins were tied about with a flaunting red scarf and tarnished gold fringe, such as the male dancers may wear in the ballet of a low caste theatre. I shudder even now when I recall this unintentional blasphemy in art, which reduced the First-born of every creature to a level with the sheep and oxen that have been put under our feet.

The altar of St. Cyriacus was in the north transept, and was profusely hung with faded crimson, in honor of the *fête*. We went down into the crypt below this, where was the tomb of the saint. One side of the block marble sarcophagus was removed, showing behind a heavy plate of glass the grinning mummy of poor Cyriacus, robed in the full canonicals of a bishop; his feet encased in slippers, his skinny hands covered with the jewelled gloves of a bishop, a bishop's mitre upon his ghastly head—a full-robed bishop, my dear friend; was ever a sight more pretty and edifying! Do you see these poor women, how they kneel close up to the iron railing that protects the tomb, grasping it with both hands, beseeching all saints and saintesses to pray for them? Our good Cyriacus, of whom they probably know as much as we—that is nothing at all—is doubtless well remembered, and relied upon most of all. "*Ora pro nobis.*" They are in earnest, let us hope. See that little boy dropping his last *centessimo* inside the railing. Think how many years the poor saint has begged with that dumb mouth. We have become sober standing here. Very likely that is not Cyriacus; and very likely he was n't much of a saint when alive. Bishop and martyr, do you say? So the inscription reads. Ah, then he lived in years when his hands were not used to those gloves. We bow to the memory of one of the noble army. What matters it whether they be his bones or not; there is more similarity in our bones, I warrant, than in aught else that is called "us." I have no doubt our skeletons would pass for the anatomical remains of two Popes, my friend, or do equally well exhibited in New York as pleasant mementoes of those two men who were recently hung in Jersey. But if we could put men's souls together with wires and springs, it would not be so easy to play proxy for one another.

There is a little urn above this sar-

cophagus, and one or two others in different parts of the crypt, out of which panels are taken, showing within all sorts of bony odds and ends decked out with paper roses and wreaths. The Latin over each will tell you to whom these are supposed to have once belonged. Real flowers would not keep. It would be a great bother to hunt up violets and myrtle. You know the bones only represent the saint, and these bits of paper represent flowers ; so the whole exhibition is on a par. You would rather have God's true flowers growing above your grave than to have your skeleton hauled apart and garnished with blue and red tissue paper in this way? So would I; and as I have not heard that any one has thought of canonizing us, and the prospect of our occupying a basso-relievo sarcophagus is equally remote, (they always dig up these and put them in a museum or church) we will borrow no trouble on that score. Let us throw them our coppers and go.

We picked up the unconsumed cigars that we had stuck in a niche of the doorway on entering, and finished these cheap luxuries sitting upon the edge of the terrace across the road in front of the Cathedral; looking silently out upon the sea and kicking our heels against the stone wall in the very ecstasy of laziness, until we were ready to vary the programme by going back to the hotel, getting fresh cigars, wheeling our chairs out upon the balcony, and renewing our watch of the ever-glorious Adriatic.

I was strolling out one evening with no special purpose in view. It was not a new employment, to be sure ; and usually I returned with nothing special to look back upon. But this evening one of the old churches that I had tried during the day, and found locked, I saw to be dimly lighted. Of course, I laid down my cigar and slipped in. Think of going into a church at home just because it happened to be open ! Two or three candles were burning with dull yellow flame and great ghostly plumes of smoke. These stood at one side of the nave close to the entrance ; near them was gathered a group to which at first I paid no special attention. I was peering about in the gloom ; trying to unite this pillar, that arch and the roof above, so as to form an idea of the church. Indeed, built of all kinds of arches and columns embracing great unfathomable shadows where the light could not reach, it seemed rather like the dream of some heavily-sleeping architect than a veritable building. You could no more see the back of chancel, apex, or transept than as if your eyes were shut. The roof looked only like a pall; but the light shone dully on a shaft here and a capital there, and the half of a vault; showing on all that greasy damp which collects in such places. A few persons could be seen kneeling among the dim arches, but my attention was called from them to the group on my left which had been joined by a priest and his little light-bearing assistant.

The priest had indeed a kindly face ; but the boy had a dismally draggled gown. (Did you ever think how you remember some people's faces, and only the dress of others ?) I saw there was to be a baptism, for they had gathered about the font. Then I saw the mother with the dear child in her arms ; a little blue-wrapped thing the baby was, with its eyes closed in sleep. Oh that I had been an artist—Ancona would have had a name with Foligno ; and the Vatican would have begged for the Madonna that I should have painted. It was her first child ; you could see that easily enough. Not Carlo Dolce's sweetest bambino is watched with tenderer eyes or more reverential care by the Blessed Virgin. The first-born dedicated to the Lord in solemn rite before the mystery of new life has become an old story ; —do you want fame and fortune, my friend with the brush ? You will find both at the baptismal font when a true

woman, true mother and true worshipper brings her first child thither. No matter about the features; it is what is in the soul that makes the Madonna. Awe but no fear; faith without pride; joy without exultation; reverence blended with a blessed consciousness of possession, and love transfusing, shining through all; — that one look comprehended it all, and that look will remain in my mind through life, though the face itself may become as indistinct as a thought of infancy.

The priest and candle-bearer vanished through the sacristy door, causing the shadows to double their folds, moving in the arches of the ceiling like the wings of great bats. The little group huddled about the child, chatting in subdued voices; the girlish women who had accompanied the mother wrapping it up cosily, the mother keeping silent watch. I passed out before them; and in my revery that night, while looking out from the balcony upon moon and sea, this child appeared in singularly diverse lives. Yet somehow, whether he figured in my imagination as priest or soldier, he was still heroic in purpose and deed. Oh, mother, in far-off Ancona! you did not see me that night leaning against a pillar of the nave, but when you knelt and repeated the Pater Noster, there was one kneeling in the darkness behind you who has many a night since then knelt to offer a petition for your little one. A year has passed, and thousands of miles separate us, but I see you to-day sitting in the porch of the old cathedral with the dear child upon your knees, the boundless sea stretched out before you; mother and child and church and sea banded over by the soft blue of a compassionate heaven.

A CRUISE ON A SLAVER.

IT was in the Bonny River, on the African coast, that the writer who had been shipwrecked was offered a passage to Puerto Rico by the captain of a slaver called the *Saranac*. This offer was gratefully accepted, and from that moment Captain Scudder put away all restraint on his words and acts.

The *Saranac* had run into the river that afternoon. So soon as she came to an anchor, her royal and topgallant masts were sent down, and her topmasts housed, to prevent their appearance above the low lands of the coast. In all other respects the vessel was kept ready for immediate service. Twenty miles above and about the same distance below were elevated bluffs, from which a sail could be observed; and should such an one prove to be a British man-of-war, immediate notice would be given in time to assure the escape of the slaving craft, or in default of wind, to permit a complete change of rig.

"John Buckraw," said Captain Scudder, "how many niggers have you got on hand?"

"I got tree hundered at the bay barracoon, sar, and Jim Shiner has gone up to de upper barracoon for tree hundered mo'. I spect him hea' to-night at twelve o'clock."

"Very good; let there be no mistake, for I can't wait. If he don't come, I will trade down the coast with some one else."

This threat acted with effect on John Buckraw, a huge mulatto, and he hastened off to get on board the three hundred in the bay barracoon.

Down they came, and were about to be embarked, when Scudder appeared. "Avast, there," said he, "none of that, you old thief! You cheated me the last

time, and I will inspect these darkies to suit myself."

"I nebber cheat you, Massa Scudder; I always gib you good nigger, sar; but look for youself, sar."

Scudder examined the men as they came down, boat-load after boat-load, and with some haggling accepted the main lot, with few exceptions on the score of old age or physical infirmity.

In a short time two hundred and eighty were placed on board the *Saranac*, and before day-light next morning she had completed a cargo of five hundred slaves.

"Time 's up," said Captain Scudder to me, as he roughly shook me from a sound slumber; "send your dunnage aboard now, and go with me.

"I have no dunnage, Captain Scudder; I lost all when I was shipwrecked, except what I have on."

"Good," was the reply, "you can share with me; I have plenty, and you can occupy the port berth in my state room."

We went aboard and I was presented to a tall, dark man with coal-black eyes, and full beard of the same hue.

"This is the Spanish captain of the *Saranac*," said Scudder, "for you must know that she always sails with two sets of papers and two captains."

Don Ribero Guzman received me with politeness and something like attention.

"It is not often that we have a passenger," he remarked, "and I am pleased to welcome you, because I know that Scudder would not have made you the offer unless he felt convinced that you would do us no harm."

"Make yourself easy, Don Ribero, I am no English officer in disguise, but simply a shipwrecked American sailor, anxious to get home; and this being the only chance likely to offer for some time, I have accepted Captain Scudder's invitation."

"And you did well; I will see to it that your name is properly entered on the log book with all the circumstances; so that should we be unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of a British cruiser, you will be all right."

This man's gentlemanly address, and Scudder's frank and jovial manner, tended greatly to set me at ease, and reconcile me to the novel and somewhat extraordinary voyage I was about to make.

Two o'clock, A.M., there being no wind, the boats, four in number, were got ahead with ten oarsmen in each, and by means of a tow line the *Saranac* moved gracefully and not sluggishly from the Bonny River. The rowlocks were all muffled; no conversation was allowed, and no noise made. Topgallant and royal masts and yards were speedily sent aloft, and every sail set that could catch a cap-full of wind. By six o'clock, A.M., we were several miles clear of the river, and out on the broad Atlantic in one of those terribly dense fogs, never encountered except upon the African coast. The boats were called and snugly stowed, and as the wind began to freshen from the eastward, all studding sails were set. "Keep her west by north half north," said the captain, and the course was laid as directed.

The *Saranac* was a brigantine of four hundred and thirty tons measurement, and had been built for a privateer. Her lines were as fine as those of a dolphin. She had great length and breadth of beam, with a corresponding depth of hold; but her floor was long and smooth as a plane. Her entrance was as sharp as a knife, and her run long, keen and elegantly modeled. Aloft, her rig was of the true Baltimore clipper style, with short, strong masts and enormous yards, long and tapering, but stout in the slings. She was provided with false bulwarks made of painted canvas, and so arranged that they could be turned up at a moment's notice to the height of three feet, giving her the appearance of being a heavy, wall-sided merchantman. The

Saranac had made four successful voyages and was on her fifth, having enriched her owners after many almost miraculous escapes. Captains Scudder and Guzman had been in charge from the first, and were both possessors of large properties in the Spanish West Indies; but they had contracted such a love for reckless adventure, that they persisted in their nefarious career.

"Mr. Jerome, send a man aloft to see if he can overlook this fog. If there is anything in sight let him sing out at once."

In obedience to this order, two men immediately mounted the rigging. "All clear above, sir," shouted the men.

"Very well; keep a sharp look out," was the answer. In a few minutes the man on the fore royal yard hailed the deck—"Sail, ho!" "Where, away?" "Just forward of the weather beam, sir." "What does she look like?" "A heavy ship, standing to the northward." "How much of her can you see?" "Only her royals and the head of her main topgallant sail, sir." "How far off does she appear to be?" "I should judge about two miles, sir." "Very good," said Scudder, "she has not seen us yet." Just then came the announcement of three other sail in sight, all apparently large ships and standing to the northward. Scudder immediately threw his telescope over his shoulder, mounted the rigging and took a quick, but comprehensive glance at the strangers, whose royals were alone visible. Quickly descending to the deck, he said: "They are British men-of-war, and we are right in the midst of them. There is a heavy frigate just forward of our starboard beam, another directly to leeward; a smart sloop ahead, and a first-class line-of-battle ship straight in our wake; but they have not yet seen the *Saranac*."

"Mr. Jerome, call all hands; but make no noise. In all stun' sails; clap on the lee braces; down helm; brace up sharp; board the fore tack; haul aft the sheets; keep her full and by, but let her go through the water; be sure and don't shake the sails." The *Saranac's* crew consisted of eighty able seamen, and these orders were obeyed almost as soon as given. Turning to me, Scudder remarked: "I am going to pass that fellow to windward; but must graze him very closely. If he sees us we may almost as well give up the ship; but if the fog holds until ten o'clock, and I think it will, we can get by him, and once to windward I will show him the cleanest pair of heels he ever saw." The breeze had been steadily increasing, and the *Saranac* was making nine knots on a taut bow-line. Scudder took his position on the fore royal yard and conned the brig. "Luff a little, but don't shake her." "Luff it is, sir," responded the helmsman. "Steady as you go." "Steady it is, sir." Becoming excited, I mounted to a place beside Capt. Scudder, in order to observe the whole affair. We were rapidly nearing a large ship, of which only the royals and a portion of the main topgallant sail were above the fog. She was heading nor'-nor'-west, with the wind two points free, and her consorts were on the same tack. "If she holds her course, and the wind remains steady, we shall pass within four hundred yards of her stern," remarked Scudder. The strictest silence was enjoined on board the slaver. Everything was hauled taut; not a rope nor a block swung in the wind; not a sound was heard but the rushing of the brig through the waves. In twenty minutes we were directly astern of the stranger, and in ten more nearly half a mile to windward, and more than a mile distant. We had descended to the deck, and Scudder was giving a description of the matter to Guzman, when the fog suddenly lifted and revealed the strangers in their full proportions. They were exactly as Scudder thought, two frigates, one sloop and a line-of-battle ship. The moment the *Saranac* was perceived all

hauled sharp on the wind and gave chase, while the frigate we had just before passed fell off the wind two or three points, and tried the reach of her bow guns. The shot passed by without inflicting damage, and after three or four attempts, finding that she was losing ground too rapidly, the frigate filled away in pursuit. In two hours all the others were hull down to leeward; but the frigate held her own. "That is the *Thetis*," said Scudder; "I know her well; no other vessel in the British navy can keep pace on the wind with the *Saranac*. She has chased me before, and if I mistake not, will follow us across the Atlantic. Take another pull at those lee braces; sway up the halyards, and haul the sheets well home. Give her the main topmast and main topgallant staysails, and make everything snug fore and aft. Keep her full and by, and let her go through the water!"

The *Saranac* was then running ten and a half knots off the reel.

"I want no more wind," said Scudder; "the sea is smooth, and we are at our best sailing point. If the breeze should freshen much, the frigate's greater weight would tell against us in a heavy head sea." Night fell; there was no moon; the *Thetis* was four miles astern and two points to leeward. Guzman took the deck at eight bells. "Keep her away." The helm was put up until the *Saranac* was fairly before the wind, and once more on her direct course. "Take in all stay-sails, set all weather stun' sails; keep her west by north." Away she went, careering over the waves like a thing of life, rollicking and leaving a wake like liquid fire as she cleft the waters. Toward morning the wind increased almost to a gale.

At six bells, A.M., Scudder resumed the deck, took his spy-glass and went aloft. "Shake out all reefs. Man the lee braces and brace sharp up. Down helm; set jibs and stay-sails; keep her close to the wind." These orders were given with rapidity and as quickly obeyed. "By all that's devilish," said Scudder, as he returned to the deck, "there was that infernal frigate about three miles to the southward, on our port beam. We shall get the start of her this time; but it is blowing rather too heavily for the *Saranac*. Never mind, we shall see."

The brig was staggering under a cloud of canvas, considering she was close hauled. Her royals and outer jib were stowed; but beyond these she was carrying nearly all her standing sails. The only dry part about her was the forecastle deck, all abaft the fore rigging being drenched with blinding spray as she drove madly onward through the fast increasing head sea.

In the mean while the *Thetis* had hauled up in pursuit, and was cracking on at a fearful rate. Whenever a squall of unusual violence occurred, her royal and topgallant halyards were let go, the sails clewed up in a twinkling, and the ship luffed so as to shake the main force of the wind from the balance of the sails; but no sooner had the occasion passed than the light canvas was once more sheeted home and hoisted up to its utmost tension, while the frigate again fell off to a good "rap" full. After two or three hours of careful watching, it became evident that the *Thetis* was gradually gaining on the *Saranac*. Wind and sea had increased, and we had been compelled to hand topgallant sails, stow the flying jib, and single reef the huge fore and aft mainsail; the frigate still cracking on, with all sail set. The *Saranac* was jumping from sea to sea like a porpoise, and deluging her decks with water.

"Mr. Jerome." "Sir." "Come up with the mast wedges; slack off about three inches of all the weather lanyards; and rig up forty or fifty boatswain's chairs; put a nigger in each and run them up the fore and main stays, so that they

may be about four feet apart. Be sure and have the darkies well fastened in the chairs, for we can't afford to lose them. Heave the log." We were going nearly ten knots through that sea way. The wedges had been slackened, and the lanyards eased off as directed. A string of negroes fastened in boatswain's chairs dangled and swung from the fore and main stays; the masts bent like whips, and with every plunge she went forward with greatly increased impetus. The log now announced ten knots and a half.

"Send the carpenters aft." Two men answered the summons. "Attend well to my orders," said Scudder. "Saw the plank-sheer down to the depth of two inches at the distance of every ten feet, and saw the main rail one-third through every eight feet." In half an hour these orders were obeyed. The log now indicated eleven knots large. The brig rose no more to the sea, but went straight through it like a dolphin. Night was again approaching; the *Thetis* lost ground for the last two hours of daylight, and the weather had begun to moderate slightly. The negroes were taken down and placed back in the hold; additional canvas set, and the brig kept at her highest rate of sailing, which increased as the sea fell, until at four bells, P.M., she was forging ahead with the speed of twelve knots and a half.

During all those exciting hours Guzman had kept the deck with Scudder; but gave no orders, limiting himself to assist Mr. Jerome in seeing the duty well and quickly done. All night we stood to the northward on a taut bowline, carrying every inch of canvas that the brig would bear. Day-light dawned with a fresh breeze still from east-north-east, but a smoother sea. The frigate was not to be seen. At day-break the look-out reported "nothing in sight."

The excitement created by the chase had almost obliterated other sensations, but with its termination came an ardent desire to comprehend the *manège* of the slaver. Eighty able-bodied and smart looking men, all picked seamen, composed the *Saranac's* crew. They were made up of Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Portuguese, with a slight sprinkling of other nationalities. There were two captains, two physicians, four mates, a boatswain and his mate, two carpenters, two blacksmiths, one pump and block-maker, two sail-makers and eight cooks; but all hands, except the cooks, were compelled to assist in working ship when required. The brig's armament consisted of eight twelve pounder brass guns, four on a side, a long thirty-two amidships, and a long twenty-four on the quarter deck, abaft the main-mast, and forward of the cabin companion way which opened toward the stern. Boarding pikes, pistols, and cutlasses existed in abundance and were properly stowed. She was flush deck fore and aft, and was of unusual beam and length, with low bulwarks, and the ends of all lanyards to her standing rigging belayed to iron pins strongly secured to her stanchions by a heavy iron cleet.

Although many of the crew wore the appearance of having no objection to a little profitable piracy, yet they were kept in perfect submission. Discipline was rigidly maintained. Scudder was the master spirit, but he had admirable backers in Captain Guzman and the first mate, Jerome, while the inferior officers manifested much zeal and ability. Each knew his station, and fulfilled its duties with promptitude and energy.

At four bells of the morning after we had got rid of the *Thetis*, Mr. Jerome gave an order to send a hundred of the negroes on deck to get up wind-sails in all the hatchways, and to place a strong guard over them. A hundred negroes were brought up and subjected to a

regular purification; being thoroughly doused with salt water and roughly wiped with bits of old top-gallant duck. Their heads were then shorn entirely bare, and they were allowed to remain in the sun until noon, when they were sent below again. At one o'clock, P.M., another batch of a hundred were sent up and put through a like process. Each relief, as it appeared on deck, was rigidly examined by the doctors, and should there be any indication of severe contagious or infectious disorder, the sufferers were immediately segregated and placed in a reserved room called the "Sick Bay."

At the period when these events occurred, slaving was carried on only with unusual risks, and every attention was paid to preserve those who had been secured. The average price paid for able-bodied men of from eighteen to thirty-five years, in the African barracoons, was about seventy dollars; but much of the payment was made in rum, cotton cloths, red blankets, beads, knives, condemned muskets, lead and powder, on which articles a profit of four hundred per cent. was realized. Those negroes would bring from five to seven and eight hundred dollars apiece in Brazil, Cuba, or Puerto Rico. Young and likely girls, not over twenty nor less than thirteen, were worth about the same prices in the places named; but were bought for an average of thirty dollars each at the barracoons. Rum was the principal commodity in those transactions with negro traders on the African Coast. By a plentiful and shrewd use of this article, small tribes were led to make war upon each other, the main object being to take prisoners rather than to shed blood. Sometimes four or five villages would unite to capture the inhabitants of another. The promise of a few barrels of rum, with a proportionate allowance of useless muskets and almost useless ammunition, together with a few small looking-glasses and beads, would prove sufficient inducement for such a raid. It was not indispensable that the assailants should be of a different clan or tribe from the assailed; it was only necessary to stimulate them with a little liquor made palatable with sugar, to effect a raid at any time, and against any village not powerful enough to resist. The conquerors of one year would frequently be captured the next, and bought and sold with quite as little remorse by the very parties with whom they had formerly trafficed for the flesh and blood of their neighbors, and even of their kinsmen.

In such a condition of affairs no one felt safe at any time, and each seemed to resign himself, or herself, to whatever fate might be in store, with a degree of supineness altogether incomprehensible to us, but quite in accordance with their ideas of Fetish worship, and belief in unavoidable fatality.

A barracoon is the place where these wretched captives are kept until opportunity serves to dispose of them. Nearly all are some miles interior; but not so far off that their inmates cannot be placed on board ship in a few hours notice. No delays are permissible among slavers. No "niggers,"—no rum, no muskets. When a slaver was sighted, bound in, the contents of interior barracoons were precipitated toward the port, a bargain soon made, and the captives immediately placed on board, where they were as soon hand-cuffed by twos and sent down to the berth deck prepared for their reception. Rarely were two days suffered to elapse before completing the "cargo," for delays were dangerous, and in the interval every means was adopted to insure immunity from surprise; or, if escape were impossible, to so change the vessel's appearance as to create the impression that she was a legitimate trader. To this end nothing was omitted. Two captains; two regis-

ters ; two sets of papers ; two styles of rig were employed, and all semblance of slave commerce put out of sight. With no tangible evidence on which to act, cruisers were compelled to be cautious. A mistake might provoke serious consequences. It were better to let three guilty ones slide, for the time being, than to do irreparable injury to one honest trader. Naval officers had to content themselves with maintaining a strict watch over the suspected craft, and then it became a matter of dexterity and chance, with pretty even results.

After the two batches of slaves had been shaved and scrubbed, as before related, orders were given to leave the hatches off during the night; but to keep strict watch fore and aft. Scudder had the deck. The night was magnificent beyond expression. A fine and refreshing breeze was wafted over the weather quarter, and bellied out the canvas in graceful curves. In that glorious tropical clime the stars scintillated with resplendent lustre. The vast ocean heaved and swelled, giving forth innumerable lines of living light, clearly defining even minute objects. It was a time for contemplation, and the remarkable expression of Israel's great king recurred to me with wondrous power, as I gazed into the mystical depths of that inscrutable firmament: "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him ?"

In the boundlessness of that incomprehensible space ; in the presence of its Creator; in the sight of the universal Alpha, what was I, or the wretched pigmy at my side, whose every attribute had been trained to traffic in the flesh and blood of his fellow man ? While absorbed in these unprofitable lucubrations, I was aroused by Scudder's remark: "What do you think of the slave trade ?" Astonished at such an interrogatory, I involuntarily replied: "I consider it the lowest point of moral degradation, with one exception." "What is that ?" "The depth arrived at by the men who make your traffic lucrative."

Scudder was a man of superior mental ability and considerable culture. He felt that my remarks were not personal, but applicable in a general sense, although he was involved in their pertinency. I was not prepared for the philosophical manner with which they were received, and was agreeably disappointed when he said: "But do you not believe that we are doing a real benefit to the African by taking him from his savage life and haunts, and at least, giving him the advantage of coming in direct contact with civilized and christianized beings ? Do you not believe that such affiliation must improve the moral and social condition of the negro, and elevate him to a higher and more useful sphere than he could possibly have occupied in his native state ?"

"Before answering your questions, Capt. Scudder, permit me ask one or two. Do you believe that the performance of a wrong and outrageous act justifies him who does it, because the Almighty in his wisdom permits nothing without evolving some good from the operation ? What amount of civilization and christianization do you think the five hundred men and women on board the *Saranac* will arrive at before they are called from this sphere of existence ? What efforts are made to instruct them into the higher moral standing you speak of ? Will they not adhere to their Fetish worship, their belief in Obeah, their faith in spells and incantations ; and will they not die the heathen they have lived, so far as they themselves are concerned ? The only change you effect is from freedom to life-long bondage ; from one continent to another, or the isles of the Caribbean sea ; from one

description of savage and pagan life to its counterpart; from the manhood and courage of native independence to the craven terror of enforced serfdom. It is true, that after two or three generations have been swept away, some of the more likely ones may be admitted as house servants, and in that capacity brought into daily communion with more enlightened beings; but has that distinction been beneficial either to their moral standing or that of their owners, or has it proved only a small amount of intellectual sharpening, with a corresponding *quantum* of social iniquity on the part of their masters? Is an African in worse circumstances in his native wilds—free, untrammeled, and pagan though he may be—than he is under the lash of the slave driver—bond serf, slave, and no less pagan? Have those who fitted up this splendid brig, and employed you and others to trade in human flesh, built school houses, and furnished an improved condition for these people whom you hold manacled on board the *Saranac?* Were they not engaged in enterprises of this nature for the sole purpose of making money, and coining it from the blood of our fellow beings, although inferior, and at the compulsory sacrifice to them of all the sentiments which are natural to the human heart—the inalienable gifts of the Creator, and cherished by us as His chiefest blessings?"

Scudder listened with attention. Just then the forecastle bell struck twelve for midnight, and the deck was relieved by Guzman. "I am going to turn in," said the American captain, "so come below and 'splice the main brace,'" was his only comment upon my exordium.

The next dawn broke upon a sea like glass. The sails hung lifeless from the yards, flapping now and then as the *Saranac* rose and fell to the sea. Our main boom was guyed out and held taut between the boom tackle and the main sheet; every stitch of light canvas was set; dolphins and bonetas were lazily ranging from one side to the other and fore and aft, occasionally thrusting their noses into bunches of gulf weed, as we sluggishly passed them, in quest of small crabs and diminutive fishes which take refuge under their shelter in hot and calm weather. A thick, oily substance seemed to rest upon the bosom of the deep and impede its usual activity. About a hundred negroes were on deck reposing in the sun, apparently with intense relish. The pitch was boiling from the deck seams, and the rigging was sweating tar from every strand. "This would be a bad time to meet the *Thetis*," said Scudder, "for she would send her boats after us; but I think we could beat them off easily enough." "Would you add bloodshed to slaving?" I asked. The question was simply but emphatically answered by pointing to the guns and small arms. "They are for use, and not for show," said Scudder. At two, P.M., or four bells, the look-out hailed the deck. "Sail, ho!" "Where, away?" "Nearly in our wake, sir." "Mr. Jerome, send all the niggers below, and get all the boats ahead." In a few minutes forty strong arms were towing the brig through the water at the rate of two and a half knots. In the meantime, Scudder kept his glass fixed upon the eastern horizon. At three, P.M., he exclaimed: "I see her; it is the *Thetis;* I know her by the cut of her sails; she has got a light breeze, and is running along with all sail set. Probably we will get the breeze before she comes up; if not, she will run into this calm, stick, and down boats in chase. Clew up royals and topgallant sails; they only impede our progress. Brace the yards sharp on the port tack; slack away the boom tackle, and haul aft the main sheet; haul up the foresail." As there was no wind, and the yards had been squared, the impetus given by the boats had created a contrary current of

air which impeded progress. In about an hour the topsails of our pursuer were visible from the deck, Scudder keeping his glass fixed on her movements. "So," he exclaimed, "she has run out of the breeze into the calm; her canvas hangs idly in the brails; she is at least seven miles off; we are going two and a half knots through the water, and it will be night before her boats can reach us, let them do their best. Mr. Jerome, put on the hatches, and send twenty more men to the boats, and let them double bank the oars." In ten minutes afterward we were going at the rate of three knots. Night fell; there was no moon, but the stars lighted up the ocean, and one could see clearly to some considerable distance. About eight o'clock, P.M., we could faintly hear the sharp click of oars in the rowlocks, proving that the *Thetis* had sent her boats.

"All aboard!" said Scudder. The brig's boats fell alongside, were taken in and stowed without noise. "Load the guns with grape and langrage! Distribute small arms, and prepare to repel boarders! Up with the false bulwarks!" Nearer and nearer came the sound of the approaching foemen. Presently a quick sensation of cold was experienced by those on deck. "All right," said Scudder, joyously, "the wind has chopped to the northward, and will be on us in less than half an hour." Twenty minutes elapsed. Intense curiosity and excitement kept me on deck. The advancing boats could not have been more than six hundred yards away, and would soon be upon us, when mortal strife would commence.

Scudder appeared to take no interest in what was passing, but gazed intently over the taffrail, apparently absorbed with the rudder-fish. Guzman was commanding; the crew were properly stationed, and everything got ready for a bloody resistance. Suddenly and sharply the order came from Scudder—"Round in the starboard braces, and trim sails to the wind!" No sooner had these mandates been obeyed, than a full puff of wind came from the northward, and filled the sails handsomely. The keen *Saranac* bowed in graceful acquiescence, and cut the liquid element at the rate of five knots, and the breeze was rapidly strengthening. As the boats had not been supplied with guns, we went away from them hand over hand, much to the chagrin of their occupants.

No more was seen of the *Thetis*, but to make matters sure, the *Saranac* was run to the northward of Virgin Gorda, St. Thomas, and the other isles of that group.

We had but passed Sail Rock Passage when the weather began to look threatening. It was in the hurricane months, the fourteenth of September; the barometer was falling fast, but there was not a breath of air stirring. The sky was of a deep lead color, and the ocean murky almost to blackness. The brig was placed under close reefed topsails, fore topmast stay-sail and balance reefed mainsail. All hands were kept on deck, and the braces manned to starboard and to port, while topmen were properly stationed. "The glass has stopped falling, and it is not likely that we shall have a hurricane; but there will be just as much as we can well stand up to," said Scudder to me, as he anxiously gazed around. "I thought you were bound to the south side of Puerto Rico," I remarked. "So I am." "Why, then, did you pass Sail Rock Passage?" "Because there is another further to the westward, called Serpent Island Passage, known to but few. It is short and contains no invisible dangers, and is safe for a line-of-battle ship. We can make the north side in less than three hours by this passage, and mislead any pursuer. If the gale bursts upon us from the southward, we can hug the northern shore and make a lee; and if it should come from the northward, we can soon avail ourselves of

the southern shelter of Puerto Rico." We were heading due west, but without a breath of air. Directly, a sound like that of breakers, and a sharp, moaning noise were heard from the eastward and southward. Soon after came the first rush of the storm.

"Settle away the mainsail; up helm; keep her before it;" but before these orders were duly executed, our main topsail was blown clear of the bolt-ropes. The *Saranac* fairly buried her forecastle in the now raging sea, as she acknowledged the power of the blast; but she soon gathered way and swiftly flew before the gale.

"Bend another topsail, Mr. Jerome. How do you head?" "West by north, Sir." "Keep her west-south-west. We must hug the land, and run for the passage." "The main topsail is bent and close reefed," said the mate. "Very well, have it set immediately." The wind was from east-south-east, blowing almost a hurricane. In an hour or two we sighted the northern entrance of the passage, which was dead under the lee of Serpent Island, and the water comparatively smooth, while the force of the gale was somewhat broken. "Keep her south-west; set the foresail and mainsail. The *Saranac*, was now going large and was rushing along at terrific speed. It was necessary to get through before night-fall, and she was staggering under all the canvas she could carry. The passage, in the narrowest part, was only two hundred yards wide. On either hand huge black rocks raised their foam-crested heads high above the water, while the lashing and surging of the waves denoted the existence of others just beneath the surface. The channel, though intricate, contained no hidden dangers, and by five o'clock, P.M., the *Saranac* was again on the open ocean to the southward and eastward of Puerto Rico. No abatement had taken place in the storm, so sail was shortened to the same canvas the brig was carrying before entering the passage.

Soon after four bells, the look-out aloft sung out, "Sail ho!" "Where away?" "Right in our wake, sir." Scudder soon satisfied himself that it was his old enemy, the *Thetis*. The frigate had evidently made out the *Saranac*, and was cracking on all the sail she could bear. She was probably six or seven miles off, and as a stern chase is a long one, there still remained time for new tactics; besides, it would be pitch dark in a few minutes. The *Thetis* was steering a half point more to the southward, clearly with the intention of crowding us between herself and the land. Once more the foresail was hauled down and set. The *Saranac* flew before the wind like a greyhound, but her pursuer was gradually gaining. At mid-night, all hands being properly stationed, Scudder roared out, "Port your helm; round in the port braces; haul up the foresail; keep her north by east," and we were heading directly for the land, which was not more than two miles off. The coast was low, and covered with a dense growth of mangroves, into which there was every appearance that the brig would be soon plunged headlong. Scudder was on the forecastle intently scanning the fast rising land. "Luff half a point; steady so." We were within two hundred yards of the mangroves, and madly rushing forward upon what seemed inevitable destruction. The brig's head spars disappeared behind the trees, and in a second more her trembling hull glided into smooth water, having shot into the mouth of the little, and then generally unknown, port called Jobos.

The entrance to this place is very narrow and intricate, being beset with several mud banks, to avoid which requires the aid of a skillful pilot. It is called the *Boca de los Infiernos*, or the "mouth of the Infernal Regions," on account of the serious difficulties which

attend its navigation for four miles, when it opens into a handsome and perfectly safe harbor, entirely land-locked, and containing about three fathoms of water, with the best of holding ground. Jobos was a great resort for slavers at that period, and its existence seems to have been unknown to the officers of the British navy until several years later. Scudder was fully equal to the task, for in half an hour the *Saranac* was quietly lying at her moorings. Three large lighters were immediately got alongside; the negroes sent on shore, and run up into the interior without delay. All the water casks had been shooked up as soon as emptied during the voyage, and were now sent ashore. The calaboose was torn down and replaced by one of ordinary make and size. Royal and topgallant masts were sent down and replaced by stump topgallant masts. Topsail and lower yards were shifted for short, thick, and clumsy looking ones, painted white. The head spars underwent a similar change. Our false bulwarks were unshipped and landed. The seams made by the saw in her plank-sheer and main rails were carefully puttied up and painted over, and by day-light the *Saranac* had undergone such a wonderful transformation that her oldest friends would scarcely recognize the keen and audacious slaver. A couple of boats were manned, and under the charge of Guzman, pulled out to discover what had become of the frigate. She had run past, evidently under the impression of being in full chase of the brig.

I had been most generously and kindly entertained by Scudder, Guzman, and the officers, and however much I might revolt at their wretched traffic, I could not help feeling some interest in the men. During the whole voyage I had witnessed no act of outrage or cruelty, and was assured that such instances were of rare occurrence, the officers receiving a *per capita* premium on all slaves delivered in good condition. Having made arrangements to set out for Ponce, where I could find an American trader, I took leave of my recent associates, and as I crossed the rail, Scudder remarked, as he squeezed my hand: "I have a nice place close to Puerto Principe, and should you ever cruise in that latitude, be sure to come and see me; but believe me, this is the last time I shall ever sail on a slaver."

SAHARA AND THE SAHARANS.

IN the more northern half of Africa lies a vast region of dead and desert country. Bounded by Tunis, Tripoli, Algeria and Morocco on the north, it stretches away to the confines of Lybia and Ethiopia on the east, the ocean on the west, and Soudan and Darfur on the south. This great ocean of sand, with a length of over three thousand and a breadth of fifteen hundred miles, is comparatively unexplored. Its barren character; its tropical position; the frightful storms that sweep over it; the savage nature of its inhabitants—have hitherto intimidated, if not repelled the most hardy adventurers. To cross its perilous wastes even with those "couriers of the desert"—the dromedaries—requires many weeks, while the caravans which ordinarily traverse it for purposes of commerce, count the period of their lonely journey by months. So perilous is the transit—upon so many doubtful contingencies does the fate of

the traveller hang, that even the Arab, born upon the *shores* of this treacherous sea, and inured to all its dangers and difficulties, commends his soul to Allah, makes his will, and takes leave of his friends as one who goes to his death, before setting out on his dreary voyage.

The conquest of Algeria by the French; the growth of western influence in the Barbary states; the frequent contact within the past few years of Europeans with the inhabitants of the desert; its partial exploration by military expeditions under the auspices of the French Colonial Government, have afforded us some faint glimpses of this strange and mysterious region. During my wanderings in Northern Africa—wanderings extending a considerable distance into the Sahara—it was my good fortune to come into frequent relations with its rude denizens, study something of their manners and habits, and get no inconsiderable insight to their social and physical life. Meeting the Arabs of the Sahara in their nomadic homes, and in the bazaars of Tunis, Constantine and other Barbary cities daily; squatting down with them in dingy *cafés*, and drinking coffee and smoking the *chibouk* with them—I came to look upon them as in some sort brethren in whom I felt a friendly interest, and upon whom I had a right to exercise a Yankee's prerogative of asking questions. Presuming that the reader may feel a kindred interest, I take the liberty of introducing to his acquaintance the Saharan as I found him with my own eyes, and by the mouths of many witnesses, both Jew and Gentile.

A word about the desert itself. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that it is an unbroken level plain; on the contrary, it presents a succession of hills and valleys, of mountains and ravines. These mountains, always running parallel with the sea, are rocky and precipitous towards the east, but terminate in mound-like elevations towards the west. Down the mountain slopes descend, during the winter, innumerable torrents, which are dried up as the hot season advances. At intervals more or less frequent, are little islands of verdure, giving the desert an appearance fancifully described as resembling the skin of a leopard. Upon the more important of these islands the Arabs pitch their black tents—a grand central encampment surrounded by a number of villages. From these centres of life the inhabitants issue forth in the spring in quest of pastures for their herds. As the summer advances, they emigrate toward the fertile countries of the north to purchase grain and arms, returning to their oasis home in the autumn, where they tarry during winter. As we advance toward the heart of the desert the oases gradually disappear, and the people have no fixed homes.

And here the true Sahara life commences. We now see the son of the desert in all his majesty of poverty and rags. I am sorry I cannot give him a better certificate of character. Regarded from the standpoint of prim propriety, he is little better than "one of the wicked." His moral code is discouragingly shaky. His notions of *meum* and *tuum* are somewhat vague. A more accomplished highway robber never set foot in a stirrup, and his achievements in the line of grand and petty larceny would make a representative of the swell mob grow pale with envy. To lie, when the truth will serve him just as well; to move in tortuous ways, from sheer love of double-dealing; to play the knave systematically; to practice pious frauds; to covet his neighbor's goods and seduce his neighbor's wife, are among the cardinal points of his social creed. He has a most unchristian hatred of "Christian dogs," and esteems it one of the crowning glories of his life to spill infidel blood in the name of the Prophet. His religion

is little better than his morals, and like many a more enlightened sinner, he borrows the cloak of sanctity to cover the nakedness of crime. With all his boasted independence, he is the most barefaced of beggars, and with all his affected contempt for his more plodding neighbors, his chivalry is the most transparent sham. He is the prince of braggarts, and boasts of his achievements in love and arms with the frothy arrogance of a Bobadil. There is no limit to his self-conceit. He looks down with sovereign disdain on the rest of the world. He regards himself as the very spoilt-child—the pet and chief *protégé* of Allah. His contempt for his more sober brother of the *Tell* and *Ksaar* is boundless. He rails against him, hurls foul epithets at him, calls him a "breeder of Fellah," an "old woman," a slave and a dog. "Oh, ye naked and beggarly wretches!" cries the lord of the desert, "always in search of wool, of the hair of camels and of dates; what a life is your life! The Sahara furnishes you both your clothing and your tents. You encamp perpetually in the same place, in the midst of stenches and devoured of fleas. Your office is that of domestic; in winter you drudge, in summer you toil in the field. Your country is the country of crimes, of lions, of the plague, of great sickness, and of sultans, who convert you into slaves and cause you to be oppressed by the tax-gatherer. Oh, degenerate ones! our father Ishmael would scorn to own you for his children. But if we of the desert are far from our bread and near to our thirst, (an untranslatable Arabic idiom) because the crops and the showers are rare—God has dealt kindly by us in other respects. His bounties have given us the 'ships of the earth'—these numerous camels, which can bear us in a single sun from the country of injustice; and beautiful and gentle mares, more tractable than the stallions, and better able to endure heat, thirst and fatigue. They do not neigh as do the horses of coarser mould, nor betray the place of ambush. Our women are beautiful; have long necks and white teeth, and have not unshapely forms like the gluttons of the *Tell*. Mounted upon their camels, they assist at our social gatherings which they adorn, and at our battles which they animate." Yet this self-complacent nomad hardly knows what it is to be free from hunger from one year's end to another. Beyond the flesh of his scanty herds and the fruit of the infrequent palm, he is dependent upon the denizen of the more fertile north, whom he affects so deeply to despise, for the means of keeping soul and body together. Beneficent dispensation of Providence, that substitutes contentment for material gifts, and blunts the keen edge of hunger with self-love!

To work is considered in the highest degree degrading by the true child of the desert. "Our fathers before us never touched the soil, and we will follow their example," is his laconic reply to every reproach upon his want of thrift. He is the paragon of vagabonds. One-half his life is passed in the saddle, the other in the indolence of peace. To meet the enemy in the shock of battle, to hunt the ostrich, to make long journeys on his dromedary, are the exploits in which his soul especially takes delight. Leaving the ignoble cares of business to his women and his slaves, he divides his leisure between story-telling, the training of his horse and camel, and preparing for the chase and the battle.

For war is one of the great affairs of life. He is as sensitive with regard to his "honor," and has as abiding a faith in the virtue of bullets and bayonets, as any crowned snob of christendom. He loves the smell of powder dearly. An "outrage" by a hostile tribe is a very godsend to his restive spirit. Accustomed to regard the profession of arms

as the most honorable which a rational being can follow; taught from childhood to consider death in battle as the shortest cut to heaven, he is constitutionally aggressive and selfishly brave. Has a caravan been pillaged, a woman insulted or a courier murdered? The offended tribe instantly rush to arms. A grand council is convoked. The most eminent and venerable of the chiefs addresses his followers to this effect: "Ye are advised, oh slaves of God! that we have to wreak vengeance upon such and such a tribe who have offered us such and such an insult. Shoe your horses; provide yourselves with provisions for fifteen days; order your most comely women to hold themselves in readiness to march with us, and let them be arrayed in the richest apparel and mounted upon the fleetest camels. Clothe yourselves in your best attire, for it is to us an affair of *nif* (self-love). See that your arms are in good condition, furnish yourself with powder, and repair to the rendezvous. The horseman who has a steed and will not go; the foot-soldier who has a gun, yet remains at home; shall be fined, the first in the sum of twenty, and the second in the sum of ten sheep." Meantime, the allies of the tribe have been invoked to its assistance. They respond by each sending a force, proportioned to its ability. The veterans who are too old and the children who are too young to fight, are left behind to guard the camp. The allies arrive in frequent and tumultuous bands, brandishing their arms and chanting martial lays. On the evening preceding their final departure, a council of the chiefs of the confederate tribes is held. In the presence of the Marabouts, (priests) with their hands upon the sacred book, they say: "We swear by Sidi-abel-allah that we are brothers; that we will fight as with one and the same weapon; and that if we perish, we will perish by the same sword. If you require us to hasten by day we will come by day, and if you call us by night we will hasten to you by night."

With the first streak of dawn the martial mass is in motion. A chief renowned for high birth and bravery, mounted on his horse, and followed by his wives seated on their camels, gives the signal for departure. The tents are struck; the cavaliers leap into their saddles; the foot-soldiers scour the sandy wastes with the fleetness of antelopes, brandishing their weapons, shouting and singing war-like songs. Behind, follows a motley throng of dromedaries bearing palanquins, pack-horses, camels, and all the grim paraphernalia of the camp. The chiefs are discussing the plan of attack; the Marabouts are dispensing spiritual counsel; the minstrels are chanting martial odes; the women are laughing and shrieking forth their joy. A few hours of rest at mid-day, and the march is continued. As the night advances the tents are pitched, the beasts are unburdened, the evening repast is taken, the common people dance and sing, the chiefs debate in council. Then sleep and the next day's march commences. At a distance of eight or nine leagues from the enemy's camp the army halts, and scouts are sent in advance to reconnoitre and report the position of the hostile forces. Occasionally spies penetrate at night into the very camp of the foe, disguised sometimes as Hadjii, sometimes as wandering Santons.

The offending tribe, apprized of the expedition fitting out against them, arm and invoke the aid of their allies. If too weak to cope with the advancing hosts, they endeavor to satisfy vengeance with bribes: if confident in their strength, they calmly await the arrival of the enemy and give them a bloody reception. By a series of slow marches, the hostile armies have approached within eight leagues of each other. The "provokers" advance toward each other, discharging a few random shots, and crying, the one side: "Oh Fatma!

children of Fatma; the night is come; why continue to-day? To-morrow shall be called your day." The other side responds: "Dogs! whelps of dogs! to-morrow, if you are men, you will meet us." Each camp details a guard of a hundred men, and then goes to sleep. The next morning is spent in watching each other's manœuvres, in provoking each other with insulting messages and in preparing for the combat. The horsemen occupy the front lines; the women are immediately behind for the purpose of inciting the combatants by their cheers or their frowns; their infantry form the rear. The battle is commenced by small bands of cavaliers, who charge upon the flanks of the enemy with bared heads, brandishing their weapons and firing the hearts of their comrades by such cries as these: "Where are those who have mistresses? it is under their eyes ye fight to-day. Onward! Onward, children of powder! behold before you these imps of Jews. Let us bathe our swords in their blood; their goods we will give to our women. Onward! the balls will not kill." These words excite the warriors to fury. They discharge their guns, they brandish their sabres, they rush into the thickest of the fight. The enemy reel under the shock and are on the point of taking to their heels, when their women taunt them thus: "Behold the famous warriors, so valiant in peace, ready to flee and abandon even their wives and sweethearts. Oh, Jews! imps of Jews! come down and we will mount your horses; henceforth ye shall not be counted among men. Oh, the cowards! May God curse them!"

At these reproachful words, their drooping courage takes fire. They turn upon their pursuers; they charge with the valor of despair; they gain the vantage ground, and drive the enemy panting into the midst of their own women. The bravest of the cavaliers —the most eminent chiefs of the party that fought against fortune have fallen. The feeble remnant takes flight, while a few of the more courageous rush frantically about, crying: "Are there any men here or are there not? Keep up your spirits! If you flee, your wives will be carried off; there will remain to you only shame. Die! Let not one have it to say they fled. Die! You shall live again." Whereupon the great chief, rendered desperate by defeat, endeavors to seek death in the midst of the enemy, but is restrained by the young men who say to him: "Thou art our father; without thee what would become of us? It is for us to die for thee; we will not remain as a herd without a shepherd." The dromedaries are put in motion, while the remnant of the vanquished army cover their retreat as best they can. The conquerers slay and pillage, but do not mutilate or make prisoners. The dead are left to rot on the sand, and the wounded are abandoned to their fate. Returning home, the victorious braves are welcomed with merry-makings and devoured with caresses, and their exploits become the theme of song and story for many a day to come.

Hitherto I have spoken simply of the legitimate children of the Sahara. But, like the ocean, this "high sea" of sand has its pirates. What the freebooter is to the honest shipper, the *Tuarik* is to the common Saharan. Scattered over the central portions of the great desert—like a cluster of islands in the midst of the sea—are a succession of rocky and well nigh inaccessible mountains. Now absolutely barren — now yielding a sickly vegetation—they afford a precarious subsistence to their savage and lawless denizens. Guarding as it were the gates of the desert, the *Tuariks* are the scourge of peaceful travellers. Now extorting heavy bribes as the condition of unmolested transit —now plundering caravans too weak to

defend themselves — now engaging in sanguinary conflicts among themselves, their name carries terror with it whereever it is known. Professing the religion of Islam, they disregard its most sacred ordinances. They neither fast, nor practice ablutions, nor make pilgrimages to Mecca, nor say their prayers at the going down of the sun. The men do not shave their heads, the women appear in public with uncovered faces. Brave, cruel, and revengeful, they have all the patience and all the lust for blood of a beast of prey. Their complexion is lighter than that of the common Saharan, their hair is long and straight, their eyes are often blue, their forms are at once graceful and athletic. Their women are often beautiful, but dissolute in the highest degree.

After the manner of more civilized people, when neither threatened by foreign invasion nor animated by the prospect of plunder, they abandon themselves to the agreeable pastime of trying to exterminate each other. For instance: the tribe of the Saukemeren are in a state of chronic feud with their brethren of the mountains of the West. Once upon a time the venerable Sheik Badda was hunting with a party of friends upon the borders of the enemy's country; in the heat of the chase, becoming separated from his companions, he found himself surrounded by twenty horsemen: "Where are thy companions?" demanded the chief of the hostile troop. "I am alone with my head," replied the captive. "Thou liest, dog; but we shall find means to make thee speak. Come down from thy camel." "I am no liar; I am alone," replied the generous Badda, who wished to allow his friends time to escape. After a brief consultation, the chief of the party dispatched the worthy Sheik with his own hand. In the meantime his friends, alarmed at his absence, scoured the country in search of him, and after two days, found his body already half devoured by hyenas. One month later the son of the murdered chief, having traced the crime to its source, addressed the murderer these ominous words: "Thou foundest on the plain a white-haired Sheik, who dreamed only of the chase and was not armed for war. Wherefore didst thou slay him? With us, whoever is found unarmed is not put to death; but since thou hast disregarded the usages of our ancestors, I will be more generous than thou. I tell thee in advance, that, however big may be thy belly, I shall fill it with stones whilst thou art still living. I have sworn it." Having dispatched the letter, the son of Badda departed with thirty warriors dressed like Berber women, mounted upon their fleetest dromedaries. Arrived within a short distance of the encampment of the offending tribe, they concealed their beasts and dispersing over the plain, pretended to be gathering herbs and wood. In this way they advanced slowly toward the tent of the assassin. So complete was their disguise that the victim himself cried out to them several times: "You women there, do n't cut the herbs so near my camels." At a given signal they rushed upon him, gagged and pinioned him, thrust him into a sack, threw him upon the back of a dromedary, and rode off before any one could come to his rescue. They travelled all night, and in the morning arrived at the spot where Sheik Badda was so treacherously slain. The prisoner was laid upon his back on the ground, and his hands and feet fastened to four stakes. He was then made to drink the juice of the *Sikhrane*, from the effect of which he fell into a heavy sleep. They then opened his belly with a knife, crammed it full of small stones and sewed up the wound. The pain woke him up, and he began to writhe and moan. "I have filled thy belly as I

promised thee I would," said the son of Sheik Badda; "now go thy way if thou canst." He then unbound him. It is said the wretch had sufficient strength to walk out of sight of his tormentors; but was found dead the next day, several miles distant. He had been able to rip open the wound and tear out his entrails with his own hand.

The love of the Arab for his horse is proverbial, but with the Saharan this love is akin to idolatry. Dearer than wife or child — dearer even than his dromedary—is his trusty steed. He looks upon him as endowed with high intelligence—as gifted with a soul. In his simple faith the horse *Baruak* has his place in paradise, in the ecstatic congregation of prophets, saints and hourii. He communes with him as with a friend, nurses him in sickness, pampers him in health, and divides his last crust with him when famine overtakes him. He shares his tent with him, studies his whims, anticipates his wants, and makes him the confidant of his inmost thoughts. He seeks noble alliances for him, matches him to the most aristocratic blood, and keeps him aloof from plebeian associations and nags of low degree, as if contact with common equine clay were disgrace. "I will marry thee, oh my child," cries the fond master, "but where shall I find the friends whose mares are sufficiently noble for thee?"

Innumerable are the legends celebrating the praises of the horse. His virtues are the delight of story-tellers; the Sacred Book is full of him. Even the Prophet did not disdain to bear witness to his beauty of form and his nobility of character. When Allah wished to create a steed, he said to the wind: "I shall cause to be begotten out of thee a being that shall bear my followers, that shall be the idol of all my children, and the despair of those who obey not my laws." And he created the horse, at the same time, crying: "I have made thee peerless; the wealth of the world shall hang between thine eyes; thou shalt ruin mine enemies. I will render thee especially fortunate and preferred above all other animals, for tenderness toward thee shall reign in the heart of thy master. Swift in the charge as in the retreat, thou shalt fly as with wings; and I shall place upon thy back only the men who know me, who pray to me, who adore me." And has not the servant of the Prophet said that the next to women, that which Mahomet loved best of all things were horses? Even the Devil has been compelled to add himself to the cloud of witnesses to the virtues of the noble animal. One day, saith the legend, Oissa Ben Miriam, (Jesus, son of Mary) met Eblis, the black demon, and said to him: "Eblis, I have a question to ask thee; wilt thou speak the truth?" "Spirit of God, quoth the demon, "Ask me what thou wilt." "I ask thee," said Jesus, "In the name of the Ever Living, what is it that could reduce thy body to a liquid state and break thy back in two?" "It is," replied Eblis, "the neighing of a horse in a city or fortress. Never have I been able to enter a house in which there was a horse, by the curse of God the Most High."

No other subject has so often inspired the Saharan muse. The achievements of the horse, his beauty, his stately carriage, his gentle virtues, his docility in peace, his impetuosity in war, are the themes of endless song. "My horse (exclaims the poet) is the prince of steeds. He is blue as the dove in the shade and his black mane flows in glossy ripples. He knows how to endure thirst and hunger; he moves with the speed of the wind — a veritable courier of the air. He works despair in the hearts of our enemies in the day when the powder smites them.

Mebroak is the pride of the land. For his beloved mares, my uncle has demanded *Mebroak* in marriage, and I have said to him 'No!' for *Mebroak* is my stay and support, and I wish to preserve him proud, free, full of health, light and airy in his motion. The world is wide—adieu."

It will be seen that the Saharan is, in his rude way, a poet as well as a philosopher. If his muse is uncouth, she is constant. She follows him in his wide wanderings over the trackless desert; comforts him in his loneliness, soothes him in sickness, and ministers to him in sorrow. She takes him gently by the hand, and leads him to green fields and pleasant fountains, when hunger and thirst sit heavily upon him.

General Daumas, of the Algerine service, in his admirable work: *Sur Les Mœurs et Coutumes de L'Algerie*, (to which I am indebted for some of the translations from the Arabic given above) has rendered several specimens of Saharan verse into French, which I should like to reproduce, but my already exhausted space forbids.

What shall be said of the future of this sturdy nomad? Can we imagine him as belonging to—as having any part in—the future? Will he hold his anomalous place on the great stage, or will he be jostled aside by the "Coming Man?" Will he be ultimately forced into the line of human progress, or will he be left behind to swell the *debris* of decayed civilizations? I see little hope for him. He belongs to the past. He represents an effete epoch. The desert may be made to bloom; its waste and dreary reaches may be reclaimed; but for its wild denizen, no new life can quicken him. He must pass away, and be gathered at last to the sepulchre of dead races.

THE COMING SEASON.

CALIFORNIA is justly distinguished for the extraordinary productiveness of its soil, without the accompanying diseases which are incident to rank vegetable growth in other countries.

In that even-handed distribution of Providence among the various nations of the earth, every one has something that others are denied, and this is the foundation of all commercial intercourse. They who live on rich alluvial bottoms realize larger crops, but they have less health and appetite. The poorer mountain lands exact more toil and yield less return, but they bring more enjoyment. This system of compensation is conspicuous in India. The fertile plains of India yield extraordinary production in ordinary seasons. But that country has its seasons of drought and famine, which bring its average production to the level of other countries. In 1865 a million of persons perished from famine! and the recurrence of this calamity is so frequent, that the government keeps a famine fund always in the treasury.

We have had three continuous years of plenty in California, each successive year being more bountiful than its predecessor. The season just passed has given us superabundant food enough to carry us over a year of scarcity; and a series of unusual circumstances combine to put us to reflection regarding the probabilities of the future.

Prophecy is easy when we can trace the causes that bear upon the conse-

quences we desire to divine. Providence gives signs that indicate to the Indian the coming winter and the scarcity of buffaloes.

Have we any signs from which we can take augury of the coming winter and the harvest of 1869? There certainly is a greater supply of water than ever known before; as if a surplus is intended to be carried over for unusual requisition in another season. The springs which ordinarily begin to rise in the latter part of August were three weeks earlier this year. All the lakes of California have carried a much greater volume of water than usual. Never have we had a summer when the loss of water by evaporation has been so moderated by obscuration of the sun, and by reduction of temperature. The snowy conservatories of water were never deeper on our Nevada mountains; and the flowing artesian wells of Santa Clara show that the lower reservoirs of subterranean waters are fuller than usual in the present autumn.

It happens that, for the first time in California, the farmers who hold the vast surplus wheat are not only in affluent circumstances to hold the surplus over, but they are possessed with an instinctive prompting to hoard it. This disposition grows out of a common predication that prices will be much higher next year, which can only be founded on the presumption of a year of scarcity. It is because so many concurrent circumstances point in one direction, even if we may suppose them capable of other interpretation, that we think it prudent to consider it probable that we may have scanty rains and short herbage in the coming seasons.

Yet with every amelioration a hoarded surplus would give in a season of suffering to cattle, and to those who can ill afford exorbitant prices, there would still remain sufficient distress to drive us into some organized system of future protection from such disastrous contingencies. "For every evil there is a remedy." For our case the remedy is plain and within the compass of our ability. It is artificial irrigation. No country has better natural facilities for the distribution of water; and we have examples enough of the entire success of extended systems of irrigation in other countries to give us assurance and safe guidance.

The British Government of India, urged by the terrible famine we have mentioned, has projected and in course of construction one thousand eight hundred miles of canals, at a cost of seven and a half millions of dollars, which, when completed, will protect all India and its two hundred millions of inhabitants from famine forever! California has peculiar adaptation to an extended system of irrigating canals. The miners' ditches that wind through the foothills, carrying water to every mining district, now run to waste after the miner is served. The water, after being used by the alluvial miner especially, is charged with the rich soil which he washes away to extract the scattered grains of gold, and the land is made desolate forever! It would be some compensation for this destruction, if the richness robbed from these fertile uplands were spread, by irrigation, over the lands below. The current waters of our state might thus do double duty and pay double profit.

The great natural lakes embowered in the Sierra mountain range, suggest how easily we can make artificial lakes like them. There are a hundred swales so encompassed with hills as to need but short dams to make a hundred lakes of unlimited water supplies. The surplus rains which now make devastation over the plains below, could be made harmless by being gathered up in these new lakes, saving the country from being damaged by flood, and enriching it in summer by what would else destroy it in winter.

This project is worthy of the earnest study of our statesmen; and if the sufferings of a year of devastating drought

should provoke legislation to undertake such a system of general irrigation, the scourge of one year may be more than compensated by a century of assured security from further casualties of the kind, and by doubling the agricultural as well as the mineral wealth of the state. If it be wise foresight to follow the example of the bee, in saving honey when it is abundant for the time when it is scarce, and of all prudent men who instinctively lay by provision for future contingencies, is it not for the same reason imperative that the state, which is but individuals in union, should take upon itself this care of the future?

We have drawn comparison from India. Our conditions are not exactly alike. Hindostan has a much greater extent of populous territory inaccessible to seaboard relief, because of impracticable distance inland. Where supplies can be reached by sea, and by river and railway, the famine fund of the government would always suffice to save the people from starvation.

In the great famine of 1865 the famine fund was $300,000, but for the reasons stated, food could not be transported to the suffering district in time to save the terrible loss of life we have recorded.

It should be stated that the famines of British India are never general. There is always food for its two hundred millions of people. Seldom does the drought visit in any one year more than one or two districts, representing a fraction of the whole area of a million and a half of square miles. This great country is now being provided with railway intercommunication, which, in connection with the system of public irrigation alluded to, will from this time forward prevent such calamities. There are at this time, made and being put under construction, 5,800 miles of railway in British India, so distributed as to bring all parts within reach of the great centres.

British India has a breadth of over 1,600 miles from sea to sea, and an area of 1,500,000 square miles, of which the extraordinary proportion of one-third is alluvial soil of inexhaustible fertility! The public works now in rapid progress, and the low rates of labor, will make it the richest country in the world.

But it is not a country which, by any extent of improvement, can be made a happy home for white men. Money can be made, but it cannot purchase health or happiness as in California.

The climate of India is fatal to our race. In the third generation it becomes extinct. After riches have been gained, the Englishman has not only tanned his liver into painful inaction, but his constitution becomes unfitted for a life of retirement in any climate of Europe. If we would plant trees to give a home aspect to our landscape, irrigate the land to give it smiling verdure in summer and to lay the dust of travel, California would be the promised land, the paradise of retiring Indiamen. For our climate partakes, in a modified form, of the characteristics of India sufficiently to make it congenial to one whose constitution has been trained to endurance of that hot and arid country. Under the proposed system of improvement, we should not envy the productive wealth of India; but we should be envied of Indiamen, and soon we should divert a notable current of English emigration towards our more beautiful, more healthy, more happy, and equally prosperous California.

In California almost every settled district can be reached from the seaboard without extraordinary delay and expense. A consuming drought in this state would, as it has already done, make terrible destruction among our herds and flocks, because there would be no herbage in growth. But there may be a good harvest in Oregon which would supply our consumption; for a drought here has no relative effect upon the climate of Oregon and Washington Territory. These are considerations that should be weigh-

ed by our farmers, as bearing upon the policy of withholding their wheat from the present market.

The wheat crop of the year is estimated at twenty millions of bushels as against twelve millions the year before. The home consumption is fully satisfied by five millions. Oregon sends us four millions to be disposed of. We have then nearly as many bushels as the entire crop of this state to export, or to hold over for the chances of a home demand, if the crop of 1869 should prove deficient.

If we give despatch to all vessels that offer, we shall probably convert into coin at paying prices three-fourths of this surplus by next harvest time; say fourteen millions of bushels. If we send off empty the vessels now offering, by asking more than we can get, it will check the incoming of ships for grain, and reduce our export to ten millions of bushels easily. This would leave us much more than another year's supply for home use.

The rule of this climate is winter rain for average harvests; great drought is the exception. And probably no drought will reduce the production below the wants for home consumption. To this we may add, from Oregon, at least another full complement, to cover our home wants; for the drought will always reveal itself in time to stimulate Oregon to plant a double surplus crop.

Farmers, by studying these *data*, will be able to come to reasonable judgment respecting the chances of being better paid by holding over a large surplus.

It will not do to await the probabilities of sufficient spring rains to mature a fair crop, even if there be signs of a scanty rain-fall through all the winter months. One foot of rain in April is better than four feet, perhaps even six feet, in December or January.

It is true that the law of chances (as we call it, when we cannot trace the acting causes) is all in favor of a scant rain-fall. But, as we have said, it is not the bulk of the total rain-fall, but measurably, the periods of its distribution, that determine the productive capacity of the following summer.

We have cause to be thankful when we thus review in every aspect the provision of Providence for our protection against such dearth of food as has brought periodical desolation over large districts in India. And it should be impressed upon our minds, that it will be entirely our own fault if we do not avail ourselves of the great facilities Nature has given us, to secure an eternal flow of milk and honey, of wine and wheat, over the land.

CARTHAGENA.

THE old triple union of the three republics of New Grenada, Venezuela and Ecuador, known as the United States of Colombia, boasted no more beautiful city than Carthagena, on the sea-board of New Grenada.

Carthagena possessed a fine and ample harbor, protected by massive forts, completely land-locked. Twenty fleets might here swing to their anchors with abundance of sea room. The harbor was deep; its waters were transparent as a mountain lake, and no less tranquil. Embattled walls frowned upon all the approaches by land and by sea. The walls were of the feudal era, and their construction cost millions of dollars and numberless lives. These *murallos*, as they are called, were built when Colombia was a colony of old Spain; when the

Viceroy, who at this distance aped the pomp of his royal mistress in Spain, built for himself and his followers palaces which caused the eye to pause in delight and wonder; fortresses from which they might gaze exultingly upon the sycophant throng below; broad and even streets, ample squares, and all that the luxurious taste of that age could desire and unlimited gold could accomplish. In the days when crafty monks and jolly abbots emulated their prince and rejoiced in fat livings; when grand churches and regal domains were the rewards of their zeal in the good cause—the cause of Isabella, the Catholic, of Spain; and when religion had its tariff of golden imposts, and lots in heaven were promised the benighted natives for an advanced payment of so many *escudos* each. Those were old times and only then could the conception of building a solid wall to encircle a city many miles in area have been realized. The Viceroy said Carthagena was unprotected, and the Viceroy's will was law. Perhaps his highness thought that idleness among the people might breed thought, and thought in them would be absurd and disagreeable too. Or perhaps republicanism was dawning, and the wily Spaniard scented afar the tornado which, with Simon Bolivar at its front, would sweep the power of *La Catolica* from Colombia, and shake the oldest institutions of old Spain. The monks are virtually the rulers yet, for they lead the conscience as a dog leads a blind man. The sleek monks, who waste the blood of their flocks and drain their treasure; the courtly but arrogant monks, who as often conceal the sharp-edged *puñal* as the harmless rosary beneath the folds of their sacred robes; these men passed through the revolution for independence unharmed and unmolested—a living memento, and a perpetual, of subtle intelligence holding in its grasp and guiding for its own purposes the stolid, purposeless Colombians.

To-day, Carthagena may be called a city of the past—as much almost as ancient Nineveh. Nothing remains of its feudal grandeur but priestdom; all else is decay. Nothing but decayed palaces, the decayed *murallas*, a decayed and worthless revolutionary people. Not even foreign enterprise, aided by abundant foreign capital; not even the fact that it is the terminus of two fine lines of steamers (English and American); not even its wealth of india-rubber, dye-woods, tortoise-shell, ivory-nuts and other valuable products too numerous for mention here—not all of these are powerful enough to redeem it from its abject condition and its hopeless doom.

In 1865 I visited Carthagena, and found it a city of ruins. Ruins stared at me on every side. Grand old ruins, which told of by-gone opulence and barbaric splendor; ruins with every one of which tradition associates some romantic legend; they cast their gaunt and doleful shadows over broad, deserted, ill-kept streets. Churches which were once resplendent with silken draperies and gold and diamonds; in which the celebration of the holy mass was the signal for a display worthy of a royal reception; where cavaliers and dark-eyed señoras gathered to compare each other, and smile most sweetly when envy gnawed most rudely at their hearts; where the anthem's glorious echo died amid the beautiful arabesques and the cunning mosaics of the vaulted roof, and was smothered in an atmosphere laden with frankincense and myrrh; where religion fluttered in the choicest products of the loom, and was adorned with the most delicate work which ever compared with the beautiful devices of Cellini; where the vestments of the Virgin Mother alone cost fortunes of purchase-money. This was the assemblage which the ponderous bells of old Carthagena called together to worship. To-day, how different the same celebration, and how much more

so the worshippers! The splendid images to which Catholicism bends the knee are bereft of their princely jewels—they are mutilated, and clad in tawdry velvet and muslins. The frescoes on the walls are smeared; in the Cathedral the Saviour totters on a broken cross, and the crown of thorns sets awry on his head; the paintings, works of Murillo and Guido, and other masters, through age and neglect have lost the vividness of their coloring; and the priest—the presiding genius of this darksome ruin—the priest is *not* a white man! That, however, is not very strange, as the President of the Republic, the Chief Magistrate of Colombia, (in 1865) Dr. Murillo, was only a shade removed from black. Some enterprising English gentlemen, lovers of art, offered a good round sum for a few of the original paintings in the Cathedral, and an immense price was also offered for the pulpit, which is a rare mosaic. Entire passages in the bible are illustrated in large figures and perfect groupings; it is impossible to tell the number of little particles of stone which are set in this master-piece; the shades are all delicately and correctly adjusted, and the figures are models of symmetry. The Godhead surmounts it, and a dove bearing an olive branch flutters over all. It is doubtless worth a treasure. It is said to have been executed by a Florentine artist. The monks rejected the offers; they prefer to hug their ruins. An old crone attends to the sacred ruin and levies tithe on the richer worshippers. Heaven knows her wages must be scanty! During the day troops of beggar-women tell their beads before the shrine of the virgin—the patroness *par excellence* of the beggar-women of Carthagena. And this brings me to the beggars.

Naples, with her swarms of lazzaroni, is completely cast into the shade by Carthagena's pauper progeny. What an endless multitude of beggars! Saturday is, by common agreement, set aside as a day on which to give to the poor. On Saturdays they come forth from the hovels where they loiter during the week, in little groups of twos and threes; these meet and join others on their route, and from six o'clock in the morning a long, continuous string of men and women, boys and girls, ranging over all ages, from the urchins who know nothing but the pauper's formula to the ancient bed-ridden crones who know little else; cursed with loathsome diseases of every complexion, and covering their sores with dirty rags, they gather together and swarm the door-steps, the gateways, the areas, and every accessible spot, and set up a howling clamor for *limosna*. The *foreign* population gives each beggar a five cent piece. What do you think the natives, their countrymen, give? The most generous procure *señas* for charity. A *seña* is a copper coin, worth one and a quarter cents. These are the liberal people, the few who are well-to-do. The majority purchase cigars, of domestic manufacture, which cost sixty cents a hundred, and each beggar is sent off with a cigar! What a vast amount of misery can be thus cheaply relieved with sixty cents! Of course, there are exceptions; perhaps the exceptions divide a little loaf among four beggars, and each loaf may probably cost about one cent.

Let us stroll across the *Portada de la Estrella*—an arched bridge which separates the upper from the lower district. On the road we see the *palacio*—the place where his Excellency the President of the sovereign state of Bolivar (of which Carthagena is the metropolis) holds his court, and where the Supreme Court and the Legislative *Junta* assemble. The palace possesses no striking features. It is simply a big house. Substantial pillars of masonry, a broad but dilapidated stairway, massive wooden doors with iron bands and studded with

iron nails, a floor of well-worn red bricks: such is the palace. The President is in his office. Let us peep in. At a plain desk, covered with green baize, sits his Excellency. His Excellency is a small man of a very suspicious complexion. Not to be too fine about it, his Excellency is an Indian. It is said that he once peddled lard in gourds slung across his back, through the streets of Carthagena. He has an Indian's love of fine dress; he wears shiny boots elaborately worked in white silk-thread; his pantaloons are yellow; so is his vest; a heavy gold chain is twisted in several folds across his breast and terminates in numerous gaudy, golden charms--all in very bad taste; his shirt-bosom is a wonder of little frills, and massive jewelry is scattered over its ample front; then his head! his Excellency has a great head—a close-cropped head with a bald crown, prominent cheekbones, and thin, firm lips which denote strength of purpose; his eyes are bright, little black eyes: cruel eyes one might say. There is no abundance of furniture in his sanctum. You now behold Don Juan José Nieto, and the little place where the Don's subtle schemes have been hatched! If you meet him in the street he is very courteous. When I arrived at Carthagena he was the idol of his constituents, who saw in him "one of themselves;" when I left, (a few months afterwards) poor Nieto was flying to the mountains—hunted, abandoned by his friends—with no other companion but the jaded mule on which he escaped. Every opprobrious epithet that hate could suggest was heaped on his name. Carazo entered by the opposite gate, at the head of about a hundred ragged rapscallions—ill-clad, ill-fed, and ill-armed. He issued a proclamation, assembled his Generals (!) and pronounced himself Provisional President of Bolivia. Next day the usual *Junta* followed—a hurried election—a villainous band of music—and Carazo was the President and Commander-in-Chief! The only signal of a change which I had noticed was that a few gateways had been closed with a loud bang. How wonderfully easy is the government made to change hands in that delightful country! I did not stay long enough to witness the new Chief's demise. No doubt it came soon after.

But let us finish with the palace. We have seen the top. On the first floor, at one end, is a tailor-shop; at the other, is a *café.* I will say little about it. It is kept by a woman of ill-fâme, and is the rendezvous of Carthagena's proud sons. Here they drink coffee, lean back in their chairs, smoke bad cigars, and "chaff" the beggars. We are done with the palace. At the *Portada* is the market. Long canoes and barges are tied to stakes in the stream, and on a little poop in the forward part is a sort of tent spread over the owner's chattels—a few scraggy fish, perhaps, a dozen or so of crabs, and some green-turtle meat. On shore are noisy fishwomen, venders of rice and fruit, dry-goods and tortoise-shell combs, (regular gems in their way) *cassava* and Yankee notions—all jumbled promiscuously; everybody chattering and making a fearful racket; *leperos* and lank, hungry dogs; feeble horses and braying donkeys — everything inextricably mixed — and through this babylon the *señoritas* pick their way daintily, without escort, clad in pleasant, morning dresses, with the airy mantilla drooping over their bare shoulders. The scene is very novel—I cannot say much about its attractiveness. Along the bridge we observe several *alguacils* leaning against the rail and lazily dropping pebbles into the turgid stream beneath. Farther on is the *Portada del Sol*—so called from an uncouth image, in a niche, in which one with a *very* lively imagination might detect a faint resemblance to the supposed facial appearance of Old Sol. For my part, I thought it a very good

imitation of the face of a cat. At this gate, Carthagena may be said to end. There is nothing beyond but miles of *muralla;* nothing, except the *Popa*—a steep hill with a chapel on its summit, to which the good people make an annual pilgrimage to intercede with the Virgin. The manner of this intercession is simple. If a good Catholic has a diseased limb, or is otherwise afflicted, a copy of the limb or of the part damaged is cast in solid gold or silver, and hung on the hand of the saint, which is invitingly held out. The poorer classes follow the example, and mould in wood. What becomes of this harvest of valuable limbs, when the saint's hand is filled, I cannot say. At the *Portada* itself is a garrison—alias for half a dozen damp, dripping cells, in which a part of the standing army is quartered—that is to say, a score of tatterdemalions lie in their blankets here all day and stare at the country people coming in on their jackasses. In the evening a regular number of the nabobs go out to the *Portada*, sit on the stone benches of the *muralla*, smoke and talk about other people's shortcomings. This is a very select *tertulia* ; but having been admitted to it, I cannot say much of the intellectual calibre of its members. Wearily we walk home or perhaps hail a carriage. The carriage is a broken-down concern, held together by rope-yarns ; the driver, an old black who rides on the back of his half-starved hack; the fare fifty cents—a dollar if you look foreign. It is dark when we arrive at the dividing bridge again; and here Carthagena, by night, may be seen. The carriages are drawn up in line ; of course, they never have side-lights : for poor old Carthagena is too dead and deserted for a collision to occur. The gin-shops are ablaze with tallow dips. Gas is unknown. The collections of the miserable *leperos* are now being exchanged for strong drinks ; they reel about and tumble in the dirt in every conceivable manner. Every species of blasphemy is heard. The women who sell confections are squatted around the plaza; their goods lighted by colored-paper lanterns — themselves, smoking and whisking away the flies and mosquitoes. The miserable, gaudily-trapped courtesan is now plying her loathsome trade. Everything around and about is squalid and wretched ; everything denotes the moral decay of a city once proudly styled the "Flower of the Indies." On the other hand, there are, of course, a number of respectable families among the natives—but *so* small a number, that the heart aches to contemplate such a contrast.

We leave this haunt of grovelling poverty and vice ; this *Portada*, with its clamorous beggars and its gin-dens ; and go down to the wharf. Past the listless custom-house officials, past the great sand desert called the *Plaza de los Toros*, and then to the boat-landing. We mount the sides of a fine steamer, compare its elegant appurtenances with the slovenly hotel which we have just left—and if we feel a pang of sorrow for the decay of the proud old city, we experience an intense relief at leaving far behind us its acres of ruins, its squalor and its wide-spread poverty. We consult our note-books, and find nothing on which memory cares to linger. We contrast the city of to-day with the Carthagena of the past—the splendid colony of Old Spain. We behold the great *murallas* grim and decaying ; the great guns enveloped in a coat of rust; and all deserted save by a crew of vagabond boys and *leperos*, who "play at war" with sharp missiles and sharper abuse. We recall the days when, tradition tells us, these *murallas* were swarmed by a proud and gallant people, who listened, beneath the clear, blue sky of that soft clime, to the tinkling of guitars and to the songs of the troubadours ; when magnificent equipages rolled along the stately walls, and the

outriders heralded the approach of their noble masters; and we sadden at the contrast — while, perhaps, republican though we are, we ask: Are these people better for their independence? Poor Carthagena will soon be a thing of the past. Better perhaps, the iron despotism of Spain, than the ruinous republicanism of a Carazo or a Nieto.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.— A DREAM OF YOUTH.

THE air is warm upon his face,
The wave before him parts with grace,
His sail of matted cocoa-thread
Upon the bended cane is spread,
His slender skiff of sandal wood
Seems conscious of his peaceful mood.

Returning to his still retreat,
From breathless calm and noontide heat,
He looks upon his island-home—
Its azure-deeps, and wreaths of foam.
Through clustered palms, in purple skies,
He sees the mellow moon arise.

The forest yields him sweetest gums;
At his approach, the wild bird hums
On nervous wing; the parrot calls;
The goat looks down from rocky walls;
The sea is silvered at his wish
With clouds of fairy flying-fish.

Now tidying his rustic suit
He takes his meal of fresh-plucked fruit—
Bananas bursting at the tips,
And figs and dates with juicy lips—
And milk the cocoa-nut affords
He drinks from stained and carven gourds.

The green turf is his ample bed;
He lies upon a goat-skin spread;
The arbor-shadows dim his sight
And fold him in their dark delight;
The odors of wild blossoms sweep
Upon him in his dreamless sleep.

The sun awakes him with his beam;
He drinks refreshment at the stream.
All fruits are welcome to his taste.
He is not fretful in his haste;
He finds his task forever new
And joyful does what is to do.

He threads the river to its source,
He angles in the water-course,
He lures the sea-bird to his cave,
He harvests coral in the wave,
He tracks all creatures to their haunts
And shapes the sea-shell to his wants.

For him the ripened guava drops,
The rain is faithful to his crops,
No accident his plan defers,
To him all nature ministers;
What heart could restful be imbued
With this delicious solitude?

O, happy life of simple ways!
O, long recurrence of sweet days!
O, incident of sun and shower,
And great event of opening flower.
O, watchful death! that never found
My Crusoe in his hunting ground!

In after years his spirit yearns
To linger in the vale of ferns;
To visit this delightful glen
And clamber with his goats again.
To trap the turtle, drifting slow,
And sleeping while the tide is low.

The busy seasons cannot wean
His heart from longing; though between
The wide and willful currents play—
He watches for his isle by day.
Across the water seems to gloam
A shadow of his island home.

The sun is sinking in the west—
His dumb companions seek their nest,
He sighs to see that valley dim
While golden stars are watching him;
He weeps to tread again that soil
Beyond the reach of time and toil.

WHAT IS BOHEMIANISM?

IT is a mistake to limit the application of the term Bohemianism to a small circle of literary hacks, or to suppose that it is a purely literary characteristic. Bohemianism is one of the most extensive "isms" of the day, and from year to year its borders are enlarging themselves. The meaning of the term has never been clearly defined, and even now it is applied with a vagueness almost as bewildering as Longfellow's use of the word "wampum" in the "Song of Hiawatha." In fact, the meaning differs materially, according to the social grade of the person using it. Perhaps there is no class to which Bohemianism is more offensive than to Podsnappery. It is one of the social outrages which the type of that section of society waves behind him indignantly, and against which *materfamilias* vigorously protests with uplifted eyes and hands. The time was, and not many years ago either, when to denounce a young man as a Bohemian was in effect to ostracize him from society. But the ideas of society have expanded under the genial warmth of unrestricted intercourse and liberal views, and that reign of terror is past. Perhaps there may be another reason for the comparative leniency with which Bohemians are regarded now-a-days. Mr. Simson, in his "History of the Gypsies," states that few people have any idea of the extent to which Gypsy blood prevails throughout the British Isles. The Gypsy, he says, is terribly prolific, and by some mysterious process unknown to physiology, "the children all go with the mother, for they inherit the blood with her:" so that it is difficult to say who may or may not be descended from a Romani; and to add to the bewilderment, we are told that "it is impossible to distinguish a modernized Gypsy by the outward appearance." It is possible that Bohemianism may have been propagated in a like manner, and that for this reason those who like it least, veil, if they cannot extinguish, their enmity.

The chief cause of the antagonism which exists between Bohemianism and Podsnappery is the want of respect manifested by the former for the conventionalities of the latter. In this regard was Mirabeau a king of Bohemia. The life of this strange, earnest, fiery, vigorous, ill-balanced soul, was the life of a thorough Bohemian. He has been styled "the Swallower of Formulas," by quaint Thomas Carlyle, and this same swallowing of formulas is one of the most prominent characteristics of Bohemianism. Podsnappery concocts formulas, and Bohemianism forthwith swallows them—just as the young scamp Gabriel swallowed the formulas of his methodical old Marquis father; and as he swallowed the formulas not only of the Riquettis, but of France—aye, and of the whole world. In his time, Frederic the Great was the chief of Podsnappery, and there is a certain grim comicality in the meeting of this precise martinet and the wild giant Mirabeau. For giant, intellectually, he surely was, and but for his untimely death, poor suicidal France might have won her way to better times, through a bloodless revolution.

Taking Mirabeau as a type, we may arrive at something like a definition of the Bohemian characteristics. But it must be premised that there is a peculiarity about Bohemianism which is to be found in no other sect or division of mankind. It has no social creed, no tenets, no articles of faith in common.

Attempt to pin it down to a formulary, and you destroy its existence, which depends upon freedom from all conventional restraints. Thus it happens that though every Bohemian comprises the broad characteristics which distinguish the race from other men, there can be no such matter as an organization of Bohemians. They may be thrown together, but like certain well known chemical substances, they refuse to amalgamate. As I take it, the distinguishing features of a Bohemian are, first, his antipathy for formulas ; second, his inherent restlessness ; third, his originality. I speak, be it nnderstood, of the *genuine* Bohemian; the spurious one may be a very common-place fellow, but I do not recognize his right to a place in the category. The spurious Bohemian is the one commonly accepted as such by society. He is, for the most part, a hanger-on upon the skirts of literature, for the profession of which he has, usually, no special qualifications, and the standing of which in the world his conduct does not tend to elevate.

Bohemianism is of necessity opposed to Podsnappery; it is sometimes opposed also to respectability, and always to conventionalism. In the old established societies of Europe it is distinct and strongly marked ; because, in a well defined social system, any departure from the clearly cut grooves of custom is at once perceptible. This must be considered as fortunate in one sense, for it has caused the lives of many celebrated Bohemians to be thrown out in such bold relief, that we are enabled to view them as they walked and spoke, in the pages of history. The history of Bohemianism has yet to be written, but it assuredly presents a fruitful field, and an inviting one. A physiologist would very probably say that the characteristics of a Bohemian were the characteristics of a person possessing an ill-regulated imagination. And in the main, perhaps, the physiologist would be right. But it is an incontrovertible fact, that the world is often powerfully influenced by these ill-regulated minds, who have an awkward fashion of pushing themselves to the surface, wherever they may happen to be, and by their very eccentricities, gaining power. There is a class of inferior minds, which, when they are ill-regulated, are apt to play the mischief with society. The records of Bohemia would show more fairly if the deeds of these were extirpated, but stern justice forbids the erasure. Such as these become fanatics and enthusiasts. One of these, hundreds of years ago, stirred the heart of mediæval Europe to go crusading hopelessly against the Paynim ; another, in more modern times, aroused the sleeping devil that lurks always in the foul slums of huge cities, and ravaged London with fire and sword. The spectacle of that poor crazy Bohemian, known among men as Lord George Gordon, is a pitiable one, even at this distance. Let us turn to a pleasanter and a more honorable record. We shall find it in the sixteenth century, and it is the record of Martin Luther. Here was a swallower of formulas with a vengeance—and even a burner of them too, in the shape of papal bulls and decretals. The defenders of such formulas as plenary indulgences must have thought valiant Martin what Carlyle styles Mirabeau—"the Demon of the Impossible." There is a wide difference between the characters of the men, no doubt ; but there is a touch of the same fire in both. The spirit that imbued old Martin when, in reply to the dissuasions of his fearful friends, he stubbornly exclaimed, that "if there were as many devils in Worms as there were tiles on the house-tops," he would go there—despite the warning held out by the fate of John Huss, and the spirit which animated Mirabeau's speech in the Constituent Assembly—when, the king's order for the Assembly to disperse having been delivered by supreme

usher De Brézé and received in a timorous silence, it was renewed again by the officious usher—are the same.

Bohemianism has made its mark, not only in literature, but in statesmanship, military affairs, art and commerce. Perhaps in the profession of letters it has shown most rankly, for the soil is congenial. As we gaze behind down the vista of history, the faces crowd upon us fast. Foremost among the phantoms moves that of sturdy, uncouth, pragmatical, wise old Johnson, conspicuous alike from his eccentricities and his genius. Moving us now to laughter by his whimsies, anon shocking us by his boorishness—then melting us by the pathos of that most touching and beautiful deed, the agonized creation of Rasselas to pay the expenses of a mother's funeral — Johnson was a thorough Bohemian from first to last. The taint was in his blood, and not all the learning of the Alexandrian Library could have caused him to sit down like other men, "clothed and in his right mind." The life of a literary Bohemian in those days was a frightful struggle against death by starvation, unless he could make favor with some wealthy nobleman, or force his way into notice by sheer weight of genius. Even Johnson was so warped by the fiery ordeal through which he clove his way to fame, that the marks of his trial could never be eradicated, and to the last day of his life he retained the repulsive habits which the enforced existence of a savage had engrafted upon him, fifty years before. And beside the autocrat of letters we see his companion Bohemian, Dick Savage, the earl's son, bred in a gutter, and afterwards becoming the very sport of fortune. George Psalmanazar, that misguided, silly, yet learned fellow, with his Japanese story and his ingenious Formosan grammar, all to no purpose. Found out, denounced, abandoned by the cruel booksellers, and dying, penitent, in a garret.

A Bohemian of another type was Swift. The life of this man is not a pleasant one, and the brilliant lustre of his attainments only serves to light up with greater effect the deformities of his moral character. The names and the memories of Vanessa and Stella will cling to the record of his life, and stigmatize it forever. Yet, to his country he was a true friend—an active, watchful and powerful friend; though with a consistent inconsistency that marks his character throughout, he was never reconciled to a residence in the land whose interests he so zealously espoused. A mournful example of literary Bohemianism is that of poor Chatterton, another ill-balanced mind. But the list of this class of Bohemians might be extended almost indefinitely. They appear in every age, struggling for awhile, making their impress upon the literature of the time, and then sinking into the gulf which sooner or later closes over all alike, Bohemian or Respectable.

Bohemianism among women is comparatively rare, their instinctive delicacy causing them to shrink from the pursuit of any course that would involve notoriety; and their natural domesticity and love of order preventing them from quitting the beaten paths of social custom. Still, there have been instances of female Bohemianism, and perhaps the most notable example is that of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Of her it may be said that she was a born Bohemian, and the restless leaven in her blood manifested itself even to the limit of old age.

Recent researches have vindicated her character from the charges which a hasty examination of contemporary literature gave rise to; and we see her now, not as the reckless and dissipated creature she is represented to have been by the bitterness of her rejected lover, Pope, but as the brilliant, clever, accomplished woman, fighting bravely, constantly and successfully, against troubles such as have overwhelmed thousands of

slighter souls, and bearing to the last a brave front against griefs, the mere recital of which saddens the student of her history.

In more modern times we find, prominent in the court of Bohemia, George Gordon, Lord Byron. Biographers have scarcely yet ceased to contend over his character, but it may safely be said that he is beginning to be better understood, as the clouds which always surround and obscure the life of those who have but recently passed away are gradually dissipated by the hand of Time. In his morbid sensibility, his defiant struggle against the whole brood of conventional poets and critics, his reckless indifference to the opinions of the world, his bitter cynical spirit, (now believed however to have a truer existence in his writings than in himself) his earnest and enthusiastic support of the cause of Grecian freedom; his loftiness and his degradation, we trace the true Bohemian spirit. It is a spirit that has wrought much misery and obloquy for its possessors, and has not seldom reacted disastrously upon the times they influenced: but at the same time it is the spirit of strength and of freedom, and in the end it will be found to have played an important part in the cause of Progress and Reform.

In sober truth, the real characteristics of the Bohemian are those of the original man. Such a man, says Carlyle, "is not made altogether by the common pattern; one whose phases and goings forth cannot be prophesied of, even approximately; though indeed by their very newness and strangeness they most often provoke prophecy. A man of this kind, while he lives on earth, is unfolding himself out of nothing into something, surely under very complex conditions. He is continually drawing towards him, in continual succession and variation, the materials of his structure—nay, his very plan of it—from the whole realm of accident, you may say, and from the whole realm of free-will; he is *building* his life together in this manner: a guess and a problem as yet, not to others only, but to himself." Nor can we expect that those who have lived with him, and have been influenced by him, whether for good or evil, will judge him fairly. It has been truly said that "to judge of an original contemporary man, you must, in general, reverse the world's judgment about him; the world is not only wrong in that matter, but cannot in any such matter be right."

There are Bohemians who have done much evil in the world, and such an one was Napoleon Buonaparte. The stern hand of the biographer has swept away the tinsel and glitter which surrounded his life, and dazzled the eyes of the people, and we see him now as he was, cold, calculating, false, and vain to a degree. Willing to sacrifice hecatombs of lives to his insatiable ambition; void of all scruples in attaining his selfish ends; full of vulgar hatreds, and destitute of generosity; incapable of love, or even of true friendship; a boundless liar; a jealous intriguer against his own generals; a spy; a cheater at cards. In short, as Emerson says, "when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you are not dealing with a gentleman at last, but with an impostor and a rogue; and he fully deserves the epithet of 'Jupiter Scapin,' or a sort of scamp Jupiter." Even the *Idees Napoleoniennes*, which have become so famous, are, for the most part, not his own. Of this Napoleonic wisdom, some has been invented by writers, and ascribed to him; some is no wisdom at all; and some is what may be called second-hand wisdom, an old familiar face with a new dress. Of the latter kind is the famous saying: "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step," for which Napoleon has obtained considerable credit, although, in truth, he borrowed it from Tom Paine: which Tom Paine took from Hugh Blair, and Hugh Blair

from Longinus; and other instances of the same kind might easily be adduced. Decidedly, with all his fame, and all his splendid genius, Napoleon is no credit to the ranks of Bohemianism.

As we approach our own times, the names of famous Bohemians multiply, and abound in every walk of life. Lamb, with his eloquent stammerings; Wilson with his brilliant imagination; O'Connell in politics; Lacordaire in the church, and poor Haydon in art; and among the best remembered we should not omit that modern Paladin, Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, Governor of Labuan, and destroyer of pirates to the world at large. Brave Garibaldi too must take his stand among the Princes of Bohemia, nor will Victor Hugo be refused a place at court. But surely our allegory is wrong. Bohemia could never be a monarchy: even a republic's democratic usages would irk her restless and unruly sons. A republic! It is after all to a republic that we must turn, to find the great source and fountain head of modern Bohemianism. In the United States Bohemians seem to spring spontaneously, and their name is legion. Whereever the large cities of the older states have, by long usage, fallen into the "set grey life" of established communities, there the Bohemian element is weakened. But from the great West; from the land of the farm and the forest, the mine and the inland ocean, they pour amain. The peculiarities which mark a semi-civilized life are especially favorable to the production of this kind of Bohemianism. In the first place there is the mode of living. The *home* is almost unknown, and society, too busy with commerce and the hard strife of daily life to care for the refinements which are habitual among older communities, attempts to lessen its drudgery and at the same time exercise economy, by herding together in monstrous hotels. Thousands of our citizens know no other homes than these, and being thus deprived of one of the strongest links in European social systems, they are by so much advanced towards Bohemianism.

In the second place there is the question of education. The vast extent of this country, and the comparatively isolated condition of large portions of the newly-settled states, account for the fact that thousands of persons receive little more than the rudiments of education. In a nation possessing a lower intellectual status, this would infallibly be a misfortune. In America we are compelled to believe that it is often a blessing. It must be remembered that a high education is a leveller, which, while it tends to improve ordinary minds, and to turn idleness into industry, may, in some instances, have the effect of preventing the full expansion of genius. Sir Walter Scott has somewhere observed that "the best part of every man's education is that which he gives himself." Sir Humphrey Davy, when a boy, was placed under a schoolmaster who neglected him; and adverting to the subject some years afterwards, in a letter, he says: "I consider it as fortunate that I was left much to myself as a child, and put on no particular plan of study, and that I enjoyed much idleness at Mr. Caryton's school. I perhaps owe to these circumstances the little talents I have, and their peculiar application. What I am, I made myself. I say this without vanity, and in pure simplicity of heart." It has been very justly remarked that the great amount of acquirement rendered necessary by the higher class of examinations as they are now conducted, not only in the universities but in some other institutions, while it strengthens the power of learning, is by no means favorable to the development of the higher faculty of reflection. Wisdom is not the necessary result of knowledge, nor are great things to be accomplished save by those who, without neglecting other sources, trust mainly to their own observation, and

think and reason for themselves on the subjects which come before them. The average mind is best trained to the work of the world by systematic education. The superior mind demands an education of its own, such as is found in no school books, and taught in no college; and if it fails of this, its future usefulness may be seriously impaired. So it is that America is the cradle of modern Bohemianism, and that from lake and prairie, from plain and forest, from valley and mountain, they swarm forth ceaselessly to replenish the earth and subdue it.

For the mission of Bohemianism in this nineteenth century is a mission of progress and enlightenment. By weary travel in foreign lands; by stubborn researches amid the graves of buried theories; by dauntless advancement of theses which an Old World, centuries ago, heard, and denounced, and crushed out with the iron heel of armed ignorance; by patient investigation and earnest thought, and ceaseless yearning after light and truth, they make their way. Often wrong, and when they are wrong, as obstinate as when they are right; often misled, and then misleading others; often enthusiastic to the verge of fanaticism, and then exercising a similar influence upon their surroundings, but in the main truth-seekers and expounders, light-seekers and diffusers, liberty-seekers and bestowers. After all said, these are the world's original men, bereft of whose energies and lacking whose onward struggles, our earth would be but a dull and stagnant planet.

THE DEAD RIVERS OF CALIFORNIA.

"WHAT is a dead river?"

The simplest reply to this natural question would be, that a dead river is one which formerly existed, but exists no longer. In volcanic regions it sometimes happens that the liquid lava, seeking the lowest ground, fills up the beds of rivers, which die, and are replaced by water courses running in other channels and in different directions. These dead streams are so few and of little importance elsewhere, that as yet, I believe, no class-name has been given to them; but in California they are among the chief sources of its mineral wealth, and among the most remarkable features of its geological formation. They take us back to a remote era, before the time of Rome, of Greece, or of Egypt, far back beyond the origin of history or tradition, before our coast had taken its present shape; before the Sierra Nevada had risen to its present elevation; before Shasta, and Lassen, and Castle Peaks had poured out their lava floods; before the Sacramento River had its birth, and while, if not before, the mastodon, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the horse, the mammoth bull, the tapir and the bison lived in the land. They are indeed among the most remarkable discoveries of the age, and among the greatest wonders of geology. They deserve some common name, and we have to choose between "extinct" and "dead." We speak of "extinct volcanoes," and of "dead languages," and as the latter is Saxon and short, we prefer it. They have been called "old channels," but this name does not convey the proper idea, since a channel is not necessarily a river, and an old channel is not necessarily a dead one. A dead river is a channel formerly occupied by a running stream, but now filled up with earthy or rocky matter, and is not to be confounded with a channel that is open and remains dry during the

greater part of the year because of a lack of water, or that has been abandoned by the stream for a deeper channel elsewhere. A dry river bed is not a dead river.

The dead rivers of California, so far as known, are on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada, from five hundred to seven thousand feet above the sea. They are all auriferous and therefore they have been sought for and examined. They have yielded probably $300,000,000 in all; they now produce perhaps $8,000,000 annually. They are not less interesting therefore to the miner than to to the geologist, not less important the statesman than to the antiquarian.

The largest dead river is known as "the Big Blue Lead," and has been traced from Little Grizzly, about latitude thirty-nine degrees, forty-five minutes, in Sierra county, to Forest Hill, about latitude thirty-eight degrees, fifty-five minutes, in Placer county, a distance of sixty-five miles. The course is south-south-east, the position about thirty miles west of, and parallel with, the main divide of the Sierra Nevada. The elevation is 5,000 feet above the sea at Little Grizzly, and 2,800 at Forest Hill, showing an average fall of thirty-three feet per mile. The live rivers of the Sierra Nevada run at right angles to the course of the range, and have cut cañons from 1,500 to 3,000 feet deep, and they are separated by ridges which are from three to six miles apart, and are as high as the cañons are deep. The Blue Lead runs across these ridges from two hundred to one thousand feet below their summits. The traveller does not see any signs of a dead river in these ridges, which are as high and have the same general appearance at the Blue Lead as at other places. I shall presently tell how the miner discovers the lead, but before coming to that I want to give you a clear idea how the dead river crosses the ridges. Take a piece of common ruled cap paper; put your pen on a line, draw it up at an angle of forty-five degrees to the second line above, then down to first line at the same angle, and so on until the line made by your pen looks like eight rectangular saw teeth, which are about an inch high. Consider those teeth as the ridges of the Sierra Nevada on the line of the Blue Lead in Sierra county, and the intervals between them as the cañons. Write over the first cañon to the left, Cañon Creek; over the next, Goodyear's Creek; and over the others consecutively, North Fork of the Yuba River, Rock Creek, Oregon Ravine, Wet Ravine and Middle Yuba. Now draw a horizontal line across all the ridges a quarter of an inch from their tops. That line is the Blue Lead. The diagram made as directed, represents a perpendicular section of the ridges and cañons of the Sierra Nevada, on the line of the Big Blue Lead in Sierra county as seen from the west.

I have said that the traveller would see no sign of a dead river in riding over the country. The ridges are as high on its line as elsewhere; the cañon sides present the same appearance. Years elapsed before the miners discovered the existence of the ancient channel. But it required only a few months for the discovery that the live rivers were very rich in gold up to a certain point; that the abundance and size of the particles increased as they ascended up to that point; and that beyond or east of that point the streams were poor. Those points on the different streams were nearly in a line. Just there the ravines on the sides of the cañons were very rich, and they were comparatively poor elsewhere. The miners followed up the ravines, washing the dirt in their beds, and the dirt where the ravines were not too steep was a foot or too deep over the slate rock. At last, when the miners got near the top of the ridge, they found that the narrow, shallow rock-bed of the ravine suddenly disappeared, and

the body of the hill was composed of gravel, which had a peculiar blue color, and part of it, a horizontal stratum about half a mile wide from east to west, and five feet thick, was very rich in gold. They looked after the metal and paid little attention to anything else. As the stratum ran across the ridges from north to south, the miners followed it in with adits or tunnels, and in more than one place the tunnels met; and a few years ago it was customary for footmen passing between Monticello and Excelsior to go under ground a distance of a mile rather than to climb over the hill six hundred feet high, by a path nearly two miles long. In the same manner Forest City and Alleghany were connected by a continuous tunnel; but the timbers have rotted, the roof has fallen in, and the passage is now closed.

The auriferous deposit is gravel, mixed with bowlders, clay and sand, varying from a hundred to three hundred feet in depth; in strata, distinguished from one another by differences in color, in the size of the bowlders and gravel, and in the number and size of the particles of gold. The predominant color is blueish-gray, dark at the bottom and lighter above, with a reddish tinge in those places that have long been exposed to the air, showing the presence of iron. The material of the bowlders, gravel, and sand is almost exclusively quartz. In the whole length of the river, as traced for a distance of sixty-five miles, assuming that the deposits of gravel average half a mile wide and two hundred feet deep, there were, counting in the portions which have been washed away by the live rivers, six billion six hundred and sixty million cubic yards of quartz and clay, and the quartz alone must have measured five billion cubic yards. In the live rivers quartz forms only a small portion of the gravel.

Whence came all the quartz of the Big Blue? How did it happen that no granite, slate, porphyry, basalt or sandstone was buried in its bed? If all the quartz veins now known in California were cleaned out to a depth of one hundred feet, they would not supply so much as is found in sixty-five miles of a river that must have run for many hundreds of miles. The gravel is all water-worn, and rounded by long attrition. It came from far north. A piece of rough quartz, while being carried five hundred miles in the fiercest of our mountain streams, would not be worn so smooth as is every pebble in the Blue Lead. And the immense size of the bowlders implies a mighty current. Those in the lowest stratum average, in some places, a ton, and many are found of twenty tons. These are worn as smooth as the pebbles. They are not found scattered here and there as though they had tumbled down from the banks of the river near the spot where they are found; but they are evenly distributed in a stratum of equal thickness across the whole bed, and for miles in length. Above that may be a stratum of bowlders of half the size, and then another stratum of larger ones. The great river handled these masses of rock with as much apparent ease, and spread them out as evenly, as if they had been no larger than pigeons' eggs.

The particles of gold are larger in size, and contain more silver at the bottom than at the top. The smaller pieces are in the upper strata, and as they have a larger surface proportionately, the silver is eaten out by the sulphurous acid which is developed in the gravel by the oxidation of pyrites. If a double eagle and twenty one-dollar pieces are thrown into a solution of vitriol, and left there for several weeks, the small pieces will, at the end of that time, contain a larger proportion of gold than the large one; and for a similar reason the surface placer gold is finer chemically than that obtained from the

deeper strata. As a general rule, the deep gold is nine hundred fine, or is worth eighteen dollars and sixty cents per ounce, and the surface gold is nine hundred and twenty fine, and is worth nineteen dollars per ounce in the Big Blue Lead. The gold and gravel are deposited as in live rivers. There are banks, bars, eddies, ripples, rapids, and falls. There is little gold in the rapids, and much in the eddies. The richest places have contained as much as fifty dollars to the cubic yard of the lower stratum, or if the large bowlders were left out of the estimate, to two or three cubic feet. The space between the bowlders is filled with sand, clay, and gravel which contains the gold. In the upper strata there are from fifty cents to two dollars to the cubic yard. The bed is of slate rock, and the banks are from fifty to three hundred feet high; but there are few places where they have been examined, for nowhere has all the gravel been washed away across the channel.

But how was it possible that the bed of a large river could be filled three hundred feet deep with gravel? When the miners in 1850, 1851 and 1852, flumed the live rivers of California, and took the gold from their beds, they found a deposit of gravel that did not average more than five feet deep on the bed rock, in streams that ran in cañons one thousand feet deep; and it is strange that the Big Blue should have filled its bed with gravel. Yet this filling up is not without an analogue in our day. Under the influence of hydraulic washing, Bear River and Yuba River have, within the last fifteen years, begun to fill up with gravel, and their beds have, for miles, risen seventy feet or more above the levels of 1853. This gravel is auriferous, and it is deposited in strata, and the arrangement and general appearance resemble those of the Big Blue Lead. The filling up began down in the valley, and as it ascended the current became less rapid and lost the power to carry away the gravel. In Bear River, below Dutch Flat, the bed rises two feet per month during the chief washing season, from February to September, and in the remaining four months it falls on account of the stoppage of washing and of the winter floods which carry away perhaps half of the accumulation of the summer.

Some persons claim that various camps on parts of dead rivers in Plumas county are on the Big Blue Lead, and others think that portions of a dead river, near Placerville, belong to the same stream. I do not accept these theories, but if they are true, the Big Blue River has been traced about one hundred and ten miles. In the northern part of Plumas county the river is buried under deep beds of lava and basalt, and south of Placerville it is probably below the level of the live streams, and thus cannot be found by any system of mining or mode of prospecting now in use. Even in places where it is above the level of the live streams it may be covered on the sides of the cañons by slides of rock or of barren dirt or gravel, and the miner might spend thousands of dollars in a vain search for treasures not ten feet from his drift, as many have done, and some accident, luck, or perseverance afterwards proved the proximity of the rich deposit. In several cases the lead was found by calculation. The miner took his position on a hillside, on a line and on a level with other mining camps, and in a few days he found a fortune; and others have spent years working on a similar plan without success. The river must have taken bends on the north side of Rock Creek and Oregon Ravine, and twelve years of searching have not revealed the position of the bends.

But why did the Big Blue River die, and leave nothing but its gravel and its gold to tell the story of its existence and

of its greatness? The main cause must have been the subsequent rise of the Sierra Nevada. Suppose that a range of mountain, seven thousand feet high, were upheaved thirty miles east of the Mississippi; that the bed of that stream were on the mountain side three thousand feet above the sea, and that thirty miles west the country retained its present level; the result would be that the present Mississippi would soon be a dead river; it would be cut across by streams running down the mountain side, and pouring into a new Mississippi, thirty miles or more west of the present one. We know that the Sierra Nevada has been upheaved; that a large stream ran on what is now the mountain side; and that it has been succeeded by a new river farther west; and we must infer that the death of the old and the birth of the new river were caused by the upheaval.

Many of the hills crossed by the Big Blue are capped with lava or basalt, which covered much of the country from near the summit of the range to about three thousand feet above the sea. It seems then that the river filled its bed with gravel; the mountains began to rise, and volcanoes broke out along the divide; the lava ran down and covered the land to the line of the dead river and beyond it; the mountains rose still higher, and the waters running down their sides cut through the lava and made deep cañons, and washed away two-thirds or three-fourths of the dead river, and scattered its gold among the living waters.

The descent of thirty-three feet per mile observed between Little Grizzly and Forest Hill would make a terrific current in a stream half-a-mile wide. The Sacramento is a lively river, yet its grade is only five feet in a mile. But no ordinary current could have carried the large quartz bowlders of the Big Blue Lead from distant regions, and distributed them evenly over the river bed. It is possible, however, that in the lifting up of the mountains the relative elevations have been altered, and that the present grade differs from that of the Big Blue while it was alive.

A question suggests itself whether the great dead river was the predecessor of any live stream; but to this no satisfactory answer can now be given; and it is doubtful whether time and research will ever furnish one. The Big Blue was parallel to the Sacramento, and has to a certain extent been succeeded by it; but it drained a much larger district than the Sacramento does, or the rain-fall of the country was much greater in the era of its existence. The Sacramento does not carry one-fourth of the water which ran in the Big Blue—probably not one-tenth. If we could ascertain that the quantity of rain had not altered, then we would be justified in presuming that the Columbia river, which would about fill the bed of the Big Blue, instead of turning westward at Walla-Walla, originally continued southward, until the lifting up of Shasta and Lassen, and the adjacent ridges, stopped its course, and compelled it to break through the Cascade range at the Dalles. With our present limited knowledge, we are not justified in calling the Big Blue river either the Dead Sacramento or the Dead Columbia.

Some persons have argued that the Big Blue Lead never was a river, but only a lacustrine or alluvial deposit. This theory, however, is untenable. The Big Blue Lead has all the marks which a dead river should have. It has a long course, a width nearly uniform, a course nearly straight, some bends with eddies on the inner side, a peculiar quartz unlike any found in the neighboring ridges, or in the streams to the eastward, and abundance of quartz which no place now known to us could have supplied, and which came probably from a distant northern region now covered with lava; water-worn gravel, which

must have been carried far ; flat stones pointing down stream, as a current would place them ; strata of coarse and fine gravel, which must have been deposited in a stream ; a uniform descending grade ; the coarse particles of gold which could not have been distributed so evenly over a wide channel except in a strong current ; an immense quantity of gold, which required ages to scatter through a deposit three hundred feet deep ; driftwood unmistakeably water-worn ; trunks of trees with the butts up stream ; tributary brooks, and a number of other evidences which would require more space for their description and explanation than I could spare. To say that the Big Blue is not a dead river is equivalent to saying that the bones of the mastodon never belonged to a living animal, but were formed under geological influences exclusively.

If this were the only dead river in the State, the proof would be less conclusive, but there are a dozen others. One which runs southwestwardly, and may be called the Dead Brandy river, appears at La Porte, Brandy City, Camptonville and North San Juan, and is marked by the same general characteristics, save that the gravel is finer, the pebbles in the upper strata being generally not larger than a pigeon's egg.

In Tuolumne and Calaveras counties we have the Dead Stanislaus or Tuolumne Table Mountain, which runs from near Silver Mountain, in Alpine, to Knight's Ferry, and there disappears. It is covered by a bed of basalt, which flowed as lava from a volcano and filled up the ancient bed ; and this basalt has resisted the wear of the elements, and now stands as a mountain forty miles long, a quarter of a mile wide, and eight hundred feet high, the softer adjacent slate rock having been wasted and washed away. Under this mountain lies a dead river rich in gold. A similar table mountain of basalt, covering an auriferous dead river, which I call the Dead Cherokee, after its chief mining camp, extends seventy miles from Lassen's Peak to Oroville. At Bangor, in Butte County, is a small, dead river, seventy feet below the general surface of the ground, and covered with ordinary soil and gravel. There are also dead rivers at Smartsville, Mokelumne Hill, and San Andreas. The Big Blue and the Dead Brandy are distinguished by the depth of their gravel and by the absence of pebbles of eruptive origin in it ; the others have either short courses or shallow deposits of gravel ; and the quartz forms a much smaller percentage of the gravel. In the dead rivers at Cherokee, Bangor and Smartsville a large proportion of the bowlders and pebbles is of lava and basalt, as if the streams had been formed after the commencement of the volcanic era. But different as is the material of the gravel, the fluvial origin of the deposits is similar and indubitable in all of them, when they are studied together.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT NAVIGATOR.

THINK of a sea and sky of such even and utter blueness that any visible horizon is out of the question. In the midst of this pellucid sphere the smallest of propellors trailing two plumes of foam, like the tail-feathers of a bird of paradise, and over it all a league of floating crape — for so seem the heavy folds of smoke that hang above us.

So we pass out of our long hours of idleness in that grove of eight thousand cocoa-palms by the sea shore — the artist from Italy and the youth from the academy — seeking to renew our *dolce far niente* in some new forest of palms by any shore whatever. Enough that it is sea-washed, and hath a voice and an eternal song.

Now turn to the stone-quarry darkened with the groups of the few faithful friends and many islanders. They are so ready to kill time in the simplest manner; why not in staring our awkward little steamer out of sight?

One glimpse of the white handkerchiefs, fluttering like a low flight of doves, and then with all the sublime resignation of the confessed lounger, we await the approach of twilight and the later hours that shall presently pass silver-footed over this tropic sea.

Four, P.M., and the roar of the reef lost to us voyagers. The sun an hour high. The steams of dinner appealing to us through the yawning hatches— everything yawning in this latitude, animate and inanimate — and the world as hot as Tophet. We lie upon our mattrasses, brought out of the foul cabin into the sweet air, and pass the night half intoxicated with romance and cigarettes. The natives cover the deck of our little craft in lazy and laughing flocks. Some of them regard us tenderly; they are apt to love at sight, though heaven knows there is little in our untrimmed exteriors to attract any one under the stars.

We hear, now and then, the sharp click of flint and steel, and after it see the flame, and close to the flame a dark face, grotesque it may be, like an antique water-spout with dust in its jaws. But some are beautiful, with glorious eyes that shine wonderfully in the excitement of lighting the pipe anew.

Voices arise at intervals from among the groups of younger voyagers. We hear the songs of our own land worded in oddly and rather prettily broken English. "Annie Laurie," "When the Cruel War is over," and other equally, ambitious and proportionately popular ballads ring in good time and tune from the lips of the young bloods, but the girls seldom join to any advantage. How strange it all seems, and how we listen!

With the first and deepest purple of the dawn, the dim outlines of Moloki arise before us. It is an island of cliffs and cañons, much haunted of the king, but usually out of the tourist's guide-book.

It is hinted one may turn back this modern page of island civilization, and with it the half-christianized and wholly bewildered natures of the uncomprehending natives, and here find all of the old superstitions in their original significance. The temples, and the shark-god, and the *hule-hule* girls, beside whose wierd and maddening undulations your

can-can dancers are mere jumping-jacks.

Listen for faint music of the wandering ministrels! No, we are too far out from shore; then it is the wrong end of the day for such festivals.

A brief siesta under the opening eyelids of the morn, and at sunrise we dip our colors abreast charming little Lahaina, drowsy and indolent, with its two or three long, long avenues overhung with a green roof of leaves, and its odd summer-houses and hammocks pitched close upon the white edge of the shore.

We wander up and down these shady paths an hour or two, eat of the fruits, luscious and plentiful, and drink of its liquors, vile and fortunately scarce, and get us hats plaited of the coarsest straw and of unbounded rim, making ourselves still more hideous, if indeed we have not already reached the acme of the unpicturesque.

Now for hours and hours we hug the shore, slowly progressing under the insufficient shadow of the palms, getting now and then glimpses of valleys folded inland, said to be lovely and mystical. Then there are mites of villages always half-grown and half-starved looking, and always close to the sea. These islanders are amphibious. The little bronze babies float like corks before they can walk half the length of a bamboo-mat.

Another night at sea in the rough channel this time, and less enjoyable for the rather stiff breeze on our quarter, and some very sour-looking clouds overhead. All well by six, however, when we hear the angelus rung from the low tower of a long coral church in another sea-wedded hamlet. Think of the great barn-like churches, once too small for the throngs that gathered about them, now full of echoes, and whose doors, if they still hang to their hinges, will soon swing only to the curious winds!

But if I remember, there was little moralizing then. We were getting tired of our lazy little propeller, and we watched the hills closely, and looked out for some opening which might be the harbor we were making for.

In and out by this strange land, marking all its curvatures with the fidelity of those shadow lines in the atlas, and so lingering on till the evening of the second day, when, just at sunset, we turn suddenly into the bay that saw the last of Capt. Cook, and here swing at anchor in eight fathoms of liquid crystal over a floor of shiny, white coral, and clouds of waving sea-moss. From the deck we behold the amphitheatre wherein was enacted the tragedy of "The Great Navigator, or the Vulnerable God." The story is brief and has its moral.

The approach of Capt. Cook was mystical. For generations the islanders had been looking with calm eyes of faith for the promised return of a certain god. Where should they look but to the sea, whence came all mysteries and whither retreated the being they called divine?

So the white wings of the *Resolution* swept down upon the life-long quietude of Hawaii like a messenger from heaven. The signal gun sent the first echoes to the startled mountains of the little kingdom.

They received this Jupiter, who carried his thunders with him and kindled fires in his mouth. He was the first smoker they had seen, though they are now his most devout apostles. Showing him all due reverence, he failed to regard their customs and traditions, which was surely ungodlike, and it rather weakened the faith of their sages.

A plot was devised to test the divinity of the presuming captain.

While engaged in conversation, one of the chiefs was to rush at Cook with a weapon; should he cry out or attempt to run, he was no god, for the gods are fearless; and if he was no god, he deserved death for his deception. But being a god, no harm could come of it, for the gods are immortal.

So they argued and completed their plans. It came to pass in the consummation of them that Cook did run, and thereupon received a stab in the back. Being close by the shore he fell face downward in the water and died a half bloody, half watery, and wholly inglorious death. His companions escaped to the ship and peppered the villages by the harbor, till the inhabitants, half frantic, were driven into the hills.

Then they put to sea, leaving the body of their commander in the hands of the enemy, and with flag at half-mast were blown sullenly back to England, there to inaugurate the season of poems, dirges, and pageants in honor of the Great Navigator.

His bones were stripped of flesh, afterwards bound with *kapa*, the native cloth, and laid in one of the hundred natural cells that perforate the cliff in front of us, and under whose shadow we now float. Which of the hundred is the one so honored is quite uncertain. What does it matter, so long as the whole mountain is a catacomb of kings? No commoners are buried there. It was a kind and worthy impulse that could still venerate so far the mummy of an idol of such palpable clay as his.

Many of these singular caverns are almost impossible of access. One must climb down by ropes from the cliff above. Rude bars of wood are laid across the mouths of some of them. It is the old *tabu* never yet broken. But a few years back it was braving death to attempt to remove them.

Cook's flesh was most likely burned. It was then a custom. But his heart was left untouched of the flames of this sacrifice. What a salamander the heart is that can withstand the fires of a judgment!

This heart is the one shocking page in this history: some children discovered it afterward, and thinking it the offal of an animal, devoured it. Whoever affirms that the "Sandwich Islanders eat each other," has at least this ground for his affirmation. Natives of the South Sea Islands have been driven as far north as this in their frail canoes. They were cannibals, and no doubt were hungry, and may have eaten in their fashion. But it is said to have been an acquired taste and was not at all popular in this region. Dramatic justice required some tragic sort of revenge, and this was surely equal to the emergency.

Our advance guard, in the shape of a month-earlier tourist, gave us the notes for doing this historical nook in the Pacific. A turned-down page, it is perhaps a little too dog-eared to be read over again, but we all like to compare notes. So we took down the items of the advance guard, and they read in this fashion:

OBJECTS OF INTEREST RELATING TO CAPT. COOK.

Item I. The rock where Cook fell.
" II. The tree where Cook was struck.
" III. The altar on the hill-top.
" IV. The riven palms.
" V. The sole survivor—the boy that ran.
" VI. A specimen sepulchre in the cliff.

Until dark the native children have been playing about us in the sea, diving for very smooth "rials," and looking much as frogs must look to wandering lilliputians. The artist cares less for these wild and graceful creatures than one would suppose, for he confesses them equal in physical beauty to the Italian models. All sentiment seemed to have been dragged out of him by much travel. At night we sit together on the threshhold of our grass-house and not twenty feet from the rock—under water only at high tide—where Cook died. We sit talking far into the night, with the impressive silence broken only by the plash of the sea at our very door.

By and by the moon looks down upon

us from the sepulchre of the kings. We are half-clad, having adopted the native costume as the twilight deepened and our modesty permitted. The heat is still excessive. All this low land was made to God's order some few centuries ago. We wonder if He ever changes his mind; this came down red-hot from the hills yonder, and cooled at high water-mark. It holds the heat like an oven brick, and we find it almost impossible to walk upon it at noon-time, even our sole-leather barely preserving our feet from its blistering surface. The natives manage to hop over it now and then; they are about half leather, any how, and the other half appetite.

Let us pass down to the rock and cool ourselves in the damp moss that drapes it. It is almost as large as a dinner table, and as level: You can wade all around it, count a hundred little crabs running up and down over the top of it. So much for the first object of interest, and the artist draws his pencil through it. At ten, P.M., we are still chatting, and have added a hissing pot of coffee over some live coals to our house-keeping. Now down a little path-way at our right comes a native woman, with a plump and tough sort of pillow under each arm. These she implores us to receive and be comfortable. We refuse to be comforted in this fashion, we despise luxuries, and in true cosmopolitan independence hang our heads over our new saddle-trees, and sleep heavily in an atmosphere rank with the odor of fresh leather. But not till we have seen our humane visitor part of the way home. Back by the steep and winding path we three pass in silence. She pauses a moment in the moonlight at what seems a hitching-post cased in copper. It is as high as our hip, and has some rude lettering apparently scratched with a nail upon it. We decipher with some difficulty this legend:

†
Near this spot
fell
CAPT. JAMES COOK, R.N.,
the
Renowned Circumnavigator,
who
discovered these islands,
A.D., 1778.

His Majesty's Ship
Imogene,
Oct. 17, 1837.

So No. II of our list is checked off, and no lives lost.

"*Aloha*," cries a soft voice in the distance. Our native woman has left us in our pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and now no trace of her and her pillows is visible—only that voice out of the darkness crying "love to you." She lives in memory—this warm-hearted *Waihena*—so do her pillows.

Returning to our lodgings, we discover a square heap of broken lava rocks. It seems to be the foundation for some building—and such it is, for here the palace of Kamehameha I stood. A palace of grass like this one we are sleeping in. Nothing but the foundation remains now. Half-a-dozen rude stairs invite the ghosts of the departed courtiers to this desolate ruin.

They are all Samaritans in this kingdom. By sunrise a boy with fresh coffee and a pail of muffins rides swiftly to our door. He came from over the hill. Our arrival had been reported, and we are summoned to a late breakfast in the manner of the Christians. We are glad of it. Our fruit diet of yesterday, the horrors of a night in the saddle and a safe and certain mode of dislocating the neck, make us yearn for a good old-fashioned meal. Horses are at our service. We mount after taking our muffins and coffee in the centre of a large and

enthusiastic gathering of villagers. They came to see us eat, and to fumble the artist's sketches, and wonder at his amazing skill.

Up the high hill with the jolliest sun shining full in our eyes, brushing the heavy and dew-filled foliage on both sides of the trail, and under the thick webs spun in the upper branches, looking like silver laces this glorious morning—on, till we reach the hill-top.

Here the guide pauses and points his horse's nose toward a rude corral. The horses seem to regard it from habit—we scarcely with curiosity. A wall half in ruins in the centre, rising from a heap of stones tumbled together, a black, weather-stained cross, higher than our heads as we sit in the saddle. It is the altar of sacrifice. It is here that the heart of the great navigator survived the flames.

No. III scored off. At this rate we shall finish by noon easily. The sequel of an adventurous life is soon told.

After breakfast, to horse again, and back to the little village by the sea. We ride into a cluster of palms, our guide leading the way, and find two together, each with a smooth and perfectly round hole through its body, about three feet from the roots, made by the shot of Cook's avengers. A lady could barely thrust her hand through them; they indicate rather light calibre for defence now-a-days, but enough to terify these little villages, when Cook's men sent the balls hissing over the water to bite through the grit and sap of these slender shafts. They still live to tell the tale in their way. So much for No. IV.

We pause again in the queer little straggling alleys of the village, planned, I should think, after some spider's web. They are about as regular in their irregularity. It is No. V this time. A bit of withered humanity doubled up in the sun, as though some one had set him up on that wall to bake. He is drawn all together; his chin sunk in between his knees, his knees hooped together with his dreadfully slim arms, a round head, sleek and shining as an oiled gourd; *sans* teeth; eyes like the last drops in desert wells; the skeleton sharply protruding; no motion; apparently no life beyond the quick and incessant blinking of the eyelids—the curtains fluttering in the half-shut windows of the soul. *Is* it a man and a brother? Yes, verily! When the uncaptained crew of the *Resolution* poured their iron shot into the tents of the adversary, this flickering life was young and vigorous. And he ran like a good fellow. Better to have died thus in his fiery youth than to have slowly withered away in this fashion. For here it is the philosophy of mammon left to itself. When you get to be an old native, it is your business to die. If you don't know your business, you are left to find it out. What are you good for but to bury?

Let us slip over the smooth bay, for we must look into one of these caverns. Cross in this canoe, so narrow that we cannot get into it at all, but balance ourself on its rim and hold our breath for fear of upsetting. These odd-looking out-riggers are honest enough in theory, but treacherous in practice; and a shark has his eye on us back yonder. Sharks are mesmeric in their motions through the water, and corpse-colored.

A new guide helps us to the most easily reached cave, and with the lad and his smoking torch we climb into the dusky mouth.

There is dust everywhere and cobwebs as thich as cloth, hanging in tatters. An almost interminable series of small cells, just high enough to straighten one's back in, lead us further and further into the mountain of bones. This cave has been pillaged too often to be very ghostly now. We find a little parcel of bones here. It might have been a hand and an arm once, cunning and dexterous. It is nothing now but a litter. Here is an infant's skull, but

broken, thin and delicate as a sea-shell, and full of dust. Here is a tougher one, whole and solid; the teeth well set and very white; no sign of decay in any one of these molars. Perhaps it is because so little of their food is even warm when they eat it. This rattles as we lift it. The brain and the crumbs of earth are inseparably wedded. Come with us, skull. You look scholarly, and shall lie upon our desk—a solemn epistle to the living. But the cave is filled with the vile smoke of our torch, and we are choked with the heat and dust. Let us out as soon as possible. The Great Navigator's skeleton cannot be hidden in this tomb. Down we scramble into the sand and shadow by the water, and talk of departing out of this place of relics.

We are to cross the lava southward where it is frescoed with a wilderness of palm-trees: for when the mountain came down to the sea, flowing red-hot, but cooling almost instantly, it mowed down the forest of palms, and the trunks were not consumed, but lay half-buried in the cooling lava, and now you can mark every delicate fibre of the bark in the lava, as firm as granite.

Still farther south lies the green slope that was so soon to be shaken to its foundations. I wonder if we could discover any of the peculiar loveliness that bewitched us the evening we crossed it in silence. There was something in the air that said "Peace, peace;" and we passed over the fatal spot without speaking. But the sea spoke under the cliffs below us, and the mountain has since replied.

This place is named prettily—*Kealekakua*. You see that mountain? There are paths leading to it. Thither the gods journeyed in the days of old. So the land is called "the path of the gods."

It is a cool, green spot up yonder; the rain descends upon it in continual baptism. The natives love these mountains and the sea. They are the cardinal points of their compass. Every direction given you is either toward the mountain or toward the sea.

There is much truth in the Arabian tale, and it is time to acknowledge it. Mountains are magnetic. The secret of their magnetism may lie in the immobility of their countenances. Praise them to their face, and they are not flattered; forget them for a moment: but turn again, and see their steadfast gaze! You feel their earnestness. It is imposing, and you cannot think light of it. Who forgets the mountains he has once seen? It is quite probable the mountain cares little for your individuality: but it has given part of itself to the modelling of your character. It has touched you with the wand of its enchantment. You are under the spell. Somewhere in the recesses of this mountain are locked the bones of the Great Navigator, but these mountains have kept the secret.

WHEAT IN CALIFORNIA.

WE all remember the dismal accounts given by the pioneers of the burnt plains and the dry, brown hills of California. Bare of trees and grass, blasted by a burning sun and scorched by intolerable heat, where evidently nothing could be made to grow for six months in the year, they offered no charms for the farmer, and seemed doomed to endless desolation. For years our people were deterred from even attempting to cultivate the soil; less than ten years ago we made our bread from Richmond flour, and the Virginia farmer counted upon us as sure customers as he harvested his acres of wheat, while the northern miller mourned that his flour would not bear the voyage around the Horn.

But what a change has since come over us. The broad, level plains have yielded to the plough, and are checkered with fields of ripening grain. As the harvest comes on, and valley after valley hastens to pour her tribute into the commerce of the State, the rivers are dotted with sails, and the winding channels among the tules are clouded with the smoke of numberless steamers threading their way through the sea of verdure, loaded with the rich produce of the land. From every part of the world fleets come to bear away the treasure, and we have become one of the world's great feeders.

The discovery of wheat in California is as wonderful as the discovery of gold. How could it remain hidden so long? Colton says, writing in 1849: "Nature rested in California with what she put *beneath* the soil. The productive forces of such a State as New York, Ohio or Pennsylvania, sweep immeasurably beyond the utmost capabilities of California." And yet, with singular blindness, he speaks elsewhere of crops at the Mission San José, which produced over one hundred fold the first year, and the following year yielded a "volunteer" crop of over sixty fold. And again he says: "In 1819 the *Mayor Domo* of Soledad Mission gathered 3,400 bushels of wheat from thirty-eight bushels sown."

Long before Colton deceived himself about the stinginess of Nature in California, the old padres had discovered the secret. Their crops were bountiful. Their granaries were bursting with wheat and corn. Their days were days of peace and plenty. To us their times seem as far off as Pocahontas and King Philip, and yet the chasm is spanned by the memory of many a living man. They were pioneers of wheat culture here; but to glean what few facts were accessible concerning it, and to present a sketch of their methods of farming, has been no small labor. I present it, such as it is, hoping it may stimulate others to fill the outline, and give us a completer picture of those halcyon days, so different from these bustling times, over whose contrast the old Californian always heaves a sigh of regret.

In 1769 Don José Galvez, sailing from La Paz, in Lower California, founded the Mission of San Diego, the first white settlement in California. "He took with him," says *Forbes' California*, "agricultural implements, various seeds of Old and New Spain," &c. Among these "seeds" undoubtedly was the first wheat ever planted in California. Some of the early friars speak of seeing fields of native wheat among the tribes on the Gila River, but even if this be true, its cultivation never penetrated to California. The aborigines of this State were entirely ignorant of the art of agricul-

ture, subsisting on the native seeds and fruits, and what they could catch of fish and game. In 1823 the last of the Missions was founded on the north shore of the Bay of San Pablo. In 1833, when the Mexican Republic secularized the Missions, or in other words, divided their property among actual settlers, they owned nearly all the valuable land on the coast from San Diego to Sonoma. The valleys eastward of the Mount Diablo range they never occupied. The population of the Missions was then estimated by Forbes at about 18,500 Christian Indians, and 4,500 whites, all under complete control of the friars. Indeed, the Indians were little if any better than slaves. The policy of the padres had always been to discourage white settlers within their own limits, and of these there were very few.

From very early dates they raised maize and wheat enough for their own support. Every mission had its broad acres of wheat, and ample granaries to provide against a year of drought. The Indians were compelled to do the field work, while the padres dispensed to them their daily rations.

In 1835 Forbes estimates the crop of wheat as follows :

Jurisdiction of			
Jurisdiction of	San Francisco ...	11,560	Fanegas.
"	Monterey........	4,075	"
"	Santa Barbara...	3,268	"
"	San Diego..... .	6,736	"
Total	....	25,639	Fanegas.

A fanega is about two and a half bushels. The crop of maize was 10,926 fanegas, raised mostly in the southern missions.

The jurisdiction of San Francisco included all the settlements as far south as Santa Cruz, covering the rich lands of Santa Clara Valley.

In the south they resorted to irrigation, but about the bay of San Francisco the fogs of summer and rains of winter afforded sufficient moisture. The methods of culture were rude enough. The plough was a crooked branch, with a toe of iron ; the beam was a straight branch lashed at one end to the plough, and at the other to the yoke, which again was a straight stick lashed behind the horns of a yoke of oxen by thongs of raw hide, after the manner so familiar to many of us. Of course, such a plough could only scratch the ground, rendering numerous furrows necessary, and precluding cultivation in any except light, sandy soils. These again must be low to afford moisture enough, and must be sown late to prevent too rank a growth of straw ; such at least was the system in the Northern Missions.

The seed was sown broad-cast, and brushed in with the branch of a tree drawn twice over the ground. After this rude preparation, generous Nature gave "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold."

In June and July came the harvest, which was reaped by hand and carried to a floor of bare earth in some part of the field, which had been previously moistened, levelled and enclosed with a high fence or wall. The sheaves of grain were thrown on the ground, and a "band" of "mustangs" turned in to trample out the grain.

"Phew!" said one of these earliest pioneers to me, "what a time then! Sometimes you couldn't see the horses for the dust and straw." Any one who has, in riding over the plains in these latter days, detected the presence of a "thresher" by the clouds of yellow dust, miles away, can well realize the truth of my friend's statement.

Then the grain was separated from the straw and dirt, and hauled to the granaries in clumsy, creaking carts, with wheels of solid wood, by slow-moving oxen driven by long goads. By-and-by, when it was to be ground, it must be taken to a stream of water and carefully washed and dried, as I am assured is the custom to-day in many South American localities. Thanks to the dryness of the wheat, the water only did it good.

In early days the wheat was pounded up in stone mortars; and in 1835 Forbes says there were but three mills among all the Missions, and these of the rudest possible character—a single stone attached directly to the upright shaft of a horizontal water-wheel.

In 1822, says Cronise, in his "Natural Wealth of California," the annual exports had averaged, for several years, about 1,000 bushels of wheat, besides a few cargoes shipped to Sitka from the Russian settlements at Bodega. * * * Between 1822 and 1832, he continues, the exports from California have increased, until they were estimated at 2,000 bushels of wheat annually. At this time a small trade in flour and grain, among other produce, sprung up with Honolulu. The Hudson Bay Company also began to send to California for supplies of grain and provisions for its establishments on the Columbia River.

Forbes, writing in 1835, speaks of "a few small cargoes of wheat," shipped by the Russians to their settlements on the northwest coast of America; and of there being "some demand for wheat and provisions for the establishment of the Hudson Bay Company on the river Columbia."

Alfred Robinson, in his very pleasant sketch of "Life in California," 1830–36, says: "At Yerba Buena [San Francisco] we found a large Russian ship, from Sitka, which had come for a cargo of wheat and beef-fat." * * * "Mission San José frequently supplies the Russian Company, who yearly send three or four large ships for stores for their Northern Settlements." The "large ships," I presume, would be in these days small barks.

So much for 1835. After the Missions were secularized, and the Indians left to shift for themselves, agriculture languished for a time; but with the influx of independent settlers it soon revived, and the farmers began to break up the soil of the rich interior valleys, hitherto unoccupied.

In 1841 the Russians sold out their settlement, and abandoned the country. They had long occupied Bodega and Fort Ross, besides other small fishing stations. At these places they had large fields of wheat, with which they supported their colonists, both here and at the North as before stated. They "sold their property to Capt. Sutter, taking payment in wheat and meat."

Passing down now to the influx of Americans, in 1846 and later, as we read the diaries of travellers, we find the country dotted with ranches well into the interior, each boasting of its fertility and its wonderful product of wheat. Bryant, in his "What I saw in California," is very enthusiastic over the capacity of our soil. He speaks of large fields of wheat on the American river, at Sutter's Fort, on the Consumnes, at Marsh's Ranch, in Livermore Valley; of a flouring mill at Napa, besides the numerous fields among the Mission lands to the south. I mention these to show how widely it was cultivated at this time. Fremont bears the same testimony; and Bayard Taylor, with his usual sagacity, says: "The barren, burnt appearance of the plains, during the summer season, misled many persons as to the value of the country. * * * The valley of San José may be made to produce the finest wheat crops in the world."

All the writers quoted mention the wonderful magnitude of the crops, often producing a hundred fold of the seed; and "volunteering," without further sowing, the second year, forty to fifty fold; and even the third year producing a decent crop. These large crops are the result of light sowing. The crop to the acre, I presume, was not as large then as now on new land, with our improved methods of cultivation. The seed they used appears to have been what we call

"California Club," a strong, sturdy, bearded wheat, with a short head, and a light yielder. Whether the Russians used the same seed I have no means of ascertaining; nor can I find out the parentage of the "California Club." It has been domesticated here so long, it has lost all trace of its origin.

Next came 1849 and the Gold Fever, when the wheat was left to rot in the field. And at this date ends the first chapter of our history. In the wild search for gold, men forgot they must eat. Ranches were deserted, and even fields of standing grain were left to the birds and squirrels. Much less could men sow their grain and quietly wait the harvest. The farmer's sober industry and patient faith had no charms for men who could reap where they had not sown, and gather where they had not strewn. And so, living upon the richest soil and in the most bountiful climate in the world, we bought our bread from abroad, and cursed the barrenness of California. This was not strange: for who that had lived where rain fell every month of the year, could believe in the fertility of a country whose parched hills bore mute witness to a six months' drought; where all agriculture had been abandoned, and nothing remained to tell of its former richness?

Throughout these early days of American occupation, bread was often high. In the wet Winter of 1852, flour sold for fifty dollars per barrel, at wholesale, in San Francisco, and at fabulous prices in the mines. In many places men lived upon barley-meal. But these things wrought their own cure, and little farms began to spring up all over the country. Better seed was imported from Australia and Chili, and methods of culture suited to the soil and climate were gradually discovered. Flouring-mills sprang up in the farming sections, and by 1855 the grain trade was fast becoming a specialty. Even far up in the Sierras, wheat was raised and ground for domestic consumption; and little flouring-mills were found in all the centres of mining population, drawing their supplies from small farms in the mountain valleys. Still, however, large fleets of ships passed in through the Golden Gate, freighted to a great extent with breadstuffs, and sailed away in ballast. The return-tide had not yet begun.

In 1858, under the influence of speculation, came a season of high prices. Thousands of barrels of flour were shipped to Australia, to maintain the market; but Oregon came to our rescue, and flooded us with breadstuffs. It was the threshold of a new era, when California was to assume a new part, and come before the world as a farmer instead of a miner, as an exporter of produce as well as of gold. The first wheat shipped around Cape Horn went to New York, about 1858. The venture, I believe, was not a success, owing to the novel character of the grain, and the ignorance of the New York millers how to manage it. But in 1859 we raised, for the first time, a crop far beyond our needs; and to our surprise, when the harvest of 1860 came, we had a large surplus on hand. Fortunately for us there was a scarcity in the Old World; and now fairly began the export trade in wheat. The first shipments were made timidly and distrustingly; but England had too many mouths to feed, and she took all we sent and called for more. And it is worth remembering, that so peculiar were the qualities of our wheat that the English millers sent back here for instructions how to work it. But before we enter upon the second period of our subject, when California appears as an exporter of grain, let us pause and briefly sketch the condition of the farming interest.

So far, in 1860, the great body of the wheat was raised about the Bay of San Francisco. The valley of Santa Clara especially had been early turned to ac-

count; its grain was highly esteemed for its superior flouring qualities. The resources of the interior, however, had hardly been tried; and men were very doubtful whether wheat would thrive in the dry valleys, away from the moister air of the sea breezes. Every afternoon the steamers still carried piles of flour up the rivers to the hungry miners; and the riches of the broad acres of the interior valleys were still untried.

The grain, too, was far inferior to what we now raise. The farmers had much to learn of the relative value of different varieties of seed, and different methods of cultivation. Much of it was mixed with seeds and foul grain. Nor had they yet learned to conquer smut, which was especially troublesome at that time. But now it dawned upon us that our crops were vastly in excess of our wants, and were yearly increasing. In the Fall of 1860, fairly began the export trade of breadstuffs from California. Even at the risk of making this article too statistical, I must borrow from the *Commercial Herald* a statement of our exports for ten "crop years." The "crop year" is measured from harvest to harvest, from July first to July first of the next year. The first column gives exports of wheat; the second, of flour; the third gives the aggregate of both, reducing the flour to wheat, calling every barrel three hundred pounds of wheat, which is near enough for our purpose. All the measures of wheat are made in centals of one hundred pounds each—for California has discarded the bushel, and advanced one step towards the decimal system.

EXPORTS FROM CALIFORNIA.

Years.	Wheat, Centals.	Flour, Barrels.	Total Wheat, Centals.
1858–9	123	20,577	61,854
1859–60	381,766	58,926	558,544
1860–1	1,529,924	197.181	2,121,467
1861–2	851,844	101,652	1,156,800
1862–3	1,043,652	144.883	1,478,301
1863–4	1,071,292	152,633	1,529,191
1864–5	25,360	91,479	299,797
1865–6	1,039,518	279,554	1,878,180
1866–7	3,636,194	465,337	5,032,205
1867–8	3,803,779	423,189	5,073,346

In 1860–1 the shipments included the bulk of two crops, which accounts for their unusual magnitude. In 1864, the year of the terrible drought, little as we sent away, we had to import wheat from Chili, to make our own bread.

Who are our customers in this export business? Our neighbors around the North Pacific naturally are the most regular and reliable ones. Every year we ship more or less to Mexico, Central America, Alaska and Russian Asia; sometimes to British Columbia. China calls on us every year for more and more. We share with Chili the trade of Australia when her crops are short; and even in Manila, Saigon, Mauritius and the Cape of Good Hope, California flour is a standard article of consumption. Around Cape Horn the return fleet bears our harvest to Brazil, to England, and even to the Atlantic ports of the United States.

But of all these, in the present magnitude of our crops, we rely upon England to relieve us of our surplus. She never raises enough on her own soil to feed her people, and our merchants and farmers watch the fluctuations of the Liverpool market day by day with the most anxious solicitude.

During the last two years our wheat and flour have risen greatly in the estimation of our sister states at the East. Their unusual whiteness is highly valued, and so far this year New York has received nearly one-fourth of our exports. In the spring of 1867, it will be remembered, every steamer by way of Panama was deeply loaded with our flour, and it was the generous supply from this port that saved our Eastern friends from famine prices. California wheat and flour are standard articles of quotation in the New York Commercial Exchange as in Liverpool; and, if I may descend to small things, many a man to-day is sending to the "old folks at home" a Christmas present of California flour: and we shall share in many a

blessing over the Thanksgiving dinner in the old homestead, graced by that snowy bread so dear to the eyes of the careful housewife.

In 1860, as stated above, the growth of wheat was confined mainly to the valleys about the bay of San Francisco. Since then it has spread far into the interior. The drought of summer proves no hindrance to its ripening, and now a very large proportion of our grain comes from far in the interior. It has gradually crept up on the hills too, and we have found, to our surprise, the hill lands bear the drought even better than the valleys, owing partly to their being more exposed to the moisture from the sea. It has crossed the Sierra, and is raised in some of the valleys on the Eastern Slope.

In such places, however, as on Owen's River, it is found necessary to irrigate. And here I may say that irrigation is not resorted to in California, unless in exceptional cases, such as mentioned above, or in the extreme southern counties.

Every county in the State, I believe, raises more or less wheat; those in the extreme south not producing enough for their own consumption, owing to the lack of rain and greater profit of other crops. But it has been remarked that nearly all we export comes from within a radius of one hundred and twenty miles of San Francisco. This is not owing to superior fertility of soil, but to the wonderful facility of water communication, as will be seen by a glance at the map. The farming population has clustered about the navigable waters, but when railroads shall give equal advantages to the vast tracts of land now isolated from a market, a wonderful future opens before us.

The eastern readers of the "OVERLAND" would be greatly interested to know the methods of raising and harvesting grain here, so different from those of the Atlantic slope; but our limits preclude anything but the briefest possible sketch. It is hard for a stranger to our climate to conceive the trials and the advantages of the farmer whose ground is never moistened by rain from May to October, where men can work with impunity under a scorching sun, with a thermometer ranging near or even above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and yet where the nights are always cool; where the land bakes so hard no plough can penetrate it until it is softened by the annual rains; where the hills turn green in November, and the grain sprouts in December and January; where the vale is clothed with the beauty of flowers in March; where the streams rise before the rains come, and Nature seems to set all old customs at defiance. Yet such are the anomalies of the farmer's life here.

He commences ploughing as soon in the Fall as the rain softens the ground enough to admit the plough, rarely before the middle of December. Then he hastens to improve every fair day, and soon the widening squares of black on the plains and hills attest his steady industry. The breadth of ground he can turn with his plough depends on the amount of rain that falls, and its method of coming. Perhaps coming all at once, it drives him in doors, making his ground so wet that he cannot cross it with his teams; perhaps it floods his low lands so that he cannot sow his seed. Fortunate then is the man who can transfer his labor to uplands, and improve every precious day.

The furrows are generally shallow, varying from four to six inches in depth, and farmers will generally tell you that deeper ploughing, though it may be good for the soil, tends to evaporate the moisture from the land, and is hazardous to the crop. Ploughing begins in November, the bulk of it is accomplished in January and February, and by April it is over.

After the ground is once turned up it arrests the rain, no longer shedding it off into the water-courses, thus giving the grain a double chance in case of a dry season. If the ground is heavy and lumpy it is harrowed before sowing, but usually the seed is sown directly on the ploughed ground by machine. Then it is harrowed once, twice, or sometimes thrice, in different directions. In light soils it is customary to sow about forty pounds of seed ; in heavy soils as much as sixty. After harrowing in the seed, some careful farmers roll the land with heavy rollers, serving to crush the lumps, and give it a smooth, even surface, which will retain the moisture in the dry season.

The system of rotation of crops is hardly considered here as yet, and the farmer trusts to the strength of a virgin soil, exhausting it by crops of the same grain year after year. The system of "summer fallowing" prevails to a small extent. By this plan the farmer divides his ranch in two parts, which he sows on alternate years. The part not down in wheat this year he ploughs after he gets his seed in, and lets it lie fallow through the summer. In the fall he harrows it, and "sows in the dust," as it is called, breaking it up with his harrows to a dry powdery dust in which he sows his grain. It seems a thankless task to scatter wheat in such a field, dry and barren, which has seen no rain for six months, but when the season of moisture comes, the ground is ready to absorb it all, and this grain starting early is firmly rooted, and if the rains be light, every drop is economized, while if the season be wet, the grain is firm and strong enough to stand a flood. Besides this, the "summer fallowing" gives the ground a rest on alternate years. But so far it has not gained much favor with the farmers.

The enemies of the farmer are ready to spring into life with the awakening grain. Our winter is so mild that every grain of foul seed or weeds sprouts as thriftily as what is sown, and as most of them ripen before the wheat, they reproduce themselves constantly to its great injury. Chief among these are barley, mustard, wild oats and wild clover. Many farmers weed their wheat, but the only remedy on a large scale is a change of crops or summer fallowing the land. In wet spots the wheat will be full of *cheat* or *chess*, a curious weed, supposed by many to be a degenerate form of wheat. The cheat of California weighs over fifty pounds to the bushel, and is an intolerable nuisance.

Smut is a parasite which seizes on a berry of wheat and devours it, turning it to a ball of black dust, to the great injury of flour, unless it be carefully removed. It was very prevalent as late as 1860, but is now nearly eradicated. The usual cure is to wash the seed in a solution of "blue-stone," or sulphate of copper, which seems to kill the germs of the smut-plant.

Rust is a parasite also, developed only under peculiar circumstances. Its origin is somewhat mysterious, but it never appears unless after some night when the wheat is past flowering and is "in the milk;" then comes a dense, wet fog, or a shower, which suddenly clears away, exposing the field to the fierce rays of the sun. The change is too sudden, and the growth of the kernel is arrested. It shrivels away, and the head is covered with a red dust. This is rust; and not unfrequently fields, or portions of them, are so badly blasted as not to be worth cutting. Low lands and late-sown grain are most liable to its ravages ; but very little is known of its nature or causes more than is stated above.

The great terror of the farmer on the plains is drought. Rain must come before he can plough, and rain must soften the seed in the ground before it will sprout. If the spring rains fail him, the heads do not fill, and his grain is pinched, and his crop short.

Rain is the staple of conversation in

the country, next to the Liverpool market. One terrible drought in 1864, when thousands of acres of grain never formed a head, and thousands upon thousands of cattle perished for lack of sustenance, has been a standing warning of what may happen. But the farmer goes on with his work with as cheery a faith as if droughts were never known—plants his sandy soils with equal confidence; rarely "summer fallowing;" never irrigating, or using any safeguards against a recurrence of the calamity. He "takes the chances." But whatever be the luck of the individual farmer, the State can never suffer as before. The region covered with wheat is so much wider spread, and over such different kinds of soil, that it is not probable any such overwhelming calamity can occur again. We could hardly fail to raise double our own consumption.

Harvesting begins in the interior in June, and usually September is well advanced before it is completed on the hills next the sea. Wheat varies but little in its time of ripening, whether sown in October, "in the dust," or in February, after the wet season is nearly over. I have seen wheat, which I was assured was harvested in seventy days from the date of sowing. It was sown on a tule island, by burning off the tules after they were dry, and brushing the seed in the ashes. The moisture so near the surface of the swampy ground sustained the marvelous growth, and the hot sun of July and August hurried nature's operations with unwonted speed. The seed was sown on June 22d, and the crop was harvested September 1st.

Whenever it is possible, harvesting is done by machinery. Our wheat lands lying mainly in the level plains, give us every possible advantage in this respect, every chance to avail ourselves of American ingenuity.

The wheat is gathered either by "reapers" or "headers." The header gathers only the head of grain, leaving nearly all the straw standing, while the reaper cuts off the straw as near the ground as possible.

There is a machine called a harvester, which reaps, threshes and sacks the grain all at one operation, but it is not common.

The grain when cut by a header often is hauled to a central spot in the field where stands a threshing-machine, and as fast as it is gathered it is separated from the straw and sacked up ready for the market. Alas for the romance of the harvest; the sickle, the cradle and the flail, the reapers and the gleaners—Boaz and Ruth—all are gone! The picture now is a broad, hazy plain, bounded by brown hills, which flicker and glimmer in the mirage; no trees, no running brooks, no green grass, but miles on miles of grain. Far away you descry clouds of yellow dust, and as you come nearer, you see the wagons drawn by horses coming in loaded with piles of grain and returning empty, and in the centre stands the huge machine, driven perhaps by steam, perhaps by a score of horses travelling in an endless circle, and fed by men dark as mulattoes with the sun and dust, perhaps with mouths and nostrils swathed to protect the lungs from the dust. There is no romance in this.

When wheat is reaped it is usually bound in sheaves; and Chinamen are often put to this work. This avoids waste. Then it usually lies in the sheaf till it is convenient to thresh it; perhaps it lies thus scattered about the field for weeks, for labor is scarce and it is not every farmer that owns a threshing machine. In the dry valleys, in very hot weather, the binding must be done while the straw is pliable, before the dew evaporates, as the straw when dry is too brittle to bind with. So binders often begin work long before daylight. Threshing on the contrary cannot go on till the dew is dried off the ground, as the grain when damp sticks to the straw.

To gather all this wheat, even with machinery, takes a great deal of labor. Every where in the harvest season, farm hands are very scarce, and the best of anti-coolie men are glad to avail themselves of John Chinaman's help as a binder, and often as a cook. So poor John spreads a dirty tent in some corner of the field near water, sleeps on the ground, works by star-light, lives on rice of his own cooking, and will soon be indispensable to our wheat-growers. We must have the labor from some source; and if China can give us the men, the fields will never be idle. Nor does the eight-hour law fare any better in the country. The work begins before sunrise; and the laborers go to rest with the sun. Of course, the farmers have no house-room for all these men; and so, secure against rain, they camp out in tents, or under the trees, if there be any; or sleep on the straw by the light of the stars.

Many farmers using "headers" do not thresh their grain at once, but stack it in the straw in large stacks. It then goes through a sweat; and in a week after stacking, the pile becomes damp and warm. It must now lie for three or four weeks more, when it will become dry again, and is then ready for threshing. Wheat fresh from the field is, in the interior valleys, very hard and brittle, and is apt to break badly in the threshing-machine. This is obviated by stacking, while the flouring quality of the grain is improved, and undoubtedly it gains some in weight.

So great is the disposition of the new grain to sweat, that even when threshed as it is cut, it will often sweat in the sack.

Wheat after being sacked may and often does lie weeks and even months in the open field. The farmer, secure from any fear of rain, finishes his harvesting before he puts a pound of his grain under cover. When ready, he hauls it to the *embarcadero*, and stores it or sends it to market.

One more trouble of the Eastern farmer we are free from. Our new grain is so hard, the weevil will not touch it. I have known instances where grain was kept two years and more in a bin on the field, without being handled, and was untouched by any insect.

Everybody who has travelled in California at the beginning of the rainy season, remembers the magnificent spectacles he has witnessed of whole fields of stubble on fire, and huge piles of straw burning in every direction. Everywhere else the farmer husbands his straw, and uses it to enrich his land; but here, he burns it. The excuse for this wasteful practice is that if he turns in the stubble or ploughs in the straw, there is not moisture enough in the ground to rot it, under two or three years, and meantime it so loosens the ground as to allow unusual evaporation and injure the crops. But I remember that in 1864 thrifty farmers got sixteen dollars a ton for straw; and I observe, to-day, that careful men stack it and preserve it. Even the wealth of a virgin soil cannot stand year after year of steady crops, without manure, without fallowing of any kind, and without any rotation of crops.

There are many varieties of wheat raised in this State; but the favorite seed, to-day, is very decidedly the "White Australia." The wheat of the days of the *Padres*, or at least that found here at the American occupation, was the "California Club," a variety found mixed with other wheat, all over the State, but nowhere cultivated by itself, that I know of. It is a poor yielder, but a hardy grain, with short-bearded head, and a plump, dark berry, producing a yellowish flour, with little body. It is a curious fact, that wherever a farmer neglects to change his seed and lets it "run out," it approximates in appearance this "California

Club;" and moreover, it is singular that it is found scattered in almost every field in the State—certainly, every one in this portion. Like the Spanish horses and the "Mission Grape," this variety is so completely naturalized as to disguise its origin. The first variety introduced by the Americans was the Chili wheat, white and red. The red has disappeared; but the "White Chili" is still very popular, especially in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. It is a beardless wheat, with a strong straw, a fair yielder, producing a short, plump berry, which gives a very white flour with little body. The tendency of Chili wheat, in this climate, is to become shorter and smaller than the original seed.

At about 1854, white and red Australia seed was introduced. The red has entirely disappeared, being probably bleached out. It is a good yielder, and is our most popular grain, among both farmers and millers, especially near the sea-shore. The straw is slim, which is an objection to it; the head is beardless, long, and full of grain—but easily shelling out the kernels, in windy localities. The berry is long and slim, and it makes our best flour. It varies from the original Australia seed in being longer and thinner; for these reasons it is not esteemed by exporters, who prefer the rounder grains.

In 1858, Sonora seed appeared, extended rapidly over the State, and rapidly disappeared. To-day it is but little raised. It came from Sonora in Mexico; is a poor yielder, but has a strong straw, and holds its grain firmly in the head. This, and the fact that it can be sown very late in the season, constitute its main advantages. It produces a beautiful, bright, plump wheat, but the kernel is small and flinty. The flour from it is yellow and short. Another variety of wheat, and a very excellent one, called "Chili Club," is largely raised north of San Pablo and Suisun bays—but I do not know its origin. In yields well, and is a stout grain, proof against high winds. Moreover, being white, plump and handsome, it is a great favorite with exporters; but it does not produce as fine a flour as some other varieties. There are many other kinds of seed sown here, but none worthy of note. Before leaving this part of our subject, it may be well to note the different qualities of wheat resulting from geographical or local causes. All the wheat raised on the sea is soft, damp and dark, with a very thick skin, while that raised inside the Coast Range, protected from fogs, is bright, and very hard and dry, with a thin skin. Between these extremes is every shade of difference. Again, certain sections (such as Santa Clara) are noted for the strong, glutinous quality of wheat, called "body" or "strength," so highly prized for bakers' flour, and for macaroni. This is discernible especially in dry seasons, and on gravelly soils—particularly on new land. This gives "body" to flour: but what produces it in the wheat, I do not know. Every district has its peculiarities; and experts can readily pronounce within a few miles of where any sample is raised.

The *yield* to the acre in California is wonderful, considering our slovenly methods of farming. We averaged about twenty bushels to the acre in 1866; but it is nothing uncommon to see sixty and seventy bushels harvested to the acre, on large fields; and instances are well authenticated of land producing as high as eighty-three and eighty-four. Cases are on record of even more; but the readers of the OVERLAND may rest with this for the present. The average yield is undoubtedly decreasing, as the soil becomes exhausted, in the older sections of the State, by constant cropping with wheat year after year. The quality, too, degenerates under this bad system. One singular feature of our wheat-raising is the "volunteer" crop. Land sown

this harvest year will "volunteer" a half-crop next year, without any care further than to protect it from cattle; and even the third year may produce a crop worth harvesting. The "volunteer" grain will be foul; but it usually ripens early, and partially makes up for its quality by coming into market before the main crop. The mildness of our winter protects the seed, sown by nature in the cracks of the ground, from destruction; and the first "volunteer" crop sometimes averages twenty-five or thirty bushels to the acre.

California wheat, as a whole, is peculiar for its whiteness and hardness. It is not remarkable for its "strength" or glutinous quality. Its whiteness gives it an especial value in New York and Liverpool. It is so hard that the mills of the interior are compelled to wet it freely before grinding. This quality protects it from insects, renders it peculiarly safe for a sea-voyage, and makes it doubly valuable for mixing with the softer varieties in England and the Atlantic States. The contrast between our fine white wheat and the small, dark grain of the East, is wonderful to a stranger; and in both the Liverpool and New York grain-markets, we bear away the palm of the highest prices, and our wheat is reserved for their choicest brands of flour. We can say, without qualification, that to-day the people of California eat better bread, and for less cost, than any people on the face of the globe.

In considering the table of exports previously given, we must add to those figures what is consumed for bread, for seed, for feed, and for distilling, in order to get the amount of the crop. The crops of the last three years are thus estimated in round numbers:

Harvest of 1866..................14,000,000 bushels.
" 1867..................14,000,000 "
" 1868..................20,000,000 "

Or, in 1868, about one-tenth of the yield of the whole United States. If the prices so far prevailing this crop-year are maintained, our wheat alone, without our other agricultural products, will yield us $20,000,000—very nearly as much as our entire crop of precious metals.

The history of wheat culture is one of the most wonderful chapters in the annals of California. In 1848, we raised nothing; but abandoned all agriculture in the search for gold. In 1858, we barely supported our own population. In 1868, we shall have a larger surplus than any other state in the Union. What shall we look forward to? As our railroads are extended, and new sections brought into market, will our supply of tonnage become too small for us? Already this question looms up before us. Shall we build large elevators like those of Chicago, at Panama and Aspinwall, and ship our grain in bulk by way of the Isthmus to our Sister States and to the Old World? Or will the shores of the Pacific swarm with a population, in time to come, ample to consume our bountiful crops? Perhaps China may depart from the rigid customs of her ancestors, and some part of her population become wheat-consumers. Such questions crowd upon us and bewilder us, as we survey the progress of our State, and wonder what we are to do in the time to come. Whatever be our future, it is full of hope; and we bless the Providence that has cast our lives in a land of such peace and plenty.

OUR HEATHEN TEMPLES.

UNION Square, in San Francisco, is fast becoming the centre of churches, and nearly all the denominations are represented there. But not all of those buildings for religious purposes are dedicated to the worship of the One who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." While as yet Union Square was on the borders of the sand-hills, and even itself a sand-hill, there was already, farther out amongst the brush and sand, a temple built for the worship of heathen deities.

A Chinaman named Ah Ching, having an eye to business, and understanding thoroughly the weakness of his countrymen—the freedom with which they spend money on their idols—bethought himself of the plan of erecting a cheap temple, and stocking it with images, and with the furniture and materials commonly used in the worship of the gods, that he might enrich himself, or at least be able to lead an easy, indolent life by means of the offerings and presents brought to the gods, and by the price paid for charms, incense and candles which he kept for sale, as well as by means of the frequent subscription papers which he caused to be circulated amongst his countrymen ostensibly for the benefit of the gods.

The external and internal appearance of this house of the gods was as much like a Buddhist temple in China as Ah Ching was able to make it, though as to capacity it was only in miniature.

That temple may still be found on the corner of Mason and Post streets; but since that part of the city became populous, the temple has been screened from public notice by a high fence on the line of the street. The place may be recognized by the Chinese inscriptions on either side of a very plain door opening to the street, one of which inscriptions reads thus: "The image of the god exalted like the mountains, illuminating these foreign shores." Its fellow on the other side of the door may be translated; "May the divine compassion flowing out far and abundantly protect these ends of the earth." On a smaller tablet is the inscription: "The imperial heaven spread out these remote lands." The corresponding tablet at the other side informs us that "The outside lands depend on the people of China."

Originally this was called the temple of T'ien Hau, the queen of heaven, she being the principal goddess represented here. Many other images have since been added, and it is now called the temple of all the gods.

Once within the inclosure the visitor may fancy himself in heathendom, for all around are the "gods framed by art and man's device," and here he actually sees the people "bowing down to stocks and stones which their own hands have made."

The visitor may desire an introduction to the several divinities that are enshrined within this temple; therefore we will pass hastily through, stopping a few seconds before each shrine to take a good look at the several images and get their names; but unfortunately some portions of the building are dark and gloomy from the lack of windows, while the smoke of candles and incense, and the dust accumulated on the ceilings and on the hanging cobwebs, add to the gloominess of the place.

Within the gate at the left, but still outside the temple, is a rude altar on the ground, with a simple unwrought stone, and with a tablet which proclaims it to be an altar to the tutelary deities, the god of the place, and the god of

agriculture; or, together, commonly termed the gods of the land and grain. They are worshipped in China by the sovereign as patron deities. Their festivals are in the spring and autumn, the seeding time and harvest-time. Their altars have no roofs. In China they are met with anywhere; in the fields and by the roadside.

Entering the temple door, immediately at the right, in the corner and slightly elevated from the floor, in a shrine not unlike a dog-kennel, is the image of a fat old man with grey beard; this is Tú Tí, god of earth. Every town or neighborhood may have its own local Tú Tí, which may be a former resident of the place, deified because of his distinguished excellence of character, or for some particular act of valor or benevolence. Although there may be many different gods of the earth, still throughout the empire but one day is noted in the calendar as his birth-day or festival, viz: the second day of the second month. He is much worshipped, because it is supposed that prosperity in business depends very much upon his favor.

The temple is divided into three apartments communicating with each other by doorways and arches. We pass on into the middle room, and in the corner at the right, (or say in the northwest corner, as the building faces the east) is the image of a man with black beard. This is intended to represent Shing Wong, the god of the wall and the moat. Every Chinese town has a temple to this deity. The defence and the general welfare of the city and vicinity are supposed to depend upon this "Lord of the province," as he is sometimes called. He is sought unto to appease unruly spirits, (spirits of the dead) to give rain in time of drought, and to stay the rain in time of flood.

Opposite to Shing Wong, in the southwest corner, is Kin Hwa, a goddess whose specialty is to take care of children, and to cause barren women again to have favor in the eyes of their lords.

In the rear apartment, along its western wall, is quite an array of gods; and first, at our right, is Hwa Kwang, with three eyes, the third eye being in the centre of the forehead. He is worshipped as the giver of wisdom. Each of the cardinal points of the compass—north, south, east and west, together with the centre—represent the five elements respectively, as: water, wood, fire, metal, earth; and each has a god to control it. Tú Tí is over earth, in the centre, and Hwa Kwang, with his three eyes, over fire, at the south; part of his office, therefore, is to guard against conflagrations. He is represented with two attendants—one at the right, and one at the left. The central figure in the shrine, before which stands the principal altar, is T'ien Hau. She, indeed, is the chief deity of the temple; but we will speak further of her history and prerogratives hereafter.

At the left of T'ien Hau, in the same shrine, is a small image of Hwa To, a god of medicine. At her right hand is Tai Sui, Great Age. According to Chinese mythology, each of the sixty years of the cycle has a particular deity to preside over it, which is carried in the processions "to meet the Spring," and is the especial patron for the year. In the same shrine is an image to the god of wealth, his hands grasping a bar of gold. In the south-west corner of his apartment is the image of Kwan Tai, the god of war, commonly represented with a glaring red face and staring eyes. He seems to be the most popular of the gods, being met with in nearly all the stores and shops of the Chinese. We may have occasion to say more of him at a future time.

T'ien Hau, the queen of heaven, being the chief deity of this portion of the temple, we may be allowed to give some more particulars respecting her.

Somewhere during the time of the Sung dynasty, between A.D. 970 and

A.D. 1280, in the province of Fukien, and in a district on the sea-coast south of the mouth of the river Min, there lived a man who had five sons and one daughter. One daughter was uncommonly beautiful, talented, educated and accomplished. She was, however, subject to epileptic fits. Having reached the marriageable age, her parents were desirous that she should wed; but she refused, saying that she was to become the "bride of heaven." Her parents wondered, but did not compel her. The wealthy and distinguished youth in all the region around about sought her hand; but they wooed in vain. Her brothers, having come to sufficient age, following the profession of their father, betook themselves to the sea and, as sailors, sought a livelihood. One day, while the father and sons were on the ocean with a cargo of salt in their vessel, there arose a dreadful storm. At the same time the daughter at home fell into convulsions, and for a long period continued in that state, until finally she was restored by the persistent efforts of her mother and aunt. When recovered, she reported that during the convulsions her spirit had been out on the deep, having sped away to the rescue of her brothers, and that she would have succeeded in saving them had not her mother and aunt forced her to return. Subsequently, while taking an airing in a boat on the canal, she was so exposed to the cold as to induce a sickness which caused her death.

The reports respecting her attempt to save her brothers gained credence and were wide-spread, and she was at length elevated to the rank of a goddess, and is now worshipped by all people when in trouble; but is especially the patron of all watermen and sailors. We find her temples along the shore of the sea, and on river-banks; and any vessel attempting to pass such a temple without the performance of the usual ceremonies in her honor, might expect to meet with disaster.

We notice in this temple many offerings which have been presented to T'ien Hau—such as the artificial tinsel-flowers, little shoes, cups of tea for her to drink, and cups of water with which she may wash her face. A full-rigged Chinese junk stands within sight, complete in all its parts even, to the eyes in the bow with which it may see to make its way over the trackless deep.

Many inscriptions adorn the temple, one of which, designed especially for the queen of heaven, reads: "The merciful billows of Fukien flow down into the seas of Canton." Another, by supplying what is necessary to make it intelligible in English, would read: "*Thou goddess* of Po Tin, (the name of the birth-place of T'ien Hau) *let thy blessings*, like the wide-spread rain, reach even to Canton, (or to the Canton people)." An inscription over her head is in these terms: "May her mercy flow to the kingdoms of the sea."

There are many things in the temple, all of which are connected in some way with the worship of the gods, and illustrative of the superstitions of the people; but it is not an easy matter to describe them.

There is the official umbrella, as we sometimes call it—somewhat in form like an inverted tub raised on a pole, the sides of which are of richly embroidered silk, the gift of some person or persons; then, the "eight precious things," standing in duplicates, a row on each side of the room, as files of soldiers would stand in attendance on the gods were they living and acting as kings or high officers. These "eight precious things" are the mace, the scimetar, the battle-axe, etc.,—never omitting the fan — surmounting long poles. There is a stove into which is cast the burning paper that has been offered to the gods, and which is a

representation of money, clothing, furniture, or whatever the gods are supposed to need in the other world. Paper servants, horses, sedan-chairs, etc., are in this way sent in great quantities to the land of spirits. Pasted on the walls are very many strips of red paper. We ascertain that on each paper is the name of a person who has subscribed money for repairing the temple, or for any other particular purpose, in the interest of the gods. The amount of the subscription is also published. We have here curtains and table-cloths of silk, having dragons and fabulous birds wrought upon them with golden thread. We notice the great seal of office standing within reach of the god, (could he but use his arms); also, the great bell and drum, which worshippers strike in order to arouse the god should he chance to be asleep. Suspended before the principal shrine is the vestal fire—a lamp kept burning day and night; and in front of each altar are candles and incense sticks, replenished by each worshipper, and always renewed, morning and evening, by the attendants of the temple. There are rampant lions to guard the doors, and to watch beside the shrines; and there are lanterns of many forms. There are lilliputian figures in clay, or of carved wood, or of paper, set up in different places, simply because they are thought to be pretty to look at. These groups of figures are supposed to be illustrative of passages of ancient Chinese history.

On the high tables in front of the gods are the censers, the divining sticks, and the cases containing the lots. The worshipper having presented his offerings, ignited the incense and lighted the candles, bows and knocks his head many times on the carpet in front of the table; his lips moving as though he was earnestly repeating prayers. When he rises, he takes the divining sticks from the table, and drops them in a very solemn manner, and the answer of the god is favorable or unfavorable according to the position in which these sticks fall upon the floor. If in three trials of the sticks two are favorable, he tries no further; otherwise he continues the trial to three times three.

If he consults his fortune by means of the "spiritual slips," (the slips of bamboo) he agitates the case which contains them until one rises up and falls over on the floor. The number inscribed upon this slip of bamboo is noted, and the worshipper proceeds to hunt amongst a great number of slips of paper arranged along the wall, until he finds the one whose marks and number correspond with those upon the bamboo stick, and on this slip of paper is the oracle, the answer which the god has given to his prayer. These oracles are divided into favorable, unfavorable and medium.

One of them, when translated in full, is as follows: "The Queen of heaven's spiritual lot, number seven, favorable.

"The ancient man, Fan Lai, returned *wealthy* to his family by the Five Lakes, and lived in retirement.

"In the vessel rising on the billows and descending to the expanse of ocean, wandering like the clouds ten thousand *li* for traffic, accumulating merchandise of a hundred varieties, the price whether low or high; having amassed money and precious stones many fold, he returns to his native village."

EXPLANATION.

"Desiring one, he obtains two. Venturing little and gaining much. Both public and private business mutually aid each other. There is extreme profit in asking for wealth (by the oracles)."

Another response, No. 20, called "Medium," neither good or bad, reads as follows:

"The ancient man, Luk Shun (of the times of the Three States) suffered captivity in a labyrinth.

"The many roads are confused and inextricable, running north and south.

"Like a person in his cups, he sees forms confused and deceptive. What can be done?

"Suddenly he meets with an honorable man, who leads him safely out.

"This person, thereupon rejoicing, escapes from the net."

EXPLANATION.

"If one enters the darkness, there is none who can see; unexpectedly he meets a good man, and at once all trouble and distress are dissipated."

This may be accepted as sufficiently ambiguous. The oracle hasn't lied, let the affair about which the god was consulted result whichever way it may.

We observe that the paper on which these responses are printed is yellow, as is also the case with certain charms which we notice hung up in different parts of the temple—sheets of yellow paper with mysterious characters scrawled upon them. Yellow paper is used, we are told, because this is a color which is potent for frightening away imps and for dissipating evil influences; while white is the color for funerals, and red the color for weddings, and for whatever is of a joyous nature.

The god of medicine, Hwa To, has many worshippers. Some make him offerings with the hope that he will keep them in health; others that he may heal their diseases, or that he will prescribe remedies for themselves or for their sick friends; and such prescriptions are obtained in the same manner as above described, viz: after presenting the offerings and after the kneelings and bowings, the case of bamboo slips standing before Hwa To is shaken till one falls out, and the paper with the mark and number corresponding to the mark and number on the slip will have printed upon it the necessary prescription; and the sexton of the temple has the medicines all ready put up which he sells to patients.

Not only does the proprietor of the temple sell medicines according to the prescriptions of his god Hwa To, but he has for sale everything a worshipper may need; such as candles, incense sticks, charms, printed prayers, gilded paper to represent money; indeed, he has quite a store of such merchandise in one corner of the temple.

Those tablets, vertical and horizontal, put up all around the rooms, with their inscriptions in gilded characters, contain either prayers to, or panegyrics of the gods; some of them are as follows: "Thou, noble soul, by thy mercy and majesty dost govern the islands." "Cause thy mercy to embrace the barbarous shores, that thy majesty may be feared and thy virtues be held in remembrance." "Thy mercy flows forth like the monarchs of the deep, thy fame is effulgent, thy spirit is pure." "To him (meaning the god of war) whom the spring and autumn annals call the eminent scholar, with a spirit strong like that of the hills and rivers."

The second story of the temple contains but one idol: it is that of Kwan Yin, the goddess of mercy.

As a matter of curiosity we give a very brief sketch of her history, premising that biographical notices of heathen gods, being gathered whether from Chinese books or from their oral traditions, are liable to variations, and sometimes to seeming contradictions. Out of a mass of such legends we condense the following:

Kwan Yin, the goddess of mercy, is said to be the daughter of king Miau Chwang. (Dates are not given; and just who Miau Chwang was, when and where he lived, it is impossible to ascertain.) The father desired to give his daughter in marriage; but she refused. Whereupon he drove her from his house. She fled to a Buddhist convent, and lived amongst the nuns. The father, exceedingly angry, sent soldiers who fired the buildings, burning to death all the inmates except Kwan Yin, on whom

the flames made no impression: she sat upright and unmoved, and came out of the conflagration unhurt; therefore the people afterwards paid her divine worship and called her "Kwan Shí Yin, the saviour from trouble and distress," although, according to the legend, she never saved anybody. She suffered all the sisters of the convent to burn to death around her; nevertheless, she is lauded as "the most loving and the most merciful."

The images of Kwan Yin are of various forms and attitudes. She is represented as a young damsel seated in a lotus-flower; also as standing in bare feet, and dressed in white. She is represented as holding in her arms a child, and in the act of giving it away; therefore she is much worshipped by women desiring to have children. Again, we find her in the form of a pretty girl carrying a basket of fish. In this character the fishermen take her for their patron. Another image represents her in a contemplative attitude, sitting with feet crossed and with folded arms; and, again, she appears with four faces and eight arms: this, we are told, is to signify that she has power to assume any form she may please — consequently, she sometimes appears as a man.

Our citizens may have noticed a monstrous image, the representation of a man ten feet high, carried in procession by the Chinese at the "feast of the spirits," and on "All-souls' day": that was Kwan Yin. The image was made of paper laid over a light frame constructed of bamboo-splits; his face so colored as to look very fierce; a helmet on his head; his feet in military boots; and his body clad in mail. His office on these occasions is to distribute to the hungry spirits the provisions made ready for their use; and as these starving spirits are wont to quarrel fiercely over their feast, Kwan Yin, though "the most loving and most merciful," assumes for the occasion the form of a stern and giant warrior.

After performing his functions, the image itself is also committed to the flames; and thus in blaze and smoke, together with the burning paper-garments and paper-money, he passes away into the region of spirits, where he completes the distribution of the people's charities in behalf of poor and suffering souls who have no surviving friends to care for them.

The Buddhists tell of a man in the kingdom of Nan Hai, (but they didn't tell us in what part of the world this kingdom is situated) who had three daughters, each of whom was a goddess Kwan Yin.

In China, the priests who know how to play upon the credulity of the people, are accustomed, at convenient times, to set a small light floating on the water in the evening, and then to call the people to come with offerings to Kwan Yin, whose spirit is now visiting their place in the form of a flame hovering above the water.

Kwan Yin has two festivals—one on the nineteenth day of the second month, the other on the nineteenth day of the sixth month: one may be the anniversary of her birthday, the other the anniversary of the day in which she was deified.

We find over the head of this goddess of mercy, as she sits solitarily in her shrine in our San Francisco temple, the simple inscription "merciful clouds." The vertical inscriptions on either side are her names and titles.

For those who may have any interest in such matters, we will give the translation of a portion of the liturgy used in the worship of this goddess. It is not a kind of composition which will be likely to take the place of our standard literature; but just for once it may do, as showing what style of address is supposed by Buddhist worshippers to be available towards calling down the benedictions of the gods.

The prayer, or liturgy, is printed on a sheet of yellow paper. These prayers

are sold or gratuitously distributed to worshippers by the proprietor of the temple. The sheet contains, first: the representation of the goddess as a young girl sitting in the lotus-flower, with a halo around her head, and in her hands a roll of the Buddhist prayer-book. At her left is a branch of the willow-tree used by the priests for ceremonial cleansing, and for the dissipation of evil influences—which is done by dipping the branches in water, and sprinkling the same towards the four points of the compass. At her left hand is the lotus-flower, an emblem of purity. Over her head are floating clouds, and a parrot on the wing, holding in his beak a rosary. Beads are seen almost constantly in the hands of devout Buddhists, and are the tallies by which they keep count of the number of times they repeat a given prayer.

THE PRAYER.

"Nan Mo, saviour from affliction, saviour from trouble, Kwan Shí Yin goddess, the Bhudda of a hundred times a hundred and ten thousand years, and Buddhas in number as many as the sands of the river Ganges, Buddha of merit immeasurable."

Buddha once addressed one Ah Nan, saying: "This liturgy is most holy, being able to deliver prisoners from prison, able to raise the sick from extreme sickness, and able to rescue from the three calamities and from the three hundred afflictions and troubles. If a person chants *this formula* a thousand times, his own person will escape vexation and distress; if he chants it ten thousand times, his whole household will escape vexation and distress."

Nan Mo Buddha, awful in strength, Nan Mo Buddha powerful to help, deliver the people from a wicked heart, cause people to be translated from Tartarus to Paradise.

Revolving shining goddess, goddess of repeating goodness, great heavenly king Ah Nau, goddess of the well-ordered palace, mo yau, mo yau, tsing-tsing, pí yau, cause litigations to be quieted, and deliver us from all courts and judicial business. All ye great gods, all ye five hundred distinguished disciples of Buddha, save me (Ah Ching, or Ah Sam, as the case may be) a true believer, and deliver me from distress and trouble; then will I make mention of Kwan Shí Yin; without laying aside the ceremonial cap, diligently will I rehearse *this formula* a thousand times ten thousand times, and then of necessity calamities and troubles will be dissipated.

Believe, receive and practise; and then recite the true formulas, saying: Kin po, Kin po tí; Kiú ho, Kiú ho tí; to lo ní tí, ní ho lo tí, mo lo·ka tí, Chin ling kieu tí, Sha po lo."

On the same sheet is a supplemental "prayer for the preservation of life," as follows:

"Nan Mo Kwan Shí Yin goddess, Nan Mo Buddha, Nan Mo precepts, Nan Mo priests. With Buddha there is a cause, with Buddha there is a reason. Buddha's precepts and Buddha's reason continually afford me peace and joy. In the morning I chant the liturgy of Kwan Shí Yin; at evening I chant the liturgy of Kwan Shí Yin; chanting and chanting, the heart and lips in unison; chanting and chanting without a wandering thought; spirit of heaven, spirit of earth, deliver man from evil and separate evil from man, and all manner of calamities do thou cause to be driven away like the dust. Nan mo, Mo ho, pün joh, po lo mut. O, Kwan Shí Yin goddess, dissipate troubles and curses. Nan Mo Buddha, Nan Mo precepts, Nan Mo priests, tan chí to. Ka lo fat to, lo ka fat to, lo ka fat to, Sha po lo."

Thus endeth this litany.

On the same sheet is a calendar of the days—twenty in all during each year—which should be especially set apart to the worship of Kwan Yin.

Large portions of the Buddhist liturgy

have never been translated; and the sounds as given are supposed to be the same as are used in the original Sanscrit. The Buddhist gods, Buddhist books and Buddist religion are all importations from India. The introduction of this religion into China dates no farther back than the year of our Lord sixty-six.

Before taking our leave of this "temple of all the gods," we may step down into the cellar, to see what they have there. It is dark and damp enough, but it being the hour for the evening incense, the sexton comes with the lighted tapers and burning sticks of sandal wood which he arranges in front of the tablets which are placed here in memory of the dead, and not only in their memory, but that the employés of the temple may perform the prescribed ancestral worship to the manes of the dead whose names are recorded on these tablets.

By the sickly light of the burning tapers we grope around and make our observations. We remark that the sexton deals honestly with the dead and with those who have feed him to serve the spirits, for there is no stint in the amount of incense that he burns.

We remark two rude images, as large as life, dressed in coarse ash-colored robes, and leaning upon staves. One has wept so long and so bitterly, that tears no longer flow from the lachrymal glands, but streams of blood are pouring from the eyes and flowing down the cheeks. These are the images of some ancient persons whose remarkable filial piety and whose sincere lamentations for the loss of parents caused them to receive a very high seat in heaven, and made them worthy of being worshipped by the living.

We find also, even down in this dark vault where we would expect to meet only with associations befitting the places of burial—we find, even here, one of the images representing the god of wealth. Before the tablets for the dead are offerings which have been placed there by surviving friends; amongst which are shoes, flowers and staves which the mourners carried when the body was borne to the grave.

An adjoining room is occupied by the proprietor of the temple and his assistant. Most conspicuous is the couch arranged for opium-smoking, with pipes and the ever-burning lamp. On the floor at the side of the room is the shrine to the local deity (whoever he may be). On the wall is a bright, new, red card. This, we learn, is a certificate that this man, the occupant of this room, was the subscriber of five dollars to a new temple on Sacramento street. On the wall are a few framed pictures, one of which is a large engraving of Ashland, with the illustrious proprietor walking alone amongst those noble trees. Scarcely could the eloquent Harry have dreamed of so much fame as this!

Our friends may wish to know what became of Ah Ching, who first built this temple. He lived indolently, smoked opium, grew yellow and lean, and died as of old age when only about forty-five. The woman who lived with him as a wife took charge of the two thousand dollars which he had made from the perquisites of the temple and the donations of worshippers. A fat, short man, who had been a servant of Ah Ching, succeeding him in the proprietorship of the temple, also succeeded to his place in the inner apartments, if not to his share in the affections of the woman who afterwards cooked and washed and mended for the servant as obediently as she had done for the master.

But by and by, when the short man began to inquire about the two thousand dollars, there also began to be rumors of misunderstandings in the household, which misunderstandings by degrees assumed a graver aspect, which neither the queen of heaven nor the goddess of love and mercy, nor yet

Kwan Tai with his scimetar and battle-axe, were able to appease.

Many times since then those gods have had new masters. The bones of both Ah Ching and his mistress are mouldering somewhere; but the successors of Ah Ching faithfully burn the incense to their spirits in the damp, dark cellar where once they partook of their rice and fish together.

There are other heathen temples, and other gods in San Francisco; but we have seen enough for one day, and enough to cause us to exclaim more emphatically than ever: Strange race, truly, are the Chinese! Shrewd as any people in money-making, equal to any in their philosophy and moral maxims, outdone by none in politeness: but in religion—what we have just witnessed in this temple—foolish in the extreme! Sixty thousand people on this coast, who trust the keeping of their souls to such things as are here described! We read of "the dark places of the earth;" but here are spots which are dark enough, under the droppings of our sanctuaries. But it cannot always remain so. There is light in America. Idolatry may be imported to these shores—but it cannot live for many years. The same agencies which have made us what we are, must produce their legitimate results upon all on whom they are in like manner brought to bear.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY.

IT matters little how one betakes himself to the wilderness, so that he gets there in some fitting mood to enjoy its great hospitality. If a bruised and battered guest, so much the more need of the profound peace and restfulness of the woods. There is a fine contrast in the autumn tints of yellow stubble fields set with the unfading green of oaks, like emeralds in settings of gold. The mysteries of the uplifted mountains are veiled in with a dreamy haze, as if all harsh and jerky outlines were the unfinished places yet to be rounded into fullness and beauty before the day of unveiling comes. These mighty throes of nature may be in accordance with some law of adjustment working towards an eternal perfection of finish, of which we have not yet attained so much as a dim conception. If our play-houses are toppled over, so much the better for some of the shams which now and then need the wholesome revision of fires and earthquakes. You see that ambitious wooden palace down the valley. What does it symbolize more than pretence, weakness, and barrenness of all æsthetic culture? Some day nature will feel the affront, and this blot in the foreground of a noble picture will be gone. Is it because this type of civilization is but for a day, that the habitations of men are built for a day also? Where do our architects get their inspiration, that they cut such fantastic capers in wood? It might be well to put a new padlock on the tomb of Cicero before any further imitations of the villa at Tusculum are perpetrated. The savage leaves behind some show of broken pottery, or at least, here and there an arrow-head of flint. We do not build well enough to secure any respectable ruins. What other antiquities, besides debts, are we likely to bequeath to posterity?

The trailing dust of the beaten thoroughfare comes to an end at last. The ox-teams have crawled down into the valley, more patient than the driver, who causes a perpetual series of undulations

to run along their backs by an inhuman prodding. There are some vocations which seem to develope all the hatefulness and cruelty of human nature, and this is evidently one of them. In five minutes more there will be no visible sign of civilization in all the horizon. If one is piqued at the silence of a reception into the wilderness, let him consider how gracious it is, withal. It will grow upon him from day to day, until he may come to think that these very solitudes have been waiting for his coming a thousand years. It is not to go apart from ourselves, but to recover a more intense self-consciousness, that we need this seclusion. The ceaseless jar and uproar of life sets in a hard materialism at last, because there has been an absence of all softening influences and all seasons of communion. It is a small thing that the dead are sometimes turned to stone by some chemistry of nature. But what of the the living who are every day turning to stone by an increasing deadness to all human sympathies ?

The host is at home in the wilderness, but you may not see his face for many a day. In the meantime there is the guest chamber ; enter and make no ado about it. The trees overarch you gently, and bend with graceful salutations ; the rocks are most generous hearth-stones, and the pools under the cliffs are large enough for a morning splash. You have only to climb the precipice yonder to count more towns and villages than you have fingers. But the sight is not worth the effort, since one needs to pray earnestly for deliverance from both. If most country villages on this coast are not so many blots upon otherwise fine landscapes, how much do they fall short of them ? The authorities of the most favored town in the State, so far as climate and physical characteristics go, could think of nothing better than to destroy a line of Mission willows, extending through the main street for nearly a mile—every tree a monument of historic interest—and then with innocent boorishness, looked up to the faces of men who were ashamed of them, for some token of approval. Tree-murder has culminated, let us hope, since Time has been busy swinging his scythe close upon the heels of the culprits. There may be more hope of the next generation. The children born upon the soil may get a better inspiration, and draw a more generous life from the earth which nourishes them. How, otherwise, shall these dreary highways and barren villages be translated from ugliness to beauty ? What a divine challenge do these encompassing mountains and grandest of forests send out to men to cease defiling the earth!

It is not so much a question whether the "coming man" will be a wine-bibber, as whether the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for him. Will he plant trees ? Will he train rivulets adown the mountains into stone fountains by dusty roadsides ? Will he refuse to cut down trees because they are old, with as sturdy a decision as he would refrain from cutting a man's legs off because he chanced to be old and venerable ? Will he recognize the great truth that the earth is the garden of the Lord, and that he is sent forth to dress it, and make it, if possible, still more beautiful ? If he will not, by all that is is good, let a message be sent to the "coming man" not to come.

What a large freedom there is in the wilderness ! You come and go with a consciousness that you will be fed and lodged in a manner both befitting you and your host. There are no pressing attentions, and no snobbery to offend. Why did Mr. Bullion summon me to his feast ? Was it not, in part, that I should see his costly plate, admire his pictures, (which are shams, by the way) look at his raw furniture and staring carpets, and not be unmindful, withal, of the magnificent adorning of his am-

bitious wife and stunning daughters? What can now be recovered from the gulf wherein were sunk three precious hours? Only this; that Mr. Bullion has made more than a quarter of a million of dollars by some lucky ventures this year; and that he is interested in several horses of a remarkably fast gait. Did he propose to make some grateful return for so much good fortune? Would he found a library? endow a school? encourage some scientific expedition? become a generous patron of the struggling literature of the new commonwealth? He had thought of none of these things. Nor did it occur to him how much emptiness there was at the feast. It is saddest of all that so many of our rich men neither recognize times nor opportunities. They have not yet learned to make a feast an occasion of noble deeds. Of grosser hospitality there is no lack; but the lame, the halt, and the blind, are none the better for it.

There is something ignoble in reducing the problem of life to a mere game of "keeps." The world is probably mortgaged or put in pawn for more than it is worth, considering how much rubbish goes with it. The wrappers of Egyptian mummies of high lineage, which were wound up four thousand years ago, have been sold in our times for paper-stock. But will the men of these times, who boast that they have got the world in pawn, contribute so much as one nether garment to posterity four thousand years hence? The world changes hands every thirty years, and a new set of pawn-keepers appears; but it is the same old grip. There will be confusion yet, when the secret is found out that the world is worth only a moiety of the sum for which it is pledged, and there is a general call for collaterals.

It is not safe to despise this tonic of the wilderness. Most men do not know how small they are until they go forth into some larger place. It is good to have illusions dispelled in a healthy way. A man is great in the counting-room, pulpit or forum, because no one has thought it worth the while to dispute the assumption. The position held at first by sufferance, may ripen into a possessory title, provided he sticks to his claim.

The *pholas* wears a round hole by much scouring and attrition in the rock, and is stronger and greater in that hole than any other occupant can be. The "sphere is filled," and what more would you have? There is an excess of great little men, who have managed by much grinding and abrasion to wear a hole in the rock, into which they fit with surprising accuracy. They are great within their own dominion; but how small the moment they are pushed beyond it! No violence can be too harsh which breaks off the petty limitations of one's life. The valley through which men are called to walk ought to widen every day, until some grand outlook is gained. It is not the gentle south-wind, but the blast of the hurricane which makes them move on. And when one is violently wrenched out of his place, let him accept it as a Divine interposition to save him from eternal littleness.

There is that spring yonder under the shelving rock, having a trace of sulphur and iron, and possibly, some other qualities for physical regeneration. For two hours at midday there has been a succession of birds and beasts to its waters. Curiously enough, there has been no collision; but every kind in its own order. The roe, with a half-grown fawn, comes down early in the morning; and as the heat of mid-day increases, coveys of quails, led by the parent-birds, emerge from the thickets, and trail along to the spring. Later still, orioles, thrushes, robins, linnets and a wild mocking-bird without any name, go down not only to drink, but to lave in the waters. You may watch for days and months, but you will never see the hawk or the crow, or any un-

clean bird do this thing. But birds of song, which have neither hooked beaks nor talons, sprinkle themselves with purifying waters, and are innocent of all violence and blood. The spring is not only a tonic, but it serves to take the conceit out of a ponderous man who has been putting on the airs of wisdom in the woods. He, too, went down on "all-fours" to drink: and such an ungraceful figure did this counting-house prince make, and blew so like a hippopotamus backing out of the ooze and mire, that all the woods rang with wildest mirth. But a lad, bending the visor of his cap, lifted the water to his mouth, and drank erect like one to the manor born. For the space of half an hour the great man was as humble as a child, and there was no more wisdom in him. But the spirit of divination overtook him at last; with a tape line he set about measuring the girth of the noblest redwood-tree of the forest; and with pencil in hand was calculating the number of thousand feet of inch-boards it would make, if cut up at the mills! If the gentle hamadryad which, for aught I know, still dwelleth in every living tree, saw this gross affront, there were utterances which were nigh unto cursing. Were the forests made for no better ends than this sordid wood-craft which hews down and saws them into deals for dry-good boxes and the counters of shop-keepers? There is not one tree too many on this round globe; and the whole herd of wood craftsmen ought to be served with notices to set out a new tree for every one destroyed, or quit at once.

It is worth the enquiry, at what point that tendency in modern civilization is to be arrested, which is hastening the world on to barrenness and desolation. The sites of ruined cities are deserts often; but rarely is one overgrown with forest trees; as though nature were still in revolt, and had no heart for renewal, where for ages she has been ravaged and impoverished by multitudinous populations. Observe, too, how nature shifts her burdens. The sand drifts to-day over the foundations of the vastest cities of antiquity. But when the great cycle of rest is filled out, if so be that the old verdure is restored, what wastes may there not be, and what drifting sands over buried cities in the heart of this continent? What ravages, too, are these new demons yet to commit upon the forests, as they go up and down the mountain sides with wheels of thunder and eyes of flame? Are all the trees of the woods to be offered up to these new idols of civilization?

All sounds are musical in the woods, and the far-off tinkling of a cow-bell is wondrously grateful to the ear. There is nothing marvellous in the sharpened senses of an Indian. This half-grown lad is already a match for the best of them. There is not a sound in the woods, however obscure, that he does not rightly interpret; and I have more than once been misled by his counterfeit imitations of game birds and wild animals. No Indian can reason from observation so accurately as he whose intellect has had the schooling of nature grafted upon the discipline of books. The sharpest insight into nature is never given to the savage, but to him whose grosser senses have been purged, and whose vision is clarified by some wisdom which is let down from above.

All healthy souls love the society of trees; and the mold which feeds them is a better fertilizer of thought than the mold of many books. You see the marks of fires which have swept along these mountain sides; here and there the trunk of a redwood has been streaked by a tongue of flame. But the tree wears its crown of eternal green. It is only the dry sticks and rubbish which are burned up, to make more room for the giants; while many noxious reptiles have been driven back to their holes. Possibly, the wood-ticks number some

millions less. But very little that is worth saving is consumed.

We shall need a regenerating fire some day, to do for books what is done for the forests. May it be a hot one when it comes. Let no dry sticks or vermin escape. Ninety in every hundred books which have got into our libraries within the last half century, will fail to enlighten the world until there is one good, honest conflagration. Something might be gained from the ashes of these barren books; therefore, pile on the rubbish, and use the poker freely. Let not the fire go out until some cords of pious doggerel, concocted in the name of poetry, have been added thereto. The giants will survive the flames; but punk-wood, moths, and wood-ticks will all be gone.

By a noteworthy coincidence, when the smell of autumn fruits comes up from the valley, and the grapes hang in clusters on the hillsides, and wine-presses overflow, the last sign of dearth is obliterated by the swelling of all hidden fountains. The earth is not jubilant without water. The springs which had been lost, gurgle in the crevices of the rocks, and streaks of dampness are seen along the trails, where, in the early morning, little rivulets ran and interlaced and retired before the sun. There will be no rain for weeks. There has been none for months. The trees by the wayside faint and droop under the burden of heat and dust. But they know this signal of the coming rain. The fountains below seem to know, also, at what time the fountains above are to be unsealed; and these pulsing streams are the answering signal. Shorter days and diminished solar evaporation will answer as a partial clearing up of the mystery. But if the profoundest truth has not yet been touched, suppose, Oh philosopher of many books and many doubts, that you let your grapnel into the depths for it? Only be sure that your line is long enough, and that you bring no more rubbish to the surface. There is more truth above ground than most of us will master. And we stumble over it in field and forest, like luckless treasure hunters; when a ringing blow upon the dull rock would reveal filaments of gold or the glancing light of crystals. There are some truths, also, whose insufferable light we cannot bear. They must be shaded off, like half tints at set of sun. And if any prophet coming out of the wilderness shall dare to tell more, let him eat his locusts and wild honey first, for he cannot tell whether he will be crowned or stoned.

RESTAURANT LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A BROKEN pauper lay a-dying in a San Francisco hospital. For weeks his only fare had been the meager and coarse diet of the eleemosynary institution in which he found himself drawing near to the end of an improvident life. He was surrounded by the bare and comfortless scenes of a county hospital; yet, looking back over his checkered career in the country, filled with vicissitudes and exciting situations, he drew one single comforting conclusion. He had nothing to say about his usefulness as a man and citizen, nor of any ennobling or virtuous action of his own; but, looking greedily over the past, he consoled himself with the emphatic remark: "Well, I have had a good living, anyhow."

The reader need not suppose I have introduced the sombre figure of the dying pauper into the foreground of this sketch that his doleful story may point a moral or adorn a tale. But the unctuous consummation of the life of this poor Lazarus, whom I have brought out

into the warm light from the plenteous restaurants of San Francisco, is that which has been, and shall yet be all that thousands of Californians can say truly of themselves, when they take in the final retrospect of a busy life. If there is a country upon the face of the earth where the comforts and delicacies of the table are of absolutely paramount importance, it is certainly California. Leaving out the abjectly and squalidly poor, it is nevertheless true, that the lowest and most moneyless classes of society have more daintiness of palate and contempt for coarse or homely fare than the same sort of people anywhere else. Love of good living is one of the peculiarities of the nation, possibly, but in California the national weakness is a ruling passion. The butchers complain that they cannot find customers for the coarser cuts of meats; there are no people whose fastidiousness is so blunted by hunger that they will take the profuse waste of hotel tables ; and though grinding poverty is more common in San Francisco than in the old flush times, a disdain for the lower grades of flour, and beefsteaks "off the round," seems to pervade all ranks of life. If a few pieces of coin stand between the San Franciscan and beggary, he must have his sirloin and *café noir* to-day; to-morrow may be leanness and abstinence ; to-day he must have the best that the market yields.

So the restaurants of San Francisco are numerous, plenteous, inviting and even cheap. There is abundant provision made for him whose purse is slender or whose conscience forbids him to "sponge" the landlord out of a costly refection ; but even the cheap must be good and appetizing, for he who has money to pay for anything will only pay it for one of the numerous grades of "the best." The stranger from other shores may consent to dull the edge of appetite with what keepers of cheap boarding houses call "filling" food, but your old stager takes refuge in crime or suicide when all other resources fail, and his dinner is not rounded into completeness with some tolerable likeness of a dessert. Where, but in San Francisco, would a sturdy beggar ask alms with a cigar between his lips ?

The number of gentlemanly Arabs in San Francisco is quite surprising. Their tents are furnished lodgings and their hunting-grounds are the restaurants and hotels of the city. They are respectably connected in the directories with business houses, banks, offices, or other establishments ; but their place of abode no man knoweth ; they do not themselves always know. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. Seen on 'Change or in their other places of resort for business or pleasure, they melt away in the sleeping hours as their wild prototypes of the desert disappear in the sand or reappear as if from out the sky. The gentlemanly Arab is not long satisfied with one place for eating, nor with one place for sleeping. Here and there is a reformed member of the tribe, of whom his landlady remarks, with pride and wonder: "He has been with me nigh on to three years, come Christmas ;" but the race is generally nomadic, changeful, and a burden of grief to respectable old ladies who let furnished lodgings. These are the chief patrons of the San Francisco restaurants. And when we consider how many homes are unbuilt and unborn, how many lives are comfortlessly passed in the unsatisfying and artificial eating-places and keeping-places of this metropolis, one may be justified in once more bringing to the foreground the forlorn figure of the dying pauper, to match his faded colors with the sombre hues of the picture. Were all the now single men in San Francisco, between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five years, to be married this month, and set up their own household gods, the restaurants would be insolvent, and half

of the hotels would be compelled to close their doors.

But the single men are not the only customers to the restaurants. Not a few childless couples live in lodgings, and have their food brought to them by servants from the eating-houses, in that advanced stage of staleness which justifies the epithet of " cold victuals." These are they who fancy that crisp muffins and juicy beefsteaks, erewhile hot from the coals, are fit food for the civilized man after being carried half a mile on the head of an unwholesome servant. For such persons the "filling" food above referred to were just as good and vastly more economical. Other families prefer to partake of these streams nearer to the fountain head, and go to the restaurants as health-seekers go to medicinal springs—to be filled. There may be women with the graces and attractions of home life about them, in the habitations of people who live thus; they avoid the fuss and fumes of cooking about the house, and have no fear of that terrible tyrant—the cook. But the reader who cons these pages amidst the refining blandishments of a well-ordered home, may well give a sigh of commiseration for the unhappy mortals who never know the dear delights of a family table, spread with the home dishes which loving hands and tender thoughtfulness have prepared. A mistaken notion of economy may drive husband and wife to the restaurants, or induce them to submit to the indignity of being fed by errand boys, but the apparent saving is secured at an alarming sacrifice. Even large families have tried the experiment of restaurant life in San Francisco, and I have seen the head of such a family marshal his partner and seven children from lodgings to restaurant twice a day, to the great admiration of numerous beholding neighbors. These frequent such places for repast as have private rooms for families and ladies, where they secure such partial seclusion as is attainable under the circumstances ; but not unfrequently one sees in the great restaurants of San Francisco the unaccustomed garb of women gleaming out with startling effect in the long lines of feeding men. There are women at some of the most expensive restaurants, or *rotisseriês*, habitual customers, whose gay attire marks where they are grouped apart in the long saloon, taking their dinner with great self-possession. These persons have no better name than "Boston Sal" or the "Girl in Green." They constitute almost the only female element in restaurant life in San Francisco, as the great eating public sees it.

One of the numerous book-writers, whose observations on California have come back to us from the East in printed form, has said that the three primal necessities of a newly-built town in California were as follows :

1st—A whisky saloon.

2d—Billiards.

3d—A French restaurant.

That French cookery is cosmopolitan as well as national is tolerably well illustrated by the fact that in the cosmopolitan city of the republic it has the predominance over that of all other peoples. We miss here that genius which makes ambrosial banquets from nothing. In the vulgar profusion of California larders and markets, the *delicatesse* of French gastronomic art is lost. In the astonishing luxuriance of the raw material for Titanic feasts, the keen taste and refined elegance of our Gallic cooks is quite demoralized; and the pitying dismay of such a genius as Ude or Brillat-Savarin, in the midst of our coarse profuseness, would be akin to that of the worthy alderman, who, at a civic feast, remonstrated with a healthy young gentleman from the country, who was throwing away a magnificent appetite on a leg of mutton when turtle-steaks and venison were to

come. But with all these drawbacks, the French framework of dinner, from soup to fruit, *café noir* and cordial, is adopted in San Francisco; and the majority of the restaurants are those which give French cookery and French wines to their guests. It may be that there is something in the dry, exhilarating climate of San Francisco, and in the artificial, unhomelike manner of life, that is favorable to the growth of semi-French habits and tastes. It is certain that our perennial season of fruit and flowers, our wealth of game and profusion of rich meats, are not at all suggestive of the frugal or substantial dinners of the older states of the Union. Baked beans garnished with crispy pork, brown bread, Indian-meal pudding, and the homely dainties of New England are counted as beyond all price by her wandering sons, and feeble imitations of those local feasts exist in San Francisco restaurants and homes; but they do not thrive after transplanting any better than do the corn pone of Virginia, the chicken-gumbo of New Orleans, and the "side-meat" of Missouri. There may be an attempt to reproduce these cates in California, but the endeavor is a sickly one. As there is no cooking like "mother's," so there can be no successful appreciation of national or local American dishes, except they be partaken on the soil that gave them birth. A New York chicken-pie is not to be despised wherever we meet its delicate and melting contents entombed in flaky, odorous pastry, moistened with rich juices; nor can we sneer at her who brings to the table light-brown masses of the baked Indian-meal pudding, gemmed all over with amber-hued blocks of jelly; but there is something incongruous in associating these dainties with the lavish profusion of California fruits, flowers and game. We may have the roast "spare-rib," pumpkin-pie and baked beans of New England in a San Francisco December; but San Francisco December strawberries, roses and mushrooms will impertinently intrude on these offspring of a colder clime; and a reckless wealth of melons, grapes, oranges, undried figs, and Christmas roses and daisies will somehow put to the blush the sturdy viands. At any rate, they are not sought for.

With French cookery come French hours of breakfasting and dining Leaving out the large class of persons whose vocation compels a certain hour—generally an early one—the time for a perfect restaurant breakfast in San Francisco is between ten and twelve o'clock in the morning. There are persons, whose case is one worthy of consideration, who breakfast at seven or eight o'clock; nay, there are some who surprise their stomachs with a meal (call it not breakfast!) bolted by early gaslight in the morning dews and damps. These people feed, only; your true gentleman takes his cup of coffee and boiled milk on rising; gives his best brain to reading, writing or business; and has a light breastfast of fruit, a chop, and bordeaux at twelve o'clock. Others, late risers, take a substantial breakfast with tea or coffee between ten o'clock and noon, and shunning such gastronomic insults as luncheons, (which "gents" call "lunch") dine at six. However our people may skirmish in detachments during the earlier part of the day, they generally mass in their attack upon the six-o'clock dinner. At this hour a first-rate French restaurant presents a lively and cheerful spectacle. The spotless linen, glittering glass, bright lights, brisk waiters, and deftly changing courses, present a glamour to the unaccustomed eye which conceals the fearful lack of zest, which sicklies o'er the whole, to the weary eye of the habitual diner-out. In the genuine French restaurant, however, there is an air of comfort which few American establishments have, or keep long. There is an absolute neatness about the table serv-

ice, and a certain air of tastefulness about the simplest dishes served up, which some families, who think highly of themselves, would do well to imitate. The sprightly garniture of an inexpensive *entrée*, the crispy perfection of the bit of broiled fish, the thoughtful arrangement of the viands on the table—all serve to recommend the repast to the unwilling appetite; and one pardons the self-gratulatory flourish of the waiter, and his little air of triumph as he says: "*Voila, Messieurs.*"

There are a few early diners who drop in about five o'clock, and some delay their appearance until later; but the supreme hour all over San Francisco is at six. Here you will see a few French bachelors; generally they are gray but "chipper," as the Yankees say; and they come in as briskly as though not turned thirty; a rose in the buttonhole, a smile and sally for the flower-girl and the waiter, and a jaunty air generally, distinguish them from the heavy feeders and heavy drinkers of other nationalities. Then there are your old Californians; they come in twos and threes, drinking a great deal of claret, requiring much waiting upon, talking only of bonds, stocks, dividends, first and second mortgages, and such appetizing themes. They bloom hugely at each other over the little round table where they sit, and occasionally gurgle an apoplectic laugh; but for the most part they are solid, substantial and solemn. Their business for the day is done, and they address themselves seriously to the business of the evening, sitting late over their black coffee, cordial and cigars, and finally, steadying their uncertain footsteps, they silently nudge each other away from the pay-counter. Then there is the group of gay young men, who prefer *sauterne* to the *vin ordinaire* of the restaurant, and occasionally indulge in the extravagance of a bottle of champagne. These are not the regular visitants of the house, but drop in from cheaper establishments, or from suburban homes on opera nights, or when they have an evening engagement. They may be known by the dreadful fascination which the prevalent language of the place has upon them; inspired by the fluency of the waiters, (and the champagne) they wildly break out into desperate and unintelligible French, to the complete bewilderment of the well-bred servant, who listens to their jargon with a countenance of lively concern, and hastens to have out his quiet laugh in the kitchen. These gay young gentlemen have a prodigal way of ordering "the best you've got," which is quite captivating, and marks them as fit subjects for a heavy reckoning in the practiced eye of the cash-taker. As they are making the most of it, they insist upon a rigorous service of all the courses, and a liberal display of fireworks when black coffee and burnt brandy are in order. They chaffer gaily with the flower-girls who pass among the tables, joking these ready-witted young persons with the air of "sad dogs," who have their little follies which they might tell. In striking contrast to these airy youths, are the sedate frequenters of the house, who take their pleasures quietly and solitarily, or in low-voiced couples plod conscientiously through the regular five courses, red wine, soup, dessert and appurtenances. To them this sort of thing is a burden, and they read the evening paper between the courses, as though its damp folds were a relief from the dreary monotony before them. The waiter, who speaks French to the American and English to the Frenchman, cannot cajole these out of their *blasé* moodiness; even the harmless little trick of pretending that your regular boarder speaks French does not deceive him any more, and he refuses to be beguiled. He has all the little arts of the restaurant frequenters at his fingers' ends. No man better than he can perform the cunning little tricks in the

table preparation of the small adjuncts of dinner which are found only at such a house as this. The wary *garcon* attempts not to abuse him with stale dishes or rejected desserts. He knows his rights and dares maintain them. He has a British disgust for French fashions, but manages to worry along with the best French cookery, and contemptuously classes all other restaurants than French, as "hash-houses."

At some of these French houses, especially designated as *rotisseriés*, the kitchen is nominally open to inspection; one apartment of the department being on a line with the principal eating room. Here one may see fowls slowly revolving before a cheery wood fire, and an occasional stew-pan sending forth its appetizing odors. The windows are garnished with displays of marbled beef, preternaturally bloated turkeys, live frogs in glass globes, and a succulent vegetable show. But this is all a sham. It is a "company" kitchen, a gilded mockery, and an unreal imitation of the real place of cookery which lies beyond. Into the steamy mysteries we only cast a glance; into its dreadful secrets enter not, O, my soul! Let us who are condemned to spend our lives at restaurant tables take the goods the gods provide, nor seek to know aught of that seeming chaos from which they are evoked. What wots it if we suspect, or even know, that the cleanliness and neatness of our maternal home is a stranger to the restaurant kitchen? Let us shut our eyes and ears to any dreadful revelations, lest we be condemned to starve in the midst of plenty. The viands look clean upon the table; why should one rashly seek to know more of the processes which gave them form, shape, taste and color.

But if there is something to excite the apprehensions of the fastidious in the occult doings of the better class of restaurants, what shall be said of those where a substantial dinner may be bought for a sum which would only pay for a cup of coffee in New York? Let us charitably believe that all is well behind the gaudily-papered wooden partition whence we hear the ceaseless boiling, broiling, frying and frizzling of multitudinous dinners, served up at ten cents per plate, and, in the language of the advertisement, "no charge for the third dish." Here we find a very different class of customers from those we meet at the up-town restaurant. The din of plates and waiters' calls is fearful; the flies are like unto the flies of Egypt; the tables are marble and uncovered, or if covered are not spotless. Those who eat here are in a hurry to be gone, and they seem to think that one cannot afford to waste much time on a dinner that costs only fifteen cents. Here is the laborer, the unlucky miner, the man seeking employment, and the penniless adventurer who has not fully concluded whether he will shuffle off this mortal coil or try for a light sentence in the county-jail. Yet, here is a certain sort of comfort. The huge piles of cakes and pies in the window are inviting; the plate of roasted meat, vegetables and bread has its flanking dessert of pastry or pudding; every customer gets his honest money's worth, and he knows it and is satisfied. If his appetite is discursive, he has a wide variety in which to range; if it is clamorous, he may satisfy it without exhausting a slender purse.

Above this grade of eating-houses is another, a sort of superimposed layer, as the geologist would say, yet overlying a more costly stratum. In these there is a varying line of luxury and cost. But all of them are plenteous and filled at the dinner hour with hungry men. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is there so great variety of comestibles as in these restaurants. For six months in the year strawberries are common, and at all seasons there is an abundance of fresh fruits of some sort. Grapes

and pears that grace only the tables of the very wealthy in Atlantic cities, are lavished here in unstinted profusion. Reed-birds, quail and wild ducks in their season, and domestic fowls, are almost as common as beef-steaks and chops in other lands. The Californian love of good living is as prominent in these middle-class restaurants as anywhere. Respectable citizens and well-to-do business men dine luxuriantly for fifty or seventy-five cents, though, of course, they do not have a bottle of table claret with their roast, nor cognac with their coffee.

The difference in the cost of restaurant living in San Francisco and eastern cities is very marked. To dine well in New York, Boston or Washington costs one very dear, as our cheaply-fed Californian counts dearness. Few French restaurants in California serve their dinner *a la carte*; usually the attentive servants allow you to exercise some election of soup; but that gentle provocative of appetite being disposed of, the silent attendant places before you, fish, salad, two or three *entrées*, vegetables, roast, dessert, fruit and coffee, in their proper order and succession. The fish is hot and crisp from the fire; the *entrées* are those Frenchy side-dishes, hot and spicy, which you find nowhere outside the restaurants that follow the Parisian mode. The vegetables have the flavor of nature, and are not sodden in water as those of American hotels always are. You may have them with your *entrées*: but it is not *en réglé* to take vegetables with the roast. Such a dinner as this, with a bottle of sound claret and an *omelette au rhum* or other trifle with a fruit-dessert, costs in the best San Francisco restaurants a dollar and a half. The same repast would cost four times as much in any of the Atlantic cities.

It is possible that this cheapness and convenience of living, added to the harrowing reflections which most young men have upon the extravagance of women, has something to do with keeping the ranks of bachelors so full. Timkins, for instance, pays forty or fifty dollars a month for a handsomely-furnished *suite* of rooms, and about as much more for his board at a good restaurant: what wonder that he asks why he should break up his comfortable and inexpensive manner of life, while a single silk dress may cost more than his housing and subsistence for one entire month? Selfishness may keep many of the gentlemanly Arabs in their much-abused habits of living; but there is some reasonable excuse for the bachelors, so long as French dinners are so very cheap, and dry-goods are so excessively dear.

But the distant reader must not think that the French is the only foreign cookery transplanted to this soil. The flavors of many nationalities are pronounced instances of their several national schools of the art. Germany has several restaurants—not especially distinctive, but essentially Germanesque in their customers. In the lower part of the city are numerous Italian restaurants, few of which are really first-class, if prices indicate such grades. Here we meet the red-shirted Masaniellos of San Francisco; the ill-mannered louts who bellow their applause or disfavor from the opera gallery, and furnish the cue oftentimes to the less demonstrative fashionables in the glittering circles below. The fishing business of the bay of San Francisco is exclusively in the hands of these brave and hardy men; and at six o'clock you shall find them congregated about the little tables of their favorite resorts, talking loudly, pouring continuous streams of red wine under their huge dark mustachios, emphasizing their speech with table-thumps and smelling dreadfully of fish and the salt, salt sea. Like the ancient wassailer, they eat but little meat; they chiefly affect the croquettes, macaroni and rice

preparations which these restaurants serve up in great perfection.

One of these Italian houses is famed for being the place in which (it is said) the best macaroni outside of Italy is set before the guests. This nourishing dish is here cooked in a great variety of ways; and travelled people, gourmands and *blasé* diners-out go to the obscure little house to enjoy a new sensation. The lower rooms and the public eating-hall are carpeted with sawdust, and the resinous smell of the same penetrates the house; even the private apartments are barely furnished. But for a truly Apician banquet, give an infrequent guest the six courses of macaroni served in six different styles, with one course of mushrooms, and red wine *a discretion*—and he may truly say: "I have dined to-day." The Italian restaurants, however, are more exclusively patronized by the people of their own nationality than is true of any other class.

Nor should the Chinese houses of refection be overlooked in any sketch of restaurant life in San Francisco. The Chinese are social and cheerful in their habits. They seize every possible occasion for a feast, and the restaurants of the race in this city are almost constantly lighted up with the banquets of their numerous customers. Generally the restaurants are cheap and even meagre in their furniture and fare; but they, too, offer a wide range of prices for their patrons. One house has a *carte* of viands which aggregates a dinner all the way from fifty cents to fifteen dollars to each person. The Chinese restaurant is a rambling series of rooms, to which the ingenious fancy of the imported carpenter has given an oriental appearance, by cutting large circular openings for exit and entrances, dispensing with doors, hanging gaudy scrolls of gilded, painted and lettered paper about the rooms, and fitting up a carpeted platform whereon he who is so disposed may smoke during his intervals of repast, or from which musicians discourse most execrable sounds during the progress of a dinner of ceremony. The hour of six o'clock is too early for the Chinese. They come to take their ease, and when they have money to spend, they spend it liberally in the same way that Timkins does at the San Francisco "*Trois Fréres*," insisting always on "the best." They wait until the day is fairly over, and the last customer departs before they abandon themselves to their slowly-eaten repast. Nine o'clock is the hour for a formal or festive dinner. They cook chickens and ducks nicely, though queerly, the bird being first split clean in two; but almost everything has the same taste of nut oil sicklied over all, and few western palates can endure even the most delicate of their dishes. Shark's fins, stewed bamboo, duck's eggs boiled, baked and stewed in oil, pork disguised in hot sauces, and other things like these, are the standard dishes of a Chinese bill of fare, though they have an infinite variety of sweetmeats which are really palatable, and of sweetcakes, which are inviting in their quaint, odd forms and decorations, but are ashes and wormwood to the taste. The Chinaman is liberal and bountiful to his guest; champagne flows freely; the skill and taste of the cook is exhausted to tickle his palate and gratify his eye, and a more changeful variety of courses prolongs the banquet than is ever found on the tables of any other people.

California has not in all her restaurants and houses produced one distinctive local dish. The fare is cosmopolitan, and the *cuisine* is a strange mosaic of bits from many peoples; but there are no California dishes, unless the fiery compounds of Chili peppers and other burning things which we captured with the country are ours. Nor are they Californian peculiarly; they burn the

palate of him who travels in Mexico or South America, whence they came. Russian caviar, Italian macaroni, German pretzels, Swiss cheese, Yankee codfish-balls, English roast beef, Spanish omelettes, French kickshaws and Mexican ollas and Asiatic nameless things, all blend in the banquet which San Francisco restaurants daily set before their thousands of captious, hungry and exacting guests. Among them all there is nothing that is specially Californian. But it is a Californian specialty that here is daily set a repast, rich, varied and inexpensive, and to form which contributions of nature and art have been brought from every land beneath the sun.

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME.

WHEN the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
Close above me as you pass,
You will say: "How kind she was,"
You will say: "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore, for anything:
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, belovéd, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait—
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan: "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was"—
When the grass grows over me!

CONCERNING THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

THERE is something so mysterious in the nature and origin of that physical force that convulses the earth, and in a few moments buries thousands of human beings amidst the ruins of their proudest fabrics, that the slightest display of its power appalls the stoutest heart. In vain we invoke philosophy to our aid: reason accepts the postulate that "what has been may be again," and the earthquake is a matter of fact after which philosophy gropes in obscurity, unable to say to the mighty commotion, "Thus far shall thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Yet can science do something to check the wild revels of the imagination, confine it within the bounds of probability, and deduce such laws as will best serve to protect us from the destructive effects of forces that we cannot control. Terrible as the earthquake is sometimes, at long intervals of time and space, it is not half so terrible in effect as are the fears that are needlessly engendered in those regions subject to it. These are not to be allayed by treating the subject with lightness and denying its facts, but by squarely meeting them, and from a careful consideration of their phenomena, learning to guard the people from disastrous consequences in the future. He who could contemplate the event of the 21st of October, 1868, with any other than emotions of profoundest awe, is either a brute or a fool. It requires a degree of courage to meet one's own destruction with calmness; but to witness the towering walls of a large city reeling as if about to bury its entire population; helpless infancy, decrepid age, frantic mothers, all flying they know not where, and blocking up the streets through which frightened horses were trampling their way; to witness all this without emotion is not courage, it is downright brutality.

Nor is this the time to give a detailed account of the earthquake, while the earth still trembles to its gigantic tread, the rumble of distant carriage-wheels starts the pulse with an unwonted quickness, and the eye glances at the pendant chandeliers to tell us what it signifies.

It is to be feared that no observations were made of this, more than of preceding earthquakes in California, of sufficient accuracy to be of much service to aid the learned men of other countries who are devoting so much labor to determine the laws that govern them. It is to be hoped that we will sometime have a government that will appreçiate the importance of carefully observed phenomena at a great number of locations. We hope much from our State University, yet in its incipiency. In the meantime we must avail ourselves of the light that comes to us from abroad, and gather such instruction as we can from passing events. It is assumed what few will now be disposed to deny, that *California is an earthquake country*. The lessons of history must not be forgotten, though avarice cries "hush!" and the artisan plasters from our sight the "deep scarred woe." Our State archives inform us that the Mission of San Juan Bautista, on the road from San Jose to Monterey, was destroyed by an earthquake in the month of October, 1800; that there were six or seven shocks in one day; that there was not a single habitation, although built with double walls, that was not shattered from roof to foundation; that the fathers were compelled to sleep in wagons to

avoid the danger, since the houses were not habitable; and the ground opened in deep fissures. These phenomena filled the fathers of that Mission with consternation. An eye-witness related that, being at supper with the fathers, a shock was felt so powerful—accompanied with a noise so loud as to deafen them—that they flew from the building without finishing their supper, and that about eleven o'clock at night the shock was repeated with almost equal strength. In the year 1808 a succession of earthquakes, continuing from the 21st of June to the 17th of July, were felt at the Presidio of San Francisco, some of which were so severe, that, as was stated in the official report, the only limit to their destructive effects was the want of materials to destroy. In the year 1812 the Mission church at San Diego was thrown down, and six years afterward that at Santa Clara was also destroyed by earthquakes; and now the old church at San Jose, whose quaint walls have been an object of curiosity to the English-speaking race since their advent in California, and which has outlived all those who saw it rise, has fallen into ruin. The history of upper California since its first settlement by Europeans covers a period of less than a century, and during that time there have been innumerable shocks of greater or less severity. Long intervals of rest have been followed by severe shocks.

Is it wise to willfully shut our eyes to these facts, from fear that the prospect of damage will check the rise in real estate, and that the credit of the State will suffer? The credit of a community, like that of an individual, is based upon its character for integrity. Let us deal with this matter as rationally as the people of Sacramento did after the great flood of 1861, and put ourselves beyond the reach of any possible danger from a disaster that sooner or later is certain to overtake us if we disregard the late lessons. Mallet, who has won imperishable honor in the investigation of the phenomena of earthquakes, says: "The evils of the earthquake, like all others incident to man's estate, may be diminished or even nullified, by the exercise of his informed faculties and energies, by his application of forethought and knowledge to subjugate this as every other apparent evil of his estate, by skill and labor. All human difficulties to be dealt with must be understood; were understanding and skill applied to the future construction of houses and cities in southern Italy, few if any human lives need ever be again lost by earthquakes, which there must occur in their times and seasons." And this was said after a thorough investigation, upon the ground, of all the phenomena of the great Neapolitan earthquake of 1857, which destroyed ten thousand lives and half as many buildings.

The reader has already several times propounded the question: What is your theory of earthquakes? I reply: You and I have no right to form a theory on the subject. It is the curse of scientific enquiry that you start with a theory built upon one fact; your theory is like an Irishman's wheelbarrow loaded with dirt: it is supported on one wheel—the rest you carry. They only are entitled to respectful consideration for their theories who have exhausted all the material of facts, bearing upon the subject, before fixing upon a theory. There are those whose opinions are entitled to the most respectful consideration, who for the last twenty years have been laboring to bring order out of the chaos in the phenomena of earthquakes, to determine their laws, and by the aid of mathematics they have reduced their manifestations to an exact science, upon which they have bestowed the name of "seismology." This has been done while you have been speculating in stocks, trading jack-knives, or growing rich by the advance in water-lots. It is

not claimed that the causes, but the methods in which these causes operate, are subject to mathematical demonstration; and this is the practical question with which man has to deal, to guard against their effects in the destruction of his property and life. Do we know any more of epidemic or endemic diseases? And yet how much have mankind learned to avert the disastrous consequences of such diseases.

For example: it may be determined, with great accuracy, from a certain number of observations within the circle of earthquake influence, what place is vertical over the focus or starting-point of the shock; and at what depth below the surface that force was exerted to produce it. And all the phenomena that follow are proper subjects for physical science and mathematics—whether they have reference to the crust of the earth, or the buildings constructed upon it; but the origin of the power which has produced these phenomena may be still a subject for speculation—whether to the snap and jar occasioned by the sudden and violent rupture of solid rock-masses, (as is held by Scrope) or to access of a greater or less quantity of water to the red-hot lava of subterranean fires. We are all familiar with the fact, that a globule of water will rest or glide on the surface of red-hot iron, without being converted into steam, until the temperature of the iron is reduced to a certain degree, when it will suddenly boil and evaporate. It is to such a phenomenon, on a large scale, that Mr. Mallet refers the explosive force that gives origin to the earthqake. But whatever may be the true theory of its origin, there can be no dispute about its effects, or the manner in which these effects are produced. The knowledge of them may be gained in their proper place. There are some facts of practical importance that we should all know: that the primary shock, of which we have no warning, (either through the barometer, thermometer or magnet, any more than through our eyes or nose) is, when from great depth, followed by secondary waves at right angles to it, like the waves when a stone are thrown into the water, and which are often more destructive to buildings than the normal shock.

It is also known that the most destructive effects are felt on soil of low elasticity, as clay and alluvium, and least on firmest rock. The earthquake at Lisbon, in the space of a few minutes, destroyed sixty thousand lives in that portion of the city built upon the tertiary formations; *but not a building was injured on the secondary limestone or basalt.*

During the shock of the 21st instant, in San Francisco, all the buildings were fearfully shaken; the walls of large brick ones more or less cracked: but in nearly every instance they settled quietly into their places, on the subsidence of the earth-waves, when the buildings were on high ground; so that riding through the streets, one can but wonder that so little effect is visible to the eye—here and there a chimney to a frame house thrown down or dislocated, or a window-sash crushed by the strain: but on the "made ground," which extends under the greater part of the mercantile section of the town, you are reminded of scenes depicted in our school-books. Some walls are fallen to the southward; some to the north; a fire-wall here has dropped toward the west, and directly opposite, another has fallen eastward; here a building has sunk, with the street in front of it, several feet into the earth, and its floors crumpled between better-built walls of adjoining houses, like cards in the hands of a child.

All past experience tells us that the made lands and estuaries of the bay, that have been filled up with mud (often from great depth, and which constitute the salt-marshes) may be severely shak-

en by earthquakes that will pass harmlessly through the firmer ground; nor can this be remedied by piling. Buildings may be prevented from settling by this means; but the undulations will be but slightly influenced by any artificial means. Other things being equal, the shock would be more severe on the alluvial formation around the bay than on the rocky ground.

These are the localities where subsidence is most apt to occur: over that part of the town where ships anchored twenty years ago, they may anchor again! Where the marble quay at Lisbon stood on the first morning of November, 1755, a line of a hundred fathoms failed to reach it forever afterwards. Men, in their eagerness to get to the front in the battle of the money-bags, have encroached upon the dominions of Neptune, until he has called his brother Pluto to his aid.

However, it has been asserted by high authority in geological science that there is no evidence of permanent upheaval or subsidence anywhere on the coast of California during our present geological era; and it is said by Mallet that an earthquake, however great, is incapable of producing any permanent elevation or depression of the land whatever, (unless as secondary effects); its functions of elevation and depression are limited solely to the sudden rise and immediate fall of that limited portion of the surface through which the great tide-wave is actually passing momentarily. The one class of phenomena must be held as distinct from the other, as the rise and fall of the tide is distinct from the momentary and local change of sea-level produced by the waves of its surface.

The only fissures discernable in San Francisco from the effects of the recent shock, have occurred in the portions of the town recently filled in, which was done with every sort of refuse material, much of it of a perishable nature. Over this a hardened crust had formed, or pavement been made, incapable of supporting the weight placed upon it when the substratum settled from the agitation of the whole mass.

All severe shocks are followed for a longer or shorter time by lighter ones, though generally their force is insufficient to cause much damage. In a few instances a second shock has been nearly as serious as the first. Such was the case in the Neapolitan earthquake of 1857, when many people were buried in the ruins of walls from which they had fled an hour before.

The security of a building depends less upon its height than upon the mode and material of its construction. In the Neapolitan city of Potenza, a building twenty-four feet square at the base and one hundred feet in height, was uninjured, "without even a fissure, or a tile disturbed," while at its side the cathedral, built of similar material, was fissured from base to summit, and unsafe to enter. The former was held by strong tye-bolts at each floor. The error in the public mind with regard to the greater danger of lofty buildings, arises from a misconception of the manner in which the force acts to destroy a building. Were the earth-wave as slow in its transit as a sea-wave, and a building were to follow it as a ship, in its entirety, the higher the building the greater would be the danger of its fall; but such is not the case—the velocity of a wave has a direct relation to the elasticity of the medium through which it is transmitted, and the effect is to give an undulatory motion to that structure.

The writer saw this illustrated in two tall structures which riveted his attention during the few seconds allowed for out-door observation; they were both included in the same field of vision. The one was a double-walled chimney, *eighty-three feet high*, and resting on a base of eight feet square; the other

was the Masonic temple, with an elevation to the top of the tower of one hundred and thirty-seven feet; this was surmounted with a flag-staff extending fifty feet higher. The same undulatory motion was visible in both, from bottom to top. The height of the brick walls of both structures is nearly the same; both are built of the best materials and resting on good foundations, which again rest on the sand. The chimney is as solid as when built, but the walls of the temple are broken at the angles of the window openings. Tall chimneys have been broken into several pieces by the quick undulations running from bottom to top, without either fragment falling. It is plain, therefore, that tall buildings may be built of brick, when the material is good, that will be perfectly safe, if the opposite walls are well anchored together, and are none the less safe for being tall. It is doubtful whether walls covering a considerable extent of ground can be built sufficiently strong of brick or stone to ride an earth-wave such as passed under this city in the late earthquake, without breaking; those into the construction of which iron entered to a considerable extent, even when built upon made land, are uninjured.

Why earthquakes are attended with so great loss of life comes from the wrong impression that walls that are of the greatest strength, and resist the longest any of the ordinary modes of destruction, must be the safest from destruction by this means also; whereas their very weight becomes an element of their danger; they are thrown down by their own inertia, thus rendering necessary stronger tyes. Mallet states that the walls of the Neapolitan cities were not anchored together, and the floor timbers rested in the wall, which is the general style of building by all those people in Italy and the Spanish colonies whose wholesale slaughter by earthquakes have appalled the nations.

The well-built wooden buildings with balloon frames, the usual style of construction in California, may be considered perfectly safe from the severest shock ever yet experienced; but they should not be mounted upon stilts as most wooden buildings are. The chief danger to these has risen from the faulty mode of constructing the chimneys; owing to the greater inertia of brick than of the light wooden structure by which they are surrounded, they are very generally broken off at the roof. This danger can be entirely obviated by a galvanized iron chimney top, secured by flanges to the roof boards or rafters, and lined with thin bricks continuous with the chimney below, to guard the iron from the erosive effects of acids generated by the combustion of fuel. These may have wood or metal ornaments attached, and would combine all the requisites—lightness, strength, durability and cheapness.

It is certain that entire safety may be assured to life and property on solid ground by proper attention to the construction of buildings, though we should have earthquakes as severe as are recorded; and it is as certain that all improperly tyed walls, of poor mortar and as poor bricks, will be tumbled down to the peril of human life, as that earthquakes will recur, as they have occurred in the past. Especially should all walls with fronts veneered with stone be immediately taken down. It is mean and cowardly to patch up these structures and plaster up the broken chimneys, trusting that the shock that will hurl them to the dust will not come in your time, or until you have sold the property. The terror inspired by an earthquake is measured by the lives that are lost; and if a falling wall or chimney should invariably come upon the head of the owner, it would be a sad thing, but it would be infinitely sadder that the blameless should be stricken down by so unnecessary and reckless a cause. Architects are called to

survey public buildings only to determine—not whether they are capable of withstanding a severer shock than we have yet had—but whether they are likely to fall without external aid. The street is barricaded until the rickety structure is secured; the workmen in the meantime trembling for their own safety. The dislocated chimney is carefully replaced, the fracture is pointed up with mortar, and the trap is set—for whom? Can there be no commission with power to command that all buildings and walls or chimneys endangering life, private as well as public, shall come down?

A fire-wall fell from a building on Battery street three years ago. It was replaced *as good as new;* it fell again on the 21st of October, burying two innocent victims beneath its fragments. Who is reponsible? Are republican cities without government, or is that government only for commercial purposes? It were better for the credit of our city that half the brick structures in town should be pulled down than one should fall in another convulsion, burying one invaluable life in its ruins.

Were earthquakes more frequent, we should understand them better and be prepared for them, when they would cause as little trepidation as a storm at sea to a sailor, or a thunder-gale to the denizens of the Atlantic States, where more persons are annually killed by lightning and hurricanes than need be slain by earthquakes in the next hundred years, though we should have one every three years as severe as any that has ever visited California.

FATE.

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake-shock.

ETC.

At five minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first of October, an earth-wave, then passing under San Francisco, left its record upon some sheets of the present Overland, by the falling of the ceiling of the building in which they were stored. It being too late to reprint the forms, it is trusted that the reader will kindly overlook any blemishes upon those signatures to which the Great Earthquake has added its mark.

Much has been written about the lesson of this earthquake. Judging from the daily journals, it seems to have been complimentary to San Francisco. In fact, it has been suggested that, with a little more care and preparation on our part, the earthquake would have been very badly damaged in the encounter. It is well, perhaps, that Nature should know the limitation of her strength on this coast, and it is equally well that we should put a cheerful face on our troubles. But the truth is sometimes even more politic. Very demonstrative courage is apt to be suggestive of inward concern, and logic is necessary even in averting panics. It makes little matter how much we assure our friends that we have lost nothing by this convulsion, if our method of doing so strongly suggests that we have not yet recovered our reasoning faculties.

Yet, while there remains a tendency in the ink to leap from the inkstand, and the blood to drop from the cheeks, at the slightest provocation, the conditions are hardly favorable for calm retrospect or philosophical writing. Theories that the next second of time may explode ; speculations that no man may be able to test ; are at such moments out of place. Enough that we know that for the space of forty seconds—some say more—two or three hundred thousand people, dwelling on the Pacific slope, stood in momentary fear of sudden and mysterious death. As we are not studying our commercial "lesson," we shall not discuss now whether their fears were or were not justified by the facts. That they were for the moment thrilled by this sympathy of terror, is enough for the pregnant text of this sermon. In that one touch—or rather grip—of Nature, all men were made kin. What matters, O Cleon ! thy thousand acres and thy palace that overshadows this humble cot ? Thy hand—O wretched mendicant on my door-step—we are as one on this trembling footstool ! The habitations we have built unto ourselves and our gods are ours no longer—this blue canopy must we occupy together. How spacious it is—how superior to those fretted roofs we called our home ! Free of those walls which we have built up between us, let us here join hands once and ever more !

Did we utter such nonsense as this ? Not if we remember ourselves rightly. We ran like cowards—as the best of us are before the presence of the unseen power—in the garments that were most convenient, and laughed each other derisively to scorn. We ran, thinking of our wives, our children, our precious things and chattels. Did we not experience a secret satisfaction when we thought that Jones's house—much larger and finer than ours—would be a ruin, too ? Did we not think that we should be saved before Jones ? We did. We had learned the commercial "lesson" thoroughly. How much of an earthquake will it take to shake out of us these conventionalities of our life ?

But it seems to have been settled by the commercial instinct, that the maximum strength of an earthquake has been reached. The shock, it is true, was heavier at Haywards and San Leandro ; but it has also been settled in some vague, mysterious way, that San Francisco will never be the focus of any great disturbance. It is also stated, that the heaviest shocks and the ones that do the greatest damage are always the first —the only record we have of severe Californian earthquakes to the contrary notwithstanding. This is sati-fying to the commercial mind which, of course, deprecates panic. But if the commercial mind, consistent to its statements, still continue to occupy badly-built structures on "made ground," com-

merce will suffer. It is only a question of time. The commercial statement is useful in keeping up our credit abroad; but one of the cheap photographs of the ruins in San Francisco and San Leandro, taken by the sun who looked, if possible, even more calmly on the whole disaster than the entire Chamber of Commerce—one of these photographs in an eastern city will, it is to be feared, outweigh the commercial circular, although signed by the most influential men.

The earthquake had no lesson that has not been taught before. It is one of the feeble egotisms of our nature—from which Californians are not exempt—to look upon this class of phenomena as freighted with a peculiar mission for our benefit—it may be the price of flour, the importance of piling, the necessity of a new religion. It is surprising how little we know of the earth we inhabit. Perhaps hereafter we in California will be more respectful of the calm men of science who studied the physique of our country without immediate reference to its mineralogical value. We may yet regret that we snubbed the State Geological Survey because it was impractical. There was something intensely practical in the awful presence in which we stood that morning—the presence, whose record, written in scar and cliff, these men had patiently transcribed. We know little else. It need not frighten us to accept the truth fairly. We are not relieved of the responsibilities of duty, because our lot is cast in an earthquake country, nor shall we lose the rare advantages it offers us, in obedience to the great laws of Compensation. We pay for our rare immunities in some such currency. But it will not help us if we frantically deny the Law, and challenge its power.

GOSSIP ABROAD.

We have found ourselves during the late summer and early autumn, almost in the midst of the map of Europe, and surrounded by august personages, moving to and fro like the pieces of a chessboard. Ostensibly, they are returning from drinking the waters of German springs, from sea-side baths, or mountain shooting-lodges. But they advance and recede, take refuge behind their castles, and put forth their knights, (bishops not being quite as much in vogue as formerly) in a manner that convinces one that they have constantly before them the grand object of putting each other in check.

The Emperor of Russia was for many weeks in Kissingen, where he surely was a public benefactor, preserving us unhappy imbibers of Kissingen waters from death by ennui. He lived like other people in the Cur Haus hotel. On the road leading to its private entrance, a pretty triumphal arch was erected, from which floated the Russian colors. The door of the hotel was duly wreathed in greens, and guarded by a ferocious looking beadle, in the dress of a tropical bird of prey, but with the aspect of a Bengal tiger. Every day the Emperor walked about the grounds alone, or in company with the Empress, always accompanied by a large dog. The latter part of the season, the young daughter of the imperial pair joined them. And we were quite amused at the jealousy displayed by the canine member of the family on occasion of their first walk together after their reunion. The dog pushed himself between the young lady and her father, and was duly pushed back again. Whereupon he immediately fell upon an innocent little four-footed gentleman in the neighborhood with intent to demolish him. The uproar was so great that the Emperor was obliged to speak to his dog, which he did with a flash of the eye that was not at all unbecoming. A Hungarian acquaintance, however, who witnessed the scene—a friend of bleeding Poland — insisted that it was most inconsistent not to allow the imperial cur to devour his weaker foe.

The Emperor is one of the handsomest men in Europe, and on entering his carriage, or upon his walks, was always followed by an admiring crowd; Republicans sometimes bringing up the rear of those curious in dignitaries.

Our Emperor made but one move while in Kissingen, going to Schualbach to bring his daughter thence. But there he met King William of Prussia, and it was said that their interview was of a most important character. It is to be repeated later in the autumn, and the Emperor hopes to strengthen the bonds between Russia and Prussia. It will be remembered that King William is the Emperor's uncle.

The King of Bavaria visited the Emperor at Kissingen, and afterwards sent the Prince of Hohenlohe to represent him. One of the moves on the great chess-board is to make of the only daughter of the Czar, the Queen of Bavaria. Poor little pawns are these young girls born in the purple; made to be moved about just as the interests of the kings and queens of the game demand. Ah! how much better for the lovely Marguerite of Savoy, the sweet little Italian daisy, had she never been plucked to star the future crown of Italy. And one cannot but look with tender pity upon the faded northern snow-drop translated so near a throne, so far from loving hearts and tender hands. Let us hope the fate of the young Grand Duchess Marie will be happier than that of the Princesses Marguerite and Alexandrina.

King William of Prussia, although one of the eldest of the reigning sovereigns, is also one of the most active. He has lately been visiting Dresden, and King John of Saxony left his baths at Ischl to receive him. One of the customs still preserved in Germany was to be observed in the old castle of Montzbourg. Here is preserved a famous beaker, made of the skull of a stag, and decorated with his horns. This cup, filled with champagne, and presented to the noble guest, is to be emptied by him without spilling its contents. Success or failure is inscribed by the King of Saxony in the archives of the kingdom, where Frederick the Great, and other celebrated personages, figure as successful drainers of the stag's head. The king is visiting the various military posts of his kingdom. On the 30th, he meets the Queen at Baden. And at the castle of Babelsberg, great preparations are going on for the second interview between the Emperor of Russia and his uncle.

The journeys of Prince Jerome, which at one time set all Europe in commotion, seem at last to produce but little effect on the political barometer. The Prince's normal state is one never-ending Go, and he must, by this time, feel very awkwardly when not in a railroad car, or on board of a yacht. Just now, he is with his wife and children at their villa on the lake of Geneva.

The goings and comings of the future chessmen are all duly announced; the nursery gossip of palaces being very popular literature. But it has, after all, very little interest for us. Into one darkened room, however, where so long mother-love has battled with the destroyer, and battled, we fear, in vain, thoughts of deep sympathy have often entered. The daily bulletins of the progress of the malady that has fastened upon the young Duke of Brabant, give little reason to hope for the life of the heir of the throne of Belgium.

The Swiss journey of Her Majesty of England, at first filled the papers with rumors. She had gone to the continent to testify her sympathy with every monarch of Europe against his neighbor. But these foolish reports soon died away, and it was at last admitted that the Queen's journey was entirely one of rest and recreation, affecting nobody but herself, and certain poor travellers on top of the Furca Pass. Here, one evening, a number of way-worn pilgrims arrived, many of them on foot, and on reaching the inn, at sun-set, were informed that they could not be received, as the whole house was engaged for three days for the Queen and suite. "Were they then in the house?" "Oh, no, but they would arrive the next day or the day after."

All remonstrance was in vain. The landlord was assisted by *Her Majesty's cook* in carrying out his impertinence, and the weary travellers were obliged to wander in the darkness for long miles before they could obtain a shelter. The Swiss are getting for themselves a most unenviable notoriety by their avarice. On this very journey, Her Majesty and suite were charged for lunch of bread and butter and cold meat nearly twenty francs a head; about four dollars in gold. The barring up of waterfalls, and barricading glaciers, high charges at hotels, and above all, the legalized swindling which obliges the traveller to give two days' price for one day's use of carriage or mule, are disgusting travellers with the lovely scenery of Switzerland, and fast converting the country from a summer's sojourn into a mere highway of travel.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria are about to make a tour in Gallicia. This move on the part of their Majesties gives great satisfaction. Their stay among their Polish subjects will be made as informal as

possible. The journey is undertaken to bring about a nearer acquaintance between sovereign and people. The Diet of Cracow, the old capital of Poland, has unanimously resolved to formally receive their Majesties on their entrance into the city. Fetes, balls and receptions will give life to Cracow and Lemberg, and political discussions will have their part on the programme.

Poor Italy! How often has this exclamation passed our lips during the last few years! And still we seem to have ever words of sympathy for the young country struggling for its life and liberty, with so many foes tugging at her heart-strings. But she is sure to win, if she can but learn to wait. Nor Court of Rome, nor Court of France, can crush out her liberties in the end. Nothing can be more false than the position of France. She is holding up with either hand the Bourbon and the Papacy; her own most deadly foes. When the Government of Italy has learned, as her people did long ago, that France is really her greatest enemy, she will have learned her most important lesson. "It is only by her friends that France is to be feared," says a recent English writer; "witness Italy enslaved, Maximilian murdered, Austria driven from the German confederation." And England has been heard to bemoan herself lately, in that she "exchanged a certain friend into a doubtful ally, to make the Mediterranean sea a French lake."

The two moves which have, perhaps, most excited the political world this season, were a reception, and a ride. The reception was that given to the Count and Countess Girgenti by the Court of France. The Count is the brother of the ex-king of Naples, and that is the only thing to be said about him. His bride is the daughter of the Queen of Spain.

The first entrance of this young person into public life was remarkably unpropitious. She is the eldest child of the Queen. Soon after her birth, her mother, as is the custom of the country, was about to present her in the cathedral to the people over whom she might one day reign. As her Majesty was traversing a gallery of the palace on her way to the private entrance of the church, a priest suddenly started forth, and presented a poignard to her breast. The blow must have proved fatal had not the point of the instrument been dulled against the heavy gold ornaments of the Queen's robe.

The priest met his death with the utmost firmness, but so great was the fear that his very bones might one day be venerated as those of a martyr, that his body was burned at the stake, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

The Princess was for some years the heiress presumptive to the Spanish throne. Since the birth of her brother, she has exhibited a jealous and sullen temper. We fear that neither her new position nor her new husband will sweeten her disposition.

No one can exactly see why this bride and groom should have been received as they were, with great honor, at the French Court, unless the visit is intended as a simple piece of impertinence towards Italy. The French government papers took great pains to assert that the reception had no political import, but the reasons they gave for its taking place were most puerile. And the proof that it could not have been a political visit was almost amusing in its weakness. The Count and Countess, it was said, were not up in their French Ollendorf. As the lady of the Tuileries is a Spaniard, one could but laugh at the naivé of this announcement.

The Empress is said to have told the Countess how great was her admiration of the ex-queen of Naples, and to have compared her to Joan d' Arc. This speech, and one quoted of the young Prince, namely, that when he should be Emperor, he would oblige all his people to fulfill their religious duties, have given great offence to the liberals of France.

Their papers congratulate the Government on its allies, the ex-king of Naples and the Queen of Spain. It has been agreed that in case of war, and the necessity of calling back the French troops from Rome, Spain shall send an army of 40,000 men to protect the interests of his Holiness at Rome, and a squadron to Civita Vecchia to prevent Italian troops from being sent by sea. On her part, France is to aid Spain against her enemies. But the point at issue between the two Governments is, that Spain desires the aid of France against her own subjects, while France will promise but to

defend Spain against external foes. Now, could the Emperor be made to change his views in this respect; could he be persuaded to allow Spain to send her 40,000 men to Naples to replace the husband of the newly-discovered Joan d' Arc of the nineteenth century upon his throne, what a magnificent result from the move of the knight of Francis II!

The ride to which I have referred was that of Count Bismarck, who left Varzin one day, with some friends who had just been breakfasting with him. The breakfast seems to have made them a little over merry, and they undertook a sort of impromptu steeplechase, which ended in the Count's being thrown, and his horse, as some say, falling upon him. Fortunately, the meadow which extends beyond the Varzin domain is marshy, or the accident would certainly have been a very serious one. The papers continue to give us contradictory reports. Sometimes we hear that he is not at all injured, sometimes that he is very seriously ill. He has been ordered to the south of England for sea-bathing—he is out on horseback six or seven hours a day—he does not leave his room—and finally, the stimulants ordered by the physicians have produced dipsomania, or in plain language, delirium tremens, and great anxiety is felt for the result. The truth of the matter undoubtedly is, that the Count has fallen further from his position near the throne than from his horse. The publication of the Usedom note has injured him greatly with his master. And just now King William and his Prime Minister are not agreed with regard to the policy of Prussia. The King is very anxious to preserve peace with France. The Count considers war inevitable, and would therefore hasten it. He desires the immediate annexation of Baden, and the investiture of the fortress of Rastadt. The fall from the horse was not a severe one, nor is the separation between King and Minister likely to be final. Count Bismarck has taken a villa at Mentone for a few weeks, whence he will doubtless be recalled to the councils of his country.

One of the most touching events of the summer was the death and burial of Madame Victor Hugo. "To her," we read in one of her husband's poems, "I said, 'Forever with me;' and she replied, 'Wherever thou, there will I be." Married early in life, having learned to love each other almost while studying the conjugation of the verb under the master's rule, the home of M. and Madame Hugo was the abode of perfect affection and happiness. As the poet withdrew to its inner recesses for more uninterrupted study, his wife, while entertaining his guests, training his children, and looking well to his household, was able also to take up the pen, and loved to consecrate it to his honor. "Memoirs of Victor Hugo, by an Eye-Witness," she modestly calls the book to which she devoted her leisure hours.

For many years she shared her husband's honors, and when the fiat was sent forth which condemned him to exile, she asked but one night in which to bewail her home and country. That night she spent in that empty home, looking for the rising of the last sun she should ever see in her native land.

The sorrow of her life was the loss of her eldest daughter, who was drowned in her early bridal happiness. After parting from her child, the mother went to her room to draw her likeness as she had seen it that morning, and as she gave the sweet eyes their expression, and the mouth its happy smile, the light was passing forever from those eyes, and the seal of death was being pressed upon the lips.

For the first time, the wife, by her own request, has left her husband, that the mother may lie by her daughter's side. Victor Hugo and his sons followed the body of the wife and mother to the borders of France, knelt in the funeral car, and breathed their last farewell, and then saw it speed on in the darkness, where they might not follow. Paul Foucher, a brother of Mdme Hugo, and a celebrated dramatic author, was the only member of her family who stood at her grave.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MOONSTONE. A Novel, by Wilkie Collins. Harper & Brothers, New York.

If Mr. Wilkie Collins could have been retained by the large-hearted proprietor of the Cretan labyrinth to show people out, he could have added much to the diversions of the place by his ingenious talent for misleading the trustful and innocent. How delightfully and how plausibly he would have led his simple-minded followers through winding after winding, until the fascinating walk terminated in the inevitable blind alley! With what grace would he have then shown them to another path equally plausible and equally unsuccessful! In fact, most of Mr. Collins's books are constructed on this labyrinthine plan, with inviting chapters leading to nowhere in particular, and fascinating detours in every direction but the right one. And when the reader is at last brought out of his trouble, and finds that he has crossed and recrossed his track, and been very near the truth without knowing it, he is apt to experience a certain exasperation which goes far to make a crowning reputation for the novelist. Yet we wish that, for the sake of the hasty reader and the whole "chorus of indolent reviewers," Mr. Collins would take a hint from a popular child's game, and write "cold," "hot," "very cold," "warm," "warmer," over his chapters, as we approximated or departed from the truth.

But the trouble with this kind of writing is, that it is apt to be sometimes tiresome. These long walks by and by become fatiguing. And Mr. Collins's plan of telling his story by detached narrative—making up a kind of mosaic that shall illustrate the whole plot—is rather prolix. We have too much of the process and not enough result. Again, the evidence which Mr. Collins extracts from these personal narratives is too corroborative to be credible. The witnesses, though speaking in their own name and over their own signatures, are too evidently in collusion with each other, or manipulated by Mr. Collins. No jury would receive their statements.

A little of this is pleasant—we had almost written, natural. It is true that the most enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Collins would not probably attempt to recover a watch he had lost by providing his servants with pens and paper, and requesting them to furnish a natty narrative of what they knew about it—but then he might, and it would be very interesting if he did. And so we accept the "statement of the cook," or the "narrative of the upper housemaid," and the "story of the butler," as pleasing and genuine. And we even tolerate the "Detective"—that dreadful being whom Charles Dickens brought into the world in the shape of Inspector Bucket, and who, under a thousand different aliases, has since walked the pages of other novelists. But there is an excess of this purely stage business in *The Moonstone*—it has too much of the mannerism and less of the constructive talent of the author. The Moonstone—a valuable diamond—is hidden by its owner, the hero, in a fit of somnambulism. It takes two hundred and thirty-two pages of closely printed type to convey this information to us properly.

Had Mr. Collins called his story "The Stained Night-gown—a Mystery," he would have been more truthfully sensational than most sensational writers. For this remarkable garment, with its fatal streak of paint, becomes of more importance than the *Moonstone*. Its Abstraction, Its Duplicate, Its Hiding, Its Recovery, are details marked with thrills of interest. We are surprised that Mr. Collins did not hit upon the idea of allowing this valuable piece of cambric muslin to make a "statement," and to have endowed it with the loquacity of the other narrators. "The Night-shirt's Tale" would have made an entertaining and instructive episode. But it was left to an insane young person—Rosanna Spearman, by name—to discover the streak of paint accidentally rubbed from the freshly colored walls of Miss Rachel's parlor by the somnambulist hero when he steals and hides the Moon-

stone—and to stupidly drown herself for no other purpose apparently than to avert the climax and retain the secret a little longer. It is difficult to tell which is the most idiotic; the hiding of the Moonstone by the hero, or the shirt by the heroine—whom we must, with all respect to Miss Rachel, still term Rosanna Spearman.

Mr. Collins is not much in the habit of making a moral to his stories, or of illustrating, like Mr. Dickens, any abuse or social folly, in his romances. But in *The Moonstone* there are two deducible moral lessons. In the hero's sonnambulism, superinduced by laudanum and brandy and water, we are shown the evils that come—in the loss of moonstones, night-shirts, etc.—from the improper use of stimulants; while in the nervousness which provoked the craving for such stimulants, we see the danger of suddenly abandoning tobacco. A more conscientious observer of moral ethics would perhaps trace to Miss Rachel's feminine tyranny in tabooing her bethrothed's cigars, the real loss of the moonstone and the subsequent catastrophe of the night-shirt.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL. By Andrew P. Peabody. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

If Mr. Peabody could have given himself up to the careless, selfish and luxurious *abandon* of a genuine traveller, and forgotten his duty to his untravelled countrymen and New-England lyceum audiences generally, he would have made a more entertaining book. But he seems to have been oppressed, during his journeys, with an undue conscientiousness; a feverish desire to obtain as much portable information as he could carry away with him; and as a natural result, much that he did bring home bears traces of very close packing, and unpleasant compression. This refers more particularly to Mr. Peabody's facts; when he assumes a rhetorical attitude he is more diffuse, yet even then he has an eye on his watch. His moralizing is equally compact, and reminds us of the *Hic fabula docet* of Æsop. And sometimes his compactness is turgidity—thickness instead of crispiness. In speaking of Sheffield, he says: "The extensive manufactories are unified, not by the builders' original act, but by bridges or covered ways that connect neighboring edifices else unrelated, or by unsymmetrical extensions and outbuildings"; and again: in regard (this time) to Irish beggars, we are told that "the secretive habits of the people preclude their belief in your veracity, and sustain their faith in some recondite hoard which their importunity may open." Remembering the triumphant result of O'Connell's application of fine language to the enraged fisherwoman, we regret that Mr. Peabody did not address this last remarkable sentence to the beggars orally. But perhaps he did, and they followed him in the vain hope of getting even.

Mr. Peabody's religious reflections and illustrations are equally pronounced, and often dogmatic. He revels in the famous scriptural cartoons, in Madonnas and saints, with an enthusiasm, however, that partakes more of theology than æstheticism. It is the delight of a divinity student rather than the criticism of the artist. M. Angelo's Brobdignagian *Moses* affected him deeply. So did the *Sistine Madonna*, to the extent of inordinate quotation. Upon this picture, Mr. Peabody says "he fed ever since he saw it." It stands between him and "that coarse, unappreciative rationalism of our time which seems to find an especial joy in eliminating the Divine element from the infancy of our Lord. It is an argument to the reason and the understanding, no less than to the æsthetic nature: for surely a mode of manifestation which, in its artistic guise, thus lifts the soul into an ecstacy of praise and adoration, cannot be unworthy of the Divine wisdom and love." And affecting in this manner Mr. Peabody, it is of course worthy of praise.

When other folk made a travelling companion of John Murray, Mr. Peabody seems to have trusted to Revelations for a guide-book. Mont Blanc reminds him of the "great white throne" in the Apocalypse; the *Glacier des Bois* and ice-cavern, of the "walls and gates of New Jerusalem." And yet he sneers at the Sibyls of mythology, and is particularly hard upon the Catholic Christmas pageants, as being theatrical.

For all this, Mr. Peabody brings into this volume much experience, culture and appreciation. His descriptions are often graphic, his language always carefully studied, and his history and quotations scrupulously cor-

rect. We can imagine his reminiscences, delivered as lectures, pleasing to his audiences. But we can hardly think of them as private letters—originally written as he assures us for the use of his own family—without a sincere concern for those who, by a refined system of social courtesy, were condemned to be the recipients of this kind of rhetoric.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE, OR GHOSTS AND GHOST SEERS. By Catharine Crowe. New York: J. Widdleton.

Beyond the evidence that there is a steady demand for the marvellous, this reprint of Mrs. Crowe's dismal ghost stories offers nothing new. Indeed, it is probable that nothing could be added since to the original horrors of the first edition. The reader is pretty certain to find not only the particular story which used to send cold chills down his spine in boyhood, but a good many more equally depressing. Although there are ghosts of all shades of tangibility; ghosts in evening dress and ghosts in cerements; ghosts that carried their heads, like St. Denis, in their hands; ghosts that squeak and gibber in all languages—and one who delivered sentences in the Swabian dialect, that must have had a peculiarly horrifying effect—each and all of these apparitions seem to have been attended with one gloomy result—the speedy decease of somebody. "The same day he expired," "a few days afterward the lady died," "it was followed by the death of the young man," "in less than three weeks from the time, he was a corpse"—these are the lugubrious comments on the text. The death of the principal witness is always adduced as a triumphant corroboration of the testimony.

Beside such eminently respectable stories as those of Lady Beresford, General Wynyard and Lord Lyttleton, there are some not attested to by the aristocracy, but still of fair authority. There is a sequel to Lord Lyttleton's warning which we do not remember to have heard before. It seems that lamented peer made the first use of his release from the body to appear, in his turn, to an intimate friend, and inform him that "all was over." This might have been an act of simple politeness on the part of Lord Lyttleton, but we incline to the belief that it was actuated by a spirit of retaliation. There is also a story of a German ghost—a professor—whose exceedingly sensitive spiritual nature was concerned in regard to some slides of a magic lantern, which he forgot in life to return to their owner. He haunted his brother professors in a vague, embarrassed sort of way—there being no spiritual pantomimic formula for magic lantern slides—until they hit upon the secret. We also have the story of a Miss Lee, who received a warning of the hour of her death, and like Lord Lyttleton, verified the prediction by dying at the specified time. Mrs. Crowe defends this story gallantly against some skeptical attacks, and we are inclined to give her our credence, especially as the chronicle which she quotes says that the young lady was "let blood," by one of the Sangrados of the period, as a sanitary precaution!

With Mrs. Crowe's very feminine theories and extravagant commingling of alchemy, chemistry, psychology and mental philosophy, we have nothing to do. Her book is valuable only as a collection of ghostly statistics. As such, it will be read and shudderingly enjoyed by all lovers of the marvellous. But we believe there are none of these experiences sufficiently well authenticated to challenge the dignity of scientific inquiry.

INGLENOOK. A Story for Children, by Carrie Carlton. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

A BOY'S TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS. By Laura Preston. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Those of the present generation who drew their youthful inspiration from the pages of Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Edgeworth, and the ingenious story of Sanford and Merton, must look with considerable awe upon the glittering host who have succeeded them as entertainers of childhood. Dickens, Thackeray, Hans Christian Andersen, Laboulaye, Jean Macé and Mrs. Stowe—are the genii which the fairy godmother of the modern nursery summons to the amusement of "little Posterity." It was a great stride in the civilization of the world when it was discovered that it required first-class talent to entertain children, and that mere goodness, abstract morality and piety would not suffice. The next generation will be the

wiser if not the better for such stories as "Ugly Duck" and "The Tin Soldier."

Part of this improvement in children's stories is the choosing of subjects adapted to the localities, conditions and tastes of the little people. A boy's honest love of adventure is no longer studiously repressed. The "Rollo" series was perhaps the happiest adaptation to the seasonable wants of every New England country boy. And yet such a work would be partly incomprehensible to the California-bred youth, with his two seasons, his larger social privileges, and his more adventurous fields. The two volumes before us are, each in their way, essays toward meeting these new conditions. In coloring, subject and style they are quite original. They will satisfy the wants of the juvenile Californian, and still not be without a certain charm for the children of the Atlantic seaboard.

Inlgenook is the posthumous work of Mrs. Washington Wright, a California writer who, under several *noms de plume*, achieved a various success in literature; but none, we think, as decided as in the walk of juvenile fiction. Into this she brought great vivacity, enthusiasm and feeling, and the occasional exaggerations which sometimes marred her compositions for older readers, assumed the delightful *abandon* of a child's story-teller. *Inglenook* gives a pretty and truthful picture of a California mountain home, with two or three natural young folks, the usual domestic details, and a slight dash of adventure to relieve it. The story is interspersed with some more purely fanciful legends, occasional bits of original poetry, which are rather prosaic, and a good deal of prose that is quite poetic. Yet the reader is often surprised by touches of tenderness and genuine feeling, and is apt to regret that the necessities of a precarious literary livelihood ever forced the writer to assume the dubious role of a female humorist, in which character, under the soubriquet of "Topsey Turvey," she was better known. In this respect *Inglenook* is a more fitting memorial of the talents of one who died too early for the reputation she might have made; who seemed to have maintained, throughout a protracted struggle with adversity and disease, a tender sympathy with the poetry and goodness of human nature, an honest and hearty appreciation of good and bad children, that was infinitely superior to the cynicism and smart philosophy she assumed.

If the author of *A Boy's Trip across the Plains* seems to lack the *philoprogenitiveness* which, for want of a better word, we may apply to Mrs. Wright's enthusiasm about children, she has presented us a more vigorous story. The trials and experiences of a boy during the long overland journey to California—a journey conceived by him, and entered upon for the sake of his widowed mother's health—his devotion to that mother and his plucky and honest faithfulness to the new trusts and arduous duties assigned to him, are all told with a certain graphic simplicity and masculine straightforwardness that bids fair to keep youthful eyes and mouths well opened over these pages. Two or three legends are introduced by way of halting places in the journey—all of them pretty and poetical, and one—the story of Mahdrusa—much more clever in conceit and execution than anything we remember in Schoolcraft. It is quite worthy of introduction in a more ambitious volume. Like Mrs. Wright and "Silas Wegg"—Miss Preston occasionally "drops into poetry;" indeed, it seems difficult for any one to write for children without rhyming—doubtless because the superior digestion of children enables them to swallow good, bad and indifferent with the greatest impunity. But the poetry developed in some of Miss Preston's legends and illustrations is so much better, that she could have very well spared her metrical exercises. Her book is sufficiently good without it, and the suggestion is thrown out in reference to any future story, which we think the success of the present one will fully justify her in attempting. The field of California juvenile fiction is open and inviting. The peculiar phases of domesticity, the color of romance and adventure in all society, and the rare glimpses of out-of-door life and nature in her most fascinating outlines, all afford material that is characteristic of California, and may be made captivating if not inspiring to the fancy of the rising generation.

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LIMA.

ON an afternoon in June, 1866, I entered that compartment of the railway depot at Callao set apart for first-class passengers, secured a ticket, and with a very satisfied feeling took a seat in the train bound for Lima. Few persons leave Callao with regret. The buildings are low and shabby, the streets dirty and narrow and crooked, the twenty-five thousand inhabitants corresponding, as people and places do all the world over. It is merely the entrepot of the Peruvian capital, the place of the custom house and naval station; of a few ship-chandlery stores and a great many saloons and low groggeries; of a market place, and two or three churches, and a theatre, and sand, and fleas. Twenty-four hours, even after two months at sea, were enough to weary one with it; and as the cars moved out of the depot, and, turning eastward, soon left behind the outermost of its crumbling adobe walls, my only regret was that, in leaving the country, it would be necessary to embark from this place.

Our car was American built. Those of English make are likewise in use on the road. The passengers were of all colors and classes; officers of the army in full uniform; officers of English and American vessels of war in undress uniform; captains of merchantmen, with their wives, in their shore-toggery, looking flushed and fussy and uncomfortable; and señoras and señoritas in black, graceful and bewitching from the mere simplicity of their attire. Smoking is allowed in any car, and the privilege is constantly improved. It is seven miles from Callao to Lima, by a gradual ascent, and along the old highway that, previous to the era of the railroad, formed the only means of communication, and was the support of many robbers. Even now, all the merchandise moving between the two places is transported over it in clumsy carts drawn by oxen, and as the huge wheels sink into ruts and crevices that are the wear of many years, clouds of dust arise and permeate through the doors and windows of the cars.

A mile and a half inland we pass

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Bella Vista, where a wooden cross is erected to mark the spot to which a Spanish frigate was carried by a tidal wave in the great earthquake of 1746. The country is dry and dreary looking. There are a few groves of cultivated trees; a few fields of vegetables, irrigated, and enclosed by low walls; some scattering haciendas and dirty corrals. With a screeching whistle we rush through a gateway in the city wall, by rows of low adobe houses and groups of dark-skinned natives, catch glimpses of long-stretching, narrow streets, and the towers of churches, and fetch up in an enclosure alongside the depot. There is a crowd waiting to fill our places in the cars as we disembark and pass through an alley to a street filled with hacks and drivers and porters.

Verily, hackmen are hackmen the world over. Neither place, nor language, nor country, can vary their infinite sameness. They cheat with as chilling audacity, and disregard the municipal regulations posted in their vehicles with as utter recklessness, as though they spoke English, and had their stand about the Plaza of San Francisco, instead of the Plaza Mayor of Lima; and a stranger, unable to speak Spanish, is rare picking for these fellows. He had best save his expletives and breath, and make a note at once of this lesson, to wit: always, in dealing with South Americans, settle first on the price of the transaction, and if it be one-quarter of the sum first demanded that you finally compromise on, rest assured you are then paying a fourfold value. I remember well the look of astonished delight that came over the face of a pretty señorita of whom I made a purchase of a mattress one day, on being paid the price first demanded without quibbling. I could scarcely regret the extortion on being rewarded by such a look. But still more comical was the transformation to pouting annoyance at the thought, "I might have asked more!"

A dilapidated hack, drawn by starved horses, and driven at a galloping rate, set us down, near the close of a murky afternoon, at the entrance of Morin's Hotel. It is a two-story structure, flanking the grand square, and ranks as first-class. So it is in price: three dollars a day for board, and lodging in a back room; gas, candles, cheese, and all refreshments but those of the table d'hote, extra. It promises brilliantly at first sight. The entry-way is paved with marble, and a flight of marble steps conducts to the upper floor. A saloon glittering with mirrors and glass chandeliers, a dazzling bar, billiard tables, marble-top stands for serving coffee or other drinks, conduce to bright hopes. But the hopes are somewhat dashed on following the porter to our rooms. The halls are winding and variously graded. The window of my apartment is higher than my head, and, standing on the floor, I can see a bit of an eave-trough and a patch of foggy sky. The carpet is mouldy and promising of fleas; the bedstead iron; the bed iron-like. There is no public parlor or reading-room; and if guests wish the morning paper, they must send to a cigar-stand and pay a *real* for it. But let us give the devil and Mr. Morin their due. The dining-room is light and airy, and looks out on the Plaza and the Cathedral opposite. Breakfast is served at 9:30, and opens with soup. Dinner at 5; and now comes the most cheerful hour of the day. The night is closing in mistily, and bells from many towers are calling to vespers. Lights flash out the long lines of streets, and the cries of hot-cake and pie vendors grow vociferous. Our dining table is arrayed with much glassware and confectionery and fruits and flowers, and forty or fifty Spanish, French and English-speaking guests discuss course after course of French cookery. There

is no bill of fare. The dishes are set before you singly, to remain a certain number of minutes, regardless of the tastes of partakers. The arrangement has one advantage: it requires no agonizing explanation to waiters in unknown tongues, such as are necessary at breakfast, and the results of which are frequently very astonishing. One end of the table seems to be set apart to those speaking English. Naval officers may be encountered here almost daily. There is a merchant, of American birth and English education, who is particular to have it understood he hails from London; and a gentleman and some ladies of the theatrical profession, who have since become well known to the public of California. The substantials of the repast wind up with roast beef and salad, and the dessert follows in the shape of cakes, fruit and confectionery.

Lighting a cigar, I stroll out to take my first view of Lima by gaslight. The Plaza Mayor, on which Morin's fronts, is the fashionable focus of the town. It covers an area of nine acres; is paved, ornamented with fountains in each corner, and one in the centre that reaches a height of forty-two feet; and is surrounded by a garden enclosed by iron palisades. Statues are scattered about the enclosure, and marble seats ranged around. Adjoining Morin's is the Municipalidad, or City Hall—the two embracing the whole western face of the square. The upper stories project over the sidewalk, supported by arches, the spaces between which are occupied, from early morning till late night, with small dealers in fancy goods. The southern exposure of the square is similarly enclosed, and here concentrate the retail dry-goods dealers. Brilliantly lighted at night, and thronged with the beauty and fashion of the place, the scene is dazzling. On the northern side is the Palace, as it is called, built by Pizarro, and occupied by the Spanish viceroys till their power was overthrown, and since the residence of the various Presidents of the Republic. From the year 1821 to the present time, it has been the residence of fifty-five Chiefs of State, only six of whom were elected by the popular vote. All the others attained power by revolution and military force. Its front is taken up by small shops opening on the walk, and a wide balcony above. The Cathedral and the residence of the Archbishop stretch along the eastern side. The Cathedral was built by Pizarro at the founding of the city, and improved by his successors. It is about two hundred feet in width and four hundred in depth, with towers rising from either angle of the front to a height of two hundred feet. Its façade is broken by three great doors, and ornamented by statues of various saints. The interior is paved with brick, the roof supported by thirty-two square columns. The high altar and choir are placed midway the nave, and are rich with columns, capitals, cornices, and mouldings of silver and gold, immense silver candelabra, and innumerable decorations of precious woods and marble. When high mass is celebrated, a thousand wax candles shed light on these splendid adornings.

There was music on the Plaza this night of my first stroll. Three nights a week two, and sometimes three, of the government bands march from their barracks with a file of soldiers, erect their music-stands opposite the Cathedral, and for an hour or more discourse airs from operas, the lancers, the cachucha, with castanet accompaniment, and the national airs of Peru and Chili. As one band ceases, another breaks in. They number forty or fifty instruments, brass prevailing to an unpleasant extent; but in the open air the harshness is lost, and the great volume of sound, echoed by lofty walls, swells and falls with witching power. The stone steps rising to the Cathedral front are filled

with sitters, as are the seats about the square; and under the light of gas lamps, and by the plashing fountain sparkling in the light, the crowd promenade, till, with the national air of the country, the signal for departure is given. I was stopped about once a minute, on an average, by a request for a light, so politely made, and my cigar was returned to me with such a graceful wave of the hand, the continually recurring annoyance could not but be forgiven. Suddenly I observed a commotion in the distant part of the crowd. The doors of the chapel adjoining the Cathedral were thrown open, and there issued a procession with lights, and bearing aloft the Host, emblematic of the body of Christ. Instantly the music ceased, and the bands united in an anthem that filled the air with sound, and seemed to echo back from the low-hanging clouds; whilst all the people, regardless of class, or degree, or fashion, knelt with uncovered heads till the sacred emblem had passed from sight, and the chanting voices of priests were lost in the renewed air from the band. Unbelieving foreigners may not kneel, but woe to him who neglects to uncover his head!

To stand in the doorway of Morin's Hotel and watch the throng of passers of an afternoon or evening, was a source of much amusement at first. The kaleidoscopic variety of San Francisco life is more than paralleled in Lima. The colors of the people vary from Saxon white to African black, and their costumes range from the shabbily-covered nakedness of Indians and negroes to the exquisiteness of French dandyism. There were priests in black, and gray and white, and nuns; soldiers with the neatest of waists and feet, long swords and wide pants; caballeros in spotless black, lifting hats on recognizing an acquaintance with stately dignity; venders of lottery tickets and a thousand-and-one articles; women with the national mantilla gracefully draping head and shoulders; and women with the latest Parisian styles.

Lima was founded by Pizarro, in January, 1535, on the day celebrated as the Epiphany, or feast of the worshiping ot the King, and hence called by him La Cuidad de los Reyes. It lies on both sides of the river Rimac, two leagues from the sea, in latitude 12 deg. 2 min. south, and longitude 77 deg. 7 min. west from Greenwich, and derives its name from a corruption of the Indian word Rimac. The larger portion of the town is south of the river, and is enclosed by an adobe wall twenty feet in height, nine feet in thickness, and five miles in circuit. Twelve gates afford means of ingress and egress. That opening on the Callao road on the western side of the town, and the Maravillas gate on the eastern side, conducting to the Pantheon, are arched and surmounted by statuary. The total area of the city is 13,343,680 square varas, of which 4,840,320 are covered by gardens; 126,150 by thirty-three squares, all but three of which lie around churches; 674,552 by churches and convents; leaving 7,692,658 for dwellings. The streets usually run at right angles, are thirty-three and a half feet wide, and the blocks four hundred feet in length. They are roughly paved, and through the middle of those tending east and west are sewers of running water, usually uncovered. The sidewalks are not more than five feet wide, excepting for short distances on the more popular promenades. On the skirts of the town the houses are of one story. In the central portion they rise to two stories, and in rare cases three. Almost universally they are built around court-ways, and an arched passage conducts to the street. These passage-ways are frescoed or painted. In the residences of the wealthy the court is paved, and is frequently ornamented with shrubbery, a fountain, and statuary. The perspective of the streets is uninteresting. Con-

trary to the teachings of Saxon civilization, the offspring of the Moors conceal their beauties, and face the world with a rugged front. Long stretches of walls, unimpressionless but for the openings into court-ways, and overhanging balconies with jealous shutters, through which bright eyes may perhaps be peeping, but not to be detected by a casual glance. My brightest glimpses of the home-life of these exclusive Limanians have been caught on misty nights, as I slowly passed by open portals, and the light of parlor lamps shining into the court through glass doorways and windows has revealed the family group in unstudied attitudes of recreation.

I may safely say there is not a street in Lima that does not present a view along its length of the lofty walls and towers of some church or convent. They diversify the monotony of the place, and form the chief objects of attraction to a stranger. They are seventy in number, and together are capable of holding the entire population of the city. Many are elaborately ornamented, but the statues and carvings show marks of decay and the rough touch of civil war; and of the bells that were so famous for the wealth that went to their composition and the silvery sweetness of their tone, but three or four remain. The Cathedral boasts two that peal out the hours and quarters night and day; and in the tower of San Augustin, I believe it is, there is one so soft, so deep, so full in its cadence, the sound from the stroke melts into a rich contralto, and floating away slowly, seems to die in far-off echoes. I feel certain I shall never on earth hear melody to compare with it.

The church, monastery and college of San Francisco, with their gardens, cover a space of twenty-five acres in the most populous part of the city. The church and convent were founded in 1657, and completed at a cost of 12,000,000 francs. But their ancient glory has departed. The corridors are deserted and silent, the gardens overrun with weeds, the fountains dry. From the summit of the towers, whither we were conducted by some attaché of the church, through narrow, winding passages, a splendid view of the city is obtained. Four hundred and fifty-nine religious festivals are celebrated yearly in the various churches. There is not a month without some sacred days aside from Sunday, in which all business is suspended, and religion and pleasure are combined in a fascinating manner.

A bridge of hewn stone, five hundred feet in length, and supported by six piers, and so substantial in character as to have resisted all earthquake shocks for a century back, spans the river Rimac, and forms the main way of communication between the northern and southern portions of the town. An arch over the southern end has a clock with transparent dials. Crossing to San Lazaro, the northern suburb, and turning to the right, the Alameda Nueva ó del Acho is reached. It stretches a long distance on the right bank of the Rimac, with a carriage-way through its centre, and broad walks on either hand, shaded by double rows of trees. Midway stands a marble statue of Columbus, nine feet in height, on a pedestal twenty feet in height. The figure is erect, one hand uplifted, the other in the act of unveiling the face of an Indian woman crouching at his feet—typical of America.

Another *paseo* is the Alameda de los Descayos—(those without shoes)—from the convent of the bare-footed friars, situated near it. It is close by the base of an outshooting spur of the Andes, called "San Cristobal." It is a thousand feet in length and fifty in width, enclosed by an iron fence, ornamented by one hundred marble vases supported on pedestals; and between each a marble seat; twelve colossal marble statues, executed in Rome, representing various acts; and at one extremity, a fountain sending a single stream of water to a

great height in the air. It is shaded by tropical shrubbery, and encircled by a carriage road; and on afternoons, when music is furnished by Government bands, is a favorite resort of the idlers and fashionables of the place.

About three squares east of the Plaza Mayor is an irregular, open, ill-paved place, called the "Plaza de la Constitucion," in the centre of which, on a marble pedestal twelve feet high, is a bronze equestrian statue, erected in 1858. "A Simon Bolivar, Libertador la Nacion Peruana." On the sides of the base, chiselled in basso-relievo, are views of the battles of Ayacucho, and Junin, both fought and won by Bolivar, in 1824, resulting in South American independence. It was cast in Munich. On the square, on the east side, is the Hall of the Chamber of Deputies. The exterior of the building is not imposing. The Chamber is fifty-by-ninety in size, with a high-arched ceiling and dome. The Senate Chamber is on the south side of the Plaza, and is the room formerly occupied by the Spanish Inquisition. It is of moderate size, and the ceiling is a specimen of superior roof-panelling and carving.

The population of Lima is 125,000, of whom 38,000 are foreigners. Among the public institutions, deserving of notice, are the following: A mint; a university; a national library, containing a museum of antiquities and natural history; eight national colleges—one for the study of jurisprudence, one an ecclesiastical seminary, one devoted to medicine, and one for secondary instruction in that science, a normal school, a naval and military institute, a college for obstetrics, and a school for arts and trades. There is an infant asylum, and an orphan school; a prison for accused persons, and a penitentiary; a public slaughter-house; five hospitals—one for men, one for women, one for soldiers, two for incurable diseases; a lunatic asylum; an asylum for widows of deceased tradesmen; a general cemetery; a *consulado*, or tribunal of commerce; a post-office; a theatre, belonging to the municipality; a circus for cock-fighting, (private property); a circus for bull-fighting, (belonging to the board for relieving the poor). There are ninety-six licensed coaches. There is a gas company that charges nine dollars per thousand feet for gas, and a water company that charges fifty dollars a year per house for water.

To give an idea of the trade of Lima, the following statistics of imports, for 1860, are furnished: From Chili came merchandise to the value of 1,547,402 *piastres;* Ecuador, 42,192; France, 3,199,899; England, 2,852,218; North America, 280,489; Panama, 89,000; Germany, 751,867: other countries, 450,000.

The climate is one of the most equal in the world. The temperature does not vary more than twenty-five degrees throughout the year. For several years a carefully-kept record shows the lowest point reached by the thermometer to be sixty degrees, and the highest eighty-five degrees. March is the hottest, July the coldest month. The winter weather is foggy; from May to November, heavy mists, called "*garuas*," prevailing. In summer, rain falls in heavy showers of brief duration. Eight earthquakes per year are the average of the Limanians. The principal hotels are Morin's, Maury's, Hotel de la Bola de Oro, Hotel de l'Europe, Hotel l'Universo, and the American Hotel.

The Plaza del Ocho, or Bull-ring, is the finest in the world. It will accommodate 15,000 spectators. At the time of my visit the season was not favorable to this sport, and only one opportunity was afforded of witnessing this national pastime. The entertainment proved to be a failure. The spectators were few in number, and as a consequence, neither bulls, nor horses, nor fighters, exerted themselves to entertain

the beggarly account of empty benches that glared at them from every side. Not a bone was broken; not a drop of blood was spilt; and after an hour or more of stupid flaunting of red rags and harmless scamperings of men and beasts, the drove of animals was driven off as cows are driven through the streets of San Francisco.

A short distance east of the Maravillas gate is the Pantheon, or burying-ground of Lima. It covers an area of fifteen acres, and is enclosed by high *adobé* walls, with an iron gateway in front. The walks are laid out with Parisian regularity, and the grounds adorned with flowers and shrubbery. A few stately monuments mark the resting-places of some departed heroes, celebrated for warlike deeds, whose fame scarcely extends beyond Peruvian soil. But most of the bodies are interred in vaults, above ground. These are some six feet high, and the same in depth; are built about courts, and have openings to admit coffins, which are sealed after occupancy with a stone containing a brief record of the decease.

Near the entrance of the Pantheon stands a chaste structure, some fifty feet in height, with a dome supported by eight columns. The interior is of marble, and under the dome on a raised platform is a glass coffin containing a marble figure stretched in the repose of death. One's footfalls echo so painfully loud in this stony solitude, it would seem as though this marble sleeper might start up to confront the intruder.

Strange waifs are eddied by the tide of life to this out-of-the-way old City of the Kings. I encountered one. Leaving my hotel, one evening, for a *paseo*, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turning, saw a gentlemanly-appearing, middle-aged man, in a navy-cap and spectacles.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but understanding you were from California, I ventured to ask you if you received any San Francisco papers by the last mail. My mail failed to come to hand, for some reason, and I feel quite lost." A conversation ensued—a conversation in California style, interspersed with drinks at the brilliant bar of Morin's. My new acquaintance was an old San Franciscan, formerly attached to the ——— newspaper, the proprietors of which had recently written to him to return and renew his old editorial chair, and he thought he should soon be on his way thither. He was well informed concerning Lima; could speak Spanish fluently; and gave me a deal of information. I congratulated myself on having made a valuable acquaintance. The next day I met him again. He gave me an exquisite cigar, and more information, and we met again. The next day—in the evening—about nine o'clock, as I was starting off, the old Californian ex-editor followed me a little way, and then hailing me, humbly begged for a small loan! Had had nothing to eat that day—could I accommodate him with a trifle?

I heard his story subsequently. At one time he was Secretary of the American Legation at Lima. He forged a resignation of the Minister and forwarded it to Washington, and for a short time gloried in representing the American Government at the Peruvian capital. His career was short. He fell till he was so low he slept uncovered on the Plaza at night, and begged his food as best he might. The last I ever saw of him was one night, after what must have been a day of successful beggary. He reeled by me with a flushed face and glassy eyes, and disappeared down a by-street in the misty darkness.

DUELLING IN THE WEST INDIES.

WHO has not read Barrington's famous sketches of Ireland? Who has not laughed heartily at the lively episodes in duelling which he so graphically describes? Let it be fairly understood that we have no *penchant* for that fine art, which teaches us to "snuff a candle at twelve paces," as the school of practice for snuffing out the lamp of life at the same distance. But Barrington, with great good taste, rarely kills his men. There is always something ludicrous and amusing rather than shocking, in his anecdotes of personal *rencontres* which portray the character of the people and the time. Ireland, however, was not the only theatre of personal warfare. In America it was very common; but in the majority of cases attended with fatal results. Our duels were fights to kill. The mere exchange of shots followed by an amicable arrangement, and a general invitation to dinner, at which, perhaps, another affair of the kind found its way on the *tapis*, was considered "mere child's play," and unworthy of men who went out with the avowed and determined purpose to kill or be killed. But in the West Indies—English, French, Spanish, Danish, Dutch and Swedish—the Irish principle, the real Barringtonian conception, reigned supreme. It is astonishing what climate and association will do for men. The phlegmatic Dutchman of St. Eustatius, the cold-blooded Swede of St. Bart, or the imperturbable Dane of St. Thomas, were quite as ready to enter the field as the fiery Frenchman of Martinique or St. Martin. It is also strange, that although Guadaloupe is the largest and most important isle of the French West Indies, its inhabitants were less frequently embroiled in duels than those of any other island in the Caribbean Sea pretending to anything like wealth or population. It was probably owing to the fact that its two great cities, Basseterre and Pointe a Pitre, were mainly inhabited by commercial men, who were the factors for the planters of the smaller isles, and eschewed the "code of honor." Nevertheless, among the planters or "estated gentlemen," as they liked to term themselves, were many who had reduced duelling to a profound science, and whose sanguinary exploits were regarded by many neophytes with all the awe and veneration we may suppose a young aspirant for honors in the P. R. would recall the prowess of Tom Crib, Ben Caunt, Tom Sayers, John Heenan, *et id genus omne*. Foremost among the shining lights of the personal-satisfaction gentlemen stood Beauvallon, father to the young gentleman of that name who afterward distinguished himself in the same arena in Paris. Mons. Beauvallon was a "crack shot," and during the course of his life—some forty-five years at that time—had very satisfactorily to himself disposed of no less than thirteen opponents. Insensibly to himself, the man who sheds so much blood and murders so many of his fellow beings, becomes a sort of sanguinary bully. He may attempt to plaster his conscience with the sophistry that he had done nothing in violation of the law—for there was no law interdicting such meetings—and that he had only done as other men of his acquaintance and every-day intercourse would have done under like circumstances; the fact remains, that with every duel he gains a corresponding accession of ferocity and indifference to human life, which can only terminate in rendering him a monster to be avoided, or killed for the benefit of mankind.

This was the pitch arrived at by Beauvallon; and unknown to himself he assumed an overbearing and intolerant air, which kept him employed in his favorite work of shooting people *selon le règle.*

In Basseterre, the capital of Guadaloupe, there is a beautiful promenade known as the *Course.* It is lined on both sides with wide-spreading, umbrageous trees, and is supplied with benches for saunterers, who crowd it on fine moonlight nights in that tropical region. On one side of the *Course* is a large and spacious stone building denominated the *Cirque;* a club house for opulent planters, merchants, and some of the more distinguished French officers of the army and navy. A young and accomplished captain of the *Infanterie de la Ligne* was one evening playing billiards at the *Cirque* when Beauvallon entered. He had dined and felt his wine. His countenance wore a forbidding aspect, and his appearance soon caused the visitors to thin out. Chafed at this evident distaste to his society, Beauvallon fixed his eyes on Captain Duchampy, and passing behind him struck his cue just as he was about to make a shot. Duchampy believing that his own awkwardness had struck the but of his cue against Beauvallon, immediately turned and asked his pardon. No recognition of the politeness was vouchsafed, but when the officer again attempted to make his stroke, his cue was once more struck by Beauvallon. "Is it you or I, sir, who is in fault?" inquired Duchampy. "Just as you please, sir; suit yourself," was the rejoinder, accompanied with a *farouche* look. Duchampy made no reply, but called for a glass of wine, and having received it, pitched the contents into Beauvallon's face. The consternation was general at this act of audacity, for the officer was a general favorite, and all present looked upon him as another sacrifice to Beauvallon's insatiable thirst for blood according to the acknowledged code. A verbal challenge was soon given and as soon accepted. Seconds were appointed, the time and place fixed, and the weapons, pistols, nominated. They were to fight at eight o'clock the next morning. The terms being arranged, Duchampy retired, but Beauvallon was at once surrounded by his jackalls, who seemed solicitous to offer their services. "Gentlemen," said he, "do me the honor to breakfast with me at ten to-morrow. I will go out at eight, kill this mushroom young fool, and then we shall return to a *déjeuner à la fourchette.*"

At eight the next morning, a large number of persons were congregated to see Beauvallon "plant" his fourteenth man. The principals, accompanied by their seconds, appeared upon the ground almost simultaneously. Duchampy was a recent arrival in Guadaloupe, and up to the time of his quarrel was totally ignorant of his adversary's powers in duelling; but there were not wanting friends who sought to convince him that he had rendered himself little better than a foolish sacrifice to a noted homicide, who had never suffered an antagonist to leave the field alive. The appearance and demeanor of the contestants were notable. Duchampy was pale, preoccupied, and silent, but the beholder could perceive a settled determination in the young officer's eyes; while his bearing was modest and unobtrusive. Beauvallon talked freely and in a loud voice while the preparations were being made. His carriage was defiant and haughty, while his whole demeanor evinced a desire to intimidate, coupled with undoubted confidence in his own skill. The principals were stationed; each received his weapon, and the party who was to give the word, said, "Gentlemen, you must fire between the words 'fire' and 'three'; there must be no reserve of fire. The man who reserves his fire after 'three,' falls by my hand." Then came the warning—"Are you

ready?" "Ready!" responded the principals. "Fire!" "One"—but before the word "two" could be given, both pistols cracked upon the morning air. Neither had fallen. Beauvallon could scarcely credit the evidence of his own eyesight. He stood a moment, and then flinging his arms above his head, fell prone upon the earth. His ball had just grazed Duchampy's right ear, carrying away a small piece of the upper end; but Beauvallon was shot through the breast, the ball passing out below the right shoulder-blade. He recovered from this wound, but never after fought a duel. In describing his sensation, he said that when the air rushed into his wound, it seemed as if a ton of ice had suddenly been thrown into his stomach.

Rifle or brass-barrelled pistols were strictly forbidden. It was held that a duel was an affair of honor between gentlemen, and that nothing could be adopted which might tend to aggravate a wound or inflict extra pain or danger. "Ragged balls" were prohibited in all cases. Rifles, double-barrelled shot guns and bowie knives have been the creatures of American refinement, and their use was not known in the duelling codes of other countries. We have never adopted a custom without carrying it to excess. But perhaps there was no spot on the globe where the system was so neatly and thoroughly regulated as in the little island of St. Martin. For a small community, the planters were the proudest and most princely in the West Indies. Their houses were the abodes of luxury and elegant refinement. They were almost exclusive, none but "estated gentlemen" being admitted to their tables, although their every-day business demeanor was courteous and polite almost to the extreme. For the sake of society, dinner parties were of every-day occurrence, several uniting first at one house and then at another. All their wines were imported, fined and bottled by themselves. La Rose, Lafitte, Margeaux, were the clarets; Leacock, Cockroach, and other choice brands of Maderia, from ten to thirty years old, accompanied the dessert. Old home-made rum, selected Cognacs, and the best of Hollands, succeeded the repast after the cloth was withdrawn and the ladies had retired. Dinner commenced at seven o'clock, P.M., and lasted until one, A.M. The crops, the rains, foreign and domestic politics, were freely discussed after dinner, when every guest could boast his two bottles of claret and one of Maderia under his vest, beside several generous potations of "strong waters." They were "fighting cocks" to a man. No person could live among them who was not. Each planter had been "out" and proved his game breeding. An ambiguous expression, too much emphasis or violent gesture, were pretty sure to be followed by an invitation to pistols and coffee. Ten paces, and balls thirty-two to the pound, were the St. Martin terms.

This little island was owned by the Dutch and the French, each nationality boasting about one-half. It was a queer state of affairs; but never did two people agree better, and simply because the planters on both sides were almost all English, or of English descent.

A planter from Martinique had just arrived, and was invited to dine with Mr. George Dormoy, where six or eight other St. Martin planters were congregated to meet him, with the view of "passing him round," and showing him a bit of hospitality. After dinner the Martiniquen boasted of some splendid "tools" he possessed, made by Le Page of Paris. His pistols cost three hundred dollars, and his breech-loading double-barreled shot gun as much more, while his carbine was something extraordinary. Manning Rey was his *vis-a-vis*, and Manning was a "fire-eater" of the most approved pattern. He really loved a fight, but in that bellicose society

he was careful "whom he kicked." Manning's eyes scintillated as he listened to the Martiniquen while extolling the quality of his "tools," and the wonderful feats he had accomplished with them. Leaning quietly forward he said, almost in a whisper, "Mons. Villefort, I am charmed at having made your acquaintance. We poor fellows of St. Martin boast only the weapons bequeathed us by our fathers. My pistols are two generations old already, and have done some service; but I long to test them against yours. Do me the honor to dine with me to-morrow, and remain all night. At ten the next morning I shall be pleased to meet you on the field. There is a snug spot not far from the house, and we can arrange matters admirably." "I will reply in the morning, Mons. Rey," answered Villefort, "because I must first take account of my engagements." "That will do," said Rey, and the repast continued until two, A.M., without the slightest ruffle. That night Villefort chartered a small sloop in the harbor of Marigot, and returned to Martinique. He never afterwards honored St. Martin with his presence.

On another occasion, Manning was to fight with Gaspar Mauras. The men and their friends were punctual; the positions selected, distance paced, principals stationed, and the word was just about to be given, when Manning observed a straight little bush directly between him and his antagonist, and observed further, that Mauras had seen it, and had "lined" him over its top. Slapping his left hand to his side he made a *pirouette*, exclaiming that a sudden cramp had seized him, and asking pardon for the interruption; but he had changed his ground some three or four feet and no longer had the bush between him and his opponent. The word was at length given; both fired, and Mauras escaped with a bullet through his cravat. It was enough to satisfy the little "unpleasantness" between them. They were marched up to each other, shook hands, and dined in company with as much cordiality as two brothers.

A large dinner party was given by Philip O'Reilly, one of the richest and most aristocratic planters on the island. Among the guests were a French *chef de bataillon*, named Beauperthuy, and a huge, bluff Englishman, named John Hodge, but more familiarly known as "Probin." The Frenchman was a most handsome fellow, full of life, and brimming over with wit and *repartee.* "Probin" was a heavy, good-natured, red-faced, orthodox Briton, abounding with common sense, and entertaining a perfect contempt for any thing but the solids of conversation. It may be easily conceived that two such characters could not dovetail; but by some oversight they were placed opposite each other at dinner. After the cloth had been removed, and the ladies had retired, conversation became general and took a political turn, during which, "Probin" let fall some blunt animadversions against the government of Louis Phillipe, which were replied to by Beauperthuy in a brilliant series of pithy rejoinders which set the whole table in a roar. "Probin's" dignity was deeply wounded, and he sought a plaster by inviting Beauperthuy to a *partie à deux*, where the *Diable à Quatre* was to be performed. The invitation was cordially accepted, terms to be fixed next day. This little episode by no means interfered with the post prandial festivities. On the contrary, it lent them zest and piquancy, especially as everybody felt some fun would grow out of the meeting. The Frenchman, being the challenged party, selected swords, as the proper weapon for an officer. "Probin" knew as much about a sword as he did about the man in the moon; but being a tolerable shot he insisted upon pistols, which were, of course, ruled out,

and he was compelled either to apologize or accept swords, which in this case happened to be sabres. The parties met; a second, holding two sabres by the middle, with a hilt directed toward each principal, bade each one take his weapon. "Probin," wholly unused to this style of thing, no sooner got hold of his sabre than he made a desperate lunge at Beauperthuy, who avoided the thrust by quickly jumping backwards. "Ah, ah! Zat is ze way you fight, Mons. Hodge; vary well, Monsieur, I will show to you how ze gentelman revange himself," exclaimed the irate officer. "Now, sar, I will take from you the left whiskare." A pass or two, and the keen blade whizzed past "Probin's" ear, carrying away his left whisker, and a small slice of skin. Wildly and furiously did "Probin" rain his blows; but he might as well have saved his strength. A wall of steel met him at every turn, and his cuts fell harmless on his adversary's ready weapon. It had become clear to all present, that Beauperthuy had no intention of seriously hurting his antagonist, for he had declined to avail himself of many opportunities to give him a mortal thrust. It was just as apparent that "Probin" could not hurt the Frenchman were he ever so anxious. Again their weapons crossed. "Now," said Beauperthuy, "I will cut you the pin from your shirt breast." No sooner said than done, a magnificent diamond being sent flying with a part of "Probin's" ruffled shirt-bosom, which served for the recovery of the gem. In the meantime, "Probin" had redoubled his efforts, and was sweating at every pore, his face as red as that of an amorous turkey-cock, and evidently laboring under the impression that there must be something terribly wrong in the laws of Nature, when the great physical force and power of a gigantic Briton were no match for the skill and coolness of a delicate, "frog-eating Frenchman." Once more the combatants met and crossed blades. "Now, Mons. Hodge," said Beauperthuy, fixing his glittering eyes upon "Probin," "I will take you off ze head, sar." "Probin" jumped backward, dropped his sabre, and picking up a huge piece of rock, roared out: "No, I'll be damned if you shall," and was about to throw it at his antagonist, when he was seized and held by the seconds and spectators, who were half-suffocated with laughter at the comedy. Matters were soon explained and arranged. The principals were induced to shake hands, and the whole affair ended with a most appetizing dinner at "Probin's," who did the honors with a huge patch of court-plaster on his left cheek, and shorn of the hirsute appendage he boasted on the morning of that day.

Another affair soon after occurred between a well-known and popular planter, and a diminutive little person, named Robinet. The planter was a crack shot, while Robinet was notoriously deficient as a marksman. The meeting took place on the open beach at Friar's Bay, at sunrise; and to equalize matters, the planter was placed directly facing the rising and glowing luminary. In vain did the planter try to shade his eyes with his hat and left hand; he missed his man every shot, while Robinet's bullets flew wide of the mark, and caused the seconds to fall back far from the line of fire. At last, the fourth shot —an unusual number—passed through Robinet's hat, which he immediately took off and with a polite bow, at the same time putting his finger in the hole, said: "*Mons. C., vous me devez un chapeau.*" The cool gallantry of the man entirely disarmed his antagonist, who advanced and offered his hand, which was as frankly accepted.

A very ludicrous affair occurred between a man named Richardson and one Robbins. Both were Anguilla men, and had crossed the narrow channel which divides that island from St. Mar-

tin, to sell a number of slaves. It had leaked out that the British Government was abont to emancipate the slaves in its West Indian colonies, and as it was understood that the appraisement allowed by the home government would not be so great as the negroes could be sold for in the French and Spanish colonies, English planters were anxious to dispose of their slave properties in the best markets. Richardson was the guest of Philip O'Reilly, and Robbins was a resident with Louis Durat. It was soon understood that both of these men were perfectly innocent of the "code," and measures were concocted to have a little fun at their expense. Being rivals, there was no difficulty in making each believe that the other was endeavoring to injure his property in the market. They met at dinner in the hospitable mansion of Dr. Alloway, and being unused to such rich cheer, they were not long getting "fuddled" on the Doctor's choice Madeira. Richardson gave Robbins "the lie." Everybody was shocked, as such an insult was unknown in St. Martin. Robbins had to be urged to send a challenge. Richardson was as earnestly besought to accept. O'Reilly was to act as second for the former, and Durat for Robbins; weapons, pistols; time, next day at ten o'clock, A.M. When the hour arrived, both principals felt their courage going like that of Bob Acres; but being stimulated with liquor they came to the scratch, although with painful reluctance. The pistols were loaded with powder only. O'Reilly had armed himself with a huge, red prickly-pear, dead-ripe, and stood conveniently near his principal, who was in his shirt-sleeves, as well as his opponent, as they had been made to believe that this was *en régle.* At the word "fire," both men half turned their heads, shut their eyes, and banged away. At the same moment O'Reilly hurled his ripe prickly-pear full against the right side of Richardson, who instantly fell like a bullock, crying out most lustily: "I am killed; I am killed; for mercy's sake, call the doctor." Clapping his right hand upon his supposed wound, and seeing it covered with the red juice of the fruit, he exclaimed: "It is no use; I am dead—dead! What did I ever come to this devilish island for? I might have known how it would end." In the mean time Robbins' knees were knocking together with fright. He felt sure that Richardson was mortally wounded by his hand, and the poor fellow would have run off the ground had he not been prevented. Dr. Alloway soon assured Richardson that there was nothing desperate the matter with him; and in a few minutes the whole affair was explained, to the inexpressible delight of the principals, who reëmbarked for Anguilla that afternoon.

Mr. Benjamin Hodge, a brother to "Probin," but a man of diminutive stature, was a celebrated character. In his day he was the greatest and most fortunate cock fighter in the West Indies. Possessed of two large sugar plantations and some seven hundred slaves, he turned both properties out into "cock walks," hired out a number of his negroes, and kept the remainder to tend game chickens. "Uncle Benny," as he was familiarly called, was as game as his birds, but was as ignorant of the "code" as he was expert in "heeling" a cock, an art in which he was unequalled. Propositions to contend in "mains" were received and accepted by him from nearly all the neighboring West Indian Islands. A "main" consisted of twenty-one fights each between two cocks, the party winning the greatest number of battles to take the money. From fifty thousand dollars to two hundred thousand was Uncle Benny's "go," as he would never listen to inferior challenges.

"Uncle Benny" had been challenged to meet an old and oft-conquered antagonist in Antigua, the fortune of the

dice having declared in favor of his opponent's battle ground. His finest of birds were selected and shipped two months before the "main" came off; but their arrival in Antigua was kept a profound secret. Three weeks before the contest, about thirty were picked out, trimmed, fed and trained after the most approved rules. Two days before the fight the rival cocks were duly weighed and matched against each other. "Uncle Benny" was the most intensely nervous of men, especially during a cock fight. Those who sat within his reach in the pit were certain to receive manifold spasmodic grips, pinches and nudges, until victory crowned one or the other birds. Whenever his cock killed that of his opponent, he would draw a long breath, and exclaim: "Absolutely, the child is christened!" The day came; the birds were pitted; the place was crowded with planters, merchants, and all sorts of people. "Uncle Benny" took his place on the front bench, but appeared as if he had no interest in the affair, although he was interested to the amount of seventy-five thousand dollars on the "main," and five hundred dollars on the result of each individual encounter. Next him sat a planter who did not know "Uncle Benny." The first pair were put down and went at each other with the greatest animosity. "Uncle Benny" stood it for a few moments, and then reaching out his hand grasped his neighbor's thigh with vice-like grip, working and digging his fingers into the gentleman's flesh as if it were putty. "What the devil do you mean, sir!" cried out the injured individual. Completely absorbed in the fight, "Uncle Benny" paid no attention to this inquiry, but kept on digging away as the battle progressed and became more exciting; when, just at the moment his bird made a fortunate stroke and perforated the brain of his enemy, "Absolutely, the child is christened," said "Uncle Benny," giving his neighbor a farewell grip of reinforced pressure. The response was a slap in the face, administered with a heavy riding glove. Of course, there was nothing to be done but to assume the same attitude toward each other as the poor dumb cocks had so lately filled. They met next day at eleven, A. M. Several prominent St. Martin's planters stood by "Uncle Benny," to see that no undue advantage was taken of his ignorance in such matters. The principals were stationed and the word about to be given, when "Uncle Benny" grasped his pistol in both hands, as he would a rifle, and took deliberate aim; his adversary at the same time raising his weapon and doing the same thing. The word being given, both parties fired, "Uncle Benny's" opponent falling, shot through the fleshy part of the thigh. "Absolutely, the child is christened!" shouted the victor, and having been informed that the affair was at an end, he walked over to his discomfited antagonist, explained the whole matter, begged his pardon, and offered him the hospitality of his mansion and the unrestricted use of his purse.

Nicholas Heiliger was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of that time in the West Indies. He was over fifty years old, but straight as a reed, and a devoted gallant to the fair sex, by whom he was much esteemed. Among his most prized possessions was a pair of old fashioned but excellent duelling pistols, which had descended to him as inestimable heir-looms through four generations. Locks, stocks and ramrods had undergone various changes and improvements, but the Damascus barrels were regarded with unaffected reverence. To dine in company with Nick was a treat; but to sit alone with him as his guest, with your legs stretched under his well burnished mahogany, and after a couple of bottles of the finest "Cockroach" had been comfortably disposed of, was the rarest of festive enjoyments.

About eleven o'clock, P.M., he would call "Harry!" "Sar!" "Bring my 'persuaders,'" and Harry would soon appear with an elegantly ornamented box containing the venerated family heir-looms. Then followed a series of historical and family anecdotes, describing past conditions of society, old family feuds, political and social changes, and above all, the part that the "persuaders" had played in enforcing conviction when other arguments failed. Nick had consigned a quantity of sugar to a merchant named Capé, in St. Thomas, and for some cause or other, believed that he had been "chiselled;" but to be sure, repaired thither in person, taking his "persuaders" with him, as no gentleman travelled, at that time, without his well appointed case of duelling pistols. Arrived at St. Thomas, he notified Mr. Capé of the fact, and requested his company that evening. Capé replied, "that if Mr. Nicholas Heiliger had any business with him, he would be happy to receive him either at his country house or at his residence, according to Mr. Heiliger's inclination." Next day Nick waited upon Capé at his country home, and had an interview which was not at all of an amicable character, and terminated in an invitation to look into the muzzle of a "persuader," which was quietly accepted. At the appointed time shots were exchanged, resulting in Nick receiving a flesh wound on the inside of his right arm, between the shoulder and elbow, narrowly grazing important blood vessels, and passing very close to the chest. Handing the empty weapon to his second, Nick advanced and said: "Mr. Capé, I am under the impression, sir, that I have done you a personal injury, for which I am truly sorry. All honorable men are brave. You are a brave man, and therefore I believe you to be honorable. I beg, sir, to apologize for my rude and irascible remarks yesterday." It is needless to add that Capé instantly clutched the proffered hand, just in time to save Heiliger from falling, as he had become faint from loss of blood.

One evening several gentlemen were passing the *caserne*, or barracks, in Pointe a Pitre, Guadaloupe, when a dispute occurred between two French soldiers, one of whom challenged the other to meet him next day, the commandant permitting, at ten, A.M., in the field back of the barracks. "*Je conviens*," was the response. Having never witnessed a duel of this kind, the conflict being peremptorily confined to the short sabres of the *Infanterie de la Ligne*, and the point being absolutely prohibited, considerable interest was felt by those present to see how this species of combat was to be performed. Permission to fight, in accordance with regulations, was immediately granted by the Colonel commanding, and at the appointed hour and place the men, attended by their seconds, met to hack at each other. It was well understood that the first blood drawn ended the quarrel so far as the men were concerned; for the fact was never lost sight of, that French soldiers were the property of the French Government, and had no right to sacrifice life except in the battles of their country. The same rule is rigidly enforced in regard to their officers when opposed to each other, but is ignored when an officer meets a civilian or an officer of some foreign service. The combatants were admirably matched, being two of the best *sabreurs* in the French service, each being an instructor or *Maitre d'Armes*. They were Parisians, *gamins* of the first water, and the insult consisted in one having called the other a *philosophe*, than which no greater term of opprobium can be applied to a "rough" of the gay capital. "*Tiens, je te rougerais le nez, cette fois-ci*," exclaimed one, as their weapons crossed. "*Blagueur!*" responded the other. The combat was carried on with great rapidity and violence, but yet with marked

caution. Each felt that his reputation was at stake. Blows were returned and stopped in all directions; carte, tierce, prime, second, were resorted to without effect. Such splendid fencing had never before been witnessed by the admiring spectators. Faster and more furious became the contest as the parties warmed to their work, until both stepped backwards, pointing their weapons down, until they could recover from exhaustion and renew the conflict. An officer of rank, however, stepped forward and succeeded in obtaining an apology from the offending party, upon which the principals immediately embraced and started for the *cantine*, where their recent animosity was soon drowned in *petits verres d'absynthe.*

The Spanish islands formed the exceptions to the otherwise universal practice of duelling then in vogue throughout the West Indies. But it has since nearly died out with the decay and emigration of old families, which gradually subsided when slavery was blotted from the social sytsem.

DEUX ENFANTS PERDUS.

Have you trimmed your coat this morning,
My robin over the street?
I opened the window an hour ago
And harked for your whistle, sweet.
Still in your swing
You will not sing
What is it makes you blue?
No trouble twixt me and you robin,
Deux enfants perdus?

Last night Grisette was roving
'Tis always the way, of course.
Perhaps she left you out in the damp—
You've caught a cold and are hoarse.
For pity's sake
Do, robin, wake!
Say if my tale is true,
No secrets with me and you robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

Do you still sometimes remember
The summer we stole away,
And hunted the farmer's berries out
Plotting a grand foray?—
O, now you mock
My foolish talk,
I think I'll hurry through
With the story of me and you robin
Deux enfants perdus.

Well, you had stabbed a berry
With your beautiful, slender bill;
And I was picking as fast as I could,
Trying my hat to fill—
I saw you fall
And that was all—
The fatal end I knew,
Alas! for me and you, robin:
Deux enfants perdus.

I searched the wide world over
For my robin, stoned to death.
I knew some angel would intercede
And give my darling breath.
O, robin dear
I tracked you here
By wierd and charméd clue,
O! joy for me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

I hate Grisette for leaving
Your cage in the chilling wind;
She's very late in her rising, too,
How careless and unkind.
Just slip a note
From silver throat,
With tones her heart will rue,
For slighting me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

I wish you'd pipe your matins,
It is full late to begin,
But better so tardy than never at all,
For not to sing is a sin.
The sunlight spies
Your sealéd eyes,
It should those lids unglue;
It shines for me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

I've finished half my labors
For it's very near to the noon—
Why, some one cries Grisette is dead—
Or lost in a deadly swoon,
With woeful trace
On her pale face.
O, God! forgive the shrew—
So pray me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

They bear her to the window
O, what a shame is there!
O, shut my eyes from bosom and throat
And the damp of her clinging hair.
How still you sit

In spite of it—
You saw the hand that slew—
You fear for me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

They lift you from the lattice,
They tempt you with a fruit;
O, robin, robin, you sit like stone
And all your soul is mute.
O, robin, strive
If yet alive
To cry him mercy, too,
And peace for me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

Oh, now I know you're honest
Your heart is broken quite—
I seemed to see your spirit soar
Like a bird of golden light;
You carolled loud
In a silver cloud
Then right away you flew.
Parted are me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

O, will you come back ever
To sing my soul to rest?
I would I had my dwelling place
So high in your azure nest.
For day is long
Without your song,
And earthly friends are few
That love like me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

O, would that life were ended,
And would that death were here;
Never a face to smile on me
Never a voice to cheer!
And robin looks
From airy nooks
While sorrows all imbrue
This dream of me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

O, call me with your warble
Away from sin and woe.
You hold the secret of many tears
That not an other shall know.
The day is past,
The die is cast,
Love perished where it grew;
Now death for me and you, robin,
Deux enfants perdus.

A RUN OVERLAND.

I HAD made what Carlyle terms the fearful discovery that I had a stomach, and with the discovery, under a doctor's advice, had made a drug shop of it for some months, lightening my pocket sensibly as I increased the frequency of each potion. I had taken bitters and tonics, iron and bismuth, morphine and other allayers of nervous excitement. I had for weeks steadily dosed myself three times daily with a tonic which my physician had repeatedly assured me was "splendid medicine." I did not doubt his assertion; but my stomach refused to be comforted by it or any other medicinal preparation; my nerves, too, were obdurate, refusing to be strung again, charm them as I might never so wisely. I had a chronic complaint, and some complicated nervous affection with it, which produced sleeplessness, slow circulation, and great depression of spirits. My last and best physician had advised me to make a long trip into the country, where I would have rest, and change of scene and air. He especially recommended a trip by steamer to New York, and back overland. I listened to this advice for nearly three months before I set about acting upon it.

The passage by sea to New York occupied twenty-two days. I spent ten bustling days in the great city, and left it at five o'clock upon a Saturday evening, tired and weary; so tired, indeed, that so soon as the cars whisked out of the Jersey City dépôt, I had a sleeping-car made ready, in which I was glad to stretch myself. The evening was beautiful, the month was May—the most promising and hopeful of the year; I lay with open window, enjoying the scenery of New Jersey. Lying in a sleeping-car in this way is very pleasant amusement. The scenes presented to the eye change as rapidly as the shifting views of a panorama—with this difference, that in the one case we have art, and in the other, natural pictures. One can enjoy it so lazily, too, without stirring a finger. Farms, farm-houses, cattle, men, houses, towns, manufactories, and historical spots, were passed by with lightning rapidity by our express train—passed almost too quickly, indeed. I frequently wished that our rate of speed was slackened, so that more time might have been left for a contemplation of beautiful and interesting sights or objects. Those who cross the continent upon the Pacific Railroad will find this stretching in a sleeping-car, with open window, one of the most delightful of siestas.

The farms and farm-houses of New Jersey have an air of neatness and solid comfort that I wish were thought more essential to California rural life. They resemble those of England, in many places—a resemblance which is increased by the occasional existence of fat hedges, in place of the usual gaunt American rail-fence. New Jersey farmers have not the reputation of being very liberal, but they seem to enjoy life thoroughly and quietly. They cultivate their land upon the European system, bestowing great care upon it, and thus obtain the largest crops. The soil of New Jersey is generally thin and poor, yet proper cultivation has made it one of the most productive States in the Union.

At nine, P.M., we stopped for a few minutes at a small town in Pennsylvania, where, as usual, there was only about one-fourth the requisite seats and quantity of provisions for the passengers. When I reached the table a hungry crowd had already come down

upon it like a wolf on the fold, and had effectually swept and devoured it of everything but doughnuts and milk—a supper of which is highly suggestive of nightmare and midnight misery. But possible nightmare had less terrors than existing hunger; and a hurried meal was made at the very reasonable cost of twenty cents. During the past seven years, which have been famine ones in New York, everything eatable has continued cheap in the interior of Pennsylvania. Board at the best country hotels has been but ten to twenty dollars per month.

I had never before spent a night in a sleeping-car. I found the beds wide enough for two, and extremely comfortable, and warm in every respect. There is, however, no suitable space given for undressing, which operation must be performed in the exposed passage-way that runs through the centre of the car. Men can endure this, but it is very unpleasant for ladies, who have to resort to many quick-witted schemes to avoid publicity. The lateral motion of the cars aids rather than prevents sleep; there is something soothing in it. I slept well, and awoke much disappointed to hear that I had missed the best scenery of the Alleghanies in the night. Spring and Nature were in tears that the coming Summer might rejoice. The air was balmy and inspiring, however; everything green had been washed over Saturday night to appear with clean face on Sunday morning. We were passing one of the greatest sinews of strength possessed by the majestic State of Pennsylvania—the coal region. The country was not a rich agricultural one at all, comparatively little of the land we passed being under cultivation; but it was rich in wood on the surface and in coal underneath—twin possessions of the most valuable character, which have done much to place Pennsylvania where she now is, in the van of States.

Pittsburg at ten, A.M.—a greasy mechanic among cities, the face of which is never clean. Even on a sunny Sunday morning, after rain, Pittsburg was still in its dirty, working clothes. Every house, in the vicinity of the railroad dépôt especially, had a most unpleasantly begrimed appearance, as if the air was constantly filled with soot and dust of ashes. Pittsburg is, however, the useful Vulcan which forges the iron thunderbolts that move the world of manufactories and commerce. It is one of the most old-fashioned cities of the Union. A great many of the houses are of the obsolete, red-brick style, a few relics of which are still left on Pearl street and in the vicinity of the Battery, New York. The streets, too, in nearly every case, are narrow and tortuous. Pittsburg is, perhaps, such a hard-working city, that it has no time to spend on outward adornment. It is the greasy but most useful mudsill. The beauty of the Monongahela, Alleghany, and Ohio rivers, which meet beside it, is almost destroyed by smoky manufactories, dust- and ash-heaps, coal-barges, dusky-looking steamboats, and general confusion. Pittsburg occupies a basin in which the god of Iron Manufactures has constantly a thousand smoking altars blazing to his honor.

At two, P.M., after five hours' delay in Pittsburg—amid a bedlam-like crowd and noise, in which everybody was asking questions about the arrival and departure of cars, etc., which nobody either seemed competent or desirous of answering—we moved off on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, toward the latter city. For a few miles the road ran through long lanes of manufactories; but these passed, we entered one of the most beautiful countries in the world. Nature and art have combined to make it delightful. The Ohio river runs through it. Long lines of beautiful lawns, carpeted with the brightest of green, stretch back from the river, rising into hill and mountain, the sides

of which are covered with trees and shrubs. Cosy farm-houses nestle in among fruit and shade trees; and fat, contented cattle lazily stared at us as we passed. Some of the handsomest private villas I have ever seen in America, lie in this region. The Ohio river is frequently disturbed by steamers and barges, but they add to the beauty and variety of the scene, rather than detract from it.

A night of misery (there being no sleeping-cars) passed slowly. The morning found us in Indiana—in a country where the soil is good, but the timber, the houses, and the people, are poor. The fences were awkwardly constructed, and the farms were in slovenly order. Everything reminded one of many of the shiftless-looking farms and farm-houses of California. Green, stagnant pools near many of the houses were proof positive to the eye that "fever-'n-ager," as the people call it, made many a man tremble in body and spirit. That portion of Indiana through which we passed was in the strongest possible contrast with the country we had seen the evening before. The last seemed the Happy Valley of Rasselas; the other, a country in which frogs, misery and discontent reigned.

Toward noon the weather became cold, raw and foggy—one of those drear days of damp discomfort which San Franciscans are so well acquainted with. That portion of Illinois through which we passed, east of Chicago, disappointed me; it resembled Indiana too much.

Chicago was reached at noon, forty-three hours after leaving New York, from which it is distant nine hundred miles. Chicago—the young Giant of the West—with its 250,000 inhabitants, its streets lined with commercial palaces, and noisy as those of New York with the rattle of drays, wagons and other vehicles. Outside of New York there is no more bustling street in the United States than Lake street.

Lake Michigan looked cold and dreary, as seen from the top of the City Hall, very much like our bay when the wind is high and the weather foggy. Chicago is the pet city of railroads. Locomotives rush to it from all points of the compass, laden with every freight which is known to inland commerce. The ringing of the locomotive's bell and the whir of attendant cars are never out of the ears of some portion of the citizens. In enterprise and life, Chicago is what other cities talk of being. If its people had the opportunity that San Francisco has, our population would now be nearly double what it is. Chicago capitalists take the men who are building up the State by the hand, in every way, and help them along.

After a brief stay at Chicago, I found myself, at three o'clock one evening, in the dépôt of the Northwestern Railroad, among crowds of sturdy and gawky-looking German immigrants, who had been enticed away from "der Vaterland" to expand their lungs, ideas and muscle, in developing the grain-fields of Iowa and Nebraska.

Ah, yes! here is, indeed, a glorious prairie country—a land which autumn always finds fat in grain and good things. These are the prairies of which the West proudly boasts. Here the staff of life flourishes. A rich country generally makes well-clad people and comfortable homes, and here both are constantly seen. The soil is dark and rich all the way through Illinois and Iowa, to the Missouri river.

Council Bluffs and the Missouri river at two, P.M. Time, twenty-three hours from Chicago; distance four hundred and ninety-four miles. We do not pass through the flourishing town named, but are driven from the dépôt by stage down to the river, through dust which in flour-like fineness would do no discredit to our Red Dog or Dutch Flat stage roads. A wheezy and disabled-looking old steamer, after a vast amount

of labored puffing and blowing, lands us in Omaha, Nebraska.

The Missouri river at Council Bluffs and Omaha is one of the meanest, most tortuous, shallow, shifting and unreliable of rivers to be found anywhere. Its bed is at one point to-day, and has shifted half a mile off by to-morrow. It is more uncertain in all things than even the proverbially "onsartin" white man. The west bank, where the railroad shops and dépôt now are, was at one time the bed of the river. Regular lines of steamboats run on the Missouri, between St. Louis and Omaha, and also up to Fort Benton—some 3,000 miles of corkscrew river navigation.

Omaha is the chief town of Nebraska, and is the initial point of the Union Pacific Railroad. It has one of the handsomest possible sites, on the easterly slope of a wooded and grassy hill. Its population is about 15,000.

Nebraska has a population of about 50,000 persons. It was then suffering from an invasion of grasshoppers. They were everywhere, and were busily engaged in devouring everything. These pests and locusts are the curse of agriculture in all of the territory lying between the Missouri and Nevada.

Nebraska is a great grain country. Indeed, if its newspapers are to be believed, it is far ahead, in this and other respects, of all other places in the world. Of its climate, its resources, the chances it offers to new-comers, let a writer whose style is very florid, and whose business is advertising for the Union Pacific Railroad, say a few words:

"The new State of Nebraska presents many inducements to immigrants who are seeking a home, whether they come as laborers, farmers, mechanics, or as capitalists. It is between the fortieth and forty-third parallels of north latitude, north of Kansas and west of the Missouri river; bounded by it for about three hundred miles, and extending westward about four hundred miles.

"No finer land for agricultural purposes than this can be found. The soil is from three to ten feet deep, and wholly inexhaustible, so bountiful has nature been in her gifts. Land which has been cultivated for thirteen years produces just as fine crops, without manure, as when first broken.

"The trip from Omaha to the mountains is one of great interest. Towns, cities and villages are literally springing up in a night along the whole line of the road. No finer trip can be taken by the tourist who would see nature as she is, than to visit these hunting-grounds of the red man, now so fast disappearing, and enjoy the pleasures of the chase for the buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, etc., who yet roam in thousands over these plains. The scenery at the mountains cannot be surpassed. Italy has no more gorgeous sunsets; and the rising sun, bursting forth in all its splendor, with the pale moon, still empress of the deep cañons, retiring slowly—both seen at the same moment—present a scene of grandeur and sublimity which nowhere else exists in such perfection; and then in the distance rise to the clouds the snow-clad mountains, bearing almost continually the hoary covering of winter."

A little air is recommended to those who read this quotation. The truth is about as much inflated in it as a balloon previous to ascension. Nebraska has nothing to boast of. Long droughts, grasshoppers, locusts, and distance from markets, make the immigrant's lot anything but what it is above represented.

I left Omaha at five, P.M., after a day and a half stay in it. Seventy miles west of Omaha we struck the plains proper, and from that point on to Cheyenne the trip was a very monotonous one, much resembling a trip by sea. The country was almost entirely a dead level, having nothing but prairie-grass and sagebrush growing upon it. The atmosphere was as clear as a mirror; so clear indeed that distances are rendered very decep-

tive. Low, distant hills, which appear to be but five miles away, are twenty to twenty-four distant. The air of the plains is notedly dry and healthy, and a trip out upon them is one of the most strengthening and inspiriting possible. But the eye is wearied with the unending sameness and want of scenery, not only east of Cheyenne but out to Laramie, across the Rocky Mountains. These mountains, on the present overland route, are a delusion. There is no elevation deserving the name of mountain from Omaha to Fort Bridger, although you stand, at the summit of the Black Hills, 8,250 feet above the sea. This height is crept up to so gradually by low hills, however, that the ascent is made almost imperceptibly to the senses. There is not a railroad in the world, except perhaps some in Russia, that runs through such an uninteresting country as the Union Pacific Road. The great Valley of the Platte is a desert, except for grazing purposes. Want of water makes it so. It has also one of the most erratic climates in the world. Rain, hail, snow and sunshine are often seen at once. Northers frequently blow, accompanied by hail, against which it is very difficult for anything living to stand up. Hail has been known to cut the prairie-grass close to the roots, and the wind to blow it away, leaving not a stem for a distance of over fifty miles. The horizon darkens, and the air changes to wintry sharpness in a few minutes; while sunshine and balmy air succeed just as quickly. Rain is absorbed by the thirsty soil, and lost as quickly as it falls.

Except for unreliable grazing purposes, as I have said, the Platte Valley is a wide expanse of desert: yet a hundred writers have found it more pleasing, when out on the Union Pacific Road, to represent it as the very opposite. One writer, who indulges in the most extravagant hyperbole about the railroad and everything connected with it, furnishes the following:

"There is nothing connected with the Union Pacific Railroad that is not wonderful.

"Long before the Platte Valley is reached, it spreads before the eye like a vast bay opening out into an ocean, whither the track appears to lead. The grain fields of Europe are mere garden-patches beside the green oceans which roll from Colorado to Indiana. The valley widens with the advance; the hills behind sink into the plain until the horizon there is perfect.

"There is really little known by the people of the character of the railroad enterprise. Most think that a company of capitalists are hastily putting down a rude track, over which cars can be moved with care, for the purpose of securing lands and money from the Government. But the fact is, that one of the most complete roads of which the country can boast is being laid. Fictions of the East must be re-written to match the realities of the West."

After reading such productions, one is almost compelled, against reason and truth, to worship at the gilded shrine of unmitigated humbug. Those who think, as the writer just quoted tells us most people do, that the Union Pacific Road is a rude track that is being hastily put down by a company of capitalists to secure Government lands and money, think precisely in accordance with the facts of the case; the road being probably the most hastily and slightly constructed one over which passenger-cars run in the world. Between Cheyenne and Laramie, a distance of nearly thirty miles, we passed four trains of cars which had run off the track and been smashed up, owing to the sharpness of curves and the hastily-constructed track. Upon my asking the conductor of the train in Cheyenne at what time we would reach Laramie, his reply was: "About seven o'clock this evening, if we do n't get off the track and be smashed up, which is just as likely to occur as not."

The first writer I have quoted, in speaking of the cities and towns along the road, says :

"Almost all the stations have a considerable village, flanked with a farming population ; and Fremont, Columbus, Grand Island, North Platte, Julesburg, Cheyenne, and many others, have more than doubled their population during the past year, or grown to be cities, where before was nothing but the wild waste, and no sound but that of the beasts of prey, or the whoop of the wilder savage ; and each does an extensive business with the surrounding country."

The strength of imagination of these Western writers is something terrible. The towns spoken of were called into a hurried existence by the railroad, and when it moved on, their sites—except in one or two instances where machine-shops have been located—were as completely deserted and almost as much given up to beasts of prey and the whoop of the savage as they were one hundred years ago. Cheyenne was the chief town when I passed over the road, and a wickeder, more harum-scarum, or for any good purpose, useless town, never probably existed. It was made up entirely of saloons, eating, dance and gambling houses of the lowest and most rascally description. The railroad *employés* were the flies around which all these spiders had spread their nets.

A ride of twenty miles on the Union Pacific Road gives one almost as good an idea of the country through which it runs, as a continuation of the ride out to Cheyenne. At each station there are three or four railroad employés, whose duties are nominal, because the road has no local traffic at all, except what it derives from the supplying of government posts. Ten soldiers were located at each station as a protection—but they are an utterly inadequate one—against Indian raids. They always stood shouldering arms on the platform during the stoppage of the train. They were badly dressed, and were cold, miserable and half-starved looking. Attached to each station was a subterranean passage-way leading from the ticket-office to a beaver-like underground structure with rounded top. These buildings were sunken stockades, with sod-covered roofs, each having loop-holes for musketry, thus making convenient the insertion of leaden deposits into attacking Indian bodies. A more wretched or lonely life cannot be imagined than that of these soldiers and station keepers. Their scalps are in constant danger. The excitement connected with expected Indian attacks is the only stir, if not solace, which their monotonous existence has. Almost anything is preferable to the inertia of the plains.

The trip between Omaha and Laramie City, a distance of five hundred and seventy-five miles, was made in thirty hours, or at the rate of nineteen miles per hour.

None of the Laramie City hotels had sleeping accommodations while I remained in the town. I slept in a spare sleeping-car which was there. The best hotel was a large tent, with rough and dirty pine-board table and seats. The proprietor and his wife and child lived, and had their household furniture and bed, in one corner of this tent. There was no screen set up for privacy. While eating my breakfast on Sunday morning, the proprietor's wife sat, with her child upon her knee, on the dirty and disordered bed. She was surrounded by laborers, gamblers, a bar, barber-shop, general dirt and grease, and most admired disorder. She looked as if she had not a soul to sympathize with her in the world, and as if she had not a comfort in life. Women have a terrible life of it in these frontier towns, and I do not wonder that many of them become unsexed by their isolation among the roughest possible specimens of men.

After a delay of some five days in Laramie, I took the overland stage for

Salt Lake. There were five other passengers in the coach. There was, therefore, no opportunity to recline, and sleep, for the first night at least, was out of the question. Between enforced wakefulness and the bumping of the stage in and out of "chuck-holes," and other miseries, I spent one of the most wretched nights of my life. The early morning found us at Rattlesnake Station, one of the most beautiful places that we had yet seen on the overland trip. We stopped at Rattlesnake for breakfast. I rode outside all that day, and the healthy, dry air soon made me feel almost as fresh as though I had slept on a bed of down. The day was most pleasantly spent in social conversation with the drivers. Tales of Indian horrors, and of hair-breadth escapes from their murderous hands, formed the staple of our conversation. The stage-drivers, and all with whom I talked on the entire trip, agreed in saying that there was but one cure for Indian deception and Indian massacres. Whip the Indians well and they will behave. They know no sentiment but that of fear. About two years ago, Gen. Connor, the only competent Indian-fighter that has for years been in command on the plains, cornered the Shoshone and Bannock Indians, then two of the most troublesome tribes on the plains. He did not indulge them in that most unmitigated of all humbugs, a "big talk" about their great father in Washington and his red children, and all that. They had been fighting white men, and he caught them and fought them, killing over fifteen hundred, and so completely routing them that they all begged for mercy. It was freely granted, but before it was they complied with his every demand. These Indians have never since molested a white man. They still continue to fight with other tribes; indeed, when I was at Fort Bridger they were indulging in a spread-eagle pow-pow over a few scalps which they had "raised" from the heads of some of their enemies. But they let white men alone, although they have just as much excuse as newspapers say other Indians have for committing outrages. The press of the Pacific and the Atlantic States have shed oceans of sympathetic tears over Indian wrongs committed "by thieving Indian agents and bad white men." This is another bubble of bosh, which no amount of truthful testimony to the contrary seems capable of pricking. For one outrage or case of dishonesty practiced against an Indian by an Indian agent or white men, fifty cases of Indian outrages against innocent white men can readily be found. Feeding, pow-wowing with, and above all, arming Indians, only result in increasing their already large stock of impudence and laziness, and in increasing their belief that they are feared. The tables must be turned. One good whipping will do it, and prove the most friendly thing that can be done for our "red brethren." This is not one of a thousand theoretical panaceas for Indian troubles with which newspapers now-a-days overflow, but is based upon succeesful trial. Let Gen. Connor, or some other such man, be given command on the plains, and he will accomplish the task named, and thus save hundreds of valuable lives and millions of dollars yearly. The Indian is, from the skin to the marrow, a mean, cowardly, blood-thirsty sneak, of the most despicable kind. He never takes a risk except when there are twenty to one hundred chances in his favor. A tiger may as easily be tamed. Fear is the only monarch to which he can be made to bow.

After the first night's ride it was easy to sleep—yea, and to snore right sonorously—despite the terrible jolting and incessant clatter of the wheels. Appetite, too, was a monster which despoiled the tables of the stations at an astonishing rate. The charge of one dollar and a half per meal was reasonable, in

view of the appetites with which overland travellers sit down to table.

The most of the ride east of Salt Lake is made in Wyoming Territory, all of which, that I have seen, was a desert. But in the Bitter Creek Mountain region, the desert rose from common barrenness into a desolation that was almost grand in its loneliness and hopeless poverty. Grass almost totally disappeared, and even sage-brush was not plenty. Alkali and sand were monarchs. There were no mountains; only low hills, and sand in the early stages of petrifaction. The wind blows with terrible fury sometimes, and combined with the rain it had scarped the hills into the most fantastic shapes. Here, the face of a hill was cut to resemble the flutes of an organ—there, like the battlements of a castle; here, it resembled an animal crouching—there, it was honeycombed like a toredo-pierced wood-pile. Death and desolation perched everywhere; yet Wyoming is rich in gold and coal, and the last is a most valuable resource in a treeless region.

The drive through Bridger's Pass was grand and beautiful, and when the welcome announcement was made that we had passed the water-shed of the continent—that all water now ran Pacific-wards—we were all delighted. After we passed Fort Bridger, the scenery began to mend, and the country to be valuable for agriculture. The lofty Wasatch and Uintah ranges of mountains, with snowy tops, delighted our eyes. They *were* mountains, and the first elevations deserving the name that we had seen. High mountains, with snow on their peaks in summer, are an almost infallible proof that there is a good country below. The snow will feed streams in spring and summer, and deserts cannot be where streams are plentiful. The interior of our continent is a desert only because it is waterless and treeless. The value of water—life-giving water—precious and all-powerful to the fruitfulness and beauty of a country—can nowhere be more plainly illustrated than on the overland trip.

Echo and Weber Cañons lie east of Salt Lake. They are passed by a forty miles' ride. The scenery in these cañons is grand as it is peculiar, and is ample recompense for all the previous experience of the desert. The cañons are long and deep clefts through high mountains, and are generally only wide enough to admit of the passage of a brawling river and the stage. Every variety of scenery, and all of it startling and novel, is seen in these cañons.

Salt Lake at six, P.M., five days and a half from Laramie. The distance between the two is four hundred and seventy-five miles. The beauties of the Mormon city, like everything else which has been written of between the Missouri River and Nevada, are exaggerated. Nature has done more for the place in giving it a beautiful site and rich soil, than the Mormons have done in beautifying it.

I remained four days in Utah, which in many places is a garden. Then westward again. The country between Salt Lake and Austin is not so poor as that between the Missouri River and Utah, because it is constantly intersected by mountains. It is mountain and valley nearly all the way. But from Austin to Virginia we have hopeless desert and alkali again. On the trip from Mormondom we have balmier air, purer and clearer atmosphere, than ever before, and life is luxury.

Virginia at one, A.M. Sound sleep that night—satisfying and refreshing! Off for the railroad and the Sierras at ten. Reno at one. I rode up to the summit of the Sierras that night, and at three the next morning we started down the mountains for Sacramento. Nothing that is seen on the transcontinental trip makes any show of comparison in grandeur with our snow-capped Sierras. In elevated peaks,

in deep cañons, in noble woods, in crystal waterfalls and lakes, the Sierras are unsurpassed. After the trip across the desert, the sharp, life-giving air of the mountains was a luxury of which one could not have a surfeit.

In the Central Pacific Railroad, man has graven his name upon the nineteenth century in characters so full of energy and triumph that time will never be able to efface them. It is a great and enduring causeway for the travel of all people, and for the breaking down of all barriers of isolation which ignorance, barbarism or exclusiveness have set up.

Sacramento at one, P.M.; San Francisco at nine. And the circle is complete.

The total expenses of the round trip I have treated of, in my case were about as follows: to New York per steamer, say $125; ten days in New York, say $100; outfit for overland trip, $50; expenses of overland trip, $280; total, $555 in gold. I was only fifty-six days absent from San Francisco. After crossing the Continent, it is a matter of great wonder to me that so many persons travel by steamer. The overland trip is in every respect infinitely superior, especially on the score of health. All who have made it agree in saying that a few days' shaking up in one of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s coaches is, for the most of diseases, worth all the medicine that ever doctor prescribed or unwilling patient swallowed. The stage ride only occupies about five days now, which is well divided by a night's rest at Salt Lake City.

I have endeavored to speak impartially of everything which I saw upon the overland journey. Many of my conclusions differ greatly, I am aware, from those of many other writers who have preceded me. Wholesale puffery and rose-tinted pictures have been the rule. Each writer seems to have thought it necessary to follow the example of his predecessor; afraid, apparently, to utter his own opinions about what he saw. I have had no such fear. I have endeavored to give facts and not fancies; to paint with the sober colors of truth, rather than with the brighter but less durable ones of error.

I cannot close this article without expressing the opinion that there is not a people or a land from the Atlantic to the Pacific more favored than the people and the State of California. One county, such as Nevada, Placer, Sacramento, or Solano County, is worth all the territory from the Missouri river to Nevada. Colorado is very rich in minerals, but not more so than California and Nevada, while its mines can probably never be profitably worked at home, on account of the high price of fuel, and because of other prohibitory expenses. Again, the precious metal in the ores of Colorado is so firmly locked in the embrace of base, stubborn metals, that even most approved and expensive processes only partially succeed in saving the gold.

A round trip such as I have described, while it serves to make the Californian more contented with his own State, conduces also to erase local prejudices. There are fair skies, rich fields, and well-to-do people outside of our State, although we occasionally talk as if we had a monopoly of all these and many other desirable things. In our yet crude life we lack many things, too, which the older Atlantic States possess, and which we should perhaps aim more strongly to secure.

After passing over an entire country, from ocean to ocean, one feels strongly that, while it may be a good thing to be a Californian, and it may also be good to be a Democrat or a Republican, it is immeasurably best of all to be an American! We have inherited the fair and great land of the West. Our domain literally extends from sea to sea, and almost as literally "from the river unto the ends of the earth." This, however, is not so much subject for boasting, as

matter for remembrance that to whom much is given, from them much also will be required. That we should not bury our great gift in petty struggles for sectional supremacy, is the lesson taught by a Run Overland.

EARTHQUAKE THEORIES.

THE individual who proposes the somewhat difficult task of explaining the phenomena attending earthquakes, will soon find himself reduced to the condition of the anxious seeker after truth of whom Lucian draws a pleasant sketch. That indefatigable but unsuccessful explorer stated, as the result of his labors, that if one set of philosophers should maintain that a certain body of water was hot, and another that it was cold, each would bring forward such attractive and convincing arguments in support of his particular proposition, that he would be compelled to acquiesce in the conclusions of both, though he was well satisfied in his mind that the same body of water could not be hot and cold at the same time.

One of the theories which has come down to us from a tolerably remote antiquity is, that every variety of trembling, shaking or agitation, to which the surface of the earth is subject, is produced by subterranean fires. The advocates of this theory request us to descend, at least in imagination, to a "a lower level" than has yet been reached in any of our mines—far beyond the Styx and its ghostly boatman in his green old age—down below the throne of Rhadamanthus and the place where Tantalus in vain attempts to assuage the pangs of his gnawing hunger at the phanton banquet—to profounder depths than Virgil led the "pious Æneas" by rugged pathways and gloomy caverns, to the verge of the molten mass which they affirm constitutes the heart of the globe, and say: "Behold the first cause! The gases generated in this vast seething cauldron would blow the earth into fragments if there was no vent for them. They rush through winding ducts and gain universal space through the craters of Vesuvius, Hecla and Etna, and the danger is past; but sometimes a wrong direction is taken. The pent-up forces struggle violently for freedom; there is no Eolus with ready spear to pierce a hole for their escape; and hence the shakings and tremblings for which you seek to acccount." It is evident that in the nature of things, it is somewhat difficult to controvert all this. There is nobody that we can put upon the stand in opposition to it. The theory, to say the least, is plausible. If the facts in all cases do not fit it, we must fall back on the consolation that it is so much the worse for them.

But we have had scarcely time to write here Q. E. D., before another magician appears on the scene, waving his wand and demanding attention. He scouts the idea of internal fires, and directs our attention to the stars. His wings are fastened with a more powerful cohesive than wax, and his flight is higher than that of Icarus. "Behold," he says, "the force of which you are in search! It is not located down in the bowels of the earth. Combustion is a phenomenon which has excited the superstition of mankind from Zoroaster to the present hour. Accompany me in a trip where Virgo reposes in graceful ease, and Sagittarius bends the bow. Here among the planets we have the solution of the problem which engages your at-

tention. Jupiter, Venus and Mars are hastening together for an explanation. By this circumstance we have an interference with the laws of gravitation on the little ball on which we reside; hence the shaking up at Jamaica, which I predicted, and the great sea-roller, and all the other dreadful convulsions which followed." Here it is to be presumed the unpretending capitals, which are used to indicate an intellectual triumph —Q. E. D.—are also to be inscribed. Nadur has never been able to make an ascent within billions of miles of the elevation to which Prof. Delliser of Jamaica invites us, and there is therefore no contradictory testimony.

If we should be unwilling to remain in the condition of a meek acquiescence in the most contradictory theories, we will have to resort to the most rigid rules of reasoning, in order to arrive at anything approximating to the truth. Courage to enter on the task may be imparted when it is considered that the study of the phenomena attending earthquakes has never been prosecuted under favorable circumstances, and that neither of the brilliant conceptions above set forth is sufficient to account for all of them. It is well known that a very common source of error is the linking together of facts which have nothing but a fanciful connection. Burke was fond of stating, in allusion to this very general tendency, that if he should happen to become feeble from disease, should take to carrying an oak staff for the purpose of sustaining his tottering frame, and should in the course of time recover health, there were thousands of persons who would attribute his convalescence to the mysterious strength communicated to his system by the particular piece of wood which he had been using as a cane. Dickens, in his own admirable way, hits off the same popular weakness in his statement of the arguments brought forward in opposition to the proposed abolition of that most absurd and incomprehensible fifth wheel in the coach of English jurisprudence, known as Doctors' Commons. A second, and a still more fruitful source of error, is the drawing of too wide conclusions from few and meagre facts. Lord Bacon called especial attention to this tendency when he presented his plea in favor of that surer system which has of late become so general—that is to say the inductive — which compels the careful gathering and collation of facts before any attempts are made at the generalizations out of which the laws by which they are governed may be evolved. By this severe but scientific mode of proceeding, many of the conclusions reached by deduction, in almost every branch of human knowledge, have been utterly broken down and are no longer accepted as truth.

The idea that all earthquakes are produced by a great subterranean fire forming the heart of the earth, is a pure deduction. If we should attempt to trace it up to its source, it is no more than likely that we would find that it is based exclusively on the fact that at certain places on the face of the globe, fire and smoke, molten rock, cinders and burning lava are vomited up, and that frequently in the vicinity of these fearful eruptions, the earth is subject to rockings and upheavings, of a character so appalling that, as a general rule, credible witnesses of what actually does take place are rarely met with. The theory is certainly very plausible, but it will strike the reflective that if I should discover a pimple on the face of an acquaintance, should see it enlarge and grow inflamed, till it finally burst and discharged purulent matter, I would not be justified in coming at once to the sweeping and startling conclusion that the whole inside of that man was one mass of corruption; yet this would be a far less violent deduction than that the centre of the globe is in a state of combustion, established by the fact that fire is belched occasionally from several

points on its surface. The general adoption of this view led to the necessity of explaining how the fire got there. We have, therefore, the theory that the planet which we inhabit was originally a fire-mist, thrown off by the great central luminary of our solar system, which went spinning through space, increasing its distance from the sun at every revolution, and of course, therefore, gradually cooling on the outside. In what is to be advanced on this subject it is proposed to adhere strictly to established facts. It would be clearly much more in accordance with the rules which govern correct reasoning, seeing that the fact of the vomiting of fire and smoke at various points on the earth's surface can neither be weakened nor gainsayed, to assume that the combustion in each case is local and not general. When we declare for the former, we have all the real facts that have been collected on our side, and that is no trifling vantage-ground from which to wage the battle. This point reached, it will be admitted, without much difficulty, that an agitation of the earth's surface produced by internal combustion must be vertical in its operation. All earthquakes which result in elevations belong to this class, and may be defined in accordance with the rule laid down by Mr. Mallet, the latest writer on the subject, as an incomplete attempt to establish a volcano. The elevations which have taken place in Italy, in some localities to the height of a couple of hundred feet, and the great Lisbon earthquake, may be ranged under this head.

But this does not cover the ground of all the agitations of the earth's surface. There is another class of earthquakes frequent in California, which possesses more attractions for us than the first. They are the earthquakes which are said to operate from all points of the compass—sometimes from north to south —at others, and most generally, from east to west, swaying the surface inferentially, but wrenching the structures upon it positively and unmistakeably, and frequently accompanined by a loud, rumbling noise, which on one occasion at least, at Oakland, on the inner side of the Bay of San Francisco, attained to the dignity of a first-class explosion. These are the most marked and pronounced phenomena attending those shakings which Californians, in almost all parts of their State have experienced, but more frequently, however, in San Francisco than anywhere else, and which by common consent are designated earthquakes, proceeding, of course, from some derangement away down in the centre of the globe. If we examine them in detail it will soon become apparent that they are entirely inconsistent with any theory of an internal commotion. As before remarked, the force of an internal convulsion, general or local, could only manifest itself vertically. It might elevate the crust, but under no conditions that can be imagined, could it produce a horizontal motion of that crust, much less a rotary motion on a portion of it. Here the question arises, how can that which acts only perpendicularly be made to communicate a motion at right angles to itself? It would seem that nothing more than an acquaintance with elementary mechanics is necessary for the framing of the answer.

And this brings us to the consideration of a branch of the subject which, as it is in direct opposition, in the most palpable form, to popular notions, is certain to provoke a large amount of comment, viz: Has the surface of the earth really been shaken in any direction, during any of the earthquakes which have occurred in California? If we should seek to determine this question by the weight of testimony, we should certainly never be able to make much progress. It is not necessary to travel far or widely to find persons who are ready to aver in

the most solemn manner that they have felt the ground shaking under them violently; while others are equally positive that no such thing ever took place. It is the fact, however, that during the heaviest shocks that have ever been experienced in San Francisco, when houses of the most substantial construction were shaken to such an extent that all their occupants rushed out in terror and fright, the most credible of those found on the streets — the persons most likely to keep their wits under any excitement or in the presence of any danger—assert that they felt no motion at all in the earth, and had no idea that an earthquake had taken place until they had seen the commotion of the people in the houses. A usual remark is, that the earthquake was felt more sensibly in those portions of the town which are known as "made ground," than on the solid and natural earth; but this does not prove the internal fire theory as much as it does the fact that houses were shaken there more violently because of their less secure foundations. Another is, and it is usually used as an argument against the supposition that the ground was not disturbed at all, that horses have been known to have been thrown down during the prevalence of a shock; but the reply to this is simple enough. The force that can sway a four-story brick building ought to be sufficient to knock even a more powerful quadruped off his feet than a horse. The ground would have to be trembling, indeed, in a manner about which there could be no possibility of controversy, to prostrate any living animal.

But we prefer to place this matter upon higher and more scientific grounds. That stores, and lighter structures, in San Francisco, have been subjected to a sort of twisting process does not admit of any doubt. If the motion was in the earth, and was communicated from it to the edifices upon it, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that cobble, planks, and loose materials generally, would have been sent whirling round with dangerous velocity. It is not possible for the earth to be shaken up in the form of eddies without the derangement of a single particle on the surface, and without leaving any trace behind. It is not like water, which assumes its original condition as soon as the disturbing cause is removed. Again, if the motion extended, as is often the case, over a large tract of land, the area of its operation ought in all cases to be clearly marked and defined, for there were at either end and on both sides irregular lines, where there were particles in repose and particles in motion. But there is no pretence that any of the California earthquakes have left behind them a clearly defined boundary of fissures. Upon the rumbling noise which has so frequently been heard either before or after the shock, it will not be necessary to enlarge. That it could have come from the bowels of the earth is entirely incompatible with any of the known laws of acoustics. It may be stated that earthy matter, closely packed, is not a good conductor of sound.

The earthquake of the twenty-first of October, the most violent that we ever experienced, has left behind it a handwriting which, by a little study, can easily be deciphered. There are hundreds of chimneys moved out of their position, while the houses on which they are erected maintain their original lines. If the force came from the interior of the earth, it must have been communicated to the house before it reached the chimney; but the house furnished no evidence of a change of position. There is a hiatus of force then, which is totally inexplicable upon the subterranean hypothesis. But this is not all. A walk through that portion of the city which lies east of Montgomery street, will reveal many curious facts. This is the section of the city which is known as "made ground." It was originally a

cove, and has been rescued from the bay by tumbling *debris* of all descriptions on top of the mud which formed the bottom. Here we find what at first sight appears to be a confused aggregation of cracked walls, demolished fire-walls and wrenched chimneys. But there is a method in this destruction. If we take the house on the southwest corner of Battery and California streets, and draw a line from it in a northwesterly direction, it will be found that it will run along the exact course of the destruction of the earthquake—the store on the other side of the street, but nearer to Sansome street; the south front of the old American Theatre ; the northwest corner of the store corner of Sacramento and Sansome streets ; the northeast corner of the building formerly occupied by the *Alta* office, and the Mint chimney on Commercial street. Eight or ten of these lines of ruin can be distinctly traced running parallel with the one above traced, in this section of the city. The fire-walls, chimneys and houses out of this line are entirely uninjured. There is no evidence left on them of the occurrence of any earthquake. Further, an examination of some of the large buildings affected shows the same line. The southeast and northwest corners are damaged, as also all the rooms on that line, while the other two corners are uninjured. This is the case in the Custom House, the old Merchants' Exchange, and in every large building where damage has been done. This handwriting of the earthquake may be easily observed by any one now while the repairs are fresh. Another very marked line is that which damaged the Railroad House on Commercial street — injured the fire-walls of the Kohler building on Sansome street; struck the store of Isaacs & Co., southwest corner Merchant and Sansome streets ; broke up the sidewalk on the Merchant street side of the old Washington Market; pied the forms in, and damaged the building where the *Examiner* is printed, on Washington street, just east of Montgomery Block, and passed through the iron building on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, shaking the north wall but leaving that on the east entirely untouched, as may be seen by a visit to the saloon on the ground floor. These observations point to anything but a subterranean commotion.

The only phenomenon, then, we have to consider, is the sudden shaking, wrenching and twisting of houses and other structures by an invisible force, which it has been above shown cannot, from the manner of its manifestation, be located either in the bowels of the earth, or on its crust. What can that force be, and how is it exerted? This is the only problem that we have now to consider. We comprehend the force of storms, whirlwinds and tornadoes, because we both feel and see them. Here, however, is an agent that we can neither see nor feel, unless the nausea which it has been ascertained prevails so generally during shakes in California can be classed under the latter head. That there is a fluid, element, or whatever else it may be called, of gigantic power and tremendous sweep, pervading all nature, is universally admitted. I detect it when I rub the fur of a cat against the grain, or when I strike my heel sharply on the flag stones. We know but very little about it, though we are very evidently on the eve of a great discovery. We call it electricity, and have been already able to make it extremely useful. We send messages by it with the speed of thought over continents and under seas, and employ it in a variety of other ways ; but we have not yet acquired a complete knowledge of it. It confronts us at almost every turn—in iron ship-building it confounds us. It has been ascertained by experience that each iron ship has a peculiar and special magnetic history

of its own. They are often built by the same firm, of iron from the same mine, and measurably by the same workmen, yet when they are swung around, before venturing to sea, it is developed that the variations of the compass of each are entirely different. It is believed that several of the most disastrous shipwrecks which occurred in the British Channel shortly after iron ships came into vogue, were caused by a neglect to swing the ship before sailing, note the aberrations of the compass, and dispose boxes of chains at various points so as to overcome the irregularity and keep the needle in its true position. These ships were in the hands of experienced captains, thoroughly conversant with the Channel and every danger which it contained, and shipwreck while they were in command could only be attributed to an error in some of the appliances by which ships are now navigated. These curious facts led to investigations, and it is now the general belief that iron ships which are built lying north and south absorb less electricity and are less subject to curious and inexplicable variations of the compass than those whose keels were laid east and west. Why this should be the case no one has as yet been able to explain. Is electricity communicated to the iron mass by the artizans hammering along the sides? Again, in table-tipping and table-knocking it is believed by many eminent men that the subtle fluid which we are considering has more or less to do with the manifestations so frequently attributed to preternatural causes. There is a theory in general circulation that the brain is simply a galvanic battery, and that electricity is the agent which it employs to secure the obedience of the members of the body. The illustration of the Frenchman, that when a harpoon is driven into the tail of the whale a telegraph dispatch is at once forwarded from that point to the brain conveying the information "pierced with a harpoon," and that instantly another is sent back saying "strike," and the boat containing the adventurous whalers is sent spinning into the air, may in the end prove to be more scientifically correct than grotesquely imaginative. It is certain physiologically that there is a double line of nerves, or telegraphic wires so to speak, one for the original message and the other for the reply, from every part of the body to the nervous centres, and thence to the brain. If that organ, therefore, can make use of electricity to govern and control the body over which it presides, to the ends of the toes and the points of the fingers, why not to some extent beyond, seeing that these points are not in any sense of the term non-conductors?

Be these things as they may, there is one law connected with electricity which has been thoroughly tested and proved—it is, that coëxisting inequalities of temperature tend to its development. If I make two pieces of wire in the form of semicircles and unite them so as to form a complete circuit, no traces of electricity will be observable; but if I should heat the end of one of the semicircles, where it joins the other, its presence will be at once declared. The inequality of temperature does not produce it—it simply forces it into motion and activity. If we apply this fact to the circumstances by which we are surrounded in California, it may help to a clear comprehension of the phenomena which have occupied the attention of the inhabitants of the Golden State, by reason of their to them unusual character, more or less for the last eighteen years. California is a narrow strip of land, comparatively speaking, lying along the shores of the Pacific, composed for the most part of vast plains, which are parched and burned up during the extreme heat of summer. San Francisco is a city built upon a narrow tongue of land forming the southern side of the Golden Gate. Its climate in many respects is the most

peculiar in the world. In a tolerably low latitude, it is neither cold nor hot the whole year round. It is chilly and disagreeable when it is warm — almost scorching—all around it; and warm and genial when cold weather and frost hold sway inland. When it is raw, foggy, cloudy, windy and unpleasant in San Francisco, a ride of twenty miles in any direction, north, south, or east, will bring you to such clear skies, warm sunshine, and calm and balmy atmosphere, that it is difficult to resist the idea that the weather has undergone a total and complete change since you started out.

The cause of this peculiarity has been set forth in a former number of the *Overland*, and need not be elaborated here further than to state that San Francisco is located on one side of the mouth through which the whole interior draws in cool breezes as its own hot air ascends from the parched plains. It is an axiom that Nature abhors nothing more than a vacuum. We may conclude, without much hesitation, that we have that inequality of temperature to a greater extent in San Francisco than in the interior of California which is sure to set the electric currents in violent motion, and electricity, while in that condition, is strong enough to shake the heaviest buildings, and to wrench and twist those of a lighter character; hence it is that earthquakes are more frequent in the commercial emporium than anywhere else in the State. If these conclusions be correct, we must refer earthquakes, wherever similar conditions can be proved to exist, to electrical disturbance.

A pardonable State-pride might insist upon the fact that we produce here a peculiar, and rather interesting than otherwise, class of earthquakes, as we do exceptionable pumpkins and pears; but it is altogether probable that science would not be complaisant enough to admit the claim. The electric theory of earthquakes, which must not be regarded in any sense of the word as a new idea, if it cannot be expanded so as to take in a larger portion of the surface of the globe than the State of California, will have to be abandoned as untenable. There have been earthquakes enough during the last twelve months, if the facts connected with them had been carefully and scientifically gathered and collated, to settle the questions involved for ever.

The great earthquake disturbance of 1867–8 commenced at the West Indies, on the eleventh of November. It was next experienced in the Sandwich Islands, on the second of April; in Australia, in mid-summer; and on the coast of Peru, on the thirteenth of August, winding up, it is to be hoped, in California in October. At the West Indies there was a regular progression of phenomena. The commotion was ushered in with a violent hurricane. Then followed the earthquake; and after that, the great tidal wave rushed upon the land to destroy what the other forces had spared. In the Peruvian disaster, there does not appear to have been any hurricane—at least of a general sweep—though one of the eye witnesses speaks of a "tempest," in connection with the earthquake at Arica, and he was on board of a vessel in the harbor at the time; and another, writing from the Chinchas, stated that a hurricane preceded the other convulsions.

There were, however, some meteorological facts observed, which are at least suggestive. They are gathered from so many different sources, that there is no possibility of mistake. The correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from Arequipa, says: that on the "night of August thirteenth, a brilliant light was observed in the north-east. It was a flash-light, and caused the observers to suspect a grand conflagration at a distance. It filled the space for about a half a mile." After stating

that some of the people, resident in the place, attributed this light to a volcanic eruption somewhere, he remarks: "Some of my neighbors thought the light was due entirely to electric causes."

A letter from Tacna asserts that, during the earthquake, the light was visible there; and then contributes the following facts: "An enormous development of electric fluid filled the atmosphere; and on passing the hands through one's hair, or in shaking one's coat, electric sparks were struck off in abundance." To these may be added the statement of the *Mercurio del Vapor*, of Valparaiso, viz: "The terrors of the earthquake and sea-flood were heightened at midnight by a bright light in the heavens, like the reflection of volcanic fires. The multitude was thunderstruck at this strange phenomenon, fancying that they already felt the heat of the fire which was to rain down from heaven to complete the work." It is proper to remark in this connection, that the fact of volcanic eruption, anywhere in the vicinity of the great convulsion, has not yet been verified. It will be admitted that it would be very difficult to connect either a hurricane or an extraordinary electric development on the face of the earth, with the action of the supposed fires in its heart. If there be any link by which the simultaneous production of such forces can be explained, it is not given to human eye to discern it, or to human mind to comprehend it. Taking all the reports which have come to hand from Peru, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that there was nothing which took place there, during the late convulsions, which could not have been produced just as well by supernal as internal causes. What if the earth had been rent in fissures; if water, in consequence of these fissures, had spirted up in the air; and if whole cities had tumbled into the mines over which they were built? That subtle element which, in the twinkling of an eye, rives the ancient oak, and leaves it shattered and blackened, if accumulated in great force, is powerful enough not only to rend the earth where it strikes, but to plough up a whole state into gaping ridges. There is only one circumstance reported, which it would be difficult to explain on the hypothesis of an electric disturbance, and that is, the alleged undulations of the streets. It will be prudent, however, to await a more scientific statement of the facts which really took place, before jumping to any conclusion on that subject. It would not be a very violent or unnatural optical delusion, when looking down a street on both sides of which the houses were nodding and toppling over, to suppose that the ground upon which they were built was also in a state of agitation.

For the rest, we find mention, during the convulsion, of a rotary motion, such as that so often experienced in San Francisco, which as already shown can be explained upon no admitted theory of the communication of motion. If there was a rotary motion in the internal fires, there would be a rotary motion on the surface of the earth—but not otherwise. It is also reported, that the walls of a house at Arica were not simply thrown down, but spit out at the person who furnishes the account. If the force was below the surface, these walls should have been shot straight up in the air. If it was the atmospheric pressure, which gave a motion at right angles to the force producing it, that atmospheric pressure ought to have been sufficient to have resisted and prevented the disturbance altogether.

COMPENSATION.

O snow-drop! born to grace
Young April's tearful face,
Thy heart's pure incense ever heavenward tending;
What due requital shall I make
That thus thy slender stem I break,
Rudely thy right of bloom and life offending?

Surmising if in thee,
To our humanity
Haply akin, some latent germ may wait
To link thee with a human sorrow,
Let me, awhile, thy sweetness borrow,
Thy paleness with a breathless babe's to mate.

Type of frail infancy,
Blooming, ere long to die;
Fading, ere Spring's completed verdure shows,
Thou couldst not know the questering bee,
Nor smiling Summer e'er woo thee,
Nor joyful June enwreathe thee with her rose.

Come, then, the bier to share
Of flower than thee more fair,—
Our flower, with broken stem, that lowly lieth;
Upon her spotless breast to fade,
"Sweets to the sweet" must thou be laid
Till both re-bloom where beauty never dieth.

So, there, the Angel-child,
Transfigured, undefiled,
All love's amenities in Heaven renewed,
Still thee with happy clasp may hold,
While, renovate, thy leaves unfold,
Blending their own with her beatitude.

WHAT OUR CHINAMEN READ.

THEY read a variety of books. The educated men, wherever they go, carry with them some of their favorite volumes which they often review, chanting them aloud as when they first studied them in the schools. It is a common thing also to hear these men at night, while lying awake in bed, repeating chapter after chapter of Confucius and Mencius, and of the Book of History, and the Book of Poetry. We can conceive different reasons for doing this. The chanting of the sentiments of the sages, arranged in a style which is music to the ear of a Chinese scholar, is as agreeable to him as it is for some of other nations to sing the old songs, or to repeat aloud passages from their favorite authors. We fancy, also, that the Chinese gentleman, self-exiled to a country seven or eight thousand miles from his home, from wife and children, and from neighbors, is sometimes affected with home sickness, and is ready to do anything that will in imagination transport him back to his own flowery kingdom; and what can do it more effectually than the calling up of those scenes in the midst of which so many years of his life were spent; and so he breaks out with his rehearsals, and instantly the scenes of youth arise around him. He is sitting again by that square table, on a high straight-backed chair, in a dingy apartment with a feeble light, conning the lesson which must be "backed" on the coming morning. With satchel, lunch and pot of tea, he threads again those narrow streets, (sometimes in danger of being crushed by the multitudes which throng them) towards the rooms of the teacher, who is dependent on no Board of Education whose favor may be influenced by the complexion of the public politics; but who may expect to suffer from short rolls and meagre tuition bills only when he grows remiss in his duties as teacher and disciplinarian. The chanting of the old classics carries the scholar back again to the cool retreats in those sombre bamboo groves, with their singing birds and pools with gold and silver fish, with their artificial grottoes, miniature mountains and forests of dwarfed trees; those calm retreats where advanced students were wont to gather for social intercourse, but especially for private study, and to help each other in preparation for the grand examinations for the degrees of bachelor or doctor.

The literary men of China do not confine themselves to the study of what is known as the classical writings, but they range through all the fields of their own literature; romances, botany, natural history and geography, so far as Chinese books can help them in these studies; and there are few old students that have not read the medical books; and wherever they go they take these books with them, in order that, in case of necessity, they may be their own physicians. The sick sometimes seem inclined to trust such men rather than the regular practitioners. When applied to for "advice," they examine the patient, consult the books, and write the prescription as fearlessly and perhaps as successfully as most of the Chinese doctors.

There are many of the Chinese people who have had some opportunities of learning, but whose education is not equal to an easy and intelligible reading of the classic books, for the style of most of these is very "deep;" but they can make their way through the novels,

and the song books, and the legendary history of the Three States, for these are written in what is termed the "shallow" style; therefore, this sort of light literature is met with in almost every lodging room in the city, and in many of the laborers' camps in the country.

A Chinese newspaper is published in Hong Kong, files of which, by every mail, are brought to subscribers in San Francisco. Files of the Pekin *Gazette* also find their way occasionally to these shores. This is a small daily sheet published by the government, and contains only political news and items relating to the government of the empire.

Chinamen are often found reading their books of mythology—the legends relating to their many gods and goddesses; many of which books are crowded with rude wood cuts—grotesque figures supposed to have been intended for illustrations. One work frequently seen in the hands of our Chinamen, both old and young, is a volume entitled the "Mirror of the Mind." It is a book of twenty chapters, and the subjects discussed are as follows: The practice of virtue; Heaven rules; On conforming to the appointments of heaven; The filial duties; Self-government; On minding one's o n business; On keeping the heart; On restraining the passions; Diligence in study; On the instruction of children; Inspection of the heart; Things to be taught for regulating the general conduct; The government of the state; The government of the family; Peace and righteousness; On the observance of the rites; On sincerity; Rules for conversation; On the selection of associates and friends; Respecting the duties of women.

This work is made up of selections from a great number of writers; it contains also anonymous sayings and proverbs which have been handed down by tradition. An evidence that this "Mirror of the Mind" is much studied by all classes of the people, is found in the fact that a quotation from it is generally recognized and applauded in whatever company the quotation may be repeated. It is remarkable how much solid instruction and sound advice is contained in this miscellany; it is the Chinaman's *Lacon;* and with some exceptions and some revisions, is worthy of being made the *vade mecum* of any person.

In order to enable the reader better to understand the character of this work, we present a translation of the first chapter without any omissions, simply explaining that the words in italics are such as need to be introduced in order to make a smooth translation; while those portions inclosed in brackets may serve in the place of foot-notes and commentary.

MIRROR OF THE MIND.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRACTICE OF VIRTUE.

Confucius said: The doer of good, heaven will reward with blessings: the doer of what is not good, heaven will reward with calamities.

The Sháng Shü (the Official Books) say: Do good and there shall descend a hundred felicities: practice what is not good and there shall fall *upon you* a hundred misfortunes.

Sü, the venerable and god-like said: Gather good (constantly practice what is good) and you shall meet with what is good: gather evil (heap up evil deeds) and you shall meet with evil. Carefully investigate, *and you will find that* heaven commits no mistakes.

Good has its recompense of good, evil has its evil recompense; if as yet there is no recompense, then the time for it has not arrived. During the whole life practice virtue, and heaven will confer happiness; but whosoever is heedless or obstinate, will receive calamities and misfortunes. Every good and bad deed will in the end receive its merited recompense; fly high or run far, still will it be difficult to escape.

The external deportment and the concealed thoughts—the false and the true in man, each one knows for himself; then why any further ask the reasons for the blessings or the calamities which are experienced? Good and bad will surely at last receive their respective rewards; whether *the reward* come early or come late, still it will come.

During your leisure time examine and correct the affairs of your whole life; in retirement and silence examine and correct your daily conduct—always maintaining a single heart, and walking in a straight path; then assuredly heaven and earth will not defraud you, (will not withhold the recompense).

The Yih (the Yih King—the Book of Changes) says: The family which accumulates good (which abounds in virtuous deeds) will surely have an overplus of good fortune; the family which accumulates that which is not good, will certainly have a superabundance of disasters.

Chau Lieh, of the former Han dynasty, (from B.C. 202 to A.D. 221) commanded his son, saying: Do not consider that an evil thing, because it is small, may therefore be done; neither consider that because a certain good thing is insignificant, it may therefore be left undone.

The master Chwang (Chwang Chau, who lived in the times of the feudal states, between 300 and 225 B.C.) said: If during one day, one does not meditate on good, then every evil will spontaneously spring up within the heart.

The teacher Chin, whose title was Sí Shán, said: Select what is good, and firmly hold it; and daily, with unwearied diligence, incline your ear to listen to good words—then, into the three evils you will not fall. A person having virtuous desires, heaven will surely know it. (The three evils are: bad thoughts, bad words, and bad actions.)

In the time of the Tsin Kwoh (the feudal states) there was this proverb: To do good is like climbing up a steep ascent; pursuing evil is like rushing down hill to ruin.

Tai Kung (of the Chau dynasty, from 1122 to 255 B.C.) said: Good deeds you must covet; evil deeds you *must not* delight in. Observe what is good like one thirsting; hear what is evil like one deaf; be good and do good with the greatest delight. Regard doctrine as of the utmost importance.

Ma Yuen (a generalissimo) of the *after* Han dynasty, said: Having done good all one's life, yet is not the good sufficient; but having done evil *only* for one day, the evil is superabundant.

The Yih King says: Emit good words—then all around, for a thousand *li*, there will be a response. (Men will hear and respect your words.) Emit words which are not good—then all around, for a thousand *li*, there will be neglect. (You will have no influence.) Only keep the heart right within, and you will not need to inquire about the road before you. (You will have no occasion to consult omens and fortune-tellers.) If only you are able to conduct according to your duty and station, there will be no occasion to inquire about the future. If you desire a prosperous future, avoid doing that which might spoil your future.

Sz Ma Wan, a duke, in his family instructions, said: Gather gold to leave to children and grandchildren, yet it is not certain that children and grandchildren will enjoy it. Gather books to hand down to your posterity, yet it is not certain that your posterity will study them. This (above mentioned) is not like storing up virtuous deeds done in secret, whereby for a long time to come you will secure prosperity to children and to children's children.

If the heart be good, and the destiny also good, then glory and prosperity will early arise. If the heart be good, and the destiny (the horoscope — the fates) not good, yet all your life will you

be warm and full. (In spite of the fates you will not want for food or clothing.) If the destiny be good, but the heart not good, it will be difficult to guarantee the future. If both the destiny and the heart are bad, then poverty and distress lie straight along on all the road, even down to old age.

The King Hang Luh (a brilliant catalogue of man's duties) says: By transmitting *one's own example of* loyalty and filial obedience to children and grandchildren, prosperity will abound unto them; by transmitting *the example of* cunning and trickery to posterity, they will all go to destruction. He who with humility receives and gives (he who conducts with humility and modesty in the reciprocal duties of social life) will become great; he who with virtue cultivates and guards himself, will become good.

Let a man confer benefits in abundance, and conduct with righteousness, and in what place throughout his whole life will he not meet with the same?

Hatred and revenge do not indulge, lest upon the road, in some dangerous place, you meet with the same, where it may be difficult to turn and escape.

The master Chwang said: I must do good to him who does good to me; I must also do good to him who injures me; if I have not done evil to others, will others be able to do evil to me?

Lau Tsz (the founder of the sect called "Rationalists") said: Good men are the masters of those who are not good; the bad are dependent on the good.

What is pliable will overcome that which is unyielding; the weak may overcome the strong: therefore, the tongue being pliable, may endure—while the teeth, being hard, may be broken.

Tai Kung said: The person of a kind and loving disposition may enjoy a long life—while the person of a cruel and injurious temper will be cut off. (Corresponding with the Scripture, which reads: "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.)

Lau Tsz said: The superior man is good like unto water. Dam it up, and it becomes a hill; throw it up, and it overleaps your forehead; it may be square or round, bending to suit the form. (The form of the vessel into which it is poured.) So the superior man can be pliable, and yet not weak; he can be strong, and yet not obstinate: thus we say, that he is of the nature of water. Under heaven, there is nothing more pliable and weak than water: thus we say, that the pliable and weak overcomes the obstinate. (The force of water, as in the flowing current and the waves of the sea, while not fully expressed, is nevertheless supposed to be familiar to the reader.)

The King Hang Luh says: Of those who form plans to store up wealth for children, nine out of ten have their plans defeated.

Those who do a good turn for others, will themselves afterwards receive favors.

Regard other men's advantage as you regard your own advantage. (Be as desirous for the prosperity of other people as you are for your own.)

Daily perform benefits, and continually will it be cultivating in yourself a benevolent heart.

According to your utmost ability, in every place, practice that which is for the benefit of others.

The thousand books and ten thousand documents (Chinese books and documents of all sorts) set forth filial piety and righteousness as of the first importance; and between man and man, the performance of favors is put foremost.

Tai Shang, (another name for Lau Tsz) *in the book called* Kan Ying Pín, said: Calamities and blessings have no door; (no particular and necessary entering place) but man himself invites them. Reward and punishment follow good and evil as the shadow follows the

form; therefore, if a man's heart meditates good thoughts and purposes, though the good deeds are not performed, nevertheless a propitious divinity will follow him; or if the heart meditate evil, though the evil is not yet performed, nevertheless a wicked demon will pursue him.

That person who has done evil and afterwards repents and reforms, will for a long time meet with good fortune. Thus we say that the curse is turned to a blessing.

The Holy Ruler of the Eastern Peak (the Eastern Peak is Tai Shan, one of China's five remarkable mountains)–*The Holy Ruler* condescendingly taught that heaven and earth have nothing secret (they are no respecters of persons). The gods always scrutinize, and not on account of sacrifices do they bestow blessings, nor for the omission of the rites do they send down calamities. (A bad man will not be rewarded though he sacrifice, nor will a good man be punished though circumstances may interfere with his sacrificing.)

All men having power and influence *should remember* that they cannot trust to it to the last: having happiness, they may not always enjoy it; nor may they always despise the poor. These three things are what heaven constantly revolves as in a circle, and the beginning returns again. (People change places. The rich become poor, the poor rich; the happy become miserable, the miserable happy.) Therefore, for every day that you practice good, although the blessing may not as yet have arrived, yet the calamity will necessarily depart to a distance; and for every day's practice of evil, though the calamities have not yet come, nevertheless the blessings will necessarily take their departure.

The doer of good is like the grass in a spring garden; we do not perceive its growth, but daily it increases. The man who practices evil is like a grindstone; we do not see it diminish, yet daily it is worn away. (The good advance in virtue, the bad become worse.)

Injuring others to benefit one's self is a practice which ought especially to be abstained from.

The smallest favor is *often* of great service to others; but one mite of evil exhort men not to commit; then will food and clothing follow their cause, and necessarily will you have happiness: therefore why calculate your destiny—why ask the diviners? (Do good, and heaven will provide for you as a matter of course.)

He who deceives others will meet with calamities; he who forgives others will receive favors. Heaven's net is very large—the recompense is quick. Carefully listen to my words, and the gods will respect you, and the devils will submit to you.

The teacher Shau Kang Tseih said: Men of the highest order will be good without education: those of medium abilities when taught become good: but those of the inferior order, though taught, still remain not good. Those who are good without education, if they are not sages, then what are they? those who being taught become good, if they are not philosophers, then what are they? those who being taught still remain not good, if they are not fools, then what are they? Thus you perceive that the good may be termed the fortunate, and those not good may be termed the unfortunate.

The fortunate (the good) do not allow their eyes to look upon improper objects, nor their ears to hear improper sounds, nor their mouth to speak improper words, nor their feet to tread in improper paths; with unrighteous persons they will not associate, nor will they receive things which are improper to be received. They will seek the company of the wise and virtuous as one is attracted towards the fragrant epidendrum, and they will avoid evil persons as one dreads the serpent and scorpion. If one

should say that such as these are not fortunate men, then do not believe them.

The unfortunate (the bad) indulge in deceitful and perverse conversation; moving or at rest they are sly and dangerous: they love profit and are adepts in iniquity: they covet licentious pleasures, and delight in the calamities of others: they dislike the gentle and good as though they were enemies. To transgress the laws and disobey the officers is to them like eating and drinking.

Small faults injure the body and ruin the nature: great sins overthrow ancestors and cut off posterity. (The consequence of small offences may be visited only upon the sinner himself, while graver crimes involve ancestors by damaging their memory, and the posterity being cut off, the ancestral offerings will cease.) If any one says, Do not call such a person unfortunate, I will not believe him.

The Traditions say: The fortunate (the good) man does good, but the day does not suffice (the day is not long enough to accomplish all the good he desires to do). The bad man practices evil, neither does the day suffice for him.

Do ye desire to be of the fortunate class; or do ye desire to be of the unfortunate class?

The Tsü Shú (The Books of Tsü, which was a feudal state in the times of the Chau dynasty, B.C. 1122 to B.C. 249) say: The kingdom of Tsü is destitute of precious stones and metals, but virtue serves in the place of the precious stones and metals.

Confucius said: I regard goodness as a thing not yet attained: I regard that which is not good as when I have occasion to try hot water, (very shy and careful). I regard philosophers as equals. (I would make them companions, and would endeavor to equal them.) Looking upon those who are not wise, I turn inward and examine myself. (He looks inward to see if he has their faults, and if so he endeavors to correct them.)

Admirable sentiments—good morals—worthy to be compared with the sentiments recorded by the old Roman philosopher, the reader will say.

It is even so; and still we fear that a faithful record of the lives of some of the writers here quoted, might disclose delinquencies as grave as any that tarnish the life of Seneca.

The Chinese honor their philosophers and sages more than the Greeks and Romans honored their great men; while the writings of the Chinese sages are far more generally read by the people than were the writings of Greek and Roman philosophers by their countrymen; and yet, in all instances, how lamentably have the lives of the people been below the standards which were held up before them!

If rules for the government of life, full and explicit; if good morals, beautiful sentiments, illustrious examples, and reverence for their teachers, were alone sufficient to elevate and perfect a nation, the Chinese would ever have been the purest people on the face of the earth, excepting those who have the records handed down by teachers who received their doctrines by inspiration. The Chinese, however, are not all models of purity in their private and social life; there is need of some regenerating influence which has not yet been very extensively brought to bear upon them—and what must that influence be?

AURORA POLARIS.

WHAT is the Aurora Polaris? A luminous appearance in the sky, exhibited as a horizontal band, an arch, a streamer, or a corona, and limited chiefly to the colder latitudes: a phenomenon which has attracted the attention of observers from a very early date, but which has remained without satisfactory explanation until our own times. From the days of Aristotle until the present, theories have been promulgated and books written to account for the polar light; it has been referred to the category of nebulous matter; to the refraction of the sun's rays; to the admixture of the solar atmosphere and that of the earth; to the formation of nitrous vapors in the higher atmosphere; to the magnetic fluid, and to that convenient agent for all meteorological phenomena—electricity. Pliny alludes to it; Celsius discusses it; Franklin conjectures; whilst all the accumulated knowledge of this century is brought to bear upon it by the massive intellects of Humboldt, De la Rive, Faraday and others. Since the laws of meteorology and electro-magnetism have become better known, and the practice of recording meteorological observations more widely extended, the appearance of aurora has attracted more attention, and its connection with disturbances of the magnetic needle and the electrometer closely noticed. Such observations have shown that whilst the auroral light has been simultaneously perceived over a very extended space, not only in the northern hemisphere but also in the southern, yet that the most frequent and brilliant appearances present themselves between the parallels of fifty and sixty-two degrees north latitude, and fifty-five and sixty-seven degrees south latitude; that in the tropics and extreme polar regions it is almost unknown; that its elevation varies from a few feet to some sixty miles above the earth; that its maximum brilliancy occurs about midnight; that it exerts a considerable influence over the magnetic needle and upon the wire of the electric telegraph, and that the auroral light is essentially an electric light. Until lately the height of the aurora has been supposed to be very great—even beyond our atmosphere—and its existence in the lower clouds and near the surface of the earth denied; the first unexceptionable determination being that of Dalton, who calculated the height of an aurora seen in England, in 1819, to be one hundred or one hundred and two miles above the earth. Wrangel, Struve, Parry, Fisher, Farquharson, Hooker, Sabine and the writer, have all noticed it at very inconsiderable heights, being but a few feet removed from the surface of the earth. With the exception of the observations taken in Scotland, all the low exhibitions of aurora have been noticed in the Arctic zone.

The experience of the writer during a residence of two and a half years in the polar regions, has led him to conclude that the explanation which best coincided with the appearance of the aurora in those latitudes will equally refer to the same light wherever exhibited. In the Arctic Sea there is always evaporation from the surface of the exposed water, and according to the time of year, the area of this exposed sea-surface will be great or small. About the beginning of September, as the sun's altitude decreases and the nights become colder, the surface of the sea is frozen over, and the difference between the

temperature of the air and water increases; the evaporation which in summer appears as fog or mist, pervading the entire lower atmosphere, now takes the form of local patches, called in whaler parlance, "frost smoke"—that is, wherever a space of water appears, and the temperature of the air is colder than the water, the vapor of the water in rising from the surface becomes visible as a dense mist, and is termed "frost smoke" or "water blink." At the south of Greenland, where the ice of Davis Strait edges upon the waters of the Atlantic, and in the neighborhood of the Aleutian Islands, where the Pacific comes in contact with the ice of Behrings Strait, the greatest quantity of this "frost smoke" appears; here the air is always loaded with extremely minute spiculæ of snow, and here auroras are seen in greatest frequency and with most brilliant displays. As the cold increases, the number and intensity of auroras seen at any place on the Greenland coast are proportioned to the proximity of the edge of the ice to that place. Dr. Rink, in his remarks on the auroras of Greenland, states, "that undoubtedly the aurora is seen more frequently and in a more intense degree in South Greenland than in North Greenland," and he can "decidedly affirm that the auroras at Julianshaab, sixty-one degrees north latitude, are seen from three to four times longer than at Omenak, seventy-one degrees north latitude;" almost every night in the winter auroras were seen at "Julianshaab." During Dr. Kane's winter at Rensselaer Harbor, auroras were scarcely ever seen, the first being noticed fifteen months after his arrival there; no water-space or "frost smoke" were found in this neighborhood.

Passing along the coast of Greenland from south to north, the general direction of the auroras will be where these water spaces obtain, until a point is reached where the polar light, instead of being found in the northern part of the heavens, will be observed in the southern. During one winter of the writer's experience, many of the auroras noticed were in the direction of the open water spaces seen during the day, such spaces being, as usual, marked by the "frost smoke." A similar remark will obtain in reference to the general direction of the auroras seen during the winter at Port Kennedy, the open water space in Bellot Strait having a persistent aurora hanging over it. From these data it is evident that this "frost smoke" and the auroral light are connected in some way with each other. It is well known that the evaporation of the water of the ocean furnishes a large amount of electricity, and that the condensation of vapor is another source of the same; also that, in the act of freezing of water, electricity is evolved. The theory, then, seems to be, that the auroras seen were caused by the condensation and subsequent freezing of the particles of vapor, these particles evolving positive electricity, and when approaching particles of the neighboring atmosphere act by induction upon the latter, producing a light transmitted from particle to particle, these rendering the entire mass of vapor luminous, the lower edge of the arch of the aurora being the place where this condensation and freezing first occur. Whenever a cloud charged with particles of vapor has its temperature lowered, either by change of position or by the access of a colder atmosphere, and its particles become frozen, evolving positive electricity, and by induction causing a luminosity, such clouds, meeting with others charged with opposite electricity, would communicate by bands; these also would be luminous—in other words, streamers. These appearances will present themselves wherever there are clouds composed of frozen particles acted upon by the surrounding atmosphere or neighboring clouds; so that

no altitude can be too great or too inconsiderable for the appearance of auroras, so long as the atmosphere contains the necessary condition for the evolution of this light. Doubtless the action of the wind on such a cloud may produce a pulsation in the body of the aurora, and perhaps through friction even an increase of brilliancy. These masses of electric light frequently form themselves into magnetic lines, the centre of the corona being always very near the magnetic zenith. At such times the position of the clouds will be found to be considerably removed from the surface of the earth, the local aurora seldom conforming to any particular meridian.

All careful observers of the polar light have noticed at times the appearance of delicate clouds, a haze, and occasionally even a fall of fine flakes of snow, during the exhibition of the aurora; and after an intense display, as the daylight increased and the aurora became less visible, have recognized thin, fleecy clouds where the luminosity had previously been; occasionally during the day these cirrous clouds will arrange themselves as an aurora does at night. The simultaneous appearance of an aurora at different places has frequently been used as an argument for the great height above the earth's surface at which this light may be evolved. Professor Loomis, for instance, calculates that the great auroral exhibition of September, 1859, had an elevation of some five hundred miles above the earth; but his calculations are based upon the supposition that the same aurora was seen by the different observers. It was noticed in Jamaica, and at intervening points as far north as sixty-five degrees north latitude, where the writer was at the time; its elevation above the horizon at this last point of observation was considerable. A display of similar character was at the same time occurring in the southern hemisphere. It would be more correct to calculate from a base line of one hundred degrees of latitude than from one of twenty-five degrees; but such a calculation would result in placing it far beyond the limit of our appreciable atmosphere. No doubt, when further and more accurate examination has been made, the average height of auroral display will be found to be much nearer the earth than many at present are disposed to allow. When cirrous clouds cannot exist, on account of the tenuity of the atmosphere, it is not at all probable that there can be exhibitions of the polar light. Davy's experiments seem conclusive, that in a rare atmosphere the electric discharge begins to be not only less luminous, but the conduction itself is impaired; and the experiments instituted a few months since by M. Alvergniate, of Paris, have proved that in a vacuum electricity cannot pass, although the free ends of the platinum wires were placed within about one-eighth of an inch of each other. If then these conclusions be correct, it follows that aurora—which is essentially electric—cannot exist in a tenuous atmosphere; *a priori*, that its elevation must correspond to the density of the atmosphere. At the height of some seventy miles we know that the atmosphere is appreciable—as shown by lunar eclipses—but owing to the rule which regulates the pressure, density and temperature of elastic bodies, its limit cannot much exceed eighty miles; the auroral light must therefore be viewed as a phenomenon occurring at no greater altitude than about sixty miles.

We have yet to learn the causes of the intimate relation which exists between the magnetism of the earth and the appearance of the Aurora Polaris, as such displays are concomitant with magnetic disturbances. We know that the influence of the sun produces disturbances in magnetic instruments in differents parts of the world; these having a systematic aspect, their periodical variation being chiefly conformable to

changes in the solar spots; but we do not know of any true or direct magnetic or other connection between the auroral light and the central body of the solar system. Yet the relation must be intimate indeed, as the same extraordinary synchronism was observed in the autumns of 1837, of 1841 and 1859, when at widely distributed stations situated in parts of the world most distant from each other, disturbances of the needle and brilliant exhibitions of the auroral light occurred. The same remark will obtain in reference to the comparative amount of disturbance of the magnetic needle and the appearance of aurora, namely: that it is small in the intertropical regions, it augments in the middle latitudes, and appears with greatest intensity in the polar regions. At Point Barrow, in Behring's Strait, a greater number of auroras were seen in six months than have ever been recorded in the same time elsewhere; a seventeen months' series of magnetic observations at the same place, exhibits an unparalleled disturbance of the needle. During a most brilliant display of aurora, the writer has seen a deflection of seven and a half degrees of the needle either way.

In California we are not frequented with the Aurora Polaris, only some seven or eight having been noticed since the settlement of the State; those, however, who witnessed the display of September, 1859, will not easily forget the extent, the gorgeousness of coloring, and intense brilliancy of the aurora then seen at San Francisco.

GORGIAS IN CALIFORNIA.

IN that choice story-book, the classical dictionary, we read of a noted orator named Gorgias. Gorgias Leontinus he was called in full, that is, Gorgias of Leontini. This was a Sicilian city, once prosperous, whose name is preserved in the insignificant modern Lentini. Gorgias shines out suddenly as an ambassador to Athens, in the year 427, B.C. He was then advanced in life, and master of a rhetoric which captivated even the Athenians. His speeches abounded in striking antitheses and dazzling tropes. They were symmetrical and highly artificial. The extracts which have been preserved excite little admiration; they have none of the ring of Pericles, much less of Demosthenes. But in his day, Gorgias was all the rage as a rhetorician. His philosophy, also, attracted attention. It was bold and superficial. He wrote a book which professed to prove: First—That nothing exists; Second—That if anything exists, it cannot be known; and, Third—That if known, it cannot be made known to others. This work put him fairly in the ranks of the Sophists. It is said that men were puzzled whether to call him orator or sophist. He retired partially from the field of philosophy, and gave his later years to instruction in rhetoric. He did not profess to impart virtue, only the power of speaking. The young men of Greece followed him eagerly. After his return to Leontini, he was soon drawn again to the fatherland of his colony. In Athens, and still more at Larissa, he plied his arts of eloquence, and taught young men to use them in like manner. He was adroit, audacious, unscrupulous, and shallow. The more thoughtful Greeks, while they despised his methods, dreaded his influence over his pupils. Plato's "Gorgias" is a proof of this dread; a work of rare

wisdom and wit, in which the honest and sturdy Socrates is made to confront and put down the pretensions of Gorgias and his fellow-sophists.

The old Leontine is not dead. Like the wandering Jew, he bears a charmed life. The Greek legend hints at this immortality, in the account it gives of his extraordinary age. Some said he was born as early as 496, B.C.; and as he was ambassador in 427, he must have been an *old* man eloquent when he first gained glory at Athens. His varied life afterward, in Sicily, in Attica, in Thessaly, would carry him up to an almost fabulous age. The intimation of the narrative is clear. There are men who do not die. Lost sight of at times, they reappear with the old character, to play the old part among men. We should like to trace our Gorgias down through the centuries since the fifth before Christ. It is more to our present purpose to say that he is still alive, and has been seen and heard in California.

We presume he is proud of his first name and fame; proud of the city in which he was raised to distinction. For he bears now a similar name, and hailed a few years ago, from a town reminding us instantly of Leontini. Whether he sought the town for its name, or helped to name it, we will not undertake to say. But we hasten to give the modern, Californian name of Gorgias of Leontini. It is, ADAM GEORGIUS, of Lyonton. The reader will see that Adam has been assumed as a mere generic prefix, that name meaning a man. Surname proper, he has none; and he likes to write himself Georgius of Lyonton, as we once noticed it on the register of the Oriental. Lyonton is far up in the mountains. It is one of the earliest settled mining towns, and Adam Georgius was one of the first settlers. He wore a gray shirt, and worked on his claim, like his fellow-miners. It was surmised that he was of good antecedents, and his conversation showed culture. But the miners put up with no aristocratic pretensions in those days, and Georgius had the tact to humor them. He lived like the rest, told coarse stories, and sang rough songs. He was always ready to toss off a drink of whisky, and himself treated often enough to win approbation. He certainly did little for the mental or moral improvement of the Lyontonians, but encouraged them to lower their old standard of self-culture, self-respect, and morality.

It happened that one of his friends had an altercation with a newly arrived miner, and the new-comer was fatally stabbed. Lyonton public opinion was in favor of the deed; but in other parts of the county the slain man had friends who insisted on bringing the slayer to justice. Georgius volunteered to defend his friend; and then, for the first time, he announced that he was, by profession and long practice, a lawyer. The county seat was far away—down among the foothills—and thither the Lyonton men went. The testimony was brief; the prosecuting attorney's address to the jury was short, and not at all able. But it seemed adequate to the purpose. There was little sympathy for the prisoner. No one knew the attorney for the defence; no one expected him to make any impression on the jury. He rose, in his miner's dress, and the eyes of all were turned curiously, rather impatiently, upon him. In three minutes the crowded court-room had totally changed its aspect. There was no more impatience, no more aversion, on the faces of Judge, jury, and spectators. Georgius was carrying them by storm. How he did it, nobody could tell. It was partly the surprise of the thing—such a speech from an unknown man. But he had undeniable power. He took neither Erskine nor Webster for a model. The body of his speech was skillful word-play; slang and coarse anecdote were its ornaments. He did not soar above his audience, nor thrill them with noble

sentiments. He lowered himself to the level of his auditors. But he won his case. At the close of his address, with no formal charge, the jury, without leaving their seats, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." Adam's miner friend was vastly obliged to him, and the Lyontonians were immensely proud of their orator. The lawyers of the county seat paid their new rival handsome compliments. The most marked effect was on the young men of the place. They crowded around Mr. Georgius, and told him he must surely come to live there; that he was just the man for their thriving city, which was soon to be the capital of a new State. Adam smiled serenely upon them, yet with a sinister expression but ill concealed. He had his own thoughts and plans. It was not a hard task to persuade him.

He came to practice law in the rising mountain city. His years and dignified bearing won the respect of those who happened in his way. Careful not to offend any, he sought chiefly the good-will of young men. To their society he adapted himself with shrewdness and skill. He did not proclaim himself an opposer of good morals or noble living. But he gently ridiculed the finer feelings of his companions. An easy skepticism sat lightly upon him; extending not merely to old religious beliefs, but to the warp and woof of pure, high-minded manhood. It was not obtruded; but somehow, when a young man had been in his society, he found himself more ready to sneer at the things he had esteemed right and lovable—more inclined to give free play to his own lower impulses. Georgius was not merely a silent worker. He frequented the fashionable saloons, and became a bar-room oracle; and when music and a throng led into the worst of resorts, he looked in there also, with a patronizing, encouraging smile.

A Fourth of July celebration was to be held in the neighboring town of Brandy Creek. This place, it must be understood, was named by a man whose great-grandfather fought in the army of the Revolution, and distinguished himself at the battle of the Brandywine. It was in commemoration of that old hero, not at all from the intemperate habits of its settlers, that this mining town came to be named Brandy Creek. Brandywine was thought to savor too much of mixed liquors. An orator was, of course, the most important personage for the celebration. The fame of Adam Georgius was by this time county-wide. To him the Brandy Creekers made application; and he blandly acceded to their wishes. The day came. Chaplain and reader of the Declaration were also imported. A huge evergreen booth was made for the accommodation of the audience. The orator's rustic desk stood on the rough platform, along which were ranged the dignitaries of the day. At the appointed time, Adam Georgius, Esq., was introduced, with a flattering allusion to his rising reputation. He rose, bowed somewhat too politely to his expectant audience, and launched out into his first sentence. It was long; and losing his usual self-possession, Adam broke down before reaching the end of it. Again he commenced; went about half as far, and broke down again. He found it convenient to lean on his desk; but the desk fell over, and he after it. Instantly the reader and the chaplain came to his help: one picked up the orator; the other, the desk. Georgius stood a moment in gloomy, half-abashed grandeur, and turning to the president, said: "Judge, I wish you'd talk to these people; I am not accustomed to addressing so small an audience." The Judge and the chaplain did their best to appease an assembly hungry for the eloquence of Adam Georgius. But the day was blighted. Not all the costly viands of the succeeding feast—not even the grand ball of the evening—

could make up for the loss which the Brandy Creekers keenly felt. Had he, asked the sober ones, mistaken the meaning of their town-name? Did he suppose that they were all hard drinkers, and wanted a tipsy orator to match them? One stout old resident, as he mounted his mule to go home, said: "I'm all right, if I can only stick on; my mule will carry me home as slick as can be. But that Georgius—what could have ailed him? They say he is a mighty smart speaker; but he acted as if he was d–drunk. Do you think he was?"

He was. That was what ailed him. The experienced, crafty Adam had fallen into the snares of the drink-demon. He boasted of his strong head, and usually managed to avoid intoxication. But, within a few months, he had been too often overcome, until he began to fear the loss of his growing popularity. So he had joined the Sons of Temperance; a praiseworthy organization, one of whose uses is to furnish a recruiting hospital for political candidates, during the few weeks preceding an election. Georgius was not yet a candidate for office; but he entered the hospital for a little respite and reputation. The morning of the Fourth, he relapsed. A friend had cautioned him against stimulating too highly for his oration; but he had slighted the warning. The result has already been told.

Let it not be thought that Georgius was proved, by this failure, to be a weak man, or a mean orator. The strongest, the most brilliant, have succumbed to the same enemy. And he has this special and valid excuse: that his habits of drinking were formed in those old, pre-Christian centuries, when brandy and whisky were unknown. In fact, the Greek and Roman pagans had rigid notions about their bitters. They knew of nothing but wine, and seldom took that "straight." It was considered ungentlemanly to drink wine without a certain proportion of water. And then they had their symposiarchs—their governors of the feast—who could say when a man had taken enough, and make him refrain. These habits were curiously unlike our modern, Christian customs. We have all sorts of fiery distilled concoctions; and we appoint no symposiarchs to nip our gratification in its early flower. So it was not unaccountably a marvel that Adam Georgius, trained at Leontini, should misjudge his acquired powers, and "stand" somewhat less of our fierce California adulterations than he supposed he could.

Did that oratorical failure hurt his reputation at the county-seat? Not a jot. People only laughed at it as a good thing. Knowing they would laugh, he put a bold face on the matter. If anybody joked him about Brandy Creek, he carried on the joke, and ended by treating. The young men seemed to think it a new feather in his cap. They and he were one peg lower down from the old uncomfortable standard of respectability.

Adam Georgius soon became a politician. He was bound to rise—and by the accustomed ladder of politics. But, with all his shrewdness, he had no infallible prescience, and made several great blunders. As he had no principle to sacrifice, he was compelled to guess which would be the winning side. He found that all his observation of Greek politics; all his experience in republican Rome; in mediæval Italy; in revolutionary France—had furnished no adequate training for American politics, in the decade from 1850 to 1860. At first, he claimed to be an old-line Whig. But he soon saw that that highly respectable party was not strong in the frontier States, and announced himself a convert to Democracy. Just then came the wave of Know Nothingism, sweeping over the whole country. Georgius thought this was his opportunity, and hastily recalling his Democracy, came

out an original Know Nothing. But before he could foist himself in as a candidate, the wave was far spent, and he was left in the lurch. He hurried back to the Democracy, and made abject recantations. When Republicanism was waxing strong, he joined its ranks, only to be a renegade in the hour of defeat. He made at least four changes of base, without carrying a single office. Warned by experience, he now chose his rôle, and stuck to it. Soon it paid him for his devotion. He was elected to the Assembly, afterward to the State Senate, and in a few years to Congress—we shall not say to which House. It was curious to see how people forgot his vacillations. A restless American can hardly remember his own party changes; he is very lenient to those of his party favorite. Pluck—should we say brass?—will do everything for a politician: here in California, or in the fifth district of the straitest Puritan State.

We need not describe the career of Georgius in legislative halls. Those halls are very extensive; including a capitol proper, with its accommodations for members of three houses, (or rather four, as the lobby is divided into Senate lobby and House lobby) and various State officers, and committees; and also the Capitol Saloon, and numerous other saloons, and lobby and legislative headquarters at one of the leading hotels. In all the legislative halls, Adam became a power. Within the capitol he made captivating speeches, full of bold assertions and adroit attacks on public men. His *forte* was national politics; and his greatest legislative effort was in support of the resolutions censuring the Hon. John Livingston for his votes in the United States Senate, and instructing him to resign at once. If words had annihilating power, the Senator would never have been heard of again. As it was, he simply defied the legislature, appealing from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Georgius knew well enough that such would be the effect of the legislative fulmination, and that he himself would, in the same situation, act in just the same way. But he made party capital by his speech on the resolutions, and got himself recognized as one of the foremost candidates for promotion. The younger members of his party looked on him as a standard-bearer. They frequented his rooms, drank his champagne, and applauded his sophisms. The moral tone of his young associates was perceptibly lowered. He played freely in private, and won from the inexpert the means of his lavish hospitality. We happened, one evening, to hear a young wife pleading with her husband not to go out with Georgius; and after she had failed in her plea, she confessed that her husband was losing heavily by his fatal intimacy — losing more than his hard-earned money. But brilliant names shielded and adorned the gaming table; revel and riot were thought a proof of high spirit. Many a member of those legislatures has had bitter occasion to rue the day when he first entered political life.

Higher promotion, as we have said, followed the path of our Lyonton hero. He gained boldness with each new success. In Washington he stood without timidity on the floor where so many of the nation's worthiest and most eloquent sons had uttered the promptings of a lofty patriotism. His *debut* was successful. He knew how to give voice to the aspirations of the young and ardent West, and at the same time to flatter the colder, more critical East. He soon gained a certain prominence in the national councils. The newspapers mentioned his name more frequently, and spoke of him as a representative man from the farthest West. Correspondents, who leave nothing untold, repeated ugly rumors of a tarnished character; but while some believed,

and despised him, the majority were incredulous, or thought his defects quite venial. It really seemed that he could go into any of the older States, and by changing his politics, if need were, attain almost any public position. Perhaps the East and the West have not such different standards, after all. It remains to be seen whether any party yet born, can resist the machinations of bold, unscrupulous politicians who join it for personal ends.

In the course of time, Georgius had to appear before his constituents in a new canvass. There was the usual disparagement of his Washington career, by the opposite party, with some direct assaults on his habits, character and influence. These were choicest nuts to him. An accusation of sheep-stealing was enough to send a Michigan man triumphantly to Congress. Georgius knew that these assaults would do him equal service. We heard him in one of the longest speeches of his campaign, in a large mining town which always gave him an overwhelming majority. Twenty minutes were devoted to national politics, in his usual plausible style; one hour and forty minutes to personalities. The bronzed faces before him showed grim in the torchlight; but he knew he was among friends, and was unusually jubilant and defiant. First he belabored his rival for office, and painted him in the darkest colors. Accusations the most ingenious and unfounded sprang trooping to his lips. The newspaper organs of the opposite party next received their quietus. But when he came to his own vindication from calumny, he excelled himself. What had been charged as crimes, shone out as high virtues. "I am accused," he said, "of using unfair means in carrying my former election. I am charged with trading in promises of office; which means, that I openly told my friends what influence I possessed, and could bring to bear for their benefit. Was it fraud, or honest and honorable help to the cause? Did my opponents make fewer promises, or only more secretly? If this be a sin, let him that is without sin cast the first stone." The crowd cheered, and shouted: "Good hit;" "At 'em again." Georgius went on: "I am accused of undue personal influence. Is that my fault?" "No, no," answered the crowd. "How," he asked, "could I better serve the glorious cause of our party, than by seeking to win rising young men to its support? Who can prove that I have used any corrupt influence? Is it a sin to indulge in a friendly glass, or to play a game of poker?" "No, no," again answered the crowd; and that crowd could not answer otherwise, without confessing themselves great sinners. "Some folks," Adam continued, "some folks say I drink too much whisky. Now I'll tell you what *I* think about it;" and he leaned over toward his audience, and turned his head to one side with an air of droll mock-wisdom; "I think I drink just about enough." Great laughter followed this piece of wit; hats went up, and there was prolonged and tumultuous cheering. And so on to the end of his speech. For his audience, it was a most successful defense. It gained him fresh supporters. A few were disgusted with him and his partizan audience; but the great majority were inwardly tickled, to hear so high an official pander to their own habits. When he had finished, they gave him a rousing three times three, and shouted: "Great is Georgius of Lyonton." As the result of the canvass, he was triumphantly reëlected, and went back to Washington with more reputation than ever, as a rising man, who might aspire to the highest honors of the Republic.

He is not there now. Defeat came at last, and after it a masterly effort to prove that it was no defeat. His power as a sophist was never better displayed. He did not take the old three-fold divis-

ion of the book on philosophy, but his argument was to a like purport: (1.) There was no defeat; (2.) if there was any, nobody could be sure of it; and (3.) if any one was sure of it, he could not prove it to the crowd. Old friends still clustered around him, and said he was as smart as ever, and would soon again do credit to their city. But his friends had become fewer. Some, much his juniors in appearance, had died of excesses. Some of the more upright had outgrown their fascination, and only laughed now at his coarse wit and his shallow sophistries. In truth, his power was fast waning; in a now accredited phrase, he was "played out." He suddenly disappeared, and for years nothing was known of his whereabouts. As suddenly, in the late presidential canvass, he reappeared, and again took the stump—*which* stump, we leave for the more remote historian to say. He showed himself as audacious and unscrupulous as of old, and scarcely less adroit. There was, however, a loss of power, due plainly to his habits. His step was less firm, his look more gross. It was evident that the interval of his obscuration had not been wholly spent in Binghamton asylums. Younger men, of glowing health and patriotic ardor, were not afraid to meet him, and actually worsted him on the public arena. Georgius dropped his appointments, and retired to wait for election day, to see what might be his chances for the San Francisco Post Office, or a consulate at Syracuse, near his old Leontine home.

He will not die of a broken heart. He will still frequent the bar-rooms, win money at gaming, and entice young men to evil practices. He hopes to go again to Washington. The day when his finished life can be reviewed is far distant. Americans must first be educated to disdain the low arts of the demagogue—the false eloquence of the selfish politician. Even then, when our own country is purified, there will be other countries in which Gorgias will be welcomed. To many another Athens will he go, to take captive the fancy of the young. The weary world must roll its round of selfishness and false show—how long? before the leprous rhetorician's epitaph can be chiseled. But when it is seen, it will read like this:

GORGIAS,

Of many countries, and thirty centuries:
Teacher of a paltering philosophy
And a counterfeit eloquence:
Deserving many deaths by hemlock,
For being, what Socrates was not,
A Corrupter of Youth.

MOUNTAIN, LAKE, AND VALLEY.

THE scenography of California abounds in scientific, economical, and picturesque interest. In attempting a sketch of its salient features, we shall be aided by an outline of the topography of the State. The materials for such an outline are to be found mainly in the preliminary report upon the geology of California, by Prof. Whitney. Before the great work conducted by this scientist was begun, less than eight years ago, there was little precise knowledge of the physical structure of California. Its broadest features were known in a general way; but some of the most remarkable regions were unexplored, and a mass of interesting details had been only casually observed, if at all. An adventurous and daring people, engaged in the stimulating search for gold, had revealed the secrets of many districts which would else be blank spaces on the maps; but the area of a territory larger than New England,

New York and Pennsylvania combined, and embracing two mountain chains equal to the Alps and Appalachians, could not be thoroughly explored and accurately described without concerted effort to that end. When that effort—temporarily abandoned through a freak of ignorant legislation—shall be resumed and completed, we shall have, in a series of valuable reports even now far advanced, ample material for special studies. In the mean time, even such a mere sketch as we shall offer of the valley and lake system of California, may prove interesting to the general reader.

The topography of California is characterized by a grand simplicity. Two mountain chains—the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada—outline the form of the State; the one extending on the Pacific shore, on its western side; the other, along its eastern border, overlooking the great basin of the middle continent; and both interlocking north and south, enclosing the broad-level valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. The axial lines of these chains have a northwesterly and southeasterly course. They are clearly distinguished between the thirty-fifth and fortieth parallels — the valleys named, which have a length of nearly three hundred and fifty miles, and a breadth of forty to eighty miles, separating the two systems completely. North and south of the limits named, the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada are topographically one, distinguishable only by geological differences; the former having been upheaved since the cretaceous deposition, and the latter before that epoch. The Coast Range is inferior in altitude, averaging only from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea, and having few prominent peaks. It extends the whole length of the State—say seven hundred miles, and has an aggregate width of forty miles; but it is broken into numerous minor ridges, marked by striking local differences, and separated by an extensive series of long and narrow valleys, which are usually well watered, level, fertile and lovely. The Sierra Nevada has an altitude of from 4,000 to 12,000 feet, and an average width of eighty or one hundred miles. It rises from the central valley in solid majesty, reaching by a gradual slope its double crests, which culminate in a nearly straight line of peaks extending a distance of five hundred miles. There is no peak in the Coast Range which rises above 8,000 feet. The Sierra Nevada has a hundred peaks which rise about 13,000 feet, and at least one which soars 15,000 feet. Where the two ranges join at the north, (latitude forty degrees thirty-five minutes) Mount Shasta, which may be taken as a point of connection, attains an elevation of 14,400 feet. Its snowy summit can be seen from great distances in Oregon, California and Nevada, and is nearly twice the height of any other mountain in its vicinity. As the Sierra Nevada extends northward from this point, it gradually increases its general altitude. For three hundred miles the passes range from 4,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, and the peaks from 1,000 to 2,000 feet higher. But from latitude thirty-eight degrees, for a distance of two hundred miles along the summit, there is no pass known lower than 11,000 feet, and within that distance all the chief peaks have an elevation of 13,000 feet.

The summits of the Coast Range are only occasionally whitened with snow in the winter. Those of the Sierra Nevada are covered with it every winter to a great depth, and on some of them it never melts. The Coast Range rises with tolerable abruptness facing the sea, its inner line of ridges sloping gradually to the central valley. The Sierra Nevada has a gradual ascent on its western side—but an abrupt one on its eastern, the latter being only half as long as the former, since it meets the

elevated plateau of Nevada or Utah, 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea. The Coast Range is broken near its centre, at the Golden Gate, where the Bay of San Francisco receives and discharges the waters of the Sacramento and its tributaries, forming the river system of the whole northern interior; and those of the San Joaquin, forming the river system of the southern interior as far as the Alpine region of the Sierra. The Sierra Nevada is unbroken in its whole length, although the table lands and depressions at its northern and southern extremities are nearly on the level of the plateau to the eastward, and offer the easiest wagon and railroad approaches from that side. The most striking feature of the vegetation of the Coast Range is its majestic groves of redwood, which flourish only in the foggy regions north of San Luis Obispo, and in connection with a soil overlying a metamorphic sandstone. The inner ridges of the Coast Range are frequently bare, or covered chiefly with varieties of oak, interspersed with the madrona, remarkable for its smooth, bronzed trunk, its curling bark, and its waxen leaves. When not tree-clad, these inner ridges, to a height of five hundred to two thousand five hundred feet, are often covered with wild oats, and suggest the idea of immense harvest fields that have been thrust up by volcanic energy, and left standing high in the blue air. The most striking feature of the vegetation of the Sierra Nevada is its magnificent growth of pines, comprising several species which attain a height of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet, and the famous groves of *sequoia gigantea*, which equal in height, if not in age, the tallest pyramids in Egypt. The prominent lithological feature of the Coast Range is the prevalence of metamorphic cretaceous rocks. The lithological structure of the Sierra Nevada is more primitive, granite being the prominent feature, underlying a greater part of its extensive beds of auriferous gravel, and giving an air of gray desolation to its naked summits, which bear the marks of ancient glaciers. The Sierra Nevada is also distinguished for the evidences it presents of the tremendous forces that raised it at three sucsessive epochs above the sea. A hundred volcanoes have blazed along its crest, and have covered with lava an area of not less than 20,000 square miles, not uniformly level or sloping, but seamed with cañons hundreds or thousands of feet deep, through which flow the living streams of the Sierra. Sometimes this lava overlies, and at others underlies, the deposits of gold-bearing gravel wrought by the miner. Sometimes the eruptive rocks, contemporaneous with its flow, rise in picturesque crags that rival in height the summits of older granite.

This glance at the mountain framework of California is necessary to an understanding of its lake and valley system. The chief feature of this system is the central valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, supplemented at the south by the valleys of the Tulare and Kern. These valleys form a basin about four hundred miles long by fifty or sixty miles wide, which in all probability was anciently the site of lacustrine or marine waters. In its northern portion rises abruptly from the level plain a singular local mountain ridge known as Sutter's Buttes, which is an object of beauty in the landscape views of that region, and seems in the flooded seasons like an island in the main. North of the Buttes the valley gently swells to meet the foot-hills of the blending Sierra and Coast Range, and these uplands consist of a red and gravelly soil, whereas the general surface of the valley southward is a rich deep loam, which has frequently been known to yield from sixty to seventy bushels of wheat to the acre. The climate of this fertile basin is very warm in summer, and

favorable to the out-door growth of roses and strawberries in winter. Though usually treeless, it is timbered at intervals with open parks of oak, which become more numerous near the foot hills on either side, and these mix with inferior coniferæ and minor vegetable forms, including the characteristic manzanita, buckeye and laurel. The principal rivers are fringed with sycamore, oak, cottonwood, willow, alder and white maple. Sweetbriars bloom close to the streams, and where the timber has not been cut away, the wild grapevine still hangs its graceful curtains, through which the boatman catches glimpses of beautiful woodland or valley scenes, and a far background of hazy mountains. Immense tracts are annually covered with a luxuriant growth of wild oats, which, alternately green or gold, according to the season, rolls its surface in rippling light and shade under every breeze. The moist bottoms yield heavy crops of grass. In the spring, the whole surface of these valleys, where not cultivated, is thickly covered with wild flowers of every color; and the scene of this gay parterre, broken with seas of verdant grain and bounded by walls of blue or purple mountains, whose peaks are capped with snow, is quite entrancing. These charming plains were the favorite resort of the aborigines, who found in the streams that drain them plenty of salmon, sturgeon, and lesser fish, and all over their extent herds of antelope and elk, and myriads of ducks and geese, besides quail, doves, hares, rabbits and squirrels. The grizzly would sometimes come from the hills to eat fish and berries; but this was game beyond the skill of the simple savages who once enjoyed the central valley alone. Into the rivers discharge the numerous channels which cut the western slope of the Sierra, receiving the heavy rains that wash its flanks, and the meltings of the deep snows upon its summit; and almost annually the accumulated torrents overflow portions of the level land.

There are no lakes in the central valley, except in its lower extremity, where Tulare Lake, thirty-three miles long by twenty-two wide, surrounded by a broad area of reedy marshes, forms the mysterious sink for all the streams coursing down the western slope of the southern Sierra. The general features of the valleys in Fresno, Tulare and Kern counties, are not essentially different from those of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, which they supplement. The chief point of difference is their hydrography. There are considerable tracts of marsh-land in the larger valleys named, but they are formed by the rivers and estuaries of the central bay; while those of the lower valleys are an adjunct of the lakes, about which they comprise an area of fully two hundred and fifty square miles.

Most of the streams of the central valley flow from the Sierra Nevada. A dozen principal branches of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, and the rivers that sink in the Tulare Lakes, are fed along a distance of four hundred miles, from Shasta to Tejon, by several hundred tributaries which rise in that great chain. In the same distance, hardly a score of creeks flow eastward from the inner ridges of the Coast Range to the central basin, and some of these are dry in the summer. The small rivers of the Coast Range flow through the intervales, emptying either into the ocean at right angles to the trend of the coast, or following the valleys parallel with the trend till they reach some of the bays that make inland.

The valleys in the Coast Range are numerous and dissimilar, though possessing some marked characteristics in common. Those of one class lie open to the sea, and are usually narrow, with a trend nearly east and west. Most of them are found south of the Bay of San Francisco, itself skirted by a series of

valleys which slope from the base of the Mount Diablo Range. The largest of the coast valleys is the Salinas, in the Santa Cruz and Monterey district. It is about ninety miles long by eight to fourteen miles wide, mostly arable, and yielding heavy crops of wild oats and clover. Although the open coast valleys are subject to the winds and fogs, they possess a fine climate, and are cultivated to the very margin of the sea. It is a beautiful sight to behold their grassy margins skirting the crescent lines of small bays, or their wide fields of yellow grain contrasting with the blue line of the ocean, while behind rise the rumpled velvet of bare hills tawny or verdant with the season, and the farther crests of cloud-girt summits bristling with redwood forests that keep moist in the salty air. Perhaps the most picturesque valley that opens to the sea, though it meets the ocean only at its extremity, is Russian River Valley, north of San Francisco. It is long and narrow, has a generally level but sometimes rolling surface, is traversed by a clear stream, and bounded on either hand by ridges which have a great variety of form. Its groves of oak, its picturesque knolls, its vistas of conical peaks, its winding stream, alternately placid and rapid, its luxuriant carpet of grass, grain and flowers, have long made it a favorite sketching resort for artists. The valleys of Mendocino, still further north, are smaller, but possess scenery of more grandeur, and are remarkable for the number of streams that flow through them to the sea. Humboldt county also has some picturesque valleys, that look out upon the sea, or line the bay which bears the name of the author of *Cosmos*. The inner series of Coast Range valleys is the most extensive.

While the outer valleys are generally separated by abrupt and treeless ridges, those inland are divided by gentler elevations, which are either covered with trees or clad with shrubbery, grass and wild oats. The inner valleys again lie parallel to the trend of the coast. They are commonly oblong, nearly level, or rolling like the western prairies, extremely fertile, and have a climate more sheltered from the sea-wind and fog. Among the most celebrated of these are the Sonoma, Napa, Santa Rosa, Suisun, Vaca, Berryessa and Clear Lake, north of the Bay of San Francisco, and some of them communicating with it; and the Alameda, Santa Clara, Amador, Pajaro and San Juan, to the east or south of the bay. An enumeration of all the coast valleys distinctively known, would be a tedious task. They are the favorite nestling places of our population, as they were the favorite sites of the Mission Fathers, and offer examples of the most elaborate cultivation, the most contentment, and the greatest thrift. Seldom more than three or four miles wide, often not more than one, they have a length of five to fifty. Their gently rolling surfaces rise into mound-like hills on either side—the best soil for the wine-grape — which in turn are flanked by ridges or peaks from five hundred to perhaps three thousand feet high. The creeks, with their perfectly green belts of timber—often live oak—wind through continuous harvest fields. Many of the farm-houses are prettily built on knolls that command a good view. Nothing can be finer than the aspect of many of these valleys, when the lush verdure of their early spring is prodigally gemmed with wild blossoms of the most brilliant colors, or when the rich gold of their summer fields, islanded with clumps of evergreen oaks, is contrasted with the purple or blue mountain, and the sky at morning or evening brightens or fades through tints of amber and amethyst. Sometimes the splendor of the setting sun seems to penetrate the dark substance of the solid hills, and give them a transparent glow, as if they yet burned

with the heat of their thrusting up. As light comes, in the spring or summer, the trees are vocal with linnets, while larks sing in the fields, and chanticleer sounds his horn. As day goes, it is pleasant to hear the birds calling to repose, the wild doves cooing, the quails fondly signalling their mates, the owl adding his solemn note to the vespers of the feathered tribe. One thinks of the day when a native generation will love these mountain-walled valleys, with their wealth of varied scenery and resources, as ardently as the "pioneers" loved the home-spots which they left at the East or in Europe. Poetry and song and romance will come at last to link the spells of imagination and fancy to those of memory and affection, and "home" will exist here as, in the fond old meaning of the most characteristic English word, it exists now for so few.

The coast valleys are too near the level of the ocean, and the mountains surrounding them are too broken, to contain many lakes. Very few are known to exist which deserve the name, but one of these, in Lake county, about eighty miles north of San Francisco, is in some respects the most remarkable, as it is probably the most beautiful, in California. This sheet of water is widely known as Clear Lake. It lies in a valley between two main branches of the Coast Range, thirty-six miles from the ocean, and has a length of twenty-five miles, by a width of from two to ten miles. Its elevation above the sea is about one thousand five hundred feet. The region surrounding it is ruggedly mountainous, and is near the centre of the most abundant signs of comparatively recent volcanic action in this portion of the Coast Range. Mount St. Helena, at the head of Napa Valley to the south, and the highest peak between San Francisco and Clear Lake, is an extinct volcano, and the evidences of its former activity are abundant for many miles in every direction. Midway between this mountain and the lake, occur the famous Geysers, and mineral springs and deposits are frequent throughout the whole region; while the mountains are peculiarly broken and the conical peaks very numerous. One of these, called Uncle Sam, rises abruptly from the edge of the water to an elevation of 2,500 feet, dividing the lake into two parts. The upper part is nine miles wide; the lower part is much narrower, containing several pretty little islands, which are still occupied by Indians, who live chiefly on the pike, trout and blackfish which they catch in the water, and the ducks, geese and other wild fowl which tenant its reedy shores. Several streams put into the lake from the mountains, and one flows from it southwardly, emptying into Cache Creek, a tributary of the Sacramento. Northwest of Uncle Sam mountain lies a fine valley, which is the seat of a thrifty community. Near the upper end of the lake, Mount Ripley attains the height of 3,000 feet; and further off rises Mount St. John, to a height of almost 4,000 feet. Sailing over the lake or climbing the tallest peaks adjoining it, artists and tourists behold some of the most picturesque as well as some of the grandest scenery in America. The Indian name of Clear Lake is said to be Lup Yomi. In its vicinity is Kaysa, or Borax Lake, a shallow pond, remarkable for the large percentage of borax contained in its waters and bed, and forming the principal export of the county. Sulphur beds are also found in the vicinity. The cretaceous rocks abound in fossils, and the mountains in timber and game—the last item including deer and grizzlies.

In the northern part of California, where the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada interlock, the system of valleys is confused and difficult to describe. Yet it may be said that they preserve the oblong form and level surface which

characterize the entire family of Pacific valleys. Most of them have a greater altitude above the sea, are less easily accessible, and less known than those of the Coast Range proper. Some have been the scenes of conflicts with Indians for many years, and owe their sparseness of population to the losses and discouragements arising from this cause. In Trinity county there are only a few small valleys along the water courses. In Klamath county, the largest valley is Hoopa, thirty miles long and two wide, at the junction of Trinity and Klamath rivers. Del Norte has a number of small fertile valleys. Siskiyou has the largest valleys of any of the northern counties. They seem to be intimately connected with the plateau east of the Sierra, and to have some of its characteristics. Scott Valley, forty miles long by seven wide, lies between the Trinity and Salmon ranges, which are 6,000 feet high, the valley itself having an altitude of 3,000 feet, and possessing a climate more like that of some of the Northern States than the lower valleys of California. Surprise Valley, in the extreme southeastern part of the State, and overlying the Nevada boundary, is sixty miles long by fifteen wide. It has an elevation even greater than Scott Valley, but is as fertile as it is lovely. Its ample surface is finely watered, and covered with a rank growth of native clover and grass, on which feed immense flocks of wild geese and brant in their season. On its east side are three lakes, which extend nearly its whole length, and cover nearly half its surface. These beautiful sheets of water contain no fish, but are the resort of great quantities of ducks, geese, cranes, pelicans, and other wild fowl. They receive a number of small streams, but have no outlet. Shasta and Elk Valleys are lava plains, 3,000 to 3,700 feet above the sea. They are remarkable only for the fine views they command of Mount Shasta, and the former for the numerous small volcanic cones that dot its surface.

Siskiyou county contains a number of large lakes besides those in Surprise Valley. Its total lake surface is equal to half a million acres. Klamath Lake, the source of Klamath river, lies partly in this county and partly in Oregon. Eastward from it, lying wholly in Siskiyou, are Goose, Rhett and Wright Lakes, which are the sources of several rivers traversing the northern counties of California, including the Trinity, Salmon, Redwood and Pit. The last named river debouches from Goose Lake, which is thirty miles long and sixty wide, and surrounded by a fertile valley of thirty or forty thousand acres.

Leaving Siskiyou, we reach the simple topography of the Sierra Nevada. Here one would hardly expect to find valleys; yet there are hundreds of small valleys in this lofty chain, many of which are inhabited and cultivated. One series of valleys, and these are the smallest, lie along the water courses on the western flanks of the Sierra, at right angels to the trend of the range, and frequently forming the passes by which it is crossed. Another series lie between the double crests of the summit, parallel to the trend of the chain. The valleys on the two flanks form convenient roadways, and were followed by the first immigrants to California. The famous Beckwourth, Henness and Truckee routes across the Sierra Nevada all lie through a succession of such small intervales, reaching on either side of the Sierra to an open and level pass. The Pacific Railroad crosses the Sierra partly by the aid of these natural roadbeds, following the course of the Truckee down the eastern slope. The most remarkable of these transverse valleys partake of the nature of gorges. One of them, the Yosemite, has a world-wide celebrity. The valley itself is an almost level area, about eight miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide.

Its elevation above the sea is 4,000 feet, and the cliffs and domes about it are from 7,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea, with an altitude above the valley of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet. Over these vertical walls of bare granite tumble the Merced river and its forks. Most of the cañons and valleys of the Sierra have resulted from denudation, and some have been partly shaped and marked by glaciers ; but Prof. Whitney thinks that this mighty chasm has been roughly hewn into its present form by the same kind of forces which have raised the crest of the Sierra and moulded the surface of the mountains into something like their present shape. He conceives the domes were formed by the process of upheaval itself, and says that the Half Dome was split asunder in the middle, the lost half having gone down in what may truly have been said to have been "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." Another gorge which is inferior only to the Yosemite, is found at the sources of the Tuolumne river, still further in the heart of the Sierra. No particular description of it has ever been published, but members of the Geological Survey who have explored it within two years past, say that its vertical cliffs would be unique in the mountain scenery of the world, were Yosemite unknown. It is here that the tourist approaches the Alpine region of California. The summit of the pass leading into Tuolumne Valley is 9,070 feet above the sea, and the descent to the river is only about five hundred feet. Tenaya Valley, between Yosemite and Tuolumne, contains a beautiful lake by the same name, a mile long and half a mile wide. A high ridge near this lake commands a view of Cathedral Peak, which Prof. Whitney describes as a lofty ridge of rock cut down squarely for more than one thousand feet on all sides, and with a cluster of pinnacles at one end, rising several hundred feet above the rest of the mass. It is at least 2,500 feet above the surrounding plateau, and 11,000 feet above the sea. At the head of Lake Tenaya rises a conical knob of bare granite, eight hundred feet high, its sides finely polished and grooved by former glaciers. The upper Tuolumne drains a richly turfed valley half a mile or a mile wide and fifteen miles long, and containing some noted soda springs. The valley has an elevation of from 8,600 to 9,800 feet. In this vicinity are the most remakable evidences of the former glacial system of California. The whole region rapidly rises till it meets the dominating peaks of the King's River country.

The highest of the transverse valleys is Mono Pass, which is 10,765 feet above the sea, and the most elevated pass used by travellers in the Union. In a cañon at the eastern side of this pass are several small lakes, not less than 7,000 feet above the sea, which are produced, like many of the lakes of the high Sierra, by the damming of the gorge by the terminal moraines left by the retreating glaciers. Mount Dana is the culminating point of the Sierra in the region of the upper Tuolumne. It has an altitude of 13,227 feet. To the east of it, only six miles, but nearly 7,000 feet below, lies Mono Lake, a body of water fourteen miles long from east to west and nine miles wide, highly charged with mineral salts, void of all life except the countless larvæ of a small fly, sluggish and dreary in appearance, and surrounded by strong tokens of smouldering volcanic agencies, among which is a cluster of truncated cones.

Below the region of the high Sierra in southern California, the valleys or table lands connect with the Nevada plateau, or Great Basin, and are mainly of the same character—arid, alkaline and barren. The streams flowing east or west are bordered by narrow strips of level land, supporting tuft grasses, willows, and cottonwoods, but offer little inducement for settlement. There are

numerous salt lakes and ponds. The largest of these is Owens' Lake, twenty-two miles long and eight wide. In the same region, lying partly in San Bernardino and partly in Inyo counties, between Owens' Lake and the Nevada line, is Death Valley. This remarkable depression is the lower sink of the Amargosa River, and although situated in the high Sierra, it is actually one hundred and fifty feet below the level of the sea. The soil is a thick bed of salt, and doubtless the depression was formerly occupied by a lake. All the salt lakes of the region we have described have marked in terraces their former larger dimensions, and are evidently in process of gradual extinction. Recent phenomena in connection with this portion of the Sierra, deserve passing mention. It was disturbed during the past summer with frequent earthquakes, some of which were severe enough to tumble big rocks down the mountain sides. A shock on the twenty-fourth of July, is said to have been followed by a rise of the waters of Owens' Lake, which continued until it had overflowed thousands of acres, and then suddenly abated, the lake resuming its usual size.

While the valleys and lakes of the Tuolumne and Kings river region present altogether the strangest and grandest features, those between this region and the sources of Feather river northward are the most pleasant. All the rivers in this stretch of country flow partly through small valleys; but the larger valleys are those of the summit, lying between the crests of the Sierra, or on its flank, from 3,000 to 7,000 feet above sea level, while the ridges that enclose them on the east and west rise from 1,500 to 3,000 feet higher. The largest of these valleys lie at the sources of the Feather river, in Plumas and Lassen counties, connecting with easy approaches from the Nevada plateau, and offering low and comparatively snowless passes for winter transit of the mountain. Honey Lake Valley, in Lassen, contains about 20,000 acres of meadow and arable land, is one of the lowest in altitude, and possesses a mild winter climate. The lake from which it is named is twelve by five miles in dimensions, of irregular form, and constantly decreasing size. It is really an independent basin, lying east of the Sierra crests, and receives the water of two rivers. The valley is sixty miles long by fifteen to twenty wide in its entirety. It is named from the quantities of honey-like liquid deposited plentifully on the grass and shrubs by a species of bee peculiar to dry and barren countries. Eagle Valley contains a shallow and irregular lake, about twelve miles long by eight wide. Long Valley, in the southern part of the county, is about forty miles long by two or three wide, quite level, and notable for its superior pasturage. Southward of this valley, the summit valleys decrease in size with increase of altitude. While the Lassen and Plumas Valleys are only from 3,000 to 4,500 feet above the sea, those in Sierra, Nevada, Placer, El Dorado, and other counties to the southward, are from 5,000 to 7,000 feet high. A third small lake in Lassen, called Summit Lake, has an altitude of 5,800 feet, with a little strip of level land. Plumas contains nearly a score of valleys, that are fertile, sheltered and populous, lying on the upper tributaries of Feather river, and embracing an aggregate of nearly 250,000 acres of good land. The snows are light in these valleys.

All the lesser summit valleys have characteristics in common, varying chiefly as to size and altitude. They are usually long and narrow, covered with a luxuriant growth of natural grasses, watered by small willow-fringed streams that flow either west or east, gemmed by small lakes, and framed by more or less rugged ridges bearing thick forests of pine and fir to near their

summits, which are bare crags of gray granite, covered for a great part of the year with snow. The discovery of silver in Nevada, and the subsequent settlement of that State, brought these valleys into notice and use. Before that event they were mostly resorted to by drovers for summer pasturage, cattle being driven thither from the parched plains of California, in summer, and brought back on the approach of winter. At a later day their grasses were cut for hay, to be sold in Nevada and to way travellers. Many of them lay directly on the numerous routes leading from California to the silver regions, and began to be appropriated by settlers for ranching and lumber purposes. Finally, the building of the Pacific Railroad has given many of them special value, and some are becoming places of great resort for summer tourists, invalids and artists. It is certain that most of them will soon be occupied by permanent communities, and that the Sierra Nevada will ultimately contribute a stream of hardy life to counteract the enervating effect of extreme heat in the lowlands of California. Their summer climate is delightfully temperate and bracing; their winter climate cold, but seldom extremely so. Those which are most sheltered and not too high, produce whatever will mature in New England. In others, the growing season is too short for much effective cultivation; but lumbering and mining and quarrying will furnish employment for considerable settlements, and markets for the products of more favored spots.

The most attractive feature of the lesser summit valleys is their multitude of clear, fresh lakes, stocked with the finest trout, surrounded by magnificent groves of pine and fir, reflecting snowy peaks, and beautiful with all the colors of changing day and evening. Concerning this charming feature less has been accurately reported than of any other. A standard authority on the physical features of California has even made the broad assertion that the Sierra Nevada contains very few lakes. This mistake was natural—for, aside from the singular salt or alkali lakes, in the volcanic regions of the Sierra, north and south, together with the few large fresh-water lakes already enumerated in this article, the lakes of the Sierra have not been mapped or described. On no popular chart of this range are more than twenty lakes indicated, whereas the existence of at least two hundred, in a distance of four hundred miles from Siskiyou to Kern, can be positively vouched for; and this number is probably within the truth as it will be developed by future explorations. These lakes are the sources of the numerous rivers that have eroded the deep cañons of the western slope, and of the few which flow eastward. They are the reservoirs of melting snows—the sources of summer supply for hundreds of miles of mining ditches. Some are sunk deep in rocky chasms, without level or meadow land surrounding them. Others have been formed by glacial moraines damming up the gorges that would else have been only the channels of streams. Nearly all have been larger and deeper than they are now. Some are no bigger than the petty tarns of the English hills; while others would float a navy, and can mimic the commotion of the sea.

Sierra county contains twenty or more small lakes, situated in the depressions of the summit—generally circular in form, from a half mile to a mile across, though some are only a few rods in diameter, and varying in depth from a few feet to ten or twenty fathoms. The largest — Gold Lake — about four miles long by two wide, is famous as the scene of falsely-reported deposits of lump gold, which, in 1849–50, attracted and disappointed a multitude of miners. Nevada county—next ad-

joining Sierra on the south—is still richer in lakes, containing at least thirty. Four of these are notable as the sources of supply for one of the most extensive mining canals in the State—that of the Eureka Lake and Yuba Canal Company. The trunk canal of this company is sixty-five miles long. Its principal supply-reservoir is Eureka Lake. This originally had an area of only one square mile; but an artificial dam of granite across the outlet, one hundred and twenty feet long at the base, two hundred and fifty feet long at the top, and seventy feet deep, has doubled the surface of the lake, and given it an average depth of sixty-five feet. Lake Faucherie, with a wooden dam thirty feet high, floods two hundred acres. Two smaller lakes with these feed a canal eight feet wide by three and a half feet deep, and furnish water for some of the heaviest deep-gravel mining in the State. The South Yuba Canal Company has utilized five other lakes in another part of Nevada county. One of these, Meadow Lake, is enlarged by a solid masonry dam, which is forty-two feet high and eleven hundred and fifty feet long, and makes, when full, a sheet about two miles long by half a mile wide, with a varying depth, according to the season, of ten to thirty fathoms. Seven miles in a southeasterly direction are the White Rock, Devil's Peak, and two smaller lakes which, jointly, equal the capacity of Meadow Lake. Devil's Peak Lake lies close to the Pacific Railroad.

These reservoirs are drawn into the channel of the South Yuba, when that stream runs low in the summer, and thence pass through fifty miles of ditching. The works of the two companies named cost an aggregate of several million dollars. When they have ceased to be demanded by the wants of the mining communities, they will serve to irrigate countless gardens and vineyards on the lower slopes of the Sierra. Meadow Lake gives a name to a large township, which is remarkable for being one of the highest mining localities in California, as for the great size and number of its gold and silver ledges. The general altitude of the district is from 7,000 to 8,000 feet, and it contains about twenty lakes. Snow fell there in the winter of 1866–7 to the depth of twenty-five feet, yet many daring people remained and mined through the season, and several towns are growing up. Within the district are Crystal and Donner Lakes—the former, one of the most picturesque resorts in the Sierra; the latter having a beauty of another kind, and being remarkable as the scene of a painful tragedy in the early settlement of the State. Donner Lake is some three miles long by about a mile wide. It lies in sight from the eastern end of the summit tunnel of the Central Pacific Railroad, 1,500 feet below that point and 5,500 feet above the sea. A small stream pours from it into the Truckee River, only three miles eastward, watering a narrow valley. Here, late in October, 1846, a party of eighty overland immigrants, under the lead of Capt. Donner, and including over thirty women and children, were overtaken by a snowstorm, which prevented them from proceeding. They suffered terribly in their winter camp, or while wandering blindly searching an outlet, until found by relief parties from the western side of the mountains in February. In the sequel, thirty-seven perished of exposure and hunger, and some of the party were only sustained by the last dreadful resort of starving humanity. The locomotive now almost hourly passes the scene of this tragedy, awaking clanging echoes among the dizzy cliffs of bare granite through which its way is cut. Hundreds of people live in or about the valley the year round; and hard by, thirty saw mills are busy thinning out the noble forests that deck the steep slopes on every side.

A congeries of small lakes is found to the southward of the Pacific Railroad where it crosses the summit, each of which has its peculiar charms, and its special friends among the numerous tourists who begin to seek these sylvan sheets through the warm season. They lie from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, where the snow falls commonly ten feet deep, and stays from November or December until July, with lingering patches sometimes on the peaks above until the next winter. Some of these lakes are appropriated for ice-supplies to the lower country. Rude hotels have been erected near a few, to accommodate the visitors who go there to fish, sail, sketch and recuperate.

All the lakes of Sierra and Nevada counties, except one or two—like Donner, which lies on the eastern side of the summit, or Truckee, which is just over the line of gradual eastern descent in the Henness Pass, and feeds Little Truckee river—are sources of the numerous tributary streams that feed and form the Yuba river or the northern forks of the American. Another congeries of small lakes in Placer and El Dorado counties feed the larger forks of the American and Cosumnes, and supply an extensive system of mining canals. The South Fork Canal, one of the largest of these works, having a length of one hundred and forty-two and a half miles, is partly supplied from Silver, Red and Willow Lakes, which store up together nearly 350,000,000 cubic feet of water. Some of this goes to irrigate the vineyards for which the high red hills of El Dorado are becoming celebrated. Through the whole middle tier of mining counties, from Siskiyou to Mariposa, the summit lakes are more or less drawn upon to fill artificial channels, and aid in the extraction of gold and the cultivation of the soil. Their names, obtained from a variety of private sources, make a long list, and suggest their picturesque qualities — as Silver, Crystal, Cascade, Emerald, Blue, Clear, Grass, Fallen Leaf, Tule, Willow, Mirror, Meadow, Alder, etc. Many are named from the peaks that overlook them, from the wild animals or birds which frequent them, from the circumstances of their discovery, or from the persons who first took up abodes near them. They need not be separately mentioned or described.

The most extensive and celebrated of the whole group is Lake Tahoe, in El Dorado county, only fifteen miles southwardly from Donner Lake and the line of the Central Pacific Railroad. It is about twenty-three miles long from northeast to southwest, and fifteen miles wide at its widest. It has an altitude of 6,218 feet above the level of the sea, and the dark frowning ridges that wall it in have an elevation of from 1,000 to 4,000 feet more. The water has a great depth. Three miles from the inner line of a gently descending, sandy shore, it is nearly 1,300 feet deep. Four or five miles further, the depth is nearly 1,600 feet, and this is probably the extremest sounding. Yet, profound as it is, it is wonderfully transparent, and the sensation upon floating over and gazing into its still bosom, where the gray granite bowlders can be seen far, far below, and large trout dart swiftly, incapable of concealment, is almost akin to that one might feel in a balloon above the earth. The color of the water changes with its depth, from a light blueish green near the shore, to a darker green further out, and finally to a blue so deep that artists hardly dare put it on canvas. When the lake is still, it is one of the loveliest sights conceivable, flashing silvery in the sun, or mocking all the colors of the sky, while the sound of its soft beating on the beach is like the music of the sea-shell. When the wind angers its surface, its waves are dangerous to buffet. The sail that would float over its still face like a cloud, is then driven like fate, and lucky to

escape destruction. Some prosaic people have put a small steamboat upon it. The shore scenery is rather grand than picturesque, except in some of the sheltered coves, where it is charming. Emerald Cove is remarkable for its exquisite color and transparency, and for the pretty fringe of level meadow on one side. This rare spot has become the property of a wealthy citizen of San Francisco, who intends to make here a costly summer retreat, where he can entertain his friends with elegant hospitality. Generally the mountains rise boldly from the water, thrusting into it their massive cliffs, or reflecting in its serene depths their snowy summits. Sometimes the dense ranks of tall pine, fir and cedar march to the shore and cast their straight reflections. There is always some new beauty to see, and one scarcely knows which is most delightful, to float over the deep blue element that kisses his feet, or wander still along the sandy beach, and through the encroaching woods, thinking of the power that reared this noble range, and gemmed its deep gorges with such scenes of witchery.

DECEMBER.

Now the Summer all is over!
We have wandered through the clover,
We have plucked in wood and lea
Blue-bell and anemone.

We were children of the Sun,
Very brown to look upon;
We were stainéd, hands and lips,
With the berries' juicy tips.

And I think that we may know
Where the rankest nettles grow,
And where oak and ivy weave
Crimson glories to deceive.

Now the merry days are over!
Woodland-tenants seek their cover,
And the swallow leaves again
For his castle-nests in Spain.

Shut the door, and close the blind:
We shall have the bitter wind,
We shall have the dreary rain
Striving, driving at the pane.

Send the ruddy fire-light higher;
Draw your easy chair up nigher;
Through the winter, bleak and chill,
We may have our summer still.

Here are poems we may read—
Pleasant fancies to our need.
Ah, eternal Summer-time,
Dwells within the Poet's rhyme!

All the birds' sweet melodies
Linger in these songs of his;
And the blossoms of all ages
Waft their fragrance from his pages.

THE PANAMA FEVER.

"MY dear, the captain says that to-morrow morning, early, we shall arrive in Panama, and I think it would be well for us to take a few grains of quinine to-day, to be sure and prevent any possibility of an attack of fever on the other side. You know how you suffered the last trip, and a little precaution this time will probably prevent a recurrence." I heard the above remark made by a lady to her husband, and am assured that the same occurs frequently among passengers to and from California for a day or two prior to their arrival at Aspinwall or Panama, so great is the fear of contracting disease during the day that intervenes between the arrival at one, and departure from the other port. We will follow this lady from one ship to the other, and observe what she does to aid the three five-grain pieces in their good work of preventing an attack of *calentura*, as the natives term it.

The steamer is made fast to the buoy, and then the passengers are informed that on account of the tide not serving, the steam tender with the mails, baggage, etc., will not leave for two or three hours, and that they must pass the time as best they can. Waiting under such circumstances is not pleasant, and our lady friend, whom for convenience, I shall term Mrs. Prudence, exclaims: "How provoking!" Now Mr. P., who is a staid, sober, sensible personage, sees no particular hardship in having to seek a cool, shady spot on the commodious deck, and waiting until the time comes to be transported from the anchorage to the railroad wharf; but his better-half can't stand it; her small traps—even to the ice pitcher—have been consigned to the tender care of the obliging baggage master, who for a fee will see them safe on the other side, and she is unable to remain quiet; at last, turning to her husband—who has been watching the back fin of a shark moving about on the glassy surface of the bay, waiting for something or somebody to tumble overboard—she remarks: "Mr. P., we have two hours before us; now, instead of staying here doing nothing, let us get into one of these boats and go on shore; we can see the city, and I can purchase some linen dresses and other matters *very cheap*—and you know that I will want them this summer at the East, and will have to pay much more for them in New York. Mrs. —— has gone, and I am sure she will select the prettiest patterns if much before us. So come along; don't be so stupid—it will do you good, and you will enjoy it, for it is not very warm." Poor P.! if there is one thing more than another that he dislikes, it is boating, even under the most favorable circumstances; but to be compelled to go three or four miles under a blazing tropical sun, with the thermometer nearly up to ninety degrees in the shade, is a little too much; but Mrs. P. continues her importunities, and it does not take him long to discover that refusal will only add to his discomfort, and hence he gives a most unwilling consent. For a few *pesos fuertes* a boat is secured, and Mrs. and Mr. P., with probably a few friends that she has persuaded to join the party, take their seats, and off they start with no other protection than a sunshade or, at the most, an umbrella.

From the anchorage in the Bay of Panama to the *puerto del mar*, or sea-gate, is at least three miles—a long pull even in a man-of-war's gig; but in an ordinary boat, with only two oarsmen,

especially on the ebb tide, it is of prodigious length, and so our friends found it. They had not gone a mile before Mrs. P. even would have turned back; but pride gained the day, and she would not have said the excursion was not delightful on any account—she would have died first! The sun first, and the reflection from the mirror-like surface of the bay, rendered the heat insufferable; and after an hour of such discomfort the boat is grounded on the reef, and the company are told that they will have to walk some hundreds of yards before they reach the entrance of the city, for the tide being out the boat can go no further. They start off over the slippery, slimy rocks, mentally saying very many hard words, but trying to look pleased. The gate is reached and the city entered, and then another walk follows over rough sidewalks or cobble stones to the Grand or Aspinwall Hotel; and a more uncomfortable looking or feeling party it would be hard to find. The women portion, with muddy boots and skirts, from walking over the reef, and with faces red as so many poppies, are fanning themselves in the most frantic manner; the men, in scarcely better condition, are looking anything but pleased. All, however, seek a cool place, and throwing off all superfluous clothing, they seat themselves where there is a breeze, probably in a strong draft; and then sherry cobblers, or something of the like character, are sent for, to be disposed of while waiting for the breakfast that has been ordered: probably an orange or two may be devoured in the mean time as an appetizer.

A Panama breakfast is no ordinary meal; in fact, it is the meal of the place, especially with Americans, and ample justice is generally done to it, particularly by those who may have had the exercise that Mr. P. and party have been subjected to. There is a kind of novelty about it; and Mrs. P., in the variety set before her, forgot all about the little silver-coated balls that she had swallowed the day before to ward off the effects of a tropical climate. Mr. P. was in a better humor also, and thought, now that the trip was over, and he had "cooled off," that it was not so bad after all; and like the others, forgot all else than his appetite, and thought that while in Panama he would do as the Panameños did, and accordingly stowed away a large portion of a bottle of St. Julien, while his wife did the same —it was "so very cool and refreshing." When breakfast was over, the time was found to be limited; the train would leave at a certain hour, and all the sight-seeing and shopping had to be done in a hurry. The latter being the first consideration, of course, the stores were sought—and in Panama their name is legion—and as a rule they contain the most obliging proprietors and clerks, willing to put themselves to any amount of trouble and inconveniene to gratify California passengers, who are all supposed to be heavy with *oro Americano*, worth generally about five per cent. premium. A lady can purchase a large amount of dry goods in a very short space of time when the necessity arises for so doing, and Mrs. Prudence and her friends proved no exception to the rule. Half a dozen dress patterns were selected, an indefinite number of yards of plain linens, and many dozen of hem-stitched handkerchiefs were also purchased; and when all were tied up and delivered, Mr. P. found out that the bundle under his arm was far heavier than the amount of coin his pocket had been relieved of. Mrs. P. now discovered that the time was up; that if they did not "hurry up" they would be too late for the last omnibus for the station, and that they might be compelled to walk; her shopping was over, she had secured all that she came ashore for, and more, too; she cared nothing for ruined churches and mouldy, crumbling walls now; her only desire was to get to the train and into the

cars, and give her female passengers a list of her purchases, knowing that thereby she would excite their envy, and make them wish that they also had come ashore, instead of waiting for the more comfortable passage afforded by the *Ancon*.

The omnibus was reached by our again overheated party, for the sun's rays were coming down in full power; fans were again moving; the perspiration was streaming down the faces of more than one, and it was with a sigh of great relief that Mr. P. deposited his bundle and seated himself in the "bus," at the moment of its starting for the station. On reaching the cars they found that the passengers had been ashore for some time, and it was with great difficulty that seats could be obtained, for it is seldom that the "steamer trains" of the Panama Railroad take more cars than there is necessity for; but they were found at last, and when all were stowed away, bundles included, then it was that more than one of our party *thought* that they had eaten too much breakfast. The pills were beginning to have their proper effect.

At the wharf of the Panama Railroad, when the California passengers arrive, the native merchants in fruit, birds, shells, and other commodities, appear in swarms; they are nuisances of the first class—thought so by all who come in contact with them—and yet they are liberally patronized; they will cheat you in the most unblushing manner; poison you legitimately and take your coin for it; in fact, they will perform almost any little service for you; provided they can get three prices for it. You are no sooner off the gang plank than they beset you on every side; they are in the cars and out of the cars; they take hold of you, if they cannot attract your attention in any other way; and if you resent their continued and repeated insults, you will get more than you bargained for in the shape of abuse, and a mob could be raised in a moment were it not for the squad of ragged, dirty, native soldiers that are always on hand to keep the peace. These natives are themselves quite sufficient to give one an attack of Panama fever, even if there was no malaria or other exciting cause in the place; and yet they remain the same all the time, and will, until some other power rules the country.

Mrs. Prudence doats on several things; among these are silks, laces, the last new bonnet, the Italian opera, and tropical fruits; the latter she has a decided weakness for, and says that Californians get surfeited with apples, peaches, pears, grapes, etc., and that when the opportunity offers of getting some really good bananas, oranges and pine apples, it should be taken advantage of. She acted upon this argument, but first purchased a parrot and pair of paroquets for some of her junior relations in the East, that she had not seen for years; for, as she said, "it will be so pleasant for them to think that they have been remembered." Mr. P. had, under her instructions, and to gratify his own tastes—for he was fond of tropical fruits—laid in a large bunch of bananas, some pine-apples and oranges, and had also secured a couple of bottles of claret to last them to Aspinwall. A young and interesting monkey had tempted him; but he had no way to carry it, the animal appearing too vicious for a passenger car; his wife had also taken a fancy to it, saying: "What a dear little monkey, how cunning it looks;" (she had no children) but the purchase had to be given up, and the sable son of Jamaica was compelled to leave with his monkey remaining upon his hands.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say, that the majority of the passengers that waited for the steam-tender to bring them ashore comfortably were refreshing themselves after the fashion of Mr.

P. and his friends. Fruit met with more ready sale than other articles, but occasionally a passenger could be found driving a bargain with a native for what he supposed to be pearls, but which were nothing more than imitations carved from pearl shell, very pretty and having a tendency to deceive any but a practiced eye; many passengers being taken by these worthless articles, only finding out their mistake when taking them to a jeweler to be set. This desire to purchase everything the na- ves on the Isthmus offer for sale, is another description of Panama fever that quinine will not reach. The foreigners who reside on the Isthmus, and who flock to the station when the steamer arrives, look on at the excesses of those in transit, and laugh quietly when they think of the almost certain result of them. They "have been through the mill," and are willing that others should partake of their experience as a penalty for their imprudence.

There is always more or less delay in leaving after all the passengers are seated, and Mrs. Prudence has even found time before the train started to give her experience, and tell what a delightful time she had among the old buildings and dry goods stores; and it was not without strong remonstrance on the part of the husband, that she refrained from opening the bundle to show the pretty things she had purchased. The climate had for a time ceased to be thought of; the imprudence she had thus far been guilty of never entered her brain, and it was not until the moving of the cars told her that the train was off, that she remembered her situation, and discovered that she was in that unhealthy locality—the Isthmus—then it was that a shudder passed over her, and she exclaimed that she did'nt feel very well; that the atmosphere appeared heavy, and that she'd better take another pill—and she did.

We will leave our party to themselves for a little while, and go through the train to see what the rest are saying and doing. It is a singular fact that so few among the passengers who pass from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, find anything to admire in the varied and beautiful scenery of the Isthmus of Panama; they can talk of its miserable inhabitants; their dirty hovels and naked children; its fevers and other diseases; its venomous reptiles; its deluge of rain, and everything that is unpleasant about it; but seldom have a pleasant word for the numerous beautiful views that are to be seen, especially between the Chagres River and the Bay of Panama. Nowhere can tropical scenery be found more diversified than between Aspinwall and Panama; you have the dense jungle, the impenetrable forest, the mountain range, covered with foliage to the summit, the tortuous river and smaller streams, with the mangrove bushes growing to their edge; birds of the most brilliant plumage, and such flowers as are only seen within the tropics; and yet with all this to please the eye, and to call forth the admiration of those who profess to be fond of the beautiful, how seldom it is that an exclamation of delight is heard at such a combination of all that is lovely in nature! In the dozens of times that I have crossed the Isthmus with passengers, and at all seasons of the year, I have not failed to notice what I have stated above; and really, when I did hear some one break out with an exclamation of pleasure, I have felt like rushing up and embracing him or her for being an exception to the rule—for evincing some appreciation of a picture such as nature only can paint.

The principal topic of conversation, especially with cabin passengers, appears to be about the passage just concluded. The ship, her captain and officers, the accommodations and the table, are all raked up and overhauled. Gossip with her mischievous tongue pulls to

pieces this one or that one, that may, in the eyes of these models of purity, as gossips generally profess to be, have been guilty of some act of indiscretion, in their opinion unpardonable. Captain —— is abused by some who did not have places at his table; they charge him with favoritism. The purser comes in for his share of fault-finding; he showed partiality, of course, and the Company should find another to put in his place who would be the same to all. The table was, if you believe what is said, miserable; fit only for the lower grade of passengers; and as for accommodations — why, each person should have had an entire state-room to himself. The steamer the other side, the one they are to embark upon, is everything she should be; and reaching her deck is looked forward to with great expectations by those who, though claiming to be slighted on one side, suppose they will have everything their own way on the other. There must be something in the air of the transit of the Isthmus that causes so much complaint, and it may be one phase in the disease, for I have seen more than one person worked almost into a fever by recounting the terrible hardships passed through on the voyage just ended.

Mrs. Prudence is one of the kind mentioned. Very little on the passage has pleased her; she has not received the attention from the officers her well known position in society entitle her to; being the wife of one so well known as Mr. P. is, she should have had more privileges, and her husband must speak of it on his return. Tropical scenery has no charms in her eyes. She can see only her wrongs, and the little affairs that have occurred on board ship, which are termed by her, "horrible conduct." She continues her observations in the cars, and although not feeling well, keeps a sharp look out on what is going on around her. Turning to her friend, Mrs. Caution, she remarks: "Do you see how Miss Flyaway carries on with that Mr. Easy? really, it is abominable, and her family should put a stop to it; the night before we reached Acapulco, I found her sitting with him on the guard, after all her friends had gone to their rooms, and dear knows how long they stayed there; she should be ashamed of herself, and have more respect for her reputation; but you know that she was always called fast, and would have been cut long ago, only for her parents." Mrs. C. fully coincides with everything said, and adds her portion to the conversation by wondering aloud if the widow that Mr. Savage is and has been so attentive to all the time, has any idea that he is a married man with a family?

Mr. Prudence, tired of wading through the columns of a New York paper that he managed to obtain at Panama, has succeeded in mixing a claret punch, and interrupts his wife in her conversation, by suggesting that, as the weather is very warm, she should take some—to which no objection is offered. Thereupon Mrs. C. produces a lunch, prepared on board the ship, among which are several hard-boiled eggs; and these are devoured with much gusto, and are washed down with the above-mentioned beverage. By the time this is over, the train is at Matachin, the half-way house, where some minutes are allowed for refreshments. Here, as at Panama, all kinds of fruit are offered for sale; cocoa-nuts, prepared in various forms, also, and the latter are seized upon with avidity. Mrs. P. takes her share, and expresses great amusement at the original and tasty manner in which the junior members of the society of Matachin are clad, and wonders if they never suffer from the heat by reason of having so much clothing. She soon tires of this, however, and yawning thinks the trip across is very long and tedious, and that it occupies more time than there is any need of. She has a slight headache;

she closes her eyes, and leans against the back of the seat; she is not feeling as well as in the morning, and longs to be on board the other ship and in her state-room. Something is the matter. Is it the debilitating effect of the climate; is it the malaria? Who can tell!

In the seven or eight cars that compose the train, you will find many that are in the same languid condition. Of course, there are exceptions: you may find couples that have formed acquaintance on board ship, from which serious flirtations have arisen, carrying them on with the same energy in the cars; you will see jolly parties, that manage to make merry and keep alive at all times; and you may tumble over a crowd in the baggage-car, keeping up the "spree" that commenced within an hour after the steamer had cast off from the wharf. The latter are case-hardened individuals, that fever won't touch; they drink Bourbon to keep it off, and take the same to cure it; they make friends with baggage-masters and conductors; they are always on the right side with captains, pursers, and superintendents; they have money, and they spend it freely; they are on their way East to have a good time, and they commence early; they appear to have their own way in every thing, and to control matters as if the steamships and railroad were their exclusive property.

Willie Thompson—one of the two regular passenger conductors of the road—like his brother in the service, (Mr. Lee)—allows every license possible to steamer passengers, consistent with the regulations of the Company. He is part and parcel of the concern; his good-humored Scotch face has nearly always a pleasant smile upon it, and he knows the passenger characteristics; he can tell you those that are soon to be sick by reason of imprudence; he knows a gentleman from a snob, and the lady from an upstart; he can "spot" a stowaway, and can put him out of the train if compelled to; and if the time is given him, he can tell you more of the Panama railroad than almost any man belonging to it. He delights in laughing at those who are afraid of the climate and who, like Mrs. P., take medicine to prevent ill effects therefrom. Years and years he has lived at all points on the road; he has been through wet and dry seasons so often, that he could scarcely do without the regular change from one to the other—and yet he looks the picture of health. He has had the fever over and over again, and laughs at it now; and if you want to know how to get it, and how to get rid of it, ask him—he can tell you all about it, and can tell you why it is that so many foreigners have died in the vicinity of Panama, and after leaving it; and why it is that so many live there, year after year, and retain almost unbroken health. You can find out from him, also, the reason for passengers taking the Panama fever, after being only a few hours on the Isthmus. Indeed, he is a guide-book on all such matters; and if you can get a chance at him, when off duty, you will find out in an hour more than you ever knew before about the Isthmus. Mr. Lee could give you nearly as much; but he is not talkative. In that respect he is Thompson's opposite; in others, he is much the same. Both are clever fellows.

Our friend, Mr. Prudence, was a kind and considerate husband; he would do anything within the bounds of reason, to oblige his spouse; his means were ample to gratify every expensive want; and he would submit to personal inconvenience, at any time, to keep peace in the family. Now, when the train stopped at the summit, ten miles from Panama, to take water, his dearly beloved wife saw among the bushes, at some distance from the track, a quantity of beautiful and rare flowers, and thought that a few of them would serve to adorn her state-room and counteract,

in a measure, the smell peculiar to all ships, even to a first-class steamer. A wish so easily gratified was equivalent to an order, and Mr. P., without further thought, plunged boldly into the bush with all the ardor of a young man desirous of serving his first love. Poor P. —he thought that he might run through the grass, on the Isthmus, with as much impunity as he used to at home, when a boy; he little dreamed of what was in store for him; and when the flowers were seized and brought back in the train, he imagined that his trouble was over—that his work was fully accomplished. If he had known of the *garapatos* (wood-ticks) that were on his person in that short space of time, and that were destined to cause him many sleepless hours, by reason of the intense itching they create, he would not have felt so joyous at having given his wife gratification, by complying with a wish so moderate as hers. There is a moral in this for all men who may be crossing the Isthmus: Never, under any circumstances, when passing from Panama to Aspinwall, rush away from the track into the grass, or bushes, to cull flowers for a lady—no matter how young or attractive she may be—unless willing to submit to the torture of those little insects that are there to be found in countless numbers. Many, through ignorance, have done what Mr. P. did, and have suffered for days before knowing the cause of their trouble, or where the "confounded things" came from.

The train has passed Gatun, the last station before reaching Aspinwall, and little change could be noticed in the situation of the Prudence party. True, the claret punch had disappeared; many of the bananas and oranges had gone the same way; but a cloud was there, and hardly energy enough was left to express pleasure at so soon being at the end of one portion of the journey. When the prolonged sound of the whistle came which announced the approach to Aspinwall, and the waters of the Caribbean Sea and the masts of the vessels in the bay appeared to view, they did begin to brighten up; and as they gathered up the articles that had not been given to the baggage master—the precious bundle included—they did, with one voice, almost say, that if they had not felt so dull and languid, so oppressed with the heat, the journey would not have appeared so long after all. 'T was over at last, however; the train had been brought to a stand-still; the cars were disgorging their loads of human freight; the Jamaica negroes in crowds were hanging on to the skirts of the passengers, seeking for a "job" as porters, and abusing those who did not see fit to patronize them. All Aspinwall had turned out to see who had arrived, as Mr. P., family, fruit, dry goods and parrots, descended from the car and sought the shelter of the Howard House, the hotel whereat first-class passengers most do congregate. The site of one of these Isthmus palaces is enough to give one the fever almost. And so Mrs. Prudence thought, for depositing her packages in a safe place, she insisted that Mr. P. should take her a walk up the track, to see what was to be seen of the town. It was about four, P.M., when this little piece of exercise was taken, and still very warm, for the sun was nearly as powerful as at noonday. Mr. P. did 'nt want to go, but his wife insisted; she wanted to walk off the dull feeling that had bothered her nearly all day; it would do her headache good. These with other excuses were enough — and away they went. About the time they started, certain dark, heavy clouds were rolling up from the southwest, and the mutterings of distant thunder could be heard from time to time. This is nothing uncommon in the tropics; but as the sun was shining at the same time, they gave it no attention. The north portion of the island was reached, the new church

had been examined, the company's mess house had been peeped into, and they were on the return, when drops of rain began to fall; the sun was obscured, and it had become almost as dark as night. Soon the drops increased in size and number, and our devoted couple, with no other covering than the sun umbrella of Mrs. P., hurried forward in the direction of the hotel. Before they reached there they were wet to the skin, and in this condition they remained, for a change of clothing could not be had. True, the sun came out again, and they tried to dry themselves a little thereby; but they had wet feet, and when the gun fired from the steamer, giving signal that the passengers could come on board, they were chilled through and felt anything but comfortable. They soon found their state room, and after undressing, Mrs. P. concluded that it would not pay to go on deck again, even to see the steamer go out of the harbor. So she wisely "turned in" and thought to get warm: the chill and headache remained, but they gave her no uneasiness. She thought they would pass off soon, and that the next morning she would be as bright and as merry as ever, and congratulated herself that she had got through the transit so well.

Mr. P. was better off; he had turned over a new leaf, *i. e.*, got on dry clothing, and had taken the deck for it, watching the last moments before the plank was hauled ashore. He made the acquaintance of the U. S. Consul at Aspinwall, who is always in Panama, and listened to his story of how he was obliged at one time to *visé* the passports of all California passengers; and how the rinderpest had broken out among the cattle; and how he had to have an order issued that no hides coming from the Isthmus could be landed in the States without his certificate that they had covered the bodies of healthy cattle—indeed, he was going on with a history of his trials and vicissitudes as Consul of the United States in Acapulco and on the Isthmus, when the "all ashore" cry came, and the conversation had to be broken off, much to the sorrow of Mr. P., who being a practical business man, had listened to the information given by our Consul with more than ordinary interest. He had hoped to learn something of the Panama fever, but was too late, and this information had to be postponed for another visit.

The following morning broke bright and clear; scarcely a cloud was to be seen, except the heavy bank that hung over the land to the southward. The mountains of the Isthmus had sunk below the horizon, and the Caribbean Sea—that dread, as a rule, of California passengers—was as smooth as possible; the long, heavy swell rolled in from the northward, to which the noble steamer bowed and courtesied as politely as a French dancing master; but the surface of the water was not even broken by the gentle easterly breeze, that served only to fan the cheeks of those who had ventured on deck to enjoy early morning in the tropics. Although Mr. Prudence made his appearance at the breakfast table, Mrs. P. did not—her place was vacant; and to the questions asked him by every one about her absence, he replied, that although not seasick, she was far from well. The truth is, that when Mrs. P. awoke, instead of feeling refreshed, and ready for a pleasant day on deck, she found that her headache remained and had become worse; that pains in her back and limbs had set in; that her skin felt dry and parched, and her mouth seemed unnatural. As all these symptoms remained, she thought it best to send for the doctor, and ask him what was the reason of them all. The medical officer came and had a talk with his patient—for Mrs. P. would talk even when a little under the weather. After hearing all she had to say about how she felt, his diagnosis was a mild case of fever—

Panama fever. This he told her at once, and was about prescribe the necessary remedies, when she broke out with great vehemence, and said it could not be so, it was impossible! The doctor asked her if she had not been guilty of any imprudence. "No," she replied, "I have not. I only went on shore from the steamer at Panama in an open boat; cooled off at the hotel with a sherry cobbler; refreshed myself with claret; ate a hearty breakfast with fruit; went shopping afterwards; ate lunch with fruit and claret on the cars, and got a little wet in the shower last evening at Aspinwall; besides all this, both myself and Mr. Prudence took fifteen grains of quinine before reaching Panama. So you see that I have not been imprudent at all." This argument was, of course, all-sufficient with the medico. He saw through the case at a glance—only another of the many he had treated of the same kind in travelling to and from Aspinwall. He dared not contradict the lady; but he told her that notwithstanding her *prudence* she still had the fever; not an alarming case, or one that would not yield in a few days to proper medical treatment; but still it was the fever. Her reply was: "Now, doctor, you don't say that with all my prudence and care I have the fever?" "Yes, madam, you have, as I have told you." "Well, then, doctor," she said, "it must be the climate alone that caused it; for with the precautions I have used, nothing but malaria could have brought on this attack." The doctor left his patient in no pleasant frame of mind. She vowed that she never would return to California until enabled to do so overland. She still lives, however, and in her daily habits and tastes is a remarkable example of the insidious character, which no precaution can avert, of the Panama fever.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

AWAY off in the Pacific there is a little kingdom, of which we at home know comparatively nothing; and about which we have formed many strange and erroneous ideas. Many histories of this liliputian kingdom have been written; but amidst the mass of statistics, missionary documents, and doctrines constituting them, one searches in vain for any record of social life, or any description of that foreign population which is fast taking the place of the aboriginal inhabitants.

This duty I now propose to undertake; and if I succeed in depicting for my readers the real state of society in this remote corner of the world, and in correcting the errors which I know they entertain, I shall be amply repaid.

I would teach them that, although half-civilized, the country is not altogether barbarous; and that outward refinement and culture can at least be found there, as well as many of the comforts of civilized life.

I think I hear you say: "What in the world can the writers of eighty-six histories have left untold about the Sandwich Islands?" Wait and see. People at home look back forty years, and see Honolulu, and the islands of which it is the capital, as they were then; and these imagine, if indeed they take the trouble to think about it at all, that the population still consists of a few self-denying, patient, hard-worked missionaries, teaching crowds of untutored savages. A person going there from home is escorted to the steamer by weeping friends; leaves photographs

innumerable behind; and as the ship bears him from sight, is mourned for, and finally forgotten. Should he ever return, he is looked upon with awe and fear, as one risen from the dead; and when the long-bereaved friends are convinced that he really has made that wonderful voyage and returned, he is yet jealously watched. Infants and small children are studiously shielded from him, for fear those blood-thirsty traits usually imputed to the Sandwich Islanders may have become chronic by force of association. I think the real reason why we at home know so little of Hawaii is, because of the many who go there so few return. Whether it is that they are too much enervated by the luxurious climate to endure another sea voyage, or whether the population is composed principally of people who could not make a livelihood elsewhere, and prefer to stay there, I can't say; but the fact remains; and it is undoubtedly true, that probably not more than a hundred people in the United States think of Honolulu as other than a dirty, straggling village of native huts.

And now let me describe this miniature city. Imagine one of the prettiest of New England villages transplanted to the tropics. For the oak, the ash, and the pine, substitute the tamarind, the mango with its golden and scarlet fruit glittering in the sun, the acacia waving its yellow hair in the breeze, and the monkey-pod, whose pink blossoms are open as evening approaches, and so sleepy looking in day-time, as with half-closed petals and drooping leaves it shrinks from the too vivid gaze of the sun.

Imagine all this; and then picture the people, with their stern New England prejudices softened by the climate, as their stiff New England architecture is subdued by the luxuriant vegetation—and you would see perfection; but unfortunately, this does not exist; and though surrounded by all in climate and in nature to soften their hearts and beautify their lives, they are uncharitably prejudiced and narrow-minded. They have a certain amount of polish and refinement of manner which would astonish people at home, who look upon them as barbarians; and they understand the art of party-giving and entertaining perfectly; but still you feel that they "are not to the 'manner' born." The true ring is not there; you miss an indescribable something, found among those of like position at home; and learn after a while, that many of these distinguished foreigners have histories, which makes a residence away from their own country convenient, if not necessary. They have certainly shown good taste in their selection; for, as a place of voluntary exile, it is decidedly comfortable.

The town of Honolulu lies between the ocean and a range of mountains whose lovely valleys open towards it, sending their cool breezes down to refresh, and their brooks to flow through and beautify it. For a tropical town it is laid out regularly, and the streets are wide and well kept. The fine macadamized roads leading from the city are among its best features; and at the hour of sunset, they are crowded with carriages and equestrians. There you may see what Honolulu really is. If particularly fortunate, you may first see the king rolling by in a handsome barouche drawn by four fine horses. You look upon his black face, and portly figure, and if an American, raise your Republican head an inch higher, and forever after look down upon those unfortunate countrymen of yours, who have never had a glimpse of royalty. After "His Majesty" gallop his staff, glittering in gorgeous uniforms of gold, scarlet and green. With astonishment you see they are white; and when young Guppy tells you that most of them *have been* your own countrymen, you turn away thankful that they are such no longer.

Sauntering up the valley road a little further, you hear the sound of shouting and laughing, and passing you at full speed ride a group of native women, seated *astride* their spirited little horses; as you look at the bright colored *tehaes*, gay jackets, and flower-wreathed hats of those female centaurs, and then at the wild and picturesque scenery around, you think they are the only objects yet seen in keeping with the country.

Soon you hear the rumble of a carriage; you turn, and lo! one of the king's ministers approaches. He may be French, English or American; you never think at first to what country he belongs, for you are lost in the magnitude of the fact that he is an official; this is written upon his face in unmistakable characters. All traces of a former more plebeian life have been erased, when as barkeeper, footman, or peddler, he gained his bread in his native land. Instead you read: "Clear the way! I, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Attorney General, Judge of the Supreme Court, (as the case may be) I come! *I* help to steer this ship of State through the breakers which, rolling from all quarters of the earth, threaten to engulf her. I, with fifty others help to govern sixty thousand people; nearly as many as constitute a fourth-rate town in my own country." He passes by, unconscious of the admiration he has inspired; and you turn for the next picture in this panorama—this mimic life in a mimic government. The subdued trot of a couple of fat, lazy-looking steeds breaks upon your ear, and a comfortable old fashioned carriage nears you; on the front seat a Chinese or Japanese Coolie sits as coachman; on the back a white-haired, well-to-do old missionary, whose face grows more placid as he looks at the passing natives, and thinks as he sees them arranged in flannel of many colors, and blanket shawls bought at one of his stores, that the labors of himself and others have not been wasted. Forty years' instruction have taught these ignorant savages to wear woolens where the mercury always marks at least eighty degrees in the shade, and his reward is in proportion to his work. A handsome homestead, sugar plantations, stock ranches, dry goods and hardware stores, illustrate to the native mind their wickedness in not needing dry goods and hardware before, and serve to show the owner that he has not labored in the vineyard of the Lord for naught.

If your patience is not yet exhausted, and you wait a little longer, you will see the members of the *Corps Diplomatique*. First comes a phæton drawn by two ponies; a tiger is seated behind, and the English Minister holds the reins; he evidently carries a pocket edition of England always with him. As one meets occasionally the stage Yankee in real life, with bell-crowned hat, long-tailed coat, and nasal twang, so in this representative of old England is seen the veritable John Bull of *Punch;* a diluted "Lord Dundreary" in fact, without his hair dye. Long red side-whiskers, drawl, ignorance of, and disbelief in, everything not English; a nondescript style of dress, originated evidently by himself, and a thorough contempt for everything he is ignorant of, added to the national rudeness, and want of *savoir faire*, constitute this representative of Britannia. Shortly after comes the American Minister, who certainly shows by his team that he has a fine appreciation of a good horse, if he has not of himself; and one would be inclined to doubt it, from his holding a position here. He is noted, I believe, for strong diplomatic propensities, only held in check by the smallness of his field of operations. He affects a Bismarck cast of countenance, and the expression of his moustache is slightly Bismarckian. His life is supposed to be

one continual stratagem, or series of stratagems, and he lives in comparative isolation, doing the "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" for the bird of his country. Next comes the well-to-do planter; there is no mistaking him. He bears all over him the stamp of the *nouveau richesse*, and his family the same. Their complacent looks seem to say: "See us! we have more money, live in the finest house, wear the richest clothes, and use worse grammar, than any one else in the kingdom." It is well their thoughts never stray beyond the boundaries of their own little government. If they could only see how "shoddy" lives at home, their glory would be short-lived. Their houses, money, clothes, even their bad grammar, hard as that is to surpass, would fade into insignificance before the greatness of real shoddy, where this is but a feeble imitation.

And now the other carriages roll spitefully past each other, and you recognize the editors of the metropolis—the "Potts and Slurk" of Honolulu. The one, graceful, courteous, ever bland in conversation, while his pen is dipped in liquid lighting, scathing all against whom it is directed. Satire polished and scholarly, but none the less bitter, flows from it; for example: "The drivelling idiot who edits that disgraceful and dastardly sheet, the *Advertiser*," etc., etc. The other, candid, straightforward, honest—a man of the people. You see upon his face that he is composing those pitiless denunciations which afterwards you read as follows: "Our obscure and filthy contemporary, the *Gazette*," etc., etc.; and looking at those two great literary stars as they pass, you sigh to think their country lost them through want of appreciation.

By this time you are tired, for it is growing dark, and you go home, take a cup of tea, light a cigar and fall into a reverie. How strange that you are really in the so-called Cannibal Islands, and what a queer people they are; you wonder why they are no longer carniverous, and conclude the climate is so much warmer than formerly, that it has destroyed both appetite and energy. This want of activity you notice in everything. It is not confined to the people alone. The very animals are enervated. The cats never catch rats or mice. On the contrary, they live together most amicably. Roosters stand around on one leg all day, and crow all night. Hens only lay under protest, and as few eggs as possible. It is a curious country in every way. They have cats without tails, for they would be useless appendages; no kitten would have energy enough to run after her tail if she had one, and no child born there is vigorous enough to pull it for her. Some of the very birds on Hawaii have no wings, as though Nature herself recognized the fact that they would never be used if given. You find geese upon the highest mountains, miles away from water, while the horses are amphibious, and feed under water in the marshes and ponds, with only the tips of their ears visible, through which, you are told, they breathe, and you do not for an instant doubt it; for in a country where the natives mount them from the wrong side; where in euchre the ten takes the ace; where John Bull sometimes becomes civil because it is too warm to bluster; and where Jonathan, with all his love and pride of his country, consents to expatriate himself and children, anything is possible.

Society in this peculiar place is made up of so many contradictory elements that it can scarcely be described. Most of the people are evidently occupying social positions far above those which they would fill at home, and from close observation have moulded their manners after those of persons of good family, education and refinement, who have drifted hither, on flying visits, in search of novelty or of health. There are a few

resident families who possess education, and have seen something of the outside world; those few have introduced into society whatever of outward refinement it has. It is peculiarly a party-giving and party-going place. Dancing parties, dinner parties, lunch parties, card parties—all kinds of parties—are of daily occurrence. At the first named you can dance all the dances familiar to the days of your grandmother, surrounded by cotemporary costumes. At the next you can eat the dishes characteristic of every age and clime. It is said that the cookery of a country is an evidence of the progress of its civilization, and the cookery of the islands, like their society, is slightly mixed. You can astonish your stomach with Chinese, French and native viands, served up in a style which is certainly unique, but all tainted with those foreign and unfamiliar flavors which leave one in a state of continual and disagreeable suspicion as to whether dog, cat, or some other domestic friend may not be concealed under the guise of a *ragoût*, or *pâté*. None of the cooks in the archipelago, I think, rise to the dignity of *artistes*. Opium-eating Chinese, taught in a chop house or by some thrifty housekeeper; or, at best, some American citizen of African descent, who has had a three-years' experience in the galley of a whale ship, constitute the staple of island cooks. The Spanish proverb, that "God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks," could apply to no place better than there. Taking into consideration the many drawbacks island housekeepers must suffer, dinner parties may be said to be the great success of that country; and as they are the great success, so are lunch parties the great failures. That mingling of the male and female element at a lunch, which we see at home, is unknown there. The dance before lunch in the half-shaded parlor of our country houses, and the walks and quiet flirtations on the verandah, or under the trees, which a summons to the table breaks rudely upon; then, when seated, the laughter and jests, brightening the monotony of eating, and the soft words and looks which idealize the most prosaic necessity; and afterward, while the masculine portion of the guests are enjoying the cherished cigar and glass of wine on the porches, to the sound of sweetest music from piano or harp which comes floating through the open windows, until all the "reveries of a bachelor" are fully realized! How well we love, too, the game of croquet on the smooth grassy lawn, which makes an ending to this most charming of all entertainments. Honolulu lunch parties are very different affairs. Precisely in the heat of the day, old ladies, starched spinsters and a slight sprinkling of young girls arrive, each with some work. No gentlemen are invited, and none expected. Amid the clatter of feminine tongues, the knitting, crocheting, and sewing goes busily on. The object seems to be, to ventilate and demolish the character of every one not fortunate enough to be present; and when that has been successfully accomplished, all file solemnly in to the tables, where nothing is heard in intervals between the sound of knives and forks except ponderous compliments from ancient ladies to the hostess upon the excellence of her jellies, pickles, etc., and the suppressed giggles of the younger ones, while conversing in under tones upon that forbidden subject—man; for into this charmed circle no member of our unfortunate sex, I am told, has ever been allowed to enter. When the great ends of the day have been attained—eating and gossip—the party adjourn to the drawing room once more, where the young girls look wearily over albums and music, while the old ones discuss babies, physic, and diseases, until the fixed hour for breaking up arrives.

The most pleasant of all amusements

in Honolulu are the moonlight riding-parties. The moon seems fuller and brighter there than in any other place; and one sees very few prettier sights than twenty or thirty young people riding at full speed, with song and laugh, along one of those white, macadamized roads, made white by being covered with coral dust, looking in the subdued light like a river of silver stretching away into the indistinct distance, and bordered with all that is lovely of verdure and luxuriant of foliage. The rides out of town are pleasant, and the views perfect. The eye fairly revels in beauty; and if you wish to enjoy it in its fullest sense, you should ride down to the beach towards evening. To your right the sun is setting in a blaze of glory, behind a purple grating of cloud, leaving a long, golden trail behind it. The sky is flushed with crimson, purple and gold; and all its gorgeous coloring lies reflected in the bosom of the ocean; to your left, it is raining in the valleys, while the hill tops are touched with sunlight; and the falling drops look like a veritable shower of diamonds; while beyond, dark masses of vapor are floating away; and a rainbow spans the earth and ocean, radiant one moment, then fading with the sunset. The purple mists steal silently down the hills; and as night lets down its curtain, and you go home, your soul is filled with beauty such as you have dreamed of, but never hoped to realize.

Of the young society in Honolulu I can say little. It has periods of the wildest gaiety, when a number of naval vessels are in port; and times of dullest stagnation, when they are not. The young men are good-natured, gentlemanly, and on the whole, perhaps are the better portion of the society. Of the young ladies, an utter absence of beauty and grace is their most striking feature; still, they do not want for attention. Besides their island swains and naval admirers, they have occasionally a stray beau, of fortune and education, wandering *a la* Lord Lovel "strange countries for to see, see, see," and who remains there perhaps a month or two—first from curiosity, then enslaved by some fair Phyllis—until tired of rustic airs and graces, after raising hopes he never meant to realize, "he folds his tent like the Arab, and silently steals away."

All kinds of public amusement abound. Concerts, where scrawny young ladies of uncertain age, in the most juvenile toilets, warble in raspy voices suggestive of a comb and curl paper, "I would I were a daisy;" and bouncing maidens, in stentorian tones, shout "*Casta Diva*," or "*Lucia di quest anima;*" and fairs, where the usual number of baby socks are sold to old bachelors, and cigar-cases and pin-cushions are disposed of to young ones. Strawberry festivals are also sometimes held, as this most delicious fruit can always be procured. The Royal Hawaiian Theatre, patronized by occasional strolling companies, is a truly imposing building, and stands a proud monument of national greatness. Its exterior is severely simple, looking not unlike a Pennsylvania barn with the paint worn off. The inside is built in the popular horseshoe style, with boxes on each side of the stage. There is a "general flavor of mild decay" about the whole building rather alarming to a stranger, who is not at all reassured as it vibrates to the laughter of an audience, and trembles at their plaudits. Here one sees the beauty and fashion of the city, radiant in opera-cloaks, and using opera-glasses, although the stage is not fifty feet from any part of the house. Fancy-dress balls are also a feature of society there. One may see personages of all nations so accurately disguised, that the characters they represent would never be suspected. Emaciated Falstaffs, and corpulent Lucifers; native ladies, as water-nymphs and Auroras;

scraggy old maids, as flower-girls and "Titanias;" "Leicester," with attenuated limbs, in tights; and Shakspeare in the last style of peg-top trousers; Diana, in full party dress, and Minerva, ditto, dancing with Mercury, in a white linen suit of San Francisco make, and a pair of wings fastened to his feet, to emphasize the character—all apparently self-satisfied, and full of enjoyment.

The floating population of the islands is steadily increasing. Sight-seers and invalids constitute the principal portion of the visitors. Of the natural productions, volcanic and cutaneous eruptions, lava, and savages, are the staple articles. However, everything introduced increases and multiplies fearfully. You notice this in horses. Every Kanaka owns a horse; you can buy one for fifty cents. Very good ones are sold for two dollars and a half. You may see architectural steeds of every size, shape and color; but all famous for a rabbity-gait, wind which never breaks, and a talent for living upon any and every thing, including rusty nails, pieces of rope, vegetables, lava, California hay, and other equally nutritious food. The bad and good have been introduced into that country in very equal proportions—the most beautiful trees, loveliest flowers, and delicious fruits, with the most annoying insects, and loathsome diseases; centipedes occupy your bed on terms of closest intimacy; and scorpions dog your footsteps with persevering diligence. As for mosquitoes and white ants, words could not do them justice—the former devour you, and the latter devour your furniture and books.

Of the Court I have not yet spoken, feeling a pardonable timidity about entering upon a subject so awe-inspiring, and of such immensity; but any one who has been presented at "St James," will at once see the resemblance between the two; one being based upon all the traditions of English Court life, and the other on "*La Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein* and is also not unlike it. The popular idea abroad that the king is an "old, feeble, diseased man," is a mistake. His majesty is about thirty-eight, is in perfect health, and bids fair to outlive all his native subjects, who are popularly supposed to be extinct about eighteen hundred and ninety; in that case, he might be induced by "Uncle Sam" to accept the Governership of the island, thus retaining his authority over those white residents who are now so ready to admit his superiority to them in mind, as he undoubtedly is in matter. His cabinet consists of Chancellor, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Finance, Minister of the Interior, Attorney General, Minister of War, Commander-in-Chief, and Lord High Admiral, etc., etc. Occasionally one man holds all the offices, and claims all the titles; but generally each office is filled by a separate individual, and all are white men of different nationalities, but principally they are Americans.

The Hawaiian army under drill is a sight to strike terror into the stoutest heart of any who may have gone there intent on fillibustering or annexation. The infantry consists of one company; the cavalry of fifty men; and the artillery of the same number, and a dozen or two small cannon, which invariably burst when fired, thereby costing his majesty the lives of two or three of his subjects. Should this number of men appear small in the army, it is amply remedied in the number of officers. Colonels, Majors and Captains abound. To this single company of infantry, and the staff organization, there are two Colonels, four Majors, and about fifteen Captains and Lieutenants; these officers are nearly all white men, and one cannot help thinking, when looking at them drilling their large body of troops, that here is military genius indeed! Here may be, perhaps, "some Cromwell,

guiltless of his country's blood," doomed to die, and be forgotten, unacknowledged and unknown!

The head of this nation, his most Christian majesty, Kamehameha V, and the greater part of his dingy subjects, do not go into what is called "society," but prefer their mats, *hule hule*, and poi, to dancing or feasting with the foreigners; so a stranger is always entertained by the cabinet ministers, rarely seeing the king or his native Court; and you are surprised at the few native ladies you meet. As a people, I think they are good tempered, lazy, ungrateful, and worthless generally. The only real good civilization seems to have done them is to lessen their number.

The favorite dissipation among all classes is attending innumerable auctions. These auctions bear the same relation to Honolulu society that the opera does to that of New York. The "season" opens generally in the autumn, when money is plenty, and people are breaking up housekeeping to go to the coast for a while; a young lady will tell you with the air of a New York belle, that "she hopes the gay season will soon be over, for she has been dissipating fearfully every day for a month," and when you inquire, you find she has been present at all the auctions of the season. Every one is either a male or a female "Toodles." Young men meet their *fiancées* there, and old ones go as to an exchange to talk business with their fellow townsmen. These people will pay double the price of anything at an auction which they would give if buying at a store. Everything brings a good price except books. There is no demand for the "grand old masters, or the bards sublime;" a box of books will be put up, and knocked down at half a dollar. I have seen pickles sold at seventy-five cents a jar, and Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* at twelve and a half cents a volume; at the same sale I have known looking glasses worth a shilling at home bring a dollar each; and have seen the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, worth five dollars, sell for a *real*. Evidently, literature is at a discount; you enter a book store and ask to see some new works, and you are gravely shown "*Tom Jones*," "*The Sentimental Journey*," "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*," and are informed that they are "just out;" you meekly ask for the very latest thing they have received, books, paper, anything; and are handed "Buchanan's Inaugural Address."

Another thing which surprises a stranger, is the utter forgetfulness of everything relating to their own country, which seems to pervade the minds of all who have lived there long, as the narrow, confined life they lead merges hopes, thoughts, everything in their adopted land. If you chance, in conversation, to stray away from their beloved subject—"the Islands"—you are brought up suddenly, and compelled to return to the old topic. Should you speak of the growing size of American cities, you are immediately told that two thousand foreigners have settled in Honolulu during the past forty-six years; and when recovering from the enormity of this emigration, you speak of the number of newspapers at home, and refer casually to Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, or George D. Prentice, you are asked confidentially, "whether their papers have the circulation, sir, which ours have," and whether those gentlemen compare intellectually with So-and-so, their favorite editor; should you answer in the affirmative, you are met with a look of pitying incredulity.

On steamer day, as the little vessel goes out with a dozen passengers, and a crowd comprising two hundred foreigners and natives gazing upon her in delighted astonishment, your next neighbor says gravely: "Don't see anything like this in San Francisco, steamer

day, do you?" You answer submissively and truthfully: "No;" for you know a denial would never be credited, and you would only be accused of trying to make them believe travellers' tales which could by no possibility be true.

Every place of any note is famous for some one thing, and Honolulu is notorious for its gossip, scandal, and the unvarying suspicion with which all strangers are regarded by the Government. Upon your first arrival you are suspected of being a secret Government agent of the United States; and when you have successfully proved that you are no such honorable official, you are immediately accused of being something, or somebody, else beside the simple traveller in search of information or amusement, which you really are. The principal employment there, and that in which most persons are engaged, is the easy and lucrative one of minding each other's business; the men grow rich at it, and the women grow thin. It is certainly profitable to the former, for people never resent intrusion; the climate precludes it. If one man calls another a liar, he is quietly told that he can't prove it. If another runs away with his neighbor's wife, the injured neighbor passes him on the street the next day without recognition. Every man there paints his friends in the blackest colors; every woman does the same by hers. As you pass residences placed in the midst of beautiful grounds, all apparently the homes of peace and happiness, you sigh to think that in each there dwells a monster in human shape, incapable of the slightest emotion of affection or humanity. You go there supposing it a preëminently virtuous and proper town; but taking the words of the people for truth, you leave convinced there may be few worse places anywhere. Honolulu is certainly a most beautiful town, and the surrounding scenery is such as artists love to paint and poets to praise. Each house has its garden filled with trees, flowers and fountains; there is everything to please the eye, and where, as in many cases, the houses are built of the white coral rock, and embraced by boughs of living green, the effect is very charming, and one can imagine how the lives of these people drift away in calm forgetfulness that an outer world exists.

A few years since, the only communication which the inhabitants of the islands had with the rest of the world was the annual missionary ship, which made its slow and tedious way around Cape Horn, bringing letters, papers and fashions from home a year old. Now, they have a line of steamers to San Francisco, and talk largely of more important steam lines which at some future day are to "tap" the islands on their way to Australia and China. The speedy completion of the Pacific Railroad is looked forward to with hopeful anticipation, and its effect on the future prosperity of the group discussed with grave complacency.

As time elapses, and these people are brought into closer contact with the rest of the world, the discordant and disagreeable elements in their society will disappear, and they will gain all the suavity and polish of their older neighbors. The country is simply an outpost of California and Oregon. The people, both foreign and native, are imitative and easily impressed, and before another decade has passed, Hawaiian society will receive from San Francisco its manners and morals along with its dresses and dry goods. With such an additional responsibility resting upon their shoulders, the good people of the "Golden City" will have to look to it that their principles and garments shall both be unexceptionable.

LOST IN THE FOG.

"DOWN with your helm! you'll have us hard and fast aground!"

My acquaintance with Captain Booden was at that time somewhat limited, and if possible, I knew less of the difficult and narrow exit from Bolinas Bay than I did of Captain Booden. So with great trepidation I jammed the helm hard down, and the obedient little *Lively Polly* fell off easily and we were over the bar and gliding gently along under the steep bluff of the Mesa, whose rocky edge, rising sheer from the beach and crowned with dry grass, rose far above the pennon of the little schooner. I did not intend to deceive Captain Booden, but being anxious to work my way down to San Francisco, I had shipped as "able seaman" on the *Lively Polly*, though it was a long day since I had handled a foresheet or anything bigger than the little plungers which hover about Bolinas Bay; and latterly I had been ranching it at Point Reyes, so what could I know about the bar and the shoals of the harbor, I would like to know? We had glided out of the narrow channel which is skirted on one side by a wide, long sand-spit that curves around and makes the southern and western shelter of the bay, and on the other side by a huge elevated tongue of table land, called by the inhabitants thereabouts, the Mesa. High, precipitous, perpendicular, level, and dotted with farm-houses, this singular bit of land stretches several miles out southward to sea, bordered with a rocky beach, and tapered off into the wide ocean with Duxbury Reef—a dangerous rocky reef, curving down to the southward and almost always white with foam, save when the sea is calm, and then the great lazy green waves eddy noiselessly over the half-hidden rocks, or slip like oil over the dreadful dangers which they hide.

Behind us was the lovely bay of Bolinas, blue and sparkling in the summer afternoon sun, its borders dotted with thrifty ranches, and the woody ravines and bristling Tamalpais Range rising over all. The tide was running out, and only a peaceful swash whispered along the level sandy beach on our left, where the busy sandpiper chased the playful wave as it softly rose and fell along the shore. On the higher centre of the sand-spit which shuts in the bay on that side, a row of ashy-colored gulls sunned themselves, and blinked at us sleepily as we drifted slowly out of the channel, our breeze cut off by the Mesa that hemmed us in on the right. I have told you that I did not much pretend to seamanship, but I was not sorry that I had taken passage on the *Lively Polly*, for there is always something novel and fascinating to me in coasting a region which I have heretofore known only by its hills, cañons and sea-beaches. The trip is usually made from Bolinas Bay to San Francisco in five or six hours, when wind and tide favor; and I could bear being knocked about by Captain Booden for that length of time, especially as there was one other hand on board—"Lanky" he was called—but whether a foremast hand or landsman, I do not know. He had been teaching school at Jaybird Cañon, and was a little more awkward with the running rigging of the *Lively Polly* than I was. Captain Booden was, therefore, the main reliance of the little twenty-ton schooner, and if her deck-load of firewood and cargo of butter and eggs ever

reached a market, the skillful and profane skipper should have all the credit thereof.

The wind died away, and the sea, before ruffled with a wholesale breeze, grew as calm as a sheet of billowy glass, heaving only in long, gentle undulations on which the sinking sun bestowed a green and golden glory, dimmed only by the white fog-bank that came drifting slowly up from the Farralones, now shut out from view by the lovely haze. Captain Booden gazed morosely on the western horizon, and swore by a big round oath that we should not have a capful of wind if that fog-bank did not lift. But we were fairly out of the bay; the Mesa was lessening in the distance, and as we drifted slowly southward the red-roofed buildings on its level rim grew to look like toy-houses, and we heard the dull moan of the ebb-tide on Duxbury Reef on our starboard bow. The sea grew dead calm and the wind fell quite away, but still we drifted southward, passing Rocky Point and peering curiously into Pilot Boat Cove, which looked so strangely unfamiliar to me from the sea, though I had fished in its trout-brooks many a day, and had hauled drift-wood from the rocky beach to Johnson's ranch in times gone by. The tide turned after sundown, and Captain Booden thought we ought to get a bit of wind then; but it did not come, and the fog crept up and up the glassy sea, rolling in huge wreaths of mist, shutting out the surface of the water, and finally, the gray rocks of North Heads were hidden, and little by little, the shore was curtained from our view and we were becalmed in the fog.

To say that the skipper swore would hardly describe his case. He cursed his luck, his stars, his foretop, his main hatch, his blasted foolishness, his lubberly crew—Lanky and I—and a variety of other persons and things; but all to no avail. Night came on, and the light on North Heads gleamed at us with a sickly eye through the deepening fog. We had a bit of luncheon with us, but no fire, and were fain to content ourselves with cold meat, bread and water, hoping that a warm breakfast in San Francisco would make some amends for our present short rations. But the night wore on, and we were still tumbling about in the rising sea without wind enough to fill our sails, a rayless sky overhead, and with breakers continually under our lee. Once we saw lights on shore, and heard the sullen thud of rollers that smote against the rocks; it was aggravating, as the fog lifted for a space, to see the cheerful windows of the Cliff House, and almost hear the merry calls of pleasure-seekers as they muffled themselves in their wraps and drove gaily up the hill, reckless of the poor homeless mariners who were drifting comfortlessly about so near the shore they could not reach. We got out the sweeps and rowed lustily for several hours, steering by the compass and taking our bearings from the cliff.

But we lost our bearings in the maze of currents in which we soon found ourselves, and the dim shore melted away in the thickening fog. To add to our difficulties, Captain Booden put his head most frequently into the cuddy; and when it emerged, he smelt dreadfully of gin. Lanky and I held a secret council, in which we agreed in case he became intoxicated, we would rise up in mutiny, and work the vessel on our own account. He shortly "lost his head," as Lanky phrased it; and slipping down on the deck, went quietly into the sleep of the gin-drunken. At four o'clock in the morning the gray fog grew grayer with the early dawning; and as I gazed with weary eyes into the vague unknown that shut us in, Booden roused him from his booze, and seizing the tiller from my hand, bawled: "'Bout ship, you swab! We're on the Farralones!" And sure enough, there loomed right

under our starboard quarter a group of conical rocks, steeply rising from the restless blue sea. Their wild white sides were crowded with chattering sea-fowl; and far above, like a faint nimbus in the sky, shone the feeble rays of the lighthouse lantern, now almost quenched by the dull gleam of day that crept up from the water. The helm was jammed hard down. There was no time to get out sweeps; but still drifting helplessly, we barely grazed the bare rocks of the islet, and swung clear, slinking once more into the gloom.

Our scanty stock of provisions and water was gone; but there was no danger of starvation, for the generous product of the henneries and dairies of Bolinas filled the vessel's hold—albeit, raw eggs and butter without bread might only serve as a barrier against famine. So we drifted and tumbled about—still no wind and no sign of the lifting of the fog. Once in a while it would roll upward and show a long, flat expanse of water, tempting us to believe that the blessed sky was coming out at last; but soon the veil fell again, and we aimlessly wondered where we were and whither we were drifting. There is something awful and mysterious in the shadowy nothingness that surrounds one in a fog at sea. You fancy that out of that impenetrable mist may suddenly burst some great disaster or danger. Strange shapes appear to be forming themselves in the obscurity out of which they emerge; and the eye is wearied beyond expression with looking into a vacuity which continually promises to evolve into something, but never does.

Thus idly drifting, we heard, first, the creaking of a block; then, a faint wash of sea; and out of the white depths of the fog came the bulky hull of a full-rigged ship. Her sails were set, but she made scarcely steerage-way. Her rusty sides and general look bespoke a long voyage just concluding; and we found on hailing her that she was the British ship *Marathon*, from Calcutta, for San Francisco. We boarded the *Marathon*, though almost in sight of our own port, with something of the feeling that shipwrecked seamen may have when they reach land. It was odd that we, lost and wandering as we were, should be thus encountered in the vast unknown where we were drifting by a strange ship; and though scarcely two hours' sail from home, should be supplied with bread and water by a Britisher from the Indies. We gave them all the information we had about the pilots, whom we wanted so much to meet ourselves; and after following slowly for a few hours by the huge side of our strange friend, parted company—the black hull and huge spars of the Indiaman gradually lessening in the mist that shut her from our view. We had touched a chord that bound us to our fellow men; but it was drawn from our hands, and the unfathomable abyss in which we floated had swallowed up each human trace, except what was comprised on the contracted deck of the *Lively Polly*, where Captain Booden sat glumly whittling, and Lanky meditatively peered after the disappeared *Marathon*, as though his soul and all its hopes had gone with her. The deck, with its load of cordwood; the sails and rigging; the sliding hutch of the little cuddy; and all the features of the *Lively Polly*, but yesterday so unfamiliar—were now as odiously wearisome, as though I had known them for a century. It seemed as if I had never known any other place.

All that day we floated aimlessly along, moved only by the sluggish currents, which shifted occasionally, but generally bore us westward and southward; not a breath of wind arose, and our sails were as useless as though we had been on dry land. Night came on again, and found us still entirely without reckoning and as completely "at sea" as ever before. To add to our discomfort, a driz-

zling rain, unusual for the season of the year, set in, and we cowered on the wet deck-load, more than ever disgusted with each other and the world. During the night, a big ocean steamer came plunging and crashing through the darkness, her lights gleaming redly through the dense medium as she cautiously felt her way past us, falling off a few points as she heard our hail. We lay right in her path, but with tin horns and a wild Indian yell from the versatile Lanky, managed to make ourselves heard, and the mysterious stranger disappeared in the fog as suddenly as she had come, and we were once more alone in the darkness.

The night wore slowly away and we made out to catch a few hours' sleep, standing "watch and watch" with each other of our slender crew. Day dawned again, and we broke our fast with the last of the *Marathon's* biscuit, having "broken cargo" to eke out our cold repast with some of the Bolinas butter and eggs which we were taking to a most unexpected market.

Suddenly, about six o'clock in the morning, we heard the sound of breakers ahead, and above the sullen roar of the surf I distinctly heard the tinklings of a bell. We got out our sweeps and had commenced to row wearily once more, when the fog lifted and before us lay the blessed land. A high range of sparsely wooded hills, crowned with rocky ledges, and with abrupt slopes, covered with brown dry grass, running to the water's edge, formed the background of the picture. Nearer, a tongue of high land, brushy and rocky, made out from the main shore, and curving southward, formed a shelter to what seemed a harbor within. Against this precipitous point the sea broke with a heavy blow, and a few ugly peaks of rock lifted their heads above the heaving green of the sea. High up above the sky-line rose one tall, sharp, blue peak, yet veiled in the floating mist, but its base melted away into a mass of verdure that stretched from the shore far up the mountain side. Our sweeps were now used to bring us around the point, and cautiously pulling in, we opened a lovely bay, bordered with orchards and vineyards, in the midst of which was a neat village, glittering white in the sunshine, and clustered around an old-fashioned mission church, whose quaint gable and tower reminded us of the buildings of the early Spanish settlers of the country. As we neared the shore (there was no landing-place) we could see an unwonted commotion in the clean streets, and a flag was run up to the top of a white staff that stood in the midst of a plaza. Captain Booden returned the compliment by hoisting the stars and stripes at our mainmast head, but was sorely bothered with the mingled dyes of the flag on shore. A puff of air blew out its folds, and to our surprise, disclosed the Mexican national standard.

"Blast them greasers," said the patriotic skipper, "if they aint gone and histed a Mexican cactus flag, then I 'm blowed." He seriously thought of hauling down his beloved national colors again, resenting the insult of hoisting a foreign flag on American soil. He pocketed the affront however, remarking that "they probably knew that a Bolinas butter-boat was not much of a fightist anyway."

We dropped anchor gladly, Captain Booden being wholly at a loss as to our whereabouts. We judged that we were somewhere south of the Golden Gate, but what town this was that slept so tranquilly in the summer sun, and what hills were these that walled in the peaceful scene from the rest of the world, we could not tell. The village seemed awakening from its serene sleepiness, and one by one the windows of the adobe cottages swung open as if the people rubbed their long-closed eyes at some unwonted sight; and the doors gradually opened as though their

dumb lips would hail us and ask who were these strangers that vexed the quiet waters of their bay. But two small fishing-boats lay at anchor, and these Booden said reminded him of Christopher Columbus or Noah's Ark, they were so clumsy and antique in build.

We hauled our boat up alongside and all hands got in and went ashore. As we landed, a little shudder seemed to go through the sleepy old place, as if it had been rudely disturbed from its comfortable nap, and a sudden sob of sea air swept through the quiet streets as though the insensate houses had actually breathed the weary sigh of awaking. The buildings were low and white, with dark-skinned children basking in the doors, and grass hammocks swinging beneath open verandas. There were no stores, no sign of business, and no sound of vehicles or labor; all was as decorous and quiet, to use the skipper's description, "as if the people had slicked up their door-yards, whitewashed their houses, and gone to bed." It was just like a New England Sabbath in a Mexican village.

And this fancy was further colored by a strange procession which now met us as we went up from the narrow beach, having first made fast our boat. A lean Mexican priest, with an enormous shovel hat and particularly shabby cassock, came toward us, followed by a motley crowd of Mexicans, prominent among whom was a pompous old man, clad in a seedy Mexican uniform, and wearing a trailing rapier at his side. The rest of the procession was brought up with a crowd of shy women, dark-eyed and tawny and all poorly clad, though otherwise comfortable enough in condition. These hung back and wonderingly looked at the strange faces, as though they had never seen the like before. The old padre lifted his skinny hands, and said something in Spanish which I did not understand.

"Why, the old mummy is slinging his popish blessings at us!" This was Lanky's interpretation of the kindly priest's paternal salutation. And, sure enough, he was welcoming us to the shore of San Ildefonso with holy fervor and religious phrase.

"I say," said Booden, a little testily, "What did you say was the name of this place, and where away does it lay from 'Frisco?" In very choice Castilian, as Lanky declared, the priest rejoined that he did not understand the language in which Booden was speaking. "Then bring on somebody that does," rejoined that irreverent mariner, when due interpretation had been made. The padre protested that no one in the village understood the English tongue. The skipper gave a long low whistle of suppressed astonishment, and wondered if we had drrifted down to Lower California in two days and nights, and had struck a Mexican settlement. The colors on the flag-staff and the absence of any Americans gave some show of reason to this startling conclusion; and Lanky, who was now the interpreter of the party, asked the name of the place and was again told that it was San Ildefonso; but when he asked what country it was in and how far it was to San Francisco, he was met with a polite "I do not understand you, Señor." Here was a puzzle; becalmed in a strange port only two days drift from the city of San Francisco; a town which the schoolmaster declared was not laid down on any map; a population that spoke only Spanish and did not know English when they heard it; a Mexican flag flying over the town, and an educated priest who did not know what we meant when we asked how far it was to San Francisco. Were we bewitched?

Accepting a hospitable invitation from the padre, we sauntered up to the plaza, where we were ushered into a long, low room, which might once have been a military barrack-room; it was neatly white-

washed and had a hard clay floor, and along the walls were a few ancient firelocks and a venerable picture of "His Excellency, General Santa Aña, President of the Republic of Mexico," as a legend beneath it set forth. Breakfast of chickens, vegetables, bread, and an excellent sort of country wine (this last being served in a big earthen bottle) was served up to us on the long unpainted table that stood in the middle of the room. During the repast our host, the priest, sat with folded hands intently regarding us, while the rest of the people clustered around the door and open windows, eyeing us with indescribable and incomprehensible curiosity. If we had been visitors from the moon, we could not have attracted more attention. Even the stolid Indians, a few of whom strolled lazily about, came and gazed at us until the pompous old man in faded Mexican uniform drove them noisily away from the window, where they shut out the light and the pleasant morning air, perfumed with heliotropes, verbenas and sweet herbs that grew luxuriantly about the houses.

The padre had restrained his curiosty out of rigid politeness until we had eaten, when he began by asking, Did our galleon come from Manila? We told him that we only came from Bolinas: whereat he said once more with a puzzled look of pain, "I do not understand you, Señor." Then pointing through the open doorway to where the *Lively Polly* peacefully floated at anchor, he asked what ensign was that which floated at her masthead. Lanky proudly, but with some astonishment, replied: "That 's the American flag, Señor." At this the seedy old man in uniform eagerly said: "Americaños! Americaños! why, I saw some of those people and that flag at Monterey." Lanky asked him if Monterey was not full of Americans and did not have plenty of flags. The Ancient replied that he did not know; it was a long time since he had been there. Lanky observed that perhaps he had never been there. "I was there in 1835" said the Ancient. This curious speech being interpreted to Captain Booden, that worthy remarked that he did not believe that he had seen a white man since.

After an ineffectual effort to explain to the company where Bolinas was, we rose and went out for a view of the town. It was beautifully situated on a gentle rise which swelled up from the water's edge and fell rapidly off in the rear of the town into a deep ravine, where a brawling mountain stream supplied a little flouring mill with motive power. Beyond the ravine were small fields of grain, beans and lentils on the rolling slopes, and back of these rose the dark, dense vegetation of low hills, while over all were the rough and ragged ridges of mountains closing in all the scene. The town itself, as I have said, was white and clean; the houses were low-browed, with windows secured by wooden shutters; only a few glazed sashes being seen anywhere. Out of these openings in the thick adobe walls of the humble homes of the villagers flashed the curious, the abashed glances of many a dark-eyed señorita, who fled, laughing, as we approached. The old church was on the plaza, and in its odd-shaped turret tinkled the little bell whose notes had sounded the morning angelus, when we were knocking about in the fog outside. High up on its quaintly arched gable was inscribed in antique letters "1796." In reply to a skeptical remark from Lanky, Booden declared that "the old shell looked as though it might have been built in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, for that matter." The worthy skipper had a misty idea that all old Spanish buildings were built in the days of these famous sovereigns.

Hearing the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, the padre gravely and reverentially asked: "And is the health of

His Excellency, Gen. Santa Aña, whom God protect, still continued to him ?"

With great amazement, Lanky replied: "Santa Aña! why, the last heard of him was that he was keeping a cockpit in Havana; some of the newspapers published an obituary of him about six months ago, but I believe he is alive yet somewhere."

A little flush of indignation mantled the old man's cheek, and with a tinge of severity in his voice, he said: "I have heard that shameful scandal about our noble President once before, but you must excuse me if I ask you not to repeat it. It is true he took away our Pious Fund some years since, but he is still our revered President, and I would not hear him ill-spoken of any more than our puissant and mighty Ferdinand, of whom you just spoke—may he rest in glory!" and here the good priest crossed himself devoutly.

"What is the old priest jabbering about?" asked Captain Booden, impatiently; for he was in haste to "get his bearings" and be off. When Lanky replied, he burst out: "Tell him that Santa Aña is not President of Mexico any more than I am, and that he has n't amounted to a row of pins since California was a part of the United States."

Lanky faithfully interpreted this fling at the ex-President, whereupon the padre, motioning to the Ancient to put up his rapier, which had leaped out of its rusty scabbard, said: "Nay, Señor, you would insult an old man. We have never been told yet by our government that the Province of California was alienated from the great Republic of Mexico, and we owe allegiance to none save the nation whose flag we love so well;" and the old man turned his tear-dimmed eyes toward the ragged standard of Mexico that drooped from the staff in the plaza. Continuing, he said: "Our noble country has strangely forgotten us, and though we watch the harbor-entrance year after year, no tidings ever comes. The galleon that was to bring us stores has never been seen on the horizon yet, and we seem lost in the fog."

The schoolmaster of Jaybird Cañon managed to tell us what the priest had said, and then asked when he had last heard of the outside world. "It was in 1837," said he, sadly, "when we sent a courier to the Mission del Carmelo, at Monterey, for tidings from New Spain. He never came back, and the great earthquake which shook the country hereabout opened a huge chasm across the country just back of the Sierra yonder, and none dared to cross over to the main land. The saints have defended us in peace, and it is the will of Heaven that we shall stay here by ourselves until the Holy Virgin, in answer to our prayers, shall send us deliverance."

Here was a new revelation. This was an old Spanish Catholic mission, settled in 1796, called San Ildefonso, which had evidently been overlooked for nearly forty years, and had quietly slept in an unknown solitude while the country had been transferred to the United States from the flag that still idly waved over it. Lost in the fog! Here was a whole town lost in the fog of years. Empires and dynasties had risen and fallen; the world had repeatedly been shaken to its centre, and this people had heeded it not; a great civil war had ravaged the country to which they now belonged and they knew not of it; poor Mexico herself had been torn with dissensions and had been insulted with an empire, and these peaceful and weary watchers for tidings from "New Spain" had recked nothing of all these things. All around them the busy State of California was scarred with the eager pick of gold-seekers, or the shining share of the husbandman; towns and cities had sprung up where these patriarchs had only known of vast cattle ranges, or sleepy missions of the Roman Catholic

Fathers. They knew nothing of the great city of San Francisco, with its busy marts and crowded harbor; and thought of its broad bay—if they thought of it at all—as the lovely shore of Yerba Buena, bounded by bleak hills and almost unvexed by any keel. The political storms of forty years had gone hurtless over their heads, and in a certain sort of dreamless sleep, San Ildefonso had still remained true to the red, white and green flag that had long since disappeared from every part of the State save here, where it was still loved and revered as the banner of the soil.

The social and political framework of the town had been kept up through all these years. There had been no connection with the fountain of political power, but the town was ruled by the legally elected Ayuntamiento, or Common Council, of which the Ancient, Señor Apolonario Maldonado, was President or Alcalde. They were daily looking for advices from Don José Castro, Governor of the loyal province of California; and so they had been looking daily for forty years. We asked if they had not heard from any of the prying Yankees who crowd the country? Father Ignacio—for that was the padre's name—replied: "Yes; five years ago, when the winter rains had just set in, a tall, spare man, who talked some French and some Spanish, came down over the mountains with a pack containing pocket-knives, razors, soap, perfumery, laces, and other curious wares, and besought our people to purchase. We have not much coin, but were disposed to treat him Christianly, until he did declare that President General Santa Aña, whom may the Saints defend! was a thief and gambler, and had gambled away the Province of California to the United States; whereupon we drave him hence, the Ayuntamiento sending a trusty guard to see him two leagues from the borders of the pueblo. But, months after, we discovered his pack and such of his poor bones as the wild beasts of prey had not carried off, at the base of a precipice where he had fallen. His few remains and his goods were together buried on the mountain side, and I lamented that we had been so hard with him. But the Saints forbade that he should go back and tell where the people of San Ildefonso were waiting to hear from their own neglectful country, which may Heaven defend, bless and prosper!"

The little town took on a new interest to us cold outsiders after hearing its strange and almost improbable story. We could have scarcely believed that San Ildefonso had actually been overlooked in the transfer of the country from Mexico to the United States, and had for nearly forty years been hidden away between the Sierra and the sea; but, if we were disposed to doubt the word of the good father, here was intrinsic evidence of the truth of his narrative. There were no Americans here; only the remnants of the old Mexican occupation and the civilized Indians. No traces of later civilization could be found; but the simple dresses, tools, implements of husbandry and household utensils were such as I have seen in the half-civilized wilds of Central America. The old mill in the cañon behind the town was a curiosity of clumsiness, and nine-tenths of the water-power of the arroya that supplied it were wasted. Besides, until now, who ever heard of such a town in California as San Ildefonso? Upon what map can any such headland and bay be traced; and where are the historic records of the pueblo whose well defined boundaries lay palpably before us? I have dwelt upon this point, about which I naturally have some feeling, because of the skeptical criticism which my narrative has since provoked. There are some people in the world who never will believe any-

thing that they have not seen, touched, or tasted for themselves; California has her share of such.

Captain Booden was disposed to reject Father Ignacio's story, until I called his attention to the fact that this was a tolerable harbor for small craft, and yet had never before been heard of; that he never knew of such a town, and that if any of his numerous associates in the marine profession knew of the town or harbor of San Ildefonso, he surely would have heard of it from them. He restrained his impatience to be off long enough to allow Father Ignacio to gather from us a few chapters of the world's history for forty years past. The discovery of gold in California, the settlement of the country and the Pacific Railroad were not so much account to him, somehow, as the condition of Europe, the Church in Mexico, and what had become of the Pious Fund; this last I discovered had been a worrisome subject to the good Father. I did not know what it was myself, but I believe it was the alienation from the church of certain moneys and incomes which were transferred to speculators by the Mexican Congress, years and years ago.

I was glad to find that we were more readily believed by Father Ignacio and the old Don than our Yankee predecessor had been; perhaps, we were believed more on his corroborative evidence. The priest, however, politely declined to accept all we said; that was evident; and the Don steadily refused to believe that California had been transferred to the United States. It was a little touching to see Father Ignacio's doubt and hopes struggle in his withered face as he heard in a few brief sentences the history of his beloved land and Church for forty years past. His eye kindled, or it was bedewed with tears, as he listened, and an occasional flash of resentment flushed his cheek when he heard something that shook his ancient faith in the established order of things. To a proposition to take passage with us to San Francisco, he replied warmly that he would on no account leave his flock, nor attempt to thwart the manifest will of Heaven that the town should remain unheard of until delivered from its long sleep by the same agencies that had cut it off from the rest of the world. Neither would he allow any of the people to come with us.

And so we parted. We went out with the turn of the tide, Father Ignacio and the Ancient accompanying us to the beach, followed by a crowd of the townsfolk who carried for us water and provisions for a longer voyage than ours promised to be. The venerable priest raised his hands in parting blessing as we shoved off, and I saw two big tears roll down the furrowed face of Señor Maldonado, who looked after us as a stalwart old warrior might look at the departure of a band of hopeful comrades leaving him to fret in monkish solitude while they were off to the wars again. Wind and tide served, and in a few minutes the *Lively Polly* rounded the point, and looking back, I saw the yellow haze of the afternoon sun sifted sleepily over all the place; the knots of white-clad people standing statuesque and motionless as they gazed; the flag of Mexico faintly waving in the air; and with a sigh of relief a slumberous veil seemed to fall over all the scene; and as our bow met the roll of the current outside the headland, the gray rocks of the point shut out the fading view, and we saw the last of San Ildefonso.

Captain Booden had gathered enough from the people to know that we were somewhere south of San Francisco, (the *Lively Polly* had no chart or nautical instruments on board, of course) and so he determined to coast cautiously along northward, marking the shore line in order to be able to guide other navigators to the harbor. But a light mist crept down the coast, shutting out the

view of the headlands, and by midnight we had stretched out to sea again, and were once more out of our reckoning. At daybreak, however, the fog lifted, and we found ourselves in sight of land, and a brisk breeze blowing, we soon made Pigeon Point, and before noon were inside the Golden Gate, and ended our long and adventurous cruise from Bolinas Bay by hauling into the wharf at San Francisco.

I have little left to tell. Of the shameful way in which our report was received, every newspaper reader knows. At first there were some persons, men of science and reading, who were disposed to believe what we said. I printed in one of the daily newspapers an account of what we had discovered, giving a full history of San Ildefonso as Father Ignacio had given it to us. Of course, the other newspapers, as I find is usual in such cases, pooh-poohed the story their contemporary had published to their exclusion, and made themselves very merry over what they were pleased to term, "The great San Ildefonso Sell." I prevailed on Captain Booden to make a short voyage down the coast in search of the lost port. But we never saw the headland, the ridge beyond the town, nor anything that looked like these landmarks, though we went down as far as San Pedro Bay and back twice or three times. It actually did seem that the whole locality had been swallowed up, or had vanished into air. In vain did I bring the matter to the notice of the merchants and scientific men of San Francisco. Nobody would fit out an exploring expedition by land or sea; those who listened at first, finally inquired "if there was money in it?" I could not give an affirmative answer, and they turned away with the discouraging remark, that the California Academy of Natural Sciences or the Society of Pioneers were the only bodies interested in the fate of our lost city. Even Captain Booden somehow lost all interest in the enterprise, and returned to his Bolinas coasting with the most stolid indifference. I combatted the attacks of the newspapers with facts and depositions of my fellow voyagers as long as I could, until one day the editor of the *Daily Trumpeter* (I suppress the real name of the sheet) coldly told me that the public were tired of the story of San Ildefonso. It was plain that his mind had been soured by the sarcasms of his contemporaries, and he no longer believed in me.

The newspaper controversy died away and was forgotten, but I have never relinquished the hope of proving the verity of my statements. At one time I expected to establish the truth, having heard that one Zedekiah Murch had known a Yankee peddler who had gone over the mountains of Santa Cruz and never was heard of more. But Zedekiah's memory was feeble, and he only knew that such a story prevailed long ago; so that clue was soon lost again, and the little fire of enthusiasm which it kindled among a few persons died out. I have not yet lost all hope; and when I think of the regretful conviction that will force itself upon the mind of good Father Ignacio, that we were, after all, imposters, I cannot bear to reflect that I may die and visit the lost town of San Ildefonso no more.

ETC.

Rain at last. There have been delicate hintings of it for several weeks past in the rare beauty of cloud scenery—a beauty unknown to our shadowless, unwinking summers. Vast flocks of *cirro-cumuli* driven northward across those blue pastures,

"Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind;"

at night-fall rounded domes and minarets piled up in the West, and fired by that Ephesian youth—the Sun; gray bars at dawn across the rosy East, in place of the colorless dead fog: these were the charming premonitions of the coming season. Even the bare, treeless hills of San Francisco caught some inspiration from the sky above, and clothed themselves with purple. For, as a general thing, these hills are not ravishingly beautiful. The most enthusiastic real estate owner has not yet, I believe, claimed for them that attribute. A cheerful resemblance to the knobs on an over-done meat pie, in which the vegetable predominates, is the utmost, I think, we can ask for them.

Nature dies hard in California. She does not linger in the hectic beauty of an eastern autumn—but fights, inch by inch, as she withers upward, in the long dry summer, retreating from the plain to the foothills, where her vital springs still pulsate. When she does die, it is the Hippocratic face she turns to the sky—colorless, sunken, cadaverous. And yet nowhere else is her resurrection so complete and sudden. She knows no relapses; no backward seasons; no tardy Aprils, such as vex our eastern life. The rain comes — and presto! the spring is here!

The year just closing, has been one of disastrous phenomena all over the world. Violent and unusual convulsions of the earth, air and sea, have prepared the popular mind to accept them as a connected chain of evidence of some deep-seated cosmical or planetary disturbance. It is pleasant to record one harmless display of natural phenomena which no local philosopher we believe has yet connected with small-pox or earthquakes.

Between the hours of two and three, A.M., of the 14th November, observers in this city noticed a stream of some twenty-five stars per minute—but only one being remarkable for its extra brilliance or duration. Throughout the previous and subsequent hours of that night but a slight increase in the average number was registered, although the clearness of the sky and the absence of wind afforded good opportunities for observation; whilst the nights of the fourteenth and fifteenth presented but little worth special record. That we have passed the period of unusual November display now seems evident, which is all the more to be regretted, as at no previous period have so many general observers been anxiously on the lookout, or scientific men so eager to collect data for the elucidation of the phenomena of "shooting stars."

For over half a century it has been known that, at different times of the year and at certain periods of years, an unusual display of meteors occurs; that at these times the number of "shooting stars" seen is extraordinary, and the relative brilliance excessive. The examination of the records of remarkable exhibitions of meteors has shown, that at intervals of about one-third of a century, particularly grand and brilliant displays appear. In November, 1833, the number of "shooting stars" seen quite equalled the extraordinary spectacle recorded by Baron Humboldt, as seen by him in Mexico, in 1799, and far exceeded any previous observation. An interval of thirty-four years having elapsed, it was predicted that in November, 1866, a similar meteoric shower might be expected; and such did occur in England, on November fourteenth of that year. In this country we were not so fortunate as to witness any *very* unusual exhibition; but as these continue for some two or three years, a more favorable result was looked forward to, for 1867. Accordingly, last year, the grandest display ever

seen by the present generation presented itself on November fourteenth, and was visible for two nights. This year the average number of meteors observed, at the height of the shower, was but half that of last year—so that we may expect but little unusual in the November of 1869.

In a clear atmosphere, such as we possess in San Francisco, scarcely any night passes but "shooting stars" may be seen; the most favorable hour being shortly before daylight, and in the months of July to December—this display reaching its annual maximum in August. But beyond this nightly appearance, there occur times in which the number of meteors counted in an hour will exceed by five or six times the average. Such a time have we in August, from the eighth to the thirteenth, at which period there are about three times as many "shooting stars" to be seen as during the rest of the month. Next in brilliancy comes the November period, occurring every third of a century; then the tenth of December; then the twentieth of April; and a few minor annual periods, but none at all equalling that of August.

By knowing the base line between any two or three observers, and estimating the altitude and azimuth of a meteor, we can ascertain the exact position relative to the earth where the star was at time of observation. From a comparison of such calculations we find that the average height of meteors is about sixty miles; their appearance being visible at an elevation of from forty to one hundred and thirty miles—their disappearance, from thirty to ninety. The duration of visibility of these stars seldom exceeds three to four seconds; one of six seconds being very unusual indeed—the average being a little over half a second, and their rate of speed about twenty-five miles per second. This velocity of a meteor, when brought in contact with the particles of our atmosphere, produces friction and a great elevation of temperature, which is evinced by the incandescence of the body, and frequently by its total disintegration. —so that the comparative size or elevation of a "shooting star" may be predicated from the length of its path—the greater the elevation, the less amount of friction the tenuousness of the atmosphere produces—whilst the greater bulk will longer withstand the smelting or disintegrating power of this force. By a calculation of the relative motions of the meteor to the earth, and the earth to the sun, it will be found that, like comets, these "shooting stars" move around the sun in one of the conic sections: that is, that before the attraction of the earth acted upon a meteor, it was revolving around the sun in an elliptic orbit—at times amounting almost to a parabola—the period of this elliptic path, in the case of the November meteors, being one-third of a century. Were these stars possessed of any considerable density, their numbers being so great, we should have perturbations in the motion of the planets; but as no appreciable change takes place, we therefore conclude that their density can be but little different from that of comets. If then, we suppose a cloud of this nebulous matter revolving around the sun in an elliptic orbit, whose eccentricity inclines to that of a parabola, a continuance of revolution will gradually change the shape of the orbit, until it becomes annular. Such a change has taken place in the stream which is visible in August, the earth at that time passing through a ring of meteors, which is about twelve millions of miles in thickness; but as this mass is a continuous ring, we see the display every year. If we trace back the paths taken by meteors, we find that each period has its own centre of emanation—that which we have just passed through having its centre in Leo; that of August, in Perseus.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants—from the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento, LL.D., Minister Plenipotentiary from the Argentine Republic to the United States, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. By Mrs. Horace Mann. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

This work is introduced to the public by a long preface from the pen of Mrs. Mann, extremely laudatory of the author, which is written with more vigor than the body of the book ; the latter, however, is full of novel and most interesting information. Descriptions of the various marked characteristics which obtain among the people of the *pampas* are given with felicity, and that striking effect which sometimes verges on the dramatic. Sarmiento claims that his countrymen are of poetic temperament, and attempts to prove it in the following language :

"Now, I inquire, what impressions must be made upon the inhabitant of the Argentine Republic by the simple act of fixing his eye upon the horizon and seeing nothing ?—for the deeper his gaze sinks into that shifting, hazy, undefined horizon, the further it withdraws from him, the more it fascinates and confuses him, and plunges him in contemplation and doubt. What is the end of that world he vainly seeks to penetrate ? He knows not. What is there beyond what he sees ? The wilderness, danger, the savage death ! Here is poetry already."

But this is poetry of M. Sarmiento's own creation. It is the common poetry which suggests itself to the seaman, the Arab, the Indian—to all who see nature in her grander developments. But the real character of the *gaucho*, or resident of the boundless plains of Buenos Ayres, may be inferred from the following passage, which is part of a lengthy episode narrating a series of murders, fights and desperate encounters in which those people are always engaged :

"Sometimes he (the gaucho) appears before the scene of a rustic festival with a young woman whom he has carried off, and takes a place in the dance with his partner, goes through the figures of the *cielito*, and disappears unnoticed. Another day he brings the girl he has seduced to the house of her offended family, sets her down from his horse's croup, and reckless of the parents' curses, quietly betakes himself to his boundless abode."

M. Sarmiento is obliging enough to give us his own ideas of morality in the following bit of comment: "This white-skinned savage, at war with society and proscribed by the laws, is no more depraved in heart than the inhabitants of the settlements. The gaucho outlaw is no bandit or highwayman. To be sure, he steals ; but this is his profession, his trade, his science. He steals horses." From which we infer that the morality of the transaction resides in the article stolen.

The whole book streams with blood. From its pages we gather that throat-cutting has been the principal avocation of the Argentines since 1810. Stabbing and shooting are mere pastime. "Misfortune" is the guacho's sentimental term for homicide, and these misfortunes "never come single." The only comfort that the northern reader can extract from a perusal of these horrors is, that the race of politicians in the Argentine Confederation was necessarily short-lived ; that society was unincumbered by any broken down political leaders ; that political power and physical existence were lost together, and that the knife and bullet anticipated promptly the slower effects of whisky.

Col. Sarmiento is a Unitario ; Manuel Rosas was chief of the Federals ; hence Rosas is characterized in the following terms: "Don Juan Manuel Rosas, before being a public man, had made his residence a sort of asylum for homicides, without ever extending his protection to robbers ; a preference which would easily be explained by his character of guacho proprietor, if his subsequent conduct had not disclosed affinities with evil which have filled the world with terror." We do not consider M. Sarmiento good authority on the subject of Argentine politics. He develops an intense bias on the Unitarian side ; but he has given the world a very readable work, albeit abounding with horrors and misstatements.

IF, YES, AND PERHAPS. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1868.

To write pleasing or amusing stories is tolerably easy; even to so deftly arrange artful language that the plot and dialogue shall seem "natural," as the critics say, is not a difficult thing for a capable and clever man. But to so write a fictitious narrative that you shall deceive even the very elect; to invent out of the whole cloth, a story that shall actually beguile numberless cool, sensible people, into fully believing every word you say—this requires such genius as few men besides Mr. Edward E. Hale possess. How dreadfully outraged must have been the self-conceit of some of those people who believed "The Man without a Country" a matter-of-fact relation, when answers to their letters of inquiry came back from the Navy Department informing them that no such man as Nolan was ever known in the service, and "that this Department is advised that his reputed biography is a work of fiction." More than the world-wide fame of Charles Dickens might one covet the joy of hugging himself over a long series of such complete and harmless deceptions as these.

It is not merely truthfulness to nature that marks Mr. Hale's works; that is too tame an expression; he absolutely takes you out of the domain of fancy, and compels you to believe that you are not only reading a record of what actually occurred, but a part of which you saw, or heard of, or read at the time; said point of time being, of course, years ago, but not so far off that your memory does not hold some trace of the story yet. You read more famous works of fiction than Mr. Hale's, with the flattering comment of "How true to life this is!" But you read "The Man without a Country," and "My Double," with the feeling that this is life itself; it is a leaf out of the writer's own experience, and you enjoy being the first to whom he has confided the story. To cheat the sense into an involuntary belief that the imaginary persons were realities, and their haps and mishaps were actual occurrences—this is the audacity of genius. One is divided between admiration for the cunning of the writer, and chagrin at the mystification in which he has left us by his artful pretences at matter-of-fact explanations and annotations to his stories.

Nor is this peculiar charm of reality all that the author of these unpretending tales brings to his work. A wholesome lesson—not too prominent—points every tale, and through the whole there gleams a thread of quaint humor which reminds one of some of the older English writers. His diction is clear, strong and fresh, just toned down, perhaps, by as much of the current liberalisms of speech as a man of culture would use in the ordinary conversation of daily contact with his friends. There are eleven sketches or stories in the book, every one of which is good, and none containing a dull line. Can one say more?

No book of modern times has so diverted public attention from its contents to its title. To say that it is "simply idiotic," as some harsh critics have declared it, is quite too violent criticism; but it is certainly an unfortunate combination of oddity, which looks more like an attempt to tickle the ears of the groundlings than we would suppose the writer to be guilty of. It has had the bad effect of setting the critics to talk about the title of the book rather than what is in it; which may be good as an advertisement, but is not fair by the book itself.

LOCKSLEY HALL. By Alfred Tennyson. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Mr. Hennessey's illustrations of this popular poem are, of course, subject to the difficulties which usually obtain in such attempts—the materializing of the ideal to suit the different conceptions of all readers. No two admirers of a favorite poem would probably draw the image presented to their minds alike; and it may easily be imagined, that while there might be an equal appreciation, the school-girl's conception of Locksley Hall would be very different from that of a student of metaphysics. The "fickle-hearted" Amy will, of course, always strongly resemble that faithless creature who embittered the days of our adolescence, and to whom, "mated with a clown," we still revert with sentimental regard; while the successful suitor will always look like our hated rival. Mr. Hennessey's idea of

Amy may, for aught we know, be a truthful one—fat, English, and material—we only know it is not the youngest Miss Spriggins with whom we went to dancing-school. Perhaps the artist's selections of lines are not entirely felicitous. There will always be some difficulty in representing a young woman's eyes hanging with "mute observance" on a young man's motions; and perhaps the idea is as well illustrated by depicting her as standing beside a piano, apparently endeavoring to recollect the name of a piece of music as in any other. But we do object to Mr. Hennessey's illustration of an illustration in the line:

> "Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
> Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire."

Which might serve to illustrate Gerard instead of Tennyson. The savage "leaping the rainbows of the brook" is also too highly suggestive of the "Niagara leap," by the Hanlon Brothers. We wonder why Mr. Hennessey takes less pains in transferring that exquisite picture of the "Summer Isles of Eden"—particularly as he is most felicitous in landscape. The views of Locksley Hall, in the days of the hero's enthusiasm as well as in the dark hours of his scorn, are full of poetic power and genuine force. The glimpse of the hero at the ivied casement is a good conception of this typical lover of the nineteenth century—refined, progressive, tender and critical. The volume is beautifully printed, delicately tinted, and excellently engraved. In all its appointments it is an elegant holiday volume; and Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have done so much to familiarize the American people with the poet of the highest culture and refinement, deserve great credit for this addition to their popular editions of Alfred Tennyson.

Smoked Glass. By Orpheus C. Kerr, Author of "Orpheus C. Kerr's Papers," "Avery Glibun," etc. With Illustrative Anachronisms. By Thomas Worth. New York: G. W. Carleton, Publisher. 1868.

A laborious funny book is a thing to be abhorred by gods and men. No more lugubrious employment than to make such a book can be imagined, and a drearier task than to read it never falls to the lot of the reading man. Fancy a humorist, as the writer of this is sometimes called, sitting down with malice aforethought, and gravely informing the world that he is going to be excessively funny through the extent of not less than two hundred and seventy-seven mortal pages! And yet this is what the author of "Smoked Glass" deliberately does. He does not propose to be funny by spasm, with brilliant flashes interspersed between; but he promises to shed a phosphorescent gleam of humor through every one of his twenty-odd chapters. This is ghastly merriment; and we are not sure whether blame or pity for the author do chiefly exercise us when his work is done. It is doleful, indeed, to be compelled to write such a book; it is monstrous to ask people to read it, and laugh over it; it is asking what is simply impossible.

During the war, there were numerous situations which were ludicrous and ridiculous in themselves; and when "Orpheus C. Kerr" wrought them up into occasional letters, broadly humorous and good-naturedly satirical, everybody laughed; and "Captain Villiam Brown" and "The Mackerel Brigade" enjoyed as brilliant a popularity as "Hosea Biglow" and "Birdofreedum Sawin," albeit all of those personages have a more ephemeral existence than the sentences and verses in which they figure. But here is a laborious travesty of the Impeachment Trial of President Johnson, dragged on through an entire book; and the unfortunate subject of the burlesque or extravaganza is so beat, harried, tortured, and drained, that we are fain to cry for mercy on the poor thing, and beg that the author will try and be funny on something else that will not require so much labor, nor suffer so much cudgelling. The author has made a dreadful mistake in attempting such a sustained effort of fun. The few really good things which are scattered through the book are lost sight of in the mass of dreariness; and one can only regret that so much precious time and real talent has been wasted in the production of a work whose forced humor is a weariness to the soul, and whose cheap, vulgar cuts are a weariness to the sense.